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The Falconers

& Raptor Conservation Magazine

*The 2nd
Festival of
Falconry*

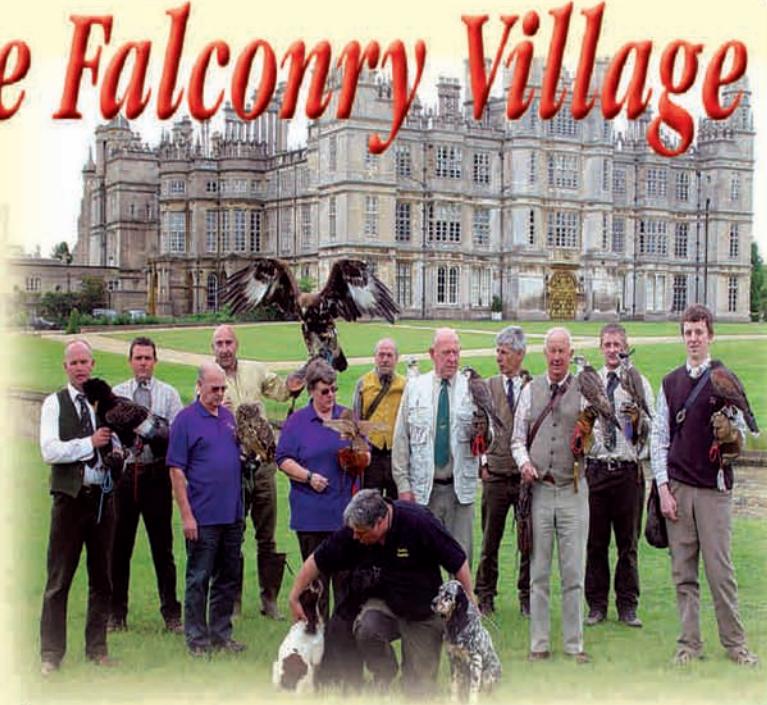


Living Heritage Falconry Village

Meet the Team

The Living Heritage Falconry Team pictured at the recent Burghley event, Paul Fox, Jon Akerman, Chris Miller, John Hall, Chris Neal, Andy Cook, Graham Glanville, Chrissies Owls and Paul Makepeace, the gundog man. They provide a static display of 80 to 100 varied birds of prey, and fly all day.

- Falconry Displays in the Village Arena
- The Main Show Arena displays include working with Ferrets & Gundogs
- Forums & Discussions
- Introductory Lessons for youngsters to Falconry in the Indoor Arena



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JOIN THE TEAM AT ONE OF THE EVENTS BELOW

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August 1st & 2nd
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SANDRINGHAM GAME & COUNTRY FAIR

September 12th & 13th,
Sandringham Signed off the A149 Kings Lynn,
Hunstanton Rd, A148, Kings Lynn-Fakenham Rd. PE35 6EN

WILTSHIRE GAME & COUNTRY SHOW

August 8th & 9th, Bowood, Calne, Wilts, SN11 0LZ

SOUTH WESTERN GAME & COUNTRY FAIR

September 26th & 27th, Powderham Castle,
Exeter, Devon EX6 8JL

TEST VALLEY GAME COUNTRY & ANGLING FAIR

August 22nd & 23rd, Broadlands, Romsey, Hants.
SO51 9ZD, Junction 2 & Junction 3, M27

KNEBWORTH GAME & COUNTRY FAIR

October 3rd & 4th, Knebworth House & Gardens
Directly off Junction 7-A1(M), Stevenage SG3 6PY

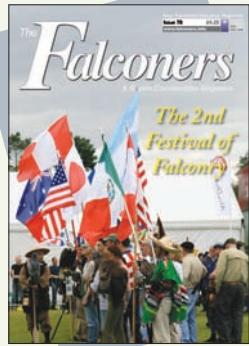
TATTON PARK COUNTRY FAIR

August 29th, 30th & 31st
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CHESHIRE GAME & COUNTRY FAIR

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Flittigate Lane, Tabley, Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 0HJ

The Living Heritage Series of Game & Country Shows
www.livingheritagecountryshows.co.uk Tel.: 01283 820548



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of Peter Eldrett.

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Once again the Festival of Falconry was a great success. Many people think that this year's event was even better than the first one held two years ago. The number of countries that were represented was mind boggling, especially in the present financial climate. The colour, the spectacle and the camaraderie of all falconers from around the world was something to behold. Let's hope the event achieves what it has set out to achieve – that is that falconry be recognised as an Intangible Cultural Heritage by UNESCO.

I hope you enjoy the report and pictures of the event that starts on page 18. If you have any thoughts on the festival, why not send me an e-mail or letter, with photographs if you have them and I will see if I can publish them in the next issue.

Because of the festival, (and Nick Kester being a bit busy) there is no Hawk Board News in this issue but it is hoped for a return in the next edition.

In the meantime, have a good read.



editorial

news & products

a review of what's new in our sport Send all your news and product information to peter.eldrett@tiscali.co.uk

Rare UK visitor is rescued

A Honey Buzzard, rare to the UK, was found floating in the Solent and saved in a dramatic rescue by a couple in an inflatable dingy. It is thought that the bird had become exhausted en route to Britain from its migratory route in Africa. Amy Lester and her fiancé Richard Fawson saw the bird floating in the sea and, even though they were in a busy shipping lane, knew that they had to rescue it. Amy said 'we were worried that being a wild bird of prey it would struggle and burst the dingy but I really couldn't leave it to die. The Isle of Wight Ferry was bearing down on us and it was quite a scary experience. In the end I just scooped

the bird up in my hands and it was too exhausted to struggle.'

Amy took the bird to her father who is an experienced birds of prey handler.

Tim Lester runs NBC Bird and Pest Solutions, which uses specially trained hawks and falcons to disperse and deter nuisance bird populations. He said 'as soon as I identified the bird as a Honey Buzzard I realised that it would need professional care, as these birds have a specialised diet, and that's when I called the Hawk Conservancy Trust.'

The Hawk Conservancy Trust have a specialist birds of prey hospital in its visitor centre, at Andover, Hampshire, where its staff were able to treat the Honey Buzzard, which was believed to have lost approximately two-thirds of its body weight.

Chief Executive of the Hawk Conservancy Trust, Ashley Smith, said 'this Honey Buzzard has been incredibly lucky, firstly to have been spotted at all in the Solent but then to have been found by such a knowledgeable family. Their quick reactions undoubtedly made a big difference to its survival chances. We were able to place the Honey Buzzard in a special recovery aviary at our hospital and were encouraged as it began eating virtually straight away. Our staff at the Trust, particularly Kim Kirkbride who cared for the bird, have been absolutely marvellous.'

The bird was kept at the Hawk Conservancy Trust where it received treatment until it had gained enough weight to be able to be released back into the wild. The Honey Buzzard was successfully released at a secret location on Wednesday 10th June by Hawk Conservancy Trust staff.



Nutrition of Birds of Prey

by Joeke Nijboer, Frank Verstappen and Michiel Derkx

ISBN 978908140361

Reviewed by Marian Eldrett

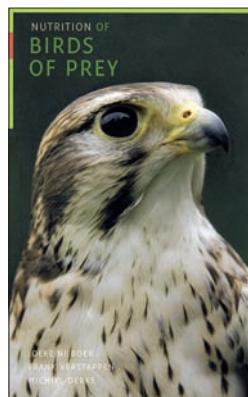
For the purposes of this review, I read this book from cover to cover – not a good idea as I ended up with a headache caused by information overload! This is a little book which packs a big punch in terms of its content.

It is called *Nutrition of Birds of Prey* but it also contains information on scientific classification, training, hygiene and health problems, as well as translations and conversions of common terms and measurements. I have to say that, for your average falconer (if indeed such a beast exists!), this book probably contains far too much detail. But, if you are the sort of person who wants to know it all, literally inside out, this may be a book for you. However, it seems that there is still a lot that the authors do not know – "No official established nutrition guidelines are known for birds of prey". Given the title of the book, I would have at least expected specific information on this, rather than having to adapt guidelines given for chickens!

It is a shame that the writers did not show as much attention to detail in the translation of the book into English as they did in its actual content. The text annoyingly contains many mis-translations and 'typos' (a pet hate of mine).

In my opinion, this book is guilty of trying to pack too much in and the result is somewhat confused. Yes, it does have a lot of good and useful information in it, but the practicalities are often hidden by theory. Its size lends it to being a handy reference book which can be kept alongside gloves, bags and other falconry equipment. However, it may be lost amongst other falconry manuals on the shelf, both due to its size and its content.

Nutrition of Birds of Prey is published by NT Services, Bergschenhoek and is available from www.birdsofpreynutrition.eu



Book Review

Hunting with Aplomado Falcons

By Bob Dalton

Reviewed by
Diana Durman-Walters

Aplomado falcons are very much a rarity when considered in UK falconry terms. They are little known outside of their native South America yet are one of the most intriguing and accomplished of the small falcons. Knowing more about Aplomados and how they will perform in the field author and falconer Bob Dalton has written an original and detailed book on this species of falcon. His fascination and knowledge and how to get them to succeed in the locations that are both challenging and offer rewarding flights are just one of the 10 detailed chapters. It is written in an easy to appreciate style which gets across the more important points about Aplomado ownership.

One of the points brought to the reader's attention is that these are not for novice hands as they require experience to get them entered, as well as to keep them in condition, particularly if they are to be flown during the winter hawking season. These falcons do not readily accept waiting on flights as many of us are used to with the larger falcons, as they would far rather be flown from the glove or T-perch which gives them a chance to use acceleration, skill in pursuit and high manoeuvrability. In many instances not unlike the Merlin. However as the author

points out the Aplomado is not restricted by her size to small birds as females will tackle substantial quarry that would commonly be associated with much larger falcons.

They are surprisingly confident in the falconers company, yet when it comes to getting them prepared for the hawking field they can be tricky. At this point this is where the book becomes invaluable as it discusses and goes through many of the barriers, that once understood, will switch this little falcon into feathered dynamite.

