

*Clinical and Other Notes.***ROUGH SHOOTING IN JAPAN.**

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In Southern Japan there is good rough shooting all over the area occupied by the British Commonwealth Forces. Pheasants of several varieties including the Golden Yamadori with tail feathers three to four feet long, are the most common game birds but, in addition, woodcock, quail, snipe and widgeon help to vary the bag. In certain areas hares are found, and in the more isolated hills, deer, bear and wild pig.

The country consists of pine-covered mountains, terraced on their lower slopes for crops of rice or wheat, rising steeply to a thousand feet or more above the blue waters of the Inland Sea.

Here and there paths wind up the mountain sides through orange groves, past valleys thick with bamboo clumps. Innumerable varieties of ferns grow thickly on the rocky hillsides in the damper places, while stunted bushes of azaleas and camellias cling precariously to the sunlit slopes. Eventually on the summit the path usually runs along a ridge with magnificent views of sea and mountains on either side, the more distant ranges hanging hazily in the sky.

In this type of country driving is difficult and all the odds are in favour of the game. As often as not, one is caught off one's balance and a snap shot is the most one can expect.

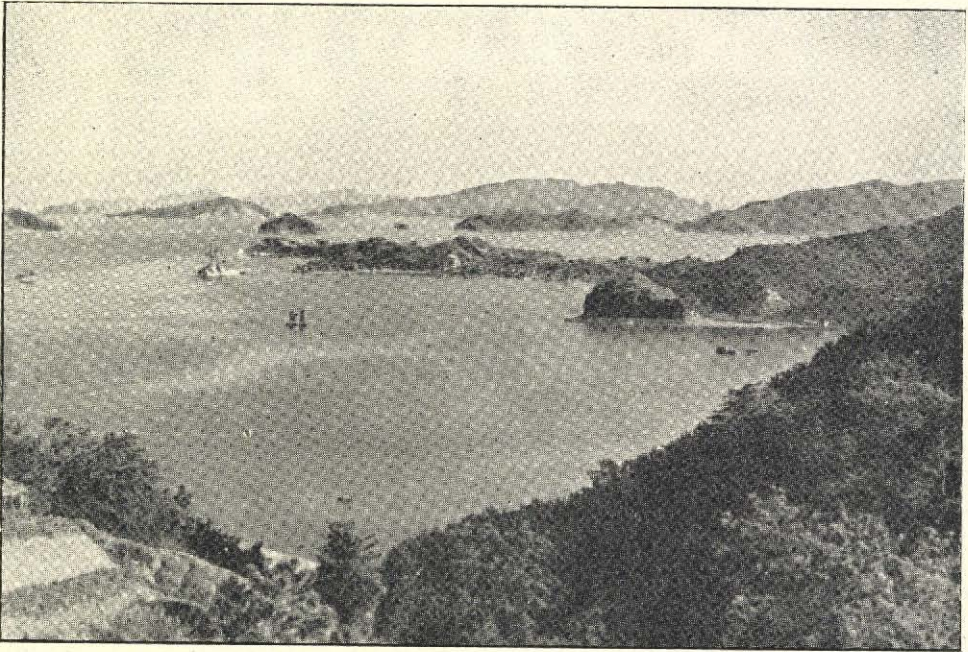
It was mid-October when we decided to try shooting over some islands near the entrance to the Inland Sea, where pheasants were reported to be plentiful.

A Japanese tug with crew was procured and four of us started off in the dark at 4 a.m. The plan was to pick up two more guns, some Japanese guides, and dogs en route. The guns consisted of six officers, two naval, one R.A.F. and myself from Kure, a Cameron Highlander and a Gunner from Matsuama, a town on the large Island of Shikoku about four hours' run by launch. Dawn was breaking as we came out of the long channel leading out from Kure harbour and in the distance the 7,000 foot mountain peaks of Shikoku were revealed in the pinkish haze of the sunrise. All around were the sails of Japanese fishing craft and occasionally we passed a sampan chugging along on its single cylinder engine. At Matsuama we drew alongside the jetty and the remaining guns and the two Japanese hunters, with a magnificent pair of trained pointer dogs, came on board. We left again at once and set off for the unknown islands.

By this time the sun was up, the sky was blue and the many islands were a vivid green like jewels set in the glittering sea.

Soon we drew in close to the beach in a little island harbour. The shore was packed with sampans and nets, and thousands of whitebait lay in wooden trays drying in the sun.

