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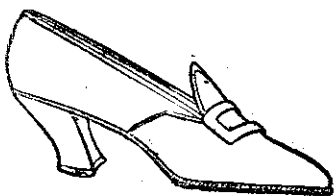
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ceaseless beat;

Hear the Town Council bleat,

What on earth is that they have upon
their feet,

Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
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SPORTING.

A generous patron of the trotting game in Southland is going out of it for a while in George Hunter of Wyndham. George has owned one or two good ones in his day, and report has it that he has a couple of very fast ones in Oaknut and Coldwater just now. Both of these as well as some other nicely bred ones will be sold at Wyndham on Saturday. The luck he has had this season would sicken anyone of the game, but we hope to see him come in again in the near future, and that Dame Fortune will turn her wheel his way.

Old Chudie won a race at the Grey-mouth Autumn Meeting. He started third favourite in a field of four and won by a neck.

Benefit did no good at the Westland and Greymouth Easter Meetings.

Arty Wilson with his successes at Lawrence and Beaumont has now 18½ wins to his credit and is fourteenth on the list. He incidentally now heads the Otago jockeys, Billy Robinson with 18 being next on the list.

Thistlecrown did not get away with the stake he won on the second day of the Riverton meeting without his connections having to explain his reversal of favour, the stipendiary steward, who by the way, appeared to be a very easy going official, accepting the explanation offered.

Old Rongahere has broken down again, and the turf has now probably seen the last of him.

Captain Eric Russell did not hold Matilda long the second time. She is reported to have cost the sporting lawyer a lot of money before he went away. Let us hope he has got it all back from the profit he made on the last sale of her.

Mine Host Bert Stiven hasn't been airing his colours for some time. But both Rokelaine and Mohawk may be ready about the same time as the Dunedin Winter Show is on.

Trotting men in Christchurch are very indignant that H. R. H. Prince of Wales is not going to see a high class trotting meeting in the colony. They are not nearly so indignant as trotting men in and around Invercargill who are not allowed to have any sort of trotting meeting in their town. Now then Digger John Bruce Thomson, ex-president of the Southland Trotting Club, what about getting to it?

Some Digger wants to know which took the boys down for most of the gratuity money, the other might promise them a tell, but the tote would certainly always give them some sort of run for their money, the other might promise them a sheep run.

Bert Stiven hasn't lost hope of catching a race or so with Mohawk yet. When the tracks get softer he will have the services of two smart sprinters in Rokelaine and Mohawk.

Our trotting men are now looking forward to the big meeting to be held at Forbury early next month. It will be the last chance for trotters to earn their winter oats this season, and it won't be hard to find triers.

What about a job as huntsman or whip to the Birchwood Hounds' diggers? The Club is inviting applications to be considered on Saturday night.

It is reported that a leading firm of "diggers" down the street are short odd favourites for the vacant secretaryship of the local Racing Club. They should be able to fill the bill between them very well, and with an experienced and successful president like Mr Hazlett to guide them they would soon become proficient in all that was required to run an institution like the Southland Racing Club.

Digger Hazlett is credited in a northern journal with the intention of taking his horses up to Wingatui to be trained. It is not likely that he will shift Samiel this season for Jimmy Hymers has got him very fit, and he is bound to win a good race before the three days at Wingatui next June are finished.

There are a lot of horses that have been raced this season in Southland that have not paid their way. The racing game is where one learns to lose well, and we met a lot of 'em in the trenches who had been trained on the turf. Every one of them was an out-and-out sport and a good mate. The "tote" may attract a lot of our cash, but it teaches a man to take his losses like a sport—and there is no better way.

His owners were naturally pleased with Burrangong's good and honest running at Riverton, and would now like to spare him the indignity they intended for him. Watty always was of a kind nature, and many diggers have very kindly remembrances of little things he said and did for them during the war. Some sports who stayed at home were all talk, but some were talkers, workers and payers, and Burrangong's owner was one of the latter. Diggers always share in Burrangong's successes and, alas, his losses too.

Trainers, like farmers, now that the crops are secured, will welcome the rain this week. Tracks are very hard and horses who have been racing on them will welcome something softer to train on before the Ashburton and Timaru meetings next month.

OLD TIMERS AT RIVERTON.

Reading my notes of old "timers" watching the steeplechases at Riverton last week, has reminded an old sporting friend of mine about other riders, amateurs and others who used to cross the Riverton country, as he puts it, during the nineteenth century. "Well over thirty years ago," he says, "the Riverton course was on the opposite side of the road to where it is now, and in those days Ted Saunders and an old grey called Waiau were nearly invincible. Farquhar McKay and "Wallace County," Fred Wilson, now ill at Queenstown, poor chap, and "Civis" and Johnny Smith, who was then in his prime and kept a good hotel at Otatau, were contemporaries, and what a fine lot of horsemen they were. Then "wee" Archy McGavock and "Aparima," who on one occasion had to go an extra round to get the money, and Watty Duncan, a grand horseman, but —, were top notchers. The latter was a professional jockey who dearly loved a steeplechase, and he won the Great Western Steeplechase four years running, amongst the good ones he rode were "Huntsman" and "Peter Simple." Billy Saunders, the local secretary, who is quarrelling with his job, was another who rode four winners in four consecutive rides over Riverton. But Farquhar McKay, outstayed all these. He started 'way back in the 'eighties, and like that good whisky "Johnny Walker," was still going strong when the new century had started. Ever since he has been clerk of the course. Let us hope that now hunting is going to start again we will develop another lot of Arthur Gerrards, Farquhar McKays, Archy McGavocks, Fred Wilsons, Johnny Smiths, Billy Saunders, and Watty Duncans, just to keep the jumping game clean and interesting. There was no going to the first fence in those days. None of that mob would ever return to the enclosure if a horse baulked with them. It had to fall once or twice before they would give in. And what a good lot of horses we used to muster in those days! Perhaps they couldn't go as fast as Zarkoma or Silverspire, but they would lose them in the country they had to jump in those good old days. Waiau, Civis, Aparima, Patchwork, Nimrod (a holy terror to pull), Grace Darling (I think the best of the lot if she had been given a fair chance), old Seaward (a great horse when well), Huntsman (an unlucky horse), Peter Simple (a rare safe fencer), and a host of others I can't call to mind just now." I would just like to add to my friend's reminiscences that Alex McIvor was one of the successful horsemen over Riverton country, and nearly twenty years ago was one of our best hurdle race riders. He and his friends won some money in those days with The Earl.

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