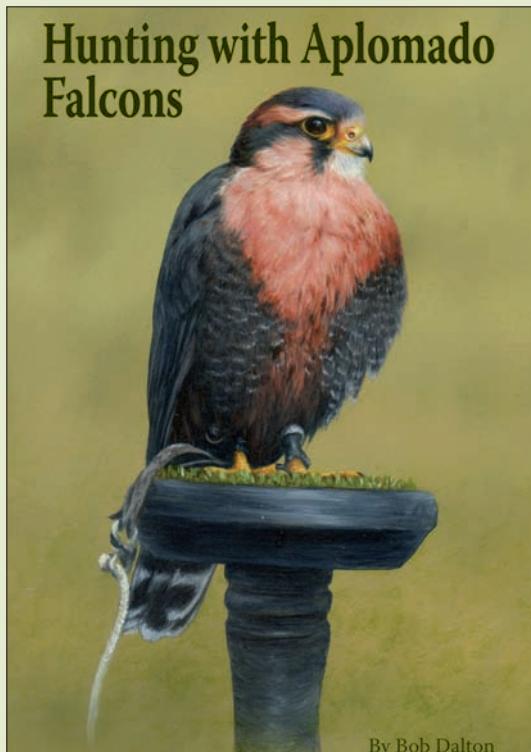
The chapters cover all aspects of owning, housing, training and entering the Aplomado. In each of these chapters are excellent examples of how the author has experienced the behaviour or performance of these in Mexico, Brazil and Peru. This gives a balanced point of view and doesn't leave you wondering if the training and management would be different in their country of origin. It is all there for the reader to get the best out of their falcon.

I liked this constant cross reference as it provides a factual picture of their approach to hawking in their natural environment.

This excellent book is a limited print run of 500 individually numbered copies, with front and back covers depicting superb portraits by artist Martin Brook. It is no wonder that Bob Dalton has written a fine book on Aplomados. Not only are they good looking they have provided the author with some really thrilling hawking experiences. I would highly recommend this book to falconers who might well be thinking of owning and flying an Aplomado, and for those that would have this on their 'must do' list here is an author who has put the Aplomado in the spotlight and given a very clear and valuable insight

through his own experiences, the pleasure of flying these determined and brilliant little falcons.

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Slovak Falconers Club

The Slovak Falconry Club are inviting falconers to attend their field meet which will be held on 21 – 25 October in Horné Saliby-Diakovce which is an old village in the Sala district of South West Slovakia. Also, on 12 – 15 November another field meet will be taking place in Secovce in the Trebisov district in Kosice region, also in South West Slovakia.

To find out more or to apply to attend the field meets, contact Anton Moravcik (for Horne Saliby-Diakovce) before 15 August astur@mail.t-com.sk or Martin Bobrik (for Secovce) before 15 September englert1@stonline.sk



askchitty

Do you have any veterinary questions relating to your bird? If so, send them to the editor (see address on page three) and they will be passed on to John Chitty - BVetMed CertZooMed CBiol MIBiol MRCVS

If a hawk breaks one of its primary feathers which then hangs with evidence of blood at the break, should the damaged feather be pulled or left as it is? Approximately how long will it be before the damaged area is repaired?

On the face of it this is a fairly easy answer – as ever, though, there are different ways to approach this problem and reasons for this

Firstly, there are different problems for the bird:

1. Blood loss. Usually the mews look like an abattoir by the time the bird has finished flapping its wings spraying blood around! While the blood feather has a very rich blood supply and can bleed profusely, it is unlikely that a bird will bleed to death unless the feather is continually traumatised.
2. Pain. There is also a good nerve supply and it is easy to see that broken feathers do hurt the bird.
3. Infection. If left, the breached feather will clot and continue to grow. However, there is a good chance of infection entering the feather pulp and folliculitis resulting – in some cases this may result in persistent pinching off problems in the future.
4. The effects of a damaged feather. If left, the feather will remain in place until the next moult. This may affect surrounding feathers (hence flight) and it may be repeatedly traumatised if it is distorted such that it no longer lies with the other feathers.

It is, therefore, worth doing something about this relatively quickly!

What to do does depend largely on where you are and the various traditions of that country – eg in Germany the feather is left in the follicle and hyaluronidase is injected into the feather

base to stimulate moultng.

In the UK, we tend to remove the feather. Why?

- The artery supplying blood to the feather enters through the base of the feather. Pulling out and twisting this feather will close the artery and stop the bleeding.
- Removing the feather damages the underlying germinal cap. This stimulates immediate regrowth of the replacement feather – the new one should be visible within two-three weeks.

We do not tie off the feather nor cauterise it – these techniques will leave a damaged feather with the risk of infection entering.

Can you remove the feather yourself? The simple answer is yes – the bird should be cast and the feather grasped firmly near where it joins the skin (grips/ pliers can be useful) and a firm steady pull (with a slight twist) applied.

However, if there is not much feather protruding or if it is a primary feather affected then it may be worth seeking veterinary attention as it is often easier to remove these feathers when the bird is anaesthetised.

Where there is little feather to hold there is a chance the feather will break off within the follicle – this must not be left or a cyst will result. Cysts can be very hard to “dig out” without causing permanent damage to the follicle

In the case of primary feathers, these implant onto bone – they can, therefore, be very difficult to pull out as they are so firmly embedded!

Where there has been a lot of blood loss it may be worth asking to have the bird's blood count assessed to check if fluid therapy may be necessary. Certainly a short course of antibiotics (and some pain relief) will be needed after removing a primary feather.

Before taking the bird to the vet (or getting kit ready if doing it yourself) it is worth stopping the bleeding. The easiest way to do this is to darken the bird – either by placing it into a lightproof box or by hooding it.

This has the effect of calming the bird (reducing flapping) and lowering blood pressure enabling the wound to clot. In some cases digital pressure may be applied – however, this may have the effect of stressing the bird, raising blood pressure and making the problem worse.



Broken primary blood feather – hawk



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Hospitality and Hawking Texas Style

Not so long ago my travel plans meant that I would have a week or so in and around the Houston area of Texas. Despite the fact that it was all a bit of a rush and everything was very much at the last minute I did my best to make arrangements to take in some hawking whilst I would be there. I contacted the president of the Texas Hawking Association, John Graham, and he was exceedingly helpful and through his good services I was contacted by a couple of falconers who extended an invitation to join them on several occasions throughout the duration of my intended stay. It must be said that generally speaking members of the North

American Falconers Association are always extremely accommodating if they have visiting falconers in their area during the hawking season. On several occasions now when I have found I will be in America and at a loose end for a few days or so an e-mail and or phone call to the regional club representative as often as not will lead to some hawking somewhere along the line.

The two members from the Texas Hawking Association proffered the invitation to join them flying an intermewed passage male Red Tailed Hawk and a domestically produced intermewed eyass male Harris Hawk. For someone who spends so much of their time hunting with longwings or traditional

rabbit hawking with a female Harris the chance to indulge in some urban hawking with a couple of broad wings was one that I looked forward to with a degree of relish.

My arrival in Texas was just two short weeks after the area had suffered tremendous devastation at the hands of hurricane Ike. As I made the final approach to Houston airport and the plane dropped low enough to clearly see the houses below the true extent of the damage became very apparent. Quite literally hundreds upon hundreds of domestic roofs were covered over in a makeshift way with tarpaulins of various colours. The scene below looked like some garish ill designed tapestry. Once



Dumpster hawking

on the ground and clear of the airport the devastation was all too obvious and it was painfully clear that any scheme to make good the damage was going to be a long and very expensive one. On speaking to some locals later that evening it became apparent that a great deal of the obvious signs that were left by the force of the winds had already been taken care of. For example there was very little glass or litter still lying around and the majority of the trees felled in the storm had already been cleared from the streets.

Keen to hunt

Once ensconced in my motel it was time to make a few phone calls and set up a meeting with my falconry hosts as soon as possible. They turned out to be as equally keen as myself and a meeting was fixed for breakfast at a pancake house a few miles down the road the following morning. Accordingly bright and early the next day, despite my jet lag, I met up with Chuck Redding and Mike Wiegel. After a really good breakfast and a good get to know you session it was time to make tracks to the field and do some hawking.

First up that day would be "Dart" an intermewed male Harris Hawk that had been lucky to survive the unwanted attentions of hurricane Ike. "Dart" had been owned by another falconer, Chris Comeaux who lived on the Bolivar peninsula. But Chris unfortunately had had his house and mews completely destroyed in the hurricane and had no option other than to pass the hawk on. With his current circumstances hawking would be just about the last thing on his mind. "Dart" was in his second season but so far had caught nothing when it came to quarry. He chased rabbits hard apparently but had, as of yet at least, never managed to get hold of one. These are Swamp Rabbits we are talking about here I should hasten to add and they are considerably smaller than the rabbits we find here in the UK. In fact most that I saw would not be quite half the size of an average British Rabbit. According to his previous owner Dart showed no interest what so ever in small birds which was a great shame as the areas that Chuck and Mike had available for hawking held an abundance of small birds and a somewhat leaner population of rabbits. If the hawk would fly small birds then slips just wouldn't be a problem.

We set off to the hawking grounds, stopping on the way to collect Rob Evans who is the latest falconry apprentice of Chuck. Rob had trapped himself a passage female Red Tailed Hawk some eight days earlier and we also had a quick look at her before setting off again. The Red Tailed Hawk in question was a magnificent example of the species and also a very large one. She was already very well mannered, took the hood exceptionally well and was eating quite freely on the fist. She took very little notice of suddenly being surrounded by strangers and was a credit to Rob's manning skills. Like the vast majority of American falconers Rob had made the hawk to the hood and it had never occurred to him to do otherwise. When I explained to him that in the UK the majority of those that fly short and broad wings did not make their hawks to the hood he couldn't understand why, nor could I give him a sensible answer when he asked me why this should be the case.

Once we had finished admiring the Red Tail it was time to get on with the hawking. We drove a relatively short distance to an area of small willowy trees, blackberry bushes and Creeping Virginia. In total the patch we could hawk was just less than four acres, which I thought was going to be a bit of a joke. But the reverse was true and we spent a good couple of hours there chasing several rabbits through the undergrowth. The cover was such that the rabbits only had to show themselves occasionally and extremely briefly in order to be able to get to the next piece of dense cover. What did take everybody by surprise was the willingness of the male Harris Hawk to chase any sparrows that broke cover when we were engaged in trying to flush rabbits from cover. In fact the willingness to chase small birds could have very easily led to a bit of a disaster for "Dart".

As we were walking back towards where the vehicles were parked "Dart" was being carried aloft on a T-perch. As we neared the road he suddenly dashed off to chase a group of sparrows that were raking through the dirt of a flower bed that was in a central reservation of the busy road. How he missed a car, or should I say how a car missed him, on his way to the flower bed and then remained un-injured as he traversed backwards and forwards across the road in his vain attempt to catch one of the sparrows I

shall never know.