Behind the beach a little fishing village of wooden houses lay huddled in the fold of the hills. As we landed, small boys surrounded us saying "Hullo" and "How are you?" their eyes agog at the sight of such large unusual looking men. We divided into two parties, each with a Japanese hunter and a dog, and set off in opposite directions, arranging to meet back at the tug for lunch. As the island was about two miles long and a mile wide with a ridge running from end to end about 700 to 1,000 feet high we decided that in this way we could cover most of the ground.



"Jackson's" Bay—Kegoya.

My party, consisting of one naval officer, the gunner and myself plus a Jap hunter and dog set off along a path which wound up the cliff through terraced rice fields and orange groves. Gradually we came near the summit with the dog working hard on either side. In among the pines I had just climbed up a rocky place on all fours when up got a hen pheasant from under my feet. A snap shot missed, but I got her with my second barrel just as she was disappearing over the crest. Immediately after, three more pheasants whirred up from the same place catching me unloaded. Below me came a bang, and I knew that the naval officer had had the satisfaction of bringing down a beautiful high bird as it sailed over the sunlit valley. Far below, the blue sea was lapping lazily on the sandy shore of a deserted cove seeming to invite us with its coolness.

When we got back to the tug we had two pheasants and a widgeon. The other party had fared much the same.

After our picnic lunch we chugged across to another island, disembarked at a stone jetty and told the Japs in the tug to go round and wait the other side of the island.

Our guide set off in front and as we passed along the quiet village street little boys and girls in kimonos ran and hid in doorways to peep curiously after us. Finding us harmless they came out and followed calling "Hullo"—"Hullo" till we had to answer. We went along a cultivated valley and out on to a spur of the hill where fig trees and persimmons were growing amid long coarse grass. At once the dog pointed below me and I had to bound down



Towards Ondo Ferry.

three or four terraces to reach him just as a brace of pheasants got up and flew in different directions. John, the gunner, got one, and I the other. Another pheasant was bagged in an orange grove by the sailor and we must have seen at least a dozen before we zigzagged down the other side towards our tug. We could see it lying anchored in the little bay far below, and the other party was already walking along the beach towards it. Having given the fisherman a few cigarettes to take us out in his sampan to the tug, we settled down tired and happy to a well-earned drink and reminiscence.

The sun was setting as we started homewards, and steaming past the inverted wrecks of some of Japan's once mightiest battleships, we were reminded that the sun had indeed set over the Empire of the Rising Sun.

Later in the season came a most welcome invitation to visit friends in the Mahratta Light Infantry on the northern coast on the Sea of Japan. This entailed a really beautiful motor journey of 100 miles right across the main Japanese island of Honshu over a mountain pass through snow-clad pine woods. Here the country was less steep and more undulating. Yamadori pheasants were as common as the others and my host twice got a right and left at woodcock. On one occasion my Jap guide insisted on taking me in to see a natural hot spring near where we were shooting. In large white-tiled baths filled with water from the spring were Japanese of both sexes; men, women and children unconcernedly basking and gossiping with each other.

It was near here that the dog put up five pheasants from the same place, on a hillside, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the smug Jap hunter miss with both barrels.

By the middle of October duck began to swarm on the Inland Sea, and in certain marshy areas there was some very fine shooting.

Japan is on one of the main migratory routes and it was interesting to see hundreds of mallard for a few days, for them to leave and then for the teal to come in in almost uncountable numbers. Later we saw widgeon, potchard, tufted, shoveller and shelldrake, and on the north coast thousands of geese appeared. For five or six weeks there was magnificent fighting before the duck moved on. In March they were coming back again and hundreds could again be found on the sea. We followed these in sampans, but usually they seemed to know the exact range of a shotgun and used to get up just beyond our reach. However, some early morning sorties were quite successful, and whatever the bag, the beauty of the "enchanted hour" before the sun rises to cast its rosy gleams through the mountain mists, was ample recompense.

AN IMPROVISED CONTINUOUS SUCTION APPARATUS, SUITABLE FOR PLEURAL EVACUATION.

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SPONTANEOUS pneumothorax and pyopneumothorax frequently demand continuous pleural suction. Electrical suction pumps have been designed for this purpose but, at the present time, they are in very short supply and may not be available where and when they are wanted. The apparatus herewith illustrated can be improvised in almost any permanent hospital at short notice:—