

Contents

Hunt Staff Benefit Society (HSBS)	vi
Foreword by Simon Hart MP	vii
Acknowledgements	ix
Preface by Michael Clayton	xi
1. Who was Daphne Moore?	1
2. Family Background	7
3. Halcyon Pre-War Days	17
4. Further Pre-War Hunting	31
5. Otterhunting before the War	43
6. Further Otterhunting Memories	59
7. The War Years	77
8. The Latter War Years and the Holland-Martin Family	89
9. Hunting Resurrected	101
10. Hunting Further Afield	117
11. Hunting Tours	139
12. Hounds and Shows	157
13. Hunting through the 50s and the move to Badminton	171
14. The Final Years	187
Index	219



asked me to take a whip. It's always so much more interesting to hunt with any sort of hounds if one has a job of work to do."

During the first good hunt she wrote with her usual humour:

"At one point I saw the Loch Ness Monster lying flat on his front on the grass and thought that he was having a heart attack or else had tripped up and sprained his ankle...but the next moment he was on his feet, with his cap held high in the air. He had merely viewed the hare, and, like the ostrich, had imagined that he was making himself invisible!"

Later in the day, drawing again,

"Ron told me to go on to the far side of the spinney, and no sooner had he thrown hounds in than I viewed a big, beautiful dog fox away. I warned Ron, and a second or so later, hounds hit off the line and they would have been away in a flash had not Perkins and I been on the far side to stop them. Perkins had previously seen a tired

hare going back over Kate Farm, where we originally found and now hounds put her up again, and, after hunting well and fast for a quarter of an hour, pulled her down in a thick fence. I had the mask, and, as it won't be possible to let the taxidermist have it before the Christmas holidays, I left it at the fishmongers on my way home, to go into cold storage until Wednesday!"

The final hunt was particularly fast:

"There was scarcely a check all through this hunt, and I, who was getting pretty



Further Pre-War Hunting



Bill Perkins, kennel-huntsman of the Eton College Beagles from 1926 to 1949 with hounds by 'Pop' wall.

well beat, almost prayed for one now. But they caught her at the edge of a ploughed field behind Cleeve Grange, after a very rapid half-hour. I saw hounds fed and then went in to tea at Cleeve Grange – a most enormous one, with two eggs; and bicycled home in the dark.”

Years later, Daphne recalls meeting Perkins, the kennel-huntsman at that time, at a Puppy Show and remarked that he looked just the same as he

did when he whipped-in to Captain Wallace before the war. “Ah Miss”, he replied, “I’m not the same; I never shall be the same again. He nearly KILLED me!”

The season 1938–39 was the peak of Daphne’s foxhunting, when she had over one hundred days and rode twenty-two different horses. She hunted with the Croome, usually four days a week, the Cotswold, Ledbury,



Bay de Courcy-Parry, or 'Dalesman' to his readers in Horse and Hound, pictured at the Anchor Inn in Shropshire, which he bought 'in order to obtain a drink' while Master of the United Pack.



He was one of life's great characters and famously bought the Anchor Inn, while Master of the United Pack in Shropshire, because the landlord refused to open up during the afternoon as they hacked home after a long morning's cubhunting. The cheque for £700 which was pushed under the door would have bounced had Bay not rung his father that night and asked if he would care to invest in a hill farm. He recalls that his father seemed to lack the enthusiasm expected of him when he found the property was a public house.

Daphne remembers the day she whipped-in to Dalesman's little Clun Forest pack of beagles, hunting the Ledbury Vale by invitation "*Without doubt this was about the hardest day I have ever had with ANY hounds.*"

Michael Lyne, the well-known sporting artist, who was a good friend of Daphne's, lived near Winchcombe in the Cotswold country, and formed a small

Worcestershire, South Hereford, Col. Spence-Colby's, North Shropshire, Berkeley and Mr de Courcy-Parry's (later to become the West Warwickshire). "Bay" de Courcy-Parry, better known as "Dalesman", his pseudonym when writing his many articles for *Horse and Hound*, was born before the turn of the century. He had fought in the First World War, but spent the rest of his life hunting numerous packs of hounds, both mounted and on foot, as a Master and as an honorary huntsman.

Further Pre-War Hunting



The young Ronnie Wallace, as Master of the Eton College Beagles, leads hounds over the road following a meet at the College in 1937.

private pack of beagles and “seagles” – the latter being a cross between a beagle and a Sealyham terrier.

In December 1938 Daphne bicycled, hitch-hiked and walked to their fixture at Tilesford Aerodrome, where they had been invited to meet. She reported that:

“Michael’s pack is now reduced to 3½ couple which produced a very good day’s beagling. The famous ‘aerodrome hare’ was killed handsomely after a splendid hunt,

whilst hounds accounted for another in the late afternoon after running all day.”



Lady of the Chase – the life and hunting diaries of Daphne Moore

on the “battle of the green coats” at the major hound shows.

Peterborough Show is the “shop window” for the foxhound and is the senior of the five regional shows held at Harrogate in the north, Ardingly in the south, Honiton in the west and Builth

Wells in Wales. It is more formal than the other shows with, until recently, all gentlemen wearing bowler hats, stiff white collars and carrying umbrellas, with smart dresses and hats for the ladies. It is only the Peterborough Dog and Bitch champions that have their



Daphne Moore, typically dressed for a day foot following, with the Duke of Beaufort's bitch pack in 1973.

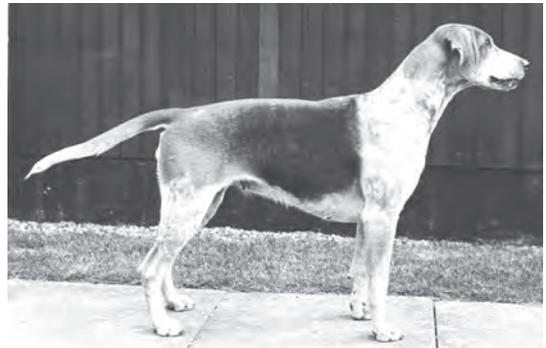
Hounds and Shows



photographs in the annual Foxhound Kennel Studbook, showing the standard of their times.

Daphne Moore, as doyenne of Peterborough correspondents for *Horse and Hound* for over forty years, wrote: “There is a certain atmosphere, almost ecclesiastical, which pervades the ring at Peterborough, which might well be called the Temple of the Foxhound.”

She continues in her *Book of the Foxhound*: “Peterborough is the Foxhunter’s Mecca, and every MFH should attend if at all possible. It has been said that there are many imitators, but only one Peterborough, and Peterborough of course stands head and shoulders above the various other Hound Shows, excellent through these may be. Here devotees come from far and wide, from overseas (frequently American visitors attend, though only one American has ever



The two Peterborough Champions in 1978. (left) The Duke of Beaufort’s Monmouth ’77, the first recent Welsh-cross doghound to win such honours, and (right) Kilkenny Famous ’77, Bitch Champion, who had come over from Ireland, bred by Major Victor McCalmont. The Prince of Wales was President of the show that year and watched most of the judging.