Despite the best efforts of five adults and a hawk the rabbits remained unmolested and we eventually decided it was time to move on and try our luck somewhere else. This turned out to be a small spinney in the middle of a housing estate. If truth be told we probably spent more time explaining to locals what we were doing and what the hawk was than actually doing it. But we did have some very good fun and a young female Cooper's hawk came to investigate what we were doing. She was remarkably tame and seemed very reluctant to leave. Whether she thought she could rob the Harris if it made a kill or indeed could kill the Harris if given the opportunity I am not sure. But either way it stayed with us for a good quarter of an hour. We also attracted the attention of a juvenile Roadside Hawk but this quickly left when the male Harris Hawk came over to investigate him.

T-Perch success

Again we had no luck with the rabbits although this time the hawk did get a foot to one for sufficiently long enough to make the rabbit squeal and give us a few seconds of hope. But it wasn't to be. We also spotted a couple of snakes which I was assured were totally harmless. As well as the rabbits the hawk chased a Blue Jay round and round and came very close to catching it. For a hawk that was supposed to dislike birds he seemed to spend a lot of time chasing them. This particular bout of hawking was brought to a close by the hawk finding a dead squirrel lodged in a tree which he promptly started to eat. Fortunately after a little while the hawk and squirrel combination overbalanced and fluttered down to the ground from where the hawk could be taken back up on the fist and parted from the somewhat ripe squirrel. The Harris was returned home and we collected "Cisco" the male Red tailed Hawk.

We drove for just over an hour to a completely different area and a slightly different hawking environment. This was an area of quite dense cover that was heavily interspersed with thorn and mesquite. Chaps were required apparel and even so we all ended the afternoon with lots of small lacerations on legs, arms and backs. But it proved to worth it with the Red Tail catching two rabbits



Chuck with Cisco

and a rat. Chuck uses a T-perch when hunting his hawks and this certainly pays off in the sort of situations he tends to hunt in. Without the T-perch the Red Tail would not have enjoyed any of the kills it did because its prey would have made the safety of dense cover before he saw any of them. However with the height advantage this type of perch gives the hawk "Cisco" was able to make the most of every opportunity.

The T-perch is one that seems to have found favour with falconers across the pond far more so than it has here in the UK. Some people do use the perch when out in the field here but they are certainly in the minority. In the States, central and Southern America they are absolutely the norm when hunting with Harris Hawks, Red tailed Hawks, Bi-Coloured Hawks and even Aplomado Falcons. The hawks are taught to return to the perch after an unsuccessful flight and, as with those that are taught to return to the fist, are only rewarded with a tit bit occasionally.

Over the following few days "Cisco" was to prove what an excellent and experienced hawk he really is. He hardly ever failed to kill and, as with all Red

Tails, was extremely tenacious and brave when it came to crashing into cover after quarry. I must confess that I have never really understood why Red Tailed Hawks are, generally speaking, so thoroughly underrated as first class hunting hawks here in the UK.

Persistence rewarded

Chuck concentrated on giving "Dart" as many opportunities as he could in an all out effort to get the hawk properly entered. When we went to the field we were joined by other falconers and the beating team seemed to grow on each occasion. Persistence finally paid off and "Dart" and Chuck were eventually rewarded for their joint efforts with a humble mouse and then a Swamp Rat and a Sparrow. It may not sound much but it was excellent sport and hawking in the true sense of the word. Everyone concerned really enjoyed themselves and the hawk was dashing here and there at anything that we managed to flush. We only had one more scary moment concerning "Dart" over the remainder of my stay in Houston. "Dart" had caught something small, we assumed it

was a mouse, and was mantling over it some distance away from us. From what seemed like out of nowhere a juvenile Red Tailed hawk suddenly appeared and landed on the ground close by the Harris. The intention was obvious and the would be pirate was so engrossed in what he wanted to do that he ignored our shouts and whistles until we were all within thirty feet or so of him. Then discretion became the better part of valour and he slowly made off. But not too far, only as far as the top of the nearest street light. Here he stayed and we decided it may well be prudent to move on and try our luck somewhere else.

As is always the case when you are having good fun in pleasant company the time just seemed to evaporate and all too soon the stay was over. There have always been a great many jokes in England about how Texans as a race are supposed to spend all their time bragging about how just about everything is bigger and better in Texas. All I can tell you is that as far as I am concerned in the case of their hospitality, warmth of welcome and willingness to accommodate other fellow falconers this would be a wholly justifiable

Falconers Fair 2009

This year saw the 20th anniversary of the British Falconry and Raptor Fair which was once again held at Chetwynd Park, Shropshire. Thankfully the weather stayed dry which seemed to bring people out as there appeared to be more visitors this year than last. Even on the second day of the fair there looked to be more visitors than previous years.

Unfortunately, some of the usual stands were missing, falconry related or not, including the children's fairground and clothing traders. Also, some falconry clubs did not attend, probably due to those who were going to the Festival of Falconry and who could not afford to go to both events.

Jonathan Marshall

The main area events this year were, thankfully, more in tune with falconry rather than people charging around in medieval costume swinging swords and axes. One falconer who was on horseback was Jonathan Marshall, giving his unique demonstration, which included having a falcon stoop down and fly between his and the horse's legs. This was not everyone's cup of tea – especially for the purist – but Jonathan did point out that his demonstration was purely for entertainment and most of the crowd seemed to enjoy it.

Jonathan has a company based in Devon and he offers to take guests up in a micro-light aircraft to "fly" with birds of prey. One of his micro-lights was flown overhead and a peregrine was released from it to stoop to the lure in the arena – unfortunately the stoop really came off as a glide. Still, it was good to see something different at the fair.

Graham Watkins

Another attraction in the arena was Oxfordshire-based Graham Watkins and his team of gundogs

which consisted of Cockers, Springers and Pointers. Graham and his team put on a worthwhile display using both ferrets and Harris Hawks and his commentary was very interesting and informative, especially for those who were not falconers. Graham has a good sense of humour and this was in evidence throughout his demonstration.

Jemima Parry Jones

Of course, no fair is complete without "the first lady of falconry", Jemima Parry Jones. Mima put on her usual excellent display, flying a variety of hawks, falcons and eagles and whenever Mima is in action, everyone has to stop what they are doing and enjoy the display.

One different aspect of this year's display was Jemima giving a master-class in lure swinging. She talked us through

the different types of passes (inside, outside, ground and overhead) and demonstrated the footwork that has to be made to ensure the falcon does not get hurt and that the lure line does not get wrapped around the falconer's neck. (Okay, who has done that and not admitted it?).

Overall

This event seemed to me to be on the way back to the fairs of some years ago with good crowds, good weather (always a bonus) and good organisation. It will always be difficult when the festival is being put on a couple of months after the Falconers' Fair, but at least the main arena events and demonstrations were of a higher calibre than usual. Lets see what it will be like next year, the 21st anniversary.



Jonathan Marshall giving one of his demonstrations

Discovering the true art of falconry – a beginner's tale

To say that wildlife has always been of interest to me would be a slight understatement! It's an obsession that runs deep in my veins and something that may be partly accounted for by my early childhood experiences, for which I will be eternally grateful to both my parents and other close family members.

When I was young my parents frequently employed the use of National Geographic videos as a means of keeping me quiet and out of trouble. It proved highly effective as I'd sit for hours marvelling at the strength and bravery of grizzly bears, the sheer beauty of the great whales and the effective and impressive killing strategies of orcas and great white sharks alike – usually whilst eating my breakfast! Needless to say this worried most people quite a bit, but was something, that would prove later to have set me in good stead for other experiences.

Whilst actually getting to see these supreme predators in the flesh was obviously always going to be fairly impractical, my mother and father both made enormous efforts to ensure that my respect and appreciation for the natural world was based on solid information and this ensured a firm grounding in many aspects of the animal kingdom. I even think of David Attenborough as a close and dear friend having watched him so often and within my lifetime we must have visited every zoo, aquarium and nature reserve in Britain at least five times over (well that's how it seems)! I'm also lucky in that I'm fairly well travelled and have always made the conscious effort to visit and support conservation projects and zoos all over the world, including places such as San Diego, Jersey,

Alabama, Tenerife and not forgetting recent visits to the Middle East and Holland that were of particular interest, and which I shall describe in greater detail later.

Although I've always been fascinated by birds of prey coupled with a family friend who displayed them quite near to home, the real obsession didn't kick in fully until I was about 10 years old when I developed another deep seated fascination, this time with Native American culture.

I was aware that Eagles were quite often taken for their feathers to use in ceremonial headdresses and smudges, but I also took note of how well respected these colossal birds of prey were amongst these people, not only for their power, but for their sheer grace too. Around about the same time as this my older cousin purchased a large male European Eagle Owl called Percy. Though I found him really very delightful, I always ascertained that he should have been renamed 'Trouble' due to the chaos he'd often cause on his daily flights – no pigeon or cat was ever safe when he was out and about! It was this mischievous owl that caused me to realise just how individual birds of prey could be in temperament and character and this only spurred my interest further still.

As it always has a nasty habit of doing, life eventually and inevitably got in the way and veiled over these childhood ideals and fascinations. My time at school eventually passed and I moved onto college. After four years of full time study I landed a job at an NHS microbiology laboratory in Portsmouth, where I worked for two years as a laboratory assistant. This never really fulfilled my needs or expectations from a job, so I took on the task of studying a Human

Biology A Level, whilst still working full time.

Having passed this I was finally accepted into the British School of Osteopathy, in London, where I am now half way through my four years full time training to become an Osteopath. Despite being such a demanding course this would not be the only training I'd undertake, as I was soon to find out.

It begins

On the 15 August 2008, I found myself on the grounds of Hamptworth Estate, just on the borders of the New Forest, being greeted by Bob Dalton. I'd been bought a half day hawk experience as a 24th birthday present and was feeling pretty excited about being in such close proximity to so many birds of prey – all at the same time too! The sun was shining, the air was sweet with the smell of summertime flowers and little did I know just how much this day was going to change my life.

I was struck instantly with how passionate Bob was about his birds. He spoke about them with such avid enthusiasm and handled them with such care and devotion and they responded so obligingly . . . it was really quite remarkable to witness, like watching old friends meeting and greeting one another. Here was a man who lived and breathed what he did and quite obviously could never do without it. This wasn't just someone who had birds of prey for a laugh or for kicks. I was in the presence of a rare thing indeed, a dying breed – a true falconer.

The experience day at Hamptworth is fashioned so that all participants, as well as witnessing falcons in flight and learning a plethora of amazing facts about them, may have a selection of owls and hawks



Author with Goshawk

flew to the fist. Whisky, the little Barn Owl, was definitely the star of the show for everyone present, but as I watched Bob fly Sage, a big and powerful Saker Falcon, to a lure my childhood memories that I had long been keeping locked away in a little subconscious dream box suddenly flooded my mind! As far as I had been aware, however, working with falcons and birds of prey would always be a totally unrealistic goal. More attainable than working with killer whales or bears I grant, but I had just put the thought to the back of my mind all these years while I concentrated on sorting out my real life and getting my studies completed.

As the morning marched on my enthusiasm only grew more intense – it

was like something had ignited in me. Fortunately Bob was quick to recognise this and just as the day drew to an end he threw me a lifeline. The deal was simple – he would teach me about falconry if I was able to prove to him that I was truly serious about learning. I humbly accepted and two days later I found myself back at the estate, willing and ready to learn – hardly able to believe my luck.

No time like the present

So here I am, nearly 10 months later – still alive and with most of my limbs and vital organs still in tact! The best bit, Bob hasn't really had to press the threat of throttling me too heavily, so I must be doing something right.

I get to Hamptworth as often as I can, usually over the weekend or whenever my university timetable allows during the week and I take great pleasure in learning and helping out with experience days. It's been really nice just to think back to those few really early weeks when I was learning how to pick a falcon up from its block. A seemingly simple task, but as always with falconry a task that was fraught with potential peril and danger (more for the hawk than for myself), especially when the bird is not fully acquainted with the handler, as none of the hawks at Hamptworth were with me at that stage. This caused a few teething problems, but I've grown to know each and every one of them and now appreciate their little idiosyncrasies.

I know a person shouldn't have favourites, but I've developed a particular appreciation for certain individuals, including two of the Peregrines at the estate. Ralph is a fairly new addition to the team but he's really quite spectacular. Within a couple of weeks of being with us he was chasing rooks and crows over the fields with plenty of gusto. He's not particularly large, but he has real heart and for that I really like him, despite being a nightmare to hood. He's especially appreciated for having recently taken to swooping at and trying to mob Bob for food, often giving him a falcon style hair brushing in the process.

Clumsy, who is 17 years old and is one of the first Peregrines Bob ever bred, is extremely gentle, even if he does occasionally have a few mad moments. Despite being a hard flyer and hunter he's a real softie and after finishing a meal of chicks he'll sit on the fist, his head absolutely covered in fluffy yellow feathers and look at you with a very nonplussed expression until you eventually help to clean him off! Another fairly new addition is a Common Kestrel affectionately known as Reject. Until recently he's been a total pleasure to fly, always on the ball and always quick and ready to respond to a yell. Two days ago, however, Bob decided to trim his beak and although it was he who did the grabbing and the trimming, I am the one, in the little kestrel's eyes, that was to blame for the whole terrible incident. I'm now well and truly in the dog house and I think it may be like this for some time to come yet. I hope to be forgiven one day, in the not too distant future so we can resume our pleasant times together in the

peaceful and, what was once, the serene setting of the rolling English countryside, instead of our new routine that usually involves me chasing him through the fields, yelling various expletives and trying really hard not to allow him to get tangled in the creance. I'm pretty sure I can hear Bob chuckling amongst the hedgerows when this happens.

Initially, when Bob first invited me to take up the challenge it was sorely tempting to go out and buy a hawk, but I was quick to realise that in doing so I'd not only be the biggest idiot in the world but I'd be doing no one any favours, especially not the poor unsuspecting

bird. I've realised that my first hawk, though I feel it may be a way off yet, will be well and truly earned. I've learned just how much is involved in this sport and I now know that it should never be underestimated in terms of how much truly dedicated time it will take to get to grips with even just the basics. Rest assured that Bob's utter patience and persistence over these last few months has definitely not gone unappreciated.

Recent Travels – Dubai

When my cousin invited my parents and I to stay in Dubai with him and his wife for a week at the end of March not only



Author with Saker in Dubai

did we jump at the chance of a fantastic holiday, but I also saw it as an opportunity to learn about what kind of a sport falconry is in this part of the world.

Almost as soon as we arrived we were headed into Nad Al Sheba, near Murdif to visit a local veterinary surgery that specialised in raptors. In the initial 20 minutes we were there at least 10 falcons were brought in. These were predominantly Gyrs, Sakers, Peregrines and Gyr/Peregrine hybrids and all looked very healthy. Upon enquiring as to why such seemingly healthy and fit falcons were being brought into the surgery I was told that every one of them was due to go on a hunting trip and that before each of these trips they are brought into clinic for an endoscopy. These are carried out to check for respiratory diseases, mainly aspergillosis. A little extreme, I thought, but perfectly routine in this region I was assured, as falcons are simply more susceptible to it in this part of the world. I was also interested to learn that falcons would be put under a general anaesthesia when having their major flight feathers impeded. Falconry in the Arab Emirates is not only considered a sport, but it's also considered a prominent show of status. If we talk big bucks in Britain for a falcon, these guys would talk major big bucks. In fact, the vet told me that the Sheikh had recently lost his prized Peregrine and that the reward for its safe capture and return was well in excess of £100,000 sterling! Needless to say, he really wanted his falcon back.

Whilst in Nad Al Sheba we also paid a visit to the local falconry centre. Though it was out of season and I knew the chance of seeing any real flying was slim I was still keen to learn and see as much as I could. This visit would prove to be a bit of an eye opener into the Middle Eastern view of falconry.

Falconry, wherever you go in the world, tends to be predominantly a man's sport, but women still enjoy the sport in fairly strong numbers too. In the Arab Emirates, however, a female taking part is quite obviously something that is not a concept they fully appreciate and I quickly realised this as we wandered around the marble halls and the various supply shops.

Some of the tradesmen were less than receptive and the situation wasn't really made any better by the language barrier! We initially wandered upstairs into a room that harboured four really quite fabulous falcons - a black Gyr, a

black Shaheen, a very nice dark phase Saker falcon and a very large white female Gyr, all of which were apparently for sale. The gentleman who was manning them, though obviously a little taken aback by our sudden appearance and blatant presence of an aspiring female falconer (how very dare I), was kind enough to allow us to take photographs and even handle the white Gyr. She really was exceptionally large and really very powerful, though a little out of my price range. We decided not to hang about here for too long lest we accidentally got sold one of these falcons in one of those comic (but not actually that funny at the time) situations where communication is well and truly hindered and chaos and confusion quickly ensue.

Fortunately we eventually stumbled into a little corner of the centre that was run by the Al Hurr Falconry Services Team, where I had the great pleasure of meeting David Stead, Simon Caws and Jannes Krueger and their fantastic team of Peregrines including Peales Tiercels, African Peregrines, an African Peregrine/Shaheen hybrid, plus a delightful and perfectly behaved little North African Lanner falcon called Joey. These gentlemen couldn't have been more obliging or helpful, much to my appreciation and having spent a considerable amount of time chatting and exchanging information we parted company, only to be quite unexpectedly reunited later in the week in the deepest darkest depths of Dubai Mall's gold souk, where they were doing a public showing of their falcon team, which was much admired indeed!

A visit to a Bedouin style camp in the middle of the desert was to round the week off nicely. Having been taken out for a mid afternoon drive and a session of dune bashing in a shiny white four by four by our hilarious guide, Shoukath (my mother screaming in the back the whole time), we approached the campsite, parked up and waited for the evening's festivities to begin. Though there was a lot to see and do, including tasting some local delicacies, belly dancing, which my father begrudgingly was roped into and listening to some brilliant local music, my attention was very much focussed on a lone, un-hooded Saker falcon, sat on a block by the entrance. There didn't appear to be a falconer in sight but people were crowded round it, picking it up and stroking it and all the while

it sat quite calm and happy and didn't bat once. If you tried that with Sage back at the estate she'd just take your face off! Though it was clearly a mature bird, getting on in years, someone had obviously spent a lot of time ensuring that it felt safe and confident around people, which was really nice to know. At the end of the evening when things had quietened down and the falcon had been given some time alone to relax I couldn't resist the opportunity of having my photograph taken with him.

Holland

A week after my return from Dubai, Bob invited me to accompany him to Holland on a trip to promote his new book, Hunting with Aplomado Falcons. Destination – the Falconiformes Centre, owned by Jan Wooning and co-managed

by Adriaan Koster. Seeing this as another fantastic opportunity to see some more birds of prey and meet many a likeminded falconer I counted myself in and so we headed off.

We arrived at around six o'clock in the morning, having travelled all night and were treated to a warm welcome by Jan's staff along with a hot pizza breakfast! The centre covers quite a large expanse of ground and after breakfast and coffee we were allowed to take a look around at our leisure.

It is heavily guarded by several impressive looking Argentinean fighting dogs and for good reason. As well as many other species it is home to an extensive collection of breeding pairs of Gyr falcons, which are never on display to the public. Because I was with Bob, however, I was granted the divine



Falconer in Abu Dhabi

and very rare privilege of taking a look for myself. Though we have two very impressive white male Gyrs back at Hamptworth, I was still awestruck and felt like I was in heaven – aviary upon aviary of these beautiful creatures, black, white and silver and all in good breeding condition, which was truly lovely to see.

Because the open day, for which we had travelled to Holland, wasn't to take place until the following day we had the whole place to ourselves. As well as the private Gyr falcon aviaries there was also an extensive collection of birds that were on display for public viewing, many of which were for sale. I armed myself with a camera and set to work building up a photographic portfolio of them all.

The first row of weatherings that I took a look at harboured a White Bellied Fish Eagle and a couple of nice Steppe Eagles. Although I found all of these to be fantastic photographic subjects I found my true muse in their neighbour – a truly magnificent and incredibly large

female Golden Eagle. Not only was she stunning but she was also a total tart to the camera and I loved her instantly! From the moment I laid eyes on her my attention could be turned to little else. I spent so much time photographing and watching her, in fact, that I believe Jan was going to offer me a tent for the night so that I could pitch up next to her! She was so proud and majestic and looked like she meant real business, but while we were watching her she also demonstrated just how tender and inquisitive she could be. She'd flown to the back of the aviary and was busy stripping pieces of wood from the ledge and pulling off the fabric from the back wall – basically just being destructive (as many a man will claim about most females in general) and showing us how strong she was. To get her back to the foreground of her aviary so that we could photograph her some more Bob collected a few small white stones from the path then placed them on her stone block. She watched with

the greatest interest and attention as he did so. He assured me that her curiosity would get the better of her. He stepped back and just as he had said she flew over to take a look. Her feet, I'm pretty sure, were bigger than my hands and yet she never disturbed the tiny pebbles as she landed. She merely dropped her head and nuzzled them with her beak, gently picking them up one by one, inspecting them and then putting them back down delicately in their original place once her curiosity had been satisfied. I took great pleasure in photographing her and from that instant I now know that one day I simply have to work with one of these majestic and calculating birds. Sadly, she was one of the raptors that was not for sale. It's a shame, but our resident Goldies back at the estate are passing sticks quite

contentedly to one another – a sign that they may produce young this year. If they do then it would be fantastic to think that I may eventually go on to develop a strong working relationship and bond with one of them. I simply adore Eagles, though I think I may be a bit too much of a novice to be taking on such a weighty responsibility . . . just yet anyway!

Once I'd managed to peel myself away from the Golden Eagle I went on to discover the rest of the centre's extensive collection. They seemed to have had an explosion of Harris Hawks in recent months. They were just everywhere. I'm not complaining though, I've always liked them. We have a breeding pair at the estate and four resident flying birds, including Bob's very famous hunting hawk Maud, who always makes a point of threatening the clients and various visitors we have, which amuses me no end. The juveniles are so pretty and the diversity in the colour of their plumage is quite extraordinary. Along with these were three juvenile Steppe/Goldie crosses, a highly prized Imperial Eagle, a Grey Chilean Eagle, two pairs of Snowy owls, a very content looking Tawny Eagle and a large Bald Eagle, all situated around the main outdoor lawn in large aviaries.

Within a gated and netted display enclosure nearby were some really nice specimens, all sat out on blocks and bows. Included in this selection was a couple of hybrid falcons, a Great Grey Owl (another excellent photographic subject), and several species of vultures including Griffon Vulture, Turkey Vulture and a Hooded Vulture. Caracaras were also a prominent feature, both crested and striated. Then came the crème de la crème, as far I'm concerned anyway. Not one, but two Bateleur eagles. Both were females, one in juvenile plumage and the other in its absolutely glorious adult plumage. I'm not that way out at all, normally, but the thought of becoming a thief did cross my mind, especially with the adult female. It's not often you come across these fabulous Eagles and here were two of them, but I realised smuggling her away could prove tricky, so I decided against it! Having spent a day mooching and taking many, many photographs I decided to turn in for an early night so that I'd be rested and ready for the following day.

Walking down the stairs the following morning I was greeted by Bob who



Head study Golden Eagle

informed me that it turned out he knew the chap who'd be doing the displays, Hans Hin from Amsterdam Zoo, and that he had arranged for me to have my photo taken with the adult female Bateleur. I was ecstatic to say the very least and having this beautiful Eagle sat on my fist just felt 'right', despite her not being overly impressed at being handled by a total stranger and bating several times. As I gingerly went to give her back to her owner he gestured at the bow perch behind me. He wanted me to put her back? Without breaking her? This was intense stuff. She was far larger than anything else I'd ever handled before, but I got the feeling that Hans was keen to see what Bob had taught me and what I may be capable of. I set to it and must say handled myself and the situation really rather well, even though I had a real emotional struggle actually giving her back. This sounds a bit rubbish, but when you've got a nervous eagle worth several thousand pounds that belongs to someone else sat on your fist you tend to be more nervous yourself and far more cautious than you ever usually would be (even though I'd like to point out that I'm always careful when it comes to birds of prey). With our hawks back in England I always find that if they bathe when you're trying to return them to the perch it's always better to stand, clearing them safely of the ground, allow a moment for composure then start again. Eventually the bird will realise that if it sits still then the whole thing is over with far quicker than if it makes an almighty fuss.

The open day was a great success. Bob very sensibly set up right next to the bar and despite his constant moaning at being abandoned I took the opportunity to go and watch Hans's display. There were two in fact and the first went without a hitch and despite it all being in Dutch I still found it highly entertaining. Part of the display was to have pots, disguised as rocks, with small pieces of food hidden underneath. They looked really quite convincing. Then when the Caracaras were let loose they'd fly in, turn the rocks over and get their reward. This worked well, until the second display of the day when a small child ran into the arena. He was running as if possessed, a satanic glint in his eye. It was as if time had slowed. Hans could only look on in dismay as the child, who it seemed couldn't even be stopped by a herd of wild horses, ran

straight at one of these pots and booted it. The illusion was ruined and the child was removed, quickly and I believe may have been fed to one of the griffon vultures waiting in the wings!

Another interest I developed whilst in Holland was for the Red Tailed Hawks I'd spotted around the place. I was instantly attracted to them and when Bob told me that they can be quite feisty in training I felt my interest grow. I'm not envious as such, but quite admiring of the relationship Bob maintains with Maud, his Harris Hawk. Since I started at Hamptworth I made it my mission to learn all that I could about falconry before actually purchasing my own bird as I wanted to do the best job I could, instead of a half decent one. I always thought it'd be a Harris Hawk that I'd eventually kick off with and I still would never complain about having one, having seen what effective hunters they are, but I feel myself drawn to the Red Tails more and more. It may be a Harris Hawk that I form my first bond with and I really hope that in the not too distant future I'll also be able to perhaps develop a similar working relationship with a Red Tail.

What adventures the future may hold

I'm back in good old Blighty now, getting into my normal routine. I've voiced a desire to up the ante with my falconry training and have decided to aim to make a kill. For this task a young female Harris Hawk called Lucy, one of last year's young that was, in fact, bred at the estate has been selected. Initially Bob was hoping to use her for experience days, but unfortunately she's developed an extremely nasty temper. Despite this I'm determined that Lucy and I will make this journey together and with a little persistence she has started to open up to me handling her, instead of just Bob alone and is now showing really good signs that she's ready to make her first kill. Several cock pheasants around the estate are now missing their tails for this very reason and today she even took flight after a wood pigeon. I'm also keen to get hunting with Nathan, a young white Jerkin that we have on the estate, by the end of August and I hope to be able to report back on my progress over these next coming months with regard to both these tasks.

One thing's for sure though, the first

thing Bob ever told me about falconry was that for someone who is meant to be a falconer it will simply get beneath the skin and stay embedded there forever more. He was right. I'm consumed with passion for it and although my poor friends have to now sit and listen to me go on and on and on about it whilst we escape to Starbucks from long and sometimes arduous anatomy lectures (as fascinating as they quite often are), I really couldn't have it any other way. True falconry isn't just an age old art form, it's a way of life. It makes you think differently, sideways and upside down too and one remains constantly in awe of it. Okay, we may have our fast cars, our Lamborghinis, our motorbikes and our Harrier Jump Jets, but these are all simply vessels that we have spent hundreds of years designing and developing, to what we foolishly think is sheer perfection – the vessels that we think will carry us towards that ultimate goal of fulfilling our inexplicable and quite unnatural desire for total exhilaration and thrill. This is all very well and good, if not a bit quaint, but as far as falcons are concerned? Well, they're way out of my league.

I can think of nothing more stunning or perfect than a Peregrine Falcon in the stoop, or anything more humbling than having a falcon trust you enough to actually bow its head to you in order to clean its beak on your glove.

I have found something which has allowed me to laugh and meet so many fantastically fabulous individuals. It allows me the space to ponder and contemplate deeper thoughts when I can find solitude nowhere else. Whether it be in torrential, skin stinging downpour or the glorious golden sunlight of early spring, the kind that shines right through the peridot green leaves of the newly budding trees and makes even the most dragon-like individual seem like an angel, it brings endless surprises and delights. As well as all this, and the point which is most important, it allows me to do something I never thought I'd ever be lucky enough to do, to work with these astounding birds and to always remain humbled in their presence. Long may these happy and fulfilling days last.

Finally, to the person who had the good sense and generosity to buy me that initial experience with Bob Dalton . . . I shall be forever grateful and forever in their debt.

Second International Festival of Falconry



The second International Festival of Falconry took place on Saturday and Sunday, 11 and 12 July 2009, at the Englefield Estate, Theale, near Reading, the home of Richard Benyon MP and his family. After the first event two years ago, expectations were high. Let me say at the outset that I believe they were largely met, if not exceeded, this year. The first obvious improvement this time was in the layout of the grounds. The arena was more central and the various exhibits and stands were better spread around the site. There were also more food outlets and toilets.

A new feature this year were the activities on the Friday, organised by Tina Haynes, Education Officer for the Englefield Estate. Over 500 local primary school children took part in the Festival's

first "Schools' Day". The children were given a rare insight into falconry and its related cultural issues, such as heritage, conservation and respect for the natural environment, as they went from nation to nation, and tent to tent. A large group of volunteers acted as guides on the day, including a team from the Hawk Conservancy Trust at Weyhill who also gave educational talks. There was a real "buzz" around the show site on the Friday, particularly when all the children came together in the Abu Dhabi village at lunch time. Here they were able to learn about centuries-old Bedouin traditions, hear falcon tales around a campfire, track hidden falcons via radio, solve puzzles, draw a live falcon and receive a Young Falconers' pack. They also heard a short talk from TV presenter, Chris Packham, on birds of prey and his love of them, before they carried on in their groups to

visit other exhibitors around the grounds.

H.E. Majid Al Mansouri, Executive Director, Emirates Falconers' Club said "Education is an essential component of the Emirates Falconers' Club's initiative for the preservation of falconry and the introduction of the Schools' Day provides an ideal opportunity to reach the next generation of potential falconers. We also hope that through falconry they will be inspired by the wonderful cultural displays on offer at the Festival."

The organisers of this day's activities are to be congratulated - the children left not only carrying loads of "freebies", but undoubtedly also carrying a new-found respect for and understanding of the sport of falconry and its importance throughout the world.

On Friday evening a champagne reception and buffet was held by the Hawk Board in the seminar tent

international f Falconry



for invited guests. This provided an opportunity to discuss the day's events and to look forward together to the weekend.

Saturday and Sunday brought the Festival itself. The programme of events in the arena was the same each day and, as last time, gave us an exciting and colourful view of falconry throughout the ages and across the world. Representatives had come from all over the world, including South America, Spain, the Steppes of Asia, Japan, Arabia and Austria, to join with fellow falconers from the United Kingdom, to show off the sport of falconry in their country. I was particularly impressed with the display of falconry on horseback given by the Austrians. In all over 50 nations were represented and this made for an impressive Grand Parade of Nations at the end of each day. Mounted horse

archery and salukis were also displayed each day in front of the glorious backdrop of Englefield House.

There was an interesting programme of seminars lined up each day in the Seminar Tent, featuring prominent names in the falconry world. However, I understand that these did not run as planned which was a disappointment for many. This is obviously an area which the organisers need to improve upon.

There were individual camps from many of the 50 nations and the public were able to visit these and converse (or due to the language barrier, sign!) with the countrymen and women, many of whom were in national costumes. The UK camp consisted of large clubs, such as the British Falconry Club, South East Falconry Group, Scottish Hawking Club and Welsh Hawking Club, and also smaller groups, such as the Home

Counties Hawking Club and the Wessex Falconry & Hampshire Hawking Club. All were there representing their members and showing how the sport has developed in our own country. The largest camp, at the opposite end of the showground, was the Abu Dhabi village where you could become immersed in the crafts, customs, dance and animals of the world of Arabian falconry. People could meet up with falconers from around the world and probably make some new friends. As one falconer enthused, the Festival was an international reunion where everyone was speaking the same language – falconry.

The atmosphere around the national camps on the Saturday evening was somewhat lacking compared to that experienced two years ago, with many of the tents being closed up. This was partly



Looking over the Yurts

due to the rain but I feel was also due to the Medieval Banquet organised by the Hawk Board in the seminar tent. 500 people attended the banquet and they were joined by many others after the



Falconer from Mongolia

meal to listen to a selection of singers and musicians from various nations (although, regrettably, very few of the crowd afforded the performers the courtesy of actually listening to them.) The evening was rounded off with a Scottish ceilidh band called 'Chaos'. It was a huge gathering and many commented that it seemed to kill any "village" atmosphere that was so evident two years ago – and which was so much enjoyed by all involved then. This may have been a good fund-raiser for the Hawk Board but I personally think it was a bad idea – the camaraderie and tremendous atmosphere of two years ago was much diminished.

There were over 80 trade stands present at the Festival and the range was truly remarkable – one could buy absolutely anything and everything to do with falconry. Falconry equipment, telemetry, health supplements, leather, books, magazines, art, sculptures, clothing – an Aladdin's cave for falconers. If it was falconry-related, you could find it somewhere.

The Heritage Tent showed the origins of falconry across the world and displayed equipment and techniques throughout the ages. Here one could meet representatives from the Falconry Heritage Trust, the Archives of Falconry (USA), Valkenswaard Museum (Netherlands) and Italy.

The Art Tent, organised by Mark Upton, displayed works from artists, both familiar and perhaps not so familiar to the falconry world. They included Peter Upton, Dave Scott, Antony Rhodes, Bernd Poppelmann, Andrew Ellis, Michael Demain and Carl Bass. Other well known artists and sculptors were also exhibiting in Artists' Row, including Dave Prescott,

Martyn Brook, Peter Bainbridge and Bill Prickett. If you wanted an eye-catching piece of falconry art, you certainly didn't have to look far.

Hawking dogs from around the world were featured at the Festival. One could find information on spaniels, pointers and setters, as well as other traditional breeds from Europe, North Africa and Asia. Salukis were also in prominence, with races being held in front of the house.

Of course, no falconry event would be complete without its avian stars – and stars there were a-plenty over the three days. Hawks, eagles and falcons from across the world could be seen and admired at close quarters – in the weatherings, in national camps, on club stands, in the main arena – in fact, wherever you turned, you could see a handler with bird on fist. Seeing so many different birds in one place makes you realise just how lucky we are to be "United in Heritage and Sport".

Roy Lupton launched the UK Eagle Falconry Association at the Festival. On display at their tent were several golden eagles and, on both days, Josef Hiebler gave a talk on rearing and training eagles.

For those with a penchant for owls, there was also a small display featuring the five species of British owl.

This year the weatherings were manned by representatives from those clubs attending in the UK camp, thus ensuring that the birds were supervised and safe at all times. Neil Forbes and his team were on site to provide veterinarian support, but thankfully I only heard of one injury over the weekend.

On Sunday HRH Prince Andrew visited the Festival. He walked through the grounds, visiting (amongst others) the



The UK Eagle Falconry Association was launched at the festival.

Right: Chairman, Roy Lupton

One of the smallest clubs at the festival: Wessex Falconry & Hampshire Hawking Club



Chinese falconer,

WuDi



Joe Atkinson from USA

British Falconry Club, the Steppe Village and the art tent. After touring the Abu Dhabi village, he was presented with a white gyrfalcon by His Highness Sheikh Sultan Bin Tahnoon Al Nahyan, Chairman of Abu Dhabi Tourism Authority, in

recognition of the importance of the relationship between the UAE and the UK. In addition, the Duke of York also received a briefing on the UAE's international submission to UNESCO, on behalf of 12 falconry nations, for falconry

to be recognised as part of the world's intangible cultural heritage.

Of course, an event such as this Festival requires much organisation. The major sponsors were Emirates Falconers' Club, Honeybrook Animal Foods and

International Wildlife Consultants. The Organising Committee consisted of Jim Chick, Nick and Barbro Fox, Nick and Lyn Havemann-Mart, Nick Kester, Terry Large, Anna Sadler, Jevgeni Shergalin, John Hill, Terry Butkeraitis, Sandy Crichton, Jo Oliver, Charlotte Souto and Mary Allgood. I think they all did a wonderful job this year and should be congratulated for their considerable efforts. As the organisers said, the Festival was by falconers, for falconers. Our British falconers were truly the backbone of the event and they have done us all proud.

Those of you who attended the event, will surely have your own memories. If you would like to share these with our readers, do please write to the Editor at the address on Page Three. We would be grateful to learn what you thought of the Festival, including your highs and, indeed, any lows. We will endeavour to include your views in the next edition of the magazine but, even if this is not possible, we will pass on your comments to the organisers of this year's event. Any supporting photos would also be appreciated.

Falconers from South Korea

The fabulous Abu Dhabi exhibit



Austrians in the main arena



The banquet welcoming committee



Television presenter,
Chris Packham at the
educations day



Nick Fox giving his thank you speech at the end of the festival





The parade of nations in the main arena



The colour and companionship of falconers that is the festival



HRH Prince Andrew being shown around the festival by Nick Fox (left) and Jim Chick (right) chairman of The Hawk Board



Gyr falcon being presented to HRH Prince Andrew by His Highness Sheikh Sultan Bin Tahnoon Al Nahyan

Japanese Falconry

and its contribution to the conservation of birds of prey



Fig. 1

Recently, conservation of birds of prey has attracted many people's attention. However, we have had a relationship with birds of prey since B.C. Falconry is a worldwide culture, employing the art of hunting game by using trained birds of prey. In the case of Japan, it is thought that falconry was handed down from the Korean peninsula in the 4th century, and it was developed over a long time through varying Japanese cultures. Falconers were the experts in handling wild birds of prey. And, they were also experts on wild animals and plants in order to hunt down their prey using falconry.

Falconry in Japan was practised by the ruling classes in each period. Birds of prey for falconry were taken from various areas, and some of them were released back to nature after the hunting season. A falconer is called a Takasho in the Japanese language (Fig. 1), which means Master of the Hawk. Ruling classes such as Samurai thought that the behaviour and attitude of the hawk was cool and graceful (Fig. 2). The Northern Goshawk (*Accipiter gentilis fujiyamae*) and Eurasian Sparrowhawk (*Accipiter nisus nisosimilis*) were used for traditional Japanese falconry. The Peregrine Falcon (*Falco peregrinus japonensis*) and Merlin (*Falco columbarius insignis*) were also used, however they were not as popular as the hawks. The Mountain Hawk-eagle (*Spizaetus nipalensis orientalis*) was used for falconry by the lower classes. These were the favourite species as almost all hawking ground in Japan is on the side of a mountain or is a small wooded area, small meadow or rice field. The most popular quarry were hooded crane (*Grus monacha*), greater white-fronted geese (*Anser albifrons*), Japanese pheasant (*Phasianus versicolor*), mallard (*Anas platyrhynchos*), green-winged teal (*Anas crecca*), Japanese quail (*Coturnix japonica*), and Japanese hare (*Lepus brachyurus*). In Japan, quarry was despatched by the falconer rather than leaving it to the hawk, to prevent the slow death of the quarry or any harm coming to the hawk.

by poison or disease. This was the fashion in the Age of the Civil Wars. There is no Japanese traditional falconer's bag and quarry was bound to a branch for carrying (Fig. 3). Crane hawking with a Goshawk was practised in order to present the quarry to the Imperial Court (Fig. 4). The Goshawk that caught the crane was praised for its hunting skill, and the leash colour was changed from red to purple as evidence of its hunting prowess (Fig. 5). Such a Goshawk was not released back to nature after the hunting season as many deemed it too precious. Currently crane, goose and quail are not quarry species in Japan. We can no longer enjoy the old traditional falconry. On the other hand, there are



Fig. 2

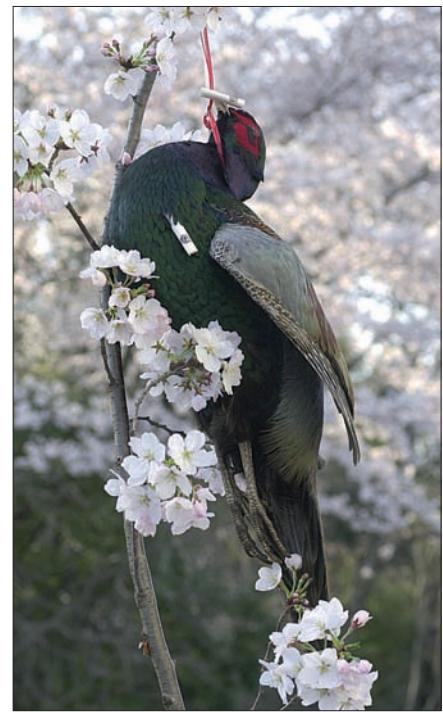


Fig. 3



Fig. 4

not many large areas of flat ground for falcons in Japan. Therefore, the Peregrine is flown in the same way as the Goshawk using the waiting-on style that is the usual hawking method with a falcon in other countries. There are no locking cords for quick release in the Japanese traditional hood. It is a feature of Japanese traditional falconry that the Japanese hood is made of cloth and paper (Fig. 6).

In the old days Japanese falconers were keepers of the birds of prey that were owned by their lords, and they were specialists in training the wild haggard birds for hunting purposes. In the hawking field, the lord or invited guest used the birds of prey that were trained by falconers. Therefore, Japanese falconers developed housing, tools and training methods for handling of the haggard birds by anybody, not exclusively for their personal use. This style is very useful in the care and rehabilitation of injured birds, because they do not become tamed to the keeper during



Fig. 5

their recuperation period. It means that recovered birds do not depend on humans after their release. We can also check their hunting ability after their recovery by using falconry skills before release.



Fig. 6



Fig. 7



Fig. 8

The Japan Falconiformes Center (JFC) was established in 1982 to expand the activity of The Hawking Club of Japan which started in 1964. We promote conservation work for birds of prey using Japanese falconry skill that was developed by falconers in the Edo period (1603-1868). JFC has been a member organization of the International Association for Falconry & Conservation of Birds of Prey (IAF, <http://www.i-a-f.org/>) since 1980. Currently, falconry is not mentioned in Japanese hunting law. It is not prohibited, but there are no official regulations for falconry or falconers in Japan. Game species, hunting seasons and hunting grounds are controlled by law. Japanese traditional birds of prey used for falconry are conservation species that are prohibited from being kept for personal use. Therefore, Japanese falconers use imported birds or their offspring. However, we think that Japanese falconry skill should be preserved with native birds of prey. And, we are trying to get a good understanding with the related agencies (e.g. Ministry of the Environment) through conservation works by falconers. Currently, the relationship with related agencies is improved by them observing the release of a recovered conservation species (Fig. 7). We think that these activities will be the first step to using native birds of prey in future Japanese falconry.

We receive about 10-20 injured birds of prey per year at the request of the Ministry of the Environment and local government, and we treat them in co-operation with a veterinarian who supports our activities (Fig. 8). Housing methods from old documents are also applied in the care of injured birds (Fig. 9). In the last five years, 15% of rescued birds have been returned to their natural habitat after recovery. Approximately half of the rescued birds could not survive, and the other birds which could not be released due to their injuries are kept in captivity until the end of their natural life, as euthanasia of conservation species is not allowed in Japan. Such birds will be used for breeding, if it is required to conserve the endangered species. Of the rescued species, 50% are Goshawk, 10% Sparrowhawk and 10%

Peregrine, all of which are traditional birds of prey in Japanese falconry. This means that the conservation works help to preserve the skill of Japanese falconry with native birds of prey.

The preservation of the habitat of birds of prey is also one of our activities. Preservation of the nest area is important to conserve the endangered species. However, another factor is also required to maintain the habitat; falconers need to know how to maintain a good hunting area for wild birds of prey and to understand their behaviour. We support various projects at the developmental stage (e.g. dam site, wind farm, power line, forestry road) to manage both the conservation of the endangered species (e.g. Golden eagle, Mountain hawk-eagle, Goshawk) and the construction works.

It is also important to take every opportunity to educate and to spread the knowledge of conservation works to other people such as ornithologists, veterinarians, researchers and the general public. We were the host organization for meetings where active conservation works were introduced to relevant persons to engender a new understanding. These were the International Symposium for Conservation of Birds of Prey (2008) and the Conservation Seminar for Birds of Prey (2009) with a grant from the Global Industrial and Social Progress Research Institute (GISPRI). Domestic and foreign experts (e.g. The Peregrine Fund) were invited to the meetings to introduce their conservation works and the results. We also held a short course for the staff of related agencies to learn the handling of birds of prey.

We hope that understanding of Japanese falconry is improved through our conservation work and our other activities.



Fig. 9

Getting it wrong...

a few sad stories and obvious facts

The truncated season caused by my goshawk's injury, which was then followed by snow that restricted my travels, led me to flick through my old journals and to ponder the days when things did not go to plan.

No falconer can second guess every situation but he can make the most of good planning. Some of us are better at it than others but we all make mistakes, mostly, I would suggest, through our enthusiasm to get out and do it. So I thought I would bare my breast and tell you of some of the dreadful days over the last 30 years. Those who know better may well say 'what a fool' but here's hoping others learn something. Only four of these errors have resulted in the hawk's death and I can honestly say not one was my fault, although a couple could well have been avoided. I believe it is no disgrace to lose a hawk whilst flying; they are doing what comes naturally and many wild raptors also die whilst trying to live. The first two incidents happened whilst hawking in Surrey when I was an apprentice to the late Ken Wood. He was a skilled falconer, and neither was his fault either.

The first happened on National Trust land on which we had permission to hawk rabbits, but it was also a popular venue for local walkers so what happened was doubly concerning. Ken's redtail, James, had taken stand on the side of a steep bank and my German Shorthaired Pointer (GSP) was working the cover below when a shot rang out. The falling pellets were like a hail shower and startled me and the dog, but at least it was not a direct blast. We shouted a warning simultaneously with the second barrel being discharged. Too late: the hawk fell dead. The perpetrator was a Portuguese taxi driver from nearby Gatwick who claimed the redtail was a pigeon! Ken was incandescent and with tears streaming down his face, wrestled the gun away and

smashed the butt against a nearby fence – thank heavens both barrels had been fired.

The police were informed and charges brought. The accused had no licence, was firing over a public footpath, without permission and personal property – also a protected species (in those days redtails had to be registered) – was destroyed. The fine was considerable but poor compensation.

Ken found a replacement redtail and as it often does, disaster struck twice. The branch line between Reading and Tonbridge crossed our principal hawking grounds; its embankment riddled with warrens. These produced some superb flights across the adjacent fields and because the trains were diesel and infrequent – the Gatwick element had not been added – we crossed it at will. One afternoon a rabbit flushed the wrong way and belted down the track for 20 or 30 yards straight into the front of an oncoming goods train. The hawk was killed outright.

First Redtail and first Goshawk

I have to thank Ken for my first hawk. My move to Kent and my own hawking grounds produced what I believe to be a personal recommendation. At a regional British Falconers' Club meeting, Jim Chick offered me an eyass redtail on loan, provided he could call it back for breeding if needed. Morgana was one of Cassie's last offspring. For those younger readers, Cassie was possibly the first redtail imported into the UK legitimately; others were rumoured to have come in under the seat of American B52 bombers. She was a miserable cow and when I went to collect Morgana from the Hawk Conservancy we entered her enclosure with two dustbin lids and a motorcycle helmet – and she still gave us what for.

Morgana was successfully entered at rabbits and moorhens and despite

knocking me out one afternoon she was reasonably mild mannered. If someone throws 2lbs at you from the top of a fully grown oak tree, you would have a head ache! Sad to say she only lasted 10 weeks. Her death should have been foreseen but I had no-one to warn me. Beating a moorhen from a pond, the redtail, not being very keen, described a lazy circle and landed on a power line, one with a transformer box. The down lines bracketed her folding wings and with a blue flash she was dead on the ground. Ten weeks for your first hawk is a bitter blow. From that day on my first scan of available flying ground is to check out power lines with such hazards. Never again.

Freya was my first goshawk and came to me third hand. She was bred by a friend and was a great all-rounder. One afternoon, Alistair, my good friend and fellow Austringer and I were flushing pheasants on a prime piece of land in mid-Kent. I say prime because the farmer loathed barbed wire and had won conservation awards for his stewardship. A cock bird rose from a new plantation and headed to sanctuary in a wood across the field. Freya was going full tilt and closing fast. Tragically, the pheasant flipped over the fence and landed as the goshawk committed herself to the kill. She hit the fence a mighty blow and broke her back in two places. She took a week to die. At the same time a feature appeared in The Times on falconry and there was my goshawk hunting rabbits on that very farm. Some coincidences are difficult to stomach. (As a postscript I have just heard her sister died in January after 18 seasons hawking hare. Some of the good ones stay the course. What memories.)

Don't lose it

Have I ever lost a hawk? Once and nearly. In between Morgana and the next redtail came the sparrowhawk, Time. She was

exciting. In fact when I get too ancient to fly gosses, I shall return to spars. One day I was crossing the paddock with the spar at apparent ease on my fist when the back door burst open and my very young daughter screamed out at me. Startled I lost all focus and opened my fist. Lesson number one: only fools fail to tie their hawks to the glove at all times. I was that fool. Time made off across a field dragging swivel and leash, heading for an ignominious death if I failed to catch her. Luckily the fence post proved tempting and she took stand. I threw out a well garnished lure and to be doubly certain wound her up. From that moment on I never hawk without a lure that has a line on it long enough to wind up recalcitrant hawks. Check out winding up in the old books. Such knowledge is best learnt and hopefully never used and while on the subject of securing to the glove, please make sure your field jesses have tiny holes punched in them and add a fishing swivel spring clip to your glove's 'D' ring. Essential for climbing gates, hawking in company and for taking what is politely known as a "comfort break".

Morgana's replacement was another redtail, the wonderfully named Sir Bors de Gannis (one of King Arthur's knights). I flew him without upset for eight seasons and then retired him to a breeding enclosure. Telemetry was pretty hit and miss in those days. My old mentor, Ken, had a set with a yagi aerial which fell to bits if turned sideways – which is the correct position for tracking, so it was quite useless. I bought a set based on an old taxi transceiver which was the size of a church bible and sat at home for all its life – it never functioned correctly. Working in the city and travelling extensively reduced falconry to weekends. One particularly windy day Bors flew out of a wood, on the same farm that my first gos died on several years later and disappeared. No bells, no mobbing crows. Nothing. I wandered down the wind swinging a lure to no avail. Patently he had killed and deep in cover. I returned several times, alerted every farmer in the area and was just about to give up and fly to America on business when the phone rang announcing he was in safe hands. I still failed to buy that telemetry until the gos came along. Now I wouldn't be without it. Go out and buy telemetry.

Some quarry species fight back. Squirrels can be very nasty; in fact why anyone flies them is a mystery. Redtails are the best bet, but even then they can get bitten. An American falconer once told me that when trapping passage redtails, he always released those with scarred feet and legs because they were inefficient squirrel hawks. Those planning to go there should fit wide anklets and even consider squirrel boots. If those teeth can open a nut think what damage they can do to your hawk. I have had one bite clean through my double skinned hawking glove missing my thumb by millimetres. Longwingers will tell you that crows are equally risky. A falcon on the ground is likely to be attacked by the rest of the mob in an attempt to free their companion. With beaks like a logging axe and a high IQ, they can work out how to do the maximum damage. Small wonder that Nick Fox uses a horse to keep up with the flight along the vastness of Hadrian's Wall.

Preperation

Keenness is no substitute for preparation. Once in the Outer Hebrides I arrived by

car at a prime rabbit spot on the machair (dune grass) with the gos in her box, jessed up and ready to go. Spotting a rabbit well out in the open and using the car as a blind, I hurriedly got out the gos and caste her off. Her chase was fast but erratic. No wonder as she still sported her tail guard!

Then there are all those silly things that can only be taught. For example: you can entice a new hawk into a travelling box by putting food on the perch, but absolutely never feed out onto the fist. If you do, your hawk will bate towards you in anticipation rather than wait until you lean in and ask him to step up quietly. Do you do a 'spectacles, testicles, wallet and watch' check before you leave? I have left too many essentials at home because I have not carried out a last minute inventory. I even read recently of a chap arriving at a field meet all kitted out but with an empty hawk box. Finally, here is the best Nick Fox tip of all. When you discard old jesses cut the slits or remove the buttons so that you are never tempted to reuse them. Of course you should really just chuck them into the bin, but better safe than sorry.



The Falconers

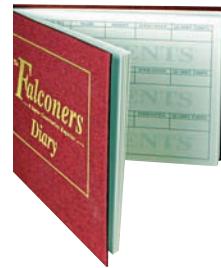
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The 5th and 6th of September will see the East Anglian Falconry Fair. The Fair will be held at the British Birds of Prey Centre at Stonham Barns on the A1120 in Suffolk. There will be three flying demonstrations daily ranging from a Merlin to a Bateleur Eagle.

The gundog demonstrations will be once again in the capable hands of Frank Walker from Banaman Kennels. Simon Whitehead from Pakefield Ferrets will be making a welcome return on the Sunday to give his demonstrations on Ferrets and Rabbit control.

There will be a selection of some of the finest falconry equipment makers, Incubators, Telemetry, Taxidermy.

Welsh Hawking Club, South East Falconry Group
And British Falconers Club will also be present.

There will be a beer tent and hot food area.

£5 for adults £3 for children under 4s free
£15 for family ticket (5 people).

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Club Directory



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The South East Falconry Group

AIMS TO SUPPORT FALCONERS IN THE CONTINUATION AND PRACTICE OF FALCONRY.

Drawing its membership from around the South and East of England, the SEFG provides a forum for falconers and would-be falconers to meet, discuss and practice the art. Members benefit from having access to a wealth of experience and knowledge, good facilities and field meeting opportunities throughout the winter months.

Meetings take place on the last Tuesday of the month at Tilbury in Essex.

For members in our Southern region informal meetings take place nr Winchester, Hants.

For further information or an application form please contact -

Dean White (secretary) on 01489 896504

E-mail us at enquiry@sefg.org or visit our web site www.sefg.org

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South Eastern Raptors Association
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Established for some 30 years, and now affiliated to the Hawk Board and holding group membership to the Countryside Alliance, the aims of S.E.R.A. are to further and maintain the standards of falconry in the South-East of England.

With a broad band of knowledge and experience within our club, we extend a warm welcome to new members, whether practising falconers or complete novices. Where practicable, novices will be allocated a mentor. Helpful, honest and friendly advice is always available.

**Our meetings are held at 10.30am on the second Sunday of each month throughout the year at
The Junction Inn - Groombridge, Kent. (Opposite Groombridge Station)**

Outings, guest speakers, field meets, (at home and away) videos, quizzes and other special events are ever-present features of our club calendar and may be viewed on our website.

Please visit our website at: www.seraonline.co.uk
or telephone Brian for information on: **01732 463218**



Independent Bird Register

Telephone 0870 608 8500

IBR Lost, Found, Reunited & Stolen birds of prey from 22nd March to the 7th July 2009

The IBR would like to thank all of those people that helped to reunite and look after found birds.

If you think one of these birds is yours or you think you may know the owner, - please contact us. If you have reported losing a bird it is **LOGGED** on the database and **REMAINS** on the **LOST LIST** until **WE** are told differently. Our web site now has rolling 2 month lost IBR registered list and a found list.

Part of the ring number has been replaced with an ? for security reasons

REMEMBER! We offer a service don't abuse it.

STOLEN x 12		LOST x 33 (this is a list of lost IBR registered birds)						
BREF	RING NUMBERS	SPECIES	BREF	RING NUMBER	SPECIES	10596	?BC9?	BARN OWL
17120	1254BC92U	TAWNY OWL	13613	?SPS?	HARRIS HAWK	15002	?4556?	GYR HYBRID FALCON
19010	IBR51036W	HARRIS HAWK	18311	?RL0?	KESTREL	17122	?GE9?	BARN OWL
21572	15354DOEV	GOSHAWK	20329	?769?	PEREGRINE/SAKER HYBRID	20768	?SMR0?	HARRIS HAWK
36307	ICH=1 / IBR41731W	HARRIS HAWK	25626	?4436?	HARRIS HAWK	24245	?1652?	HARRIS HAWK
47898	IBR47996U	BARN OWL	27809	?5152?	GYR/SAKER FALCON	25033	?0529?	BARN OWL
50623	IBR45343V	LANNER FALCON	37238	?0900?	GYR/SAKER FALCON	26180	?9679?	KESTREL
52851	IBR51484W	HARRIS HAWK	39160	?6623?	HARRIS HAWK	29569	?566?	HARRIS HAWK
60451	5266W	LANNER FALCON	40650	?897?	KESTREL	31082	?8717?	HARRIS HAWK
60452	6275W	LANNER FALCON	42962	?1080?	RUPPELLES GRIFFON VULTURE	31477	?RR0?	KESTREL
68613	LBPC	HARRIS HAWK	42963	?1096?	RUPPELLES GRIFFON VULTURE	37649	?6282?	HARRIS HAWK
68614	YDFC	HARRIS HAWK	45421	?0973?	BARN OWL	39935	?6081?	HARRIS HAWK
69028	16137V /3KFCC	PEREGRINE FALCON	46877	?4034?	KESTREL	41049	?7258?	SAKER FALCON
			46924	?JD05?	HARRIS HAWK	45166	?0931?	BARN OWL
			47560	?8494?	TURKEY VULTURE	45333	?0326?	KESTREL
REUNITED x 129						49238	?3421?	RED-TAILED HAWK
BALD EAGLE	1	48891	?8150?	HARRIS HAWK	54362	?2544?	BARN OWL	
BARN OWL	11	48909	?7822?	BARN OWL	54988	?3072?	BARN OWL	
BLACK KITE	1	52407	?1321?	HARRIS HAWK	58334	?8188?	BARN OWL	
COMMON BUZZARD	3	54201	?805?	PEREGRINE/PRAIRIE HYBRID	61105	?9595?	HARRIS HAWK	
EUROPEAN EAGLE OWL	4	55066	?3088?	BARN OWL	67219	?LYNO?	RED-TAILED HAWK	
FERRUGINOUS HAWK	1	58876	?25?	HARRIS HAWK	68612	?5618? / ?151?	PEREGRINE HYBRID	
GOSHAWK	2	59155	?8713?	HARRIS HAWK	69411	?1BF19?	HARRIS HAWK	
GYR HYBRID	12	59494	?4706?	GYR/SAKER/PEREGRINE	69830	?1304?	COMMON BUZZARD	
HARRIS HAWK	32	61198	?4155?	GYR/SAKER HYBRID	70482	?8719?	HARRIS HAWK	
HOODED VULTURE	1	61210	?943?	AMERICAN KESTREL	70513	?39RR9?	HARRIS HAWK	
KESTREL	7	61995	?0551?	BARN OWL	71209	?CH9?	LANNER FALCON	
LANNER FALCON	8	63253	?YLJ?	BARN OWL	71746	?212?	BARN OWL	
LITTLE OWL	2	63323	?1322?	BARN OWL	72175	?13LAD?	BARN OWL	
LUGGER FALCON	1	65631	?3389?	BARN OWL	72924	?514 86?	BARN OWL	
PEREGRINE FALCON	4	65678	?JEZ0?	LANNER FALCON	73050	?20RCM?	KESTREL	
PEREGRINE HYBRID	14	66152	?FL9?	HARRIS HAWK				
RED-TAILED HAWK	8	66440	?3521?	BARN OWL				
RUPPELLES GRIFFON VULTURE	1	66963	?3601?	BARN OWL				
SAKER FALCON	9	70928	?2597? / ?580?	RED-NAPED SHAHEEN/SAKER				
SNOWY OWL	1							
SPARROWHAWK	4							
TAWNY EAGLE	1							
TAWNY OWL	1	5979	?043?	BARN OWL				
FOUND x 32								

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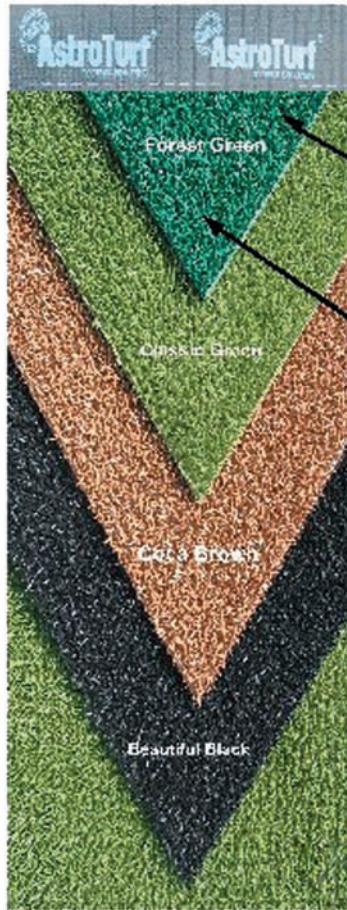


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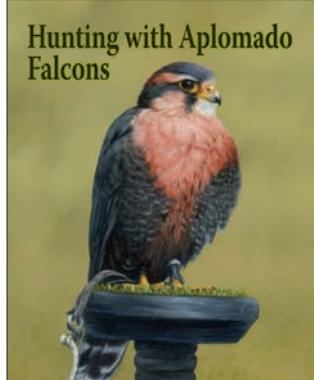
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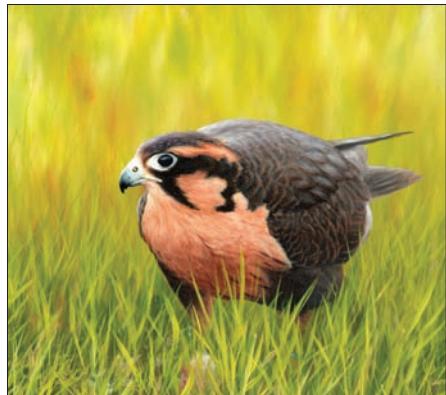
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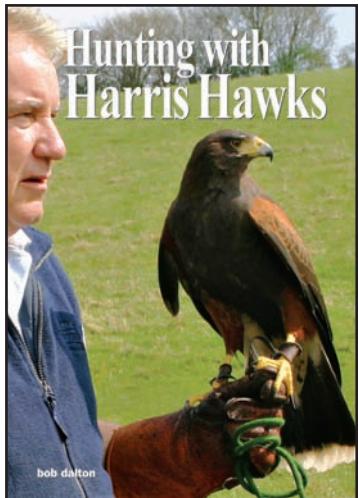
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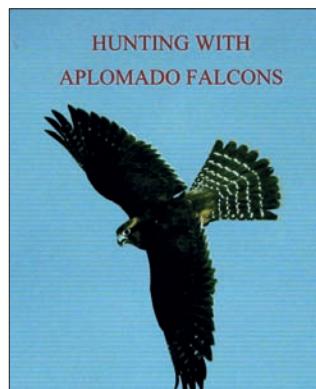
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