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TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat:
Hear the Town Council bleat,
What on earth is that they have upon
their feet,
Why! Boots repaired at Hawthorne's
shop!
Repairs that can't be beat.


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SPORTING.

Hogan has a good team of jumpers in work which will probably be doing the South Island Hunt Meetings prior to the National.

The Wairio Jockey Club is holding a smoke concert next month as an excuse for a night out. "The Digger," hasn't been invited yet!

Unauthorised coursing has been going on at the course, and the caretaker is now looking for dogs. They had several kills (of sheep).

In the sale of Amythus at 8,000 guineas to go to India is right, Mr Easton will have done remarkably well out of the Demosthenes gelding. He gave 400 guineas for him as a yearling and won over £8000 in stake money. Amythus will be the first Invercargill Cup winner to go to India.

Jock was not such a bad investment after all for Messrs Trail Bros., for after winning about £1400 in stakes during the past three months they sold him to a patron of George Reed's stable for £350. These amounts, besides good bets when he paid double figure dividends, must have left a margin of profit, even if there were a couple of very lean seasons to make up for.

Three or four would-be hunters from Rorke's Drift Lodge found the fences at the Groper's Bush Hunt on the big side last Saturday. Even the huntsman on old Prairie Fire had to give in and get through a gap cut to let the whole field out of one paddock. That good little jumper Glenisla, ridden by his new owner Mr Marshall, turned a seven. Mick O'Brien's show jumper, Bess, was one of a very select number that negotiated the country safely.

The next move was to secretly join up with the other labour unions, and attempt to cause a strike, which has lost the jockeys very much sympathy. But the better class of jockey would have nothing to do with the fire-brands, and this latter class and their demands can be written out. The sensible jockeys who are proud of their profession will get a good hearing at the Racing Conference next month, and no-doubt will succeed in bettering the conditions of the profession a great deal.

But to deny them the right of forgoing an association amongst themselves P.T.H. is not only going too far, but is not even being fair. He knows that in past years that there have been both jockeys and stable hands in his own employ, who would have been very much better off had they had an Association to fight their claims for them. It stands greatly to "Put's" reputation as a trainer that he has never had any difficulty in obtaining employees, but it does not necessarily follow that he will not be able to get employees when there is a recognised Jockeys' Association.

My friend "Sir Modred" has drawn the ire of good old "Put" Hogan, one of the best tempered Irishmen in the country. And all about a little bit of a union too! I thought "Put" had too much to look after without sparring with "those sporting writers who have done so much to injure the sport."

In the old days of bookies when one wanted to back a horse with no chance at all the pencil occasionally told the taker to write his own price. For some years past now I have always thought "Sir Modred" had told Mr Hogan to write his own paragraphs so frequently and free has his good Irish name and his horses filled the sporting columns in the local thunderer. Anyway it was fine advertising Rorke's Drift Lodge got, and 'tis a pity Hogan to lose the good wicket you were on because of a bit of an argument without sticks.

"Veteran," writes in connection with the controversy as follows:—"I have always thought that Mr Hogan wrote his own paragraphs so fully have they appeared in 'Sir Modred's' sporting columns. In fact only last Saturday, Mr Hogan was very rough on the sporting critics of the local papers, who he stated, wrote up the track performances, but from the 'say so,' of others.

My friend "Sir Modred" is sure a great advocate for Mr O'Byrne and his unions, he dad in the H.C.L. times they are a very necessary double. And, "Put," why shouldn't jockeys have an association just the same as the owners and trainers, and breeders do have?

Jockeying is a profession and training is only an occupation, but, if one can form an opinion from Mr Hogan's letter, not nearly such a precarious one as that of owning racehorses. In the last two seasons horses from Rorke's Drift Lodge have won over £18,000 in stakes, yet P.T.H. says only one of his patrons are on the right side of the ledger, and that is good old Fred Price.

For Jock Graham, "Put" has won a lot of money in stakes, particularly when Golden King was at his best, for about three seasons, and one would think that racing had paid him all right. If it hasn't somebody's judgment in connection with the horses has been at fault. Admiral Talbot, Eleus, and Calcara, were consistent winners for Mr R. Millar, of Mandeville, in the same stable, and Mr Miller should have made ends meet. Silverspire has won a lot of money for Mr P. Boyle, yet, "Put" says he lost money too. And what about Tin Soldier? In the short time "Put" had him he seemed to win a lot of races for the Price Bros!

Still Mr Hogan should know what he is writing about. He is no fool with a pen, and they taught addition well at Wrey's Bush thirty years ago. But what a rotten advertisement for his trade that letter was. To state that he had won more money for his clients than any other trainer, and then add that all his clients, bar one, had lost money. Any it is enough to warrant their bankers closing on them. No, Mr Hogan, I don't think you really meant all you wrote on that occasion—you were just pulling our legs, as you have so often done before.

But this is getting right away from the real cause of "Put's" ire. He objects to the Jockeys' Union, and yet has under his roof the head serang of the tribe for Southland in Billy Robinson. Is Billy any the worse for belonging to the Union? Has he refused to ride (or for that matter fall (with) any of P.T.H.'s horses? Has he wanted the other unions to declare horses to be the same colour as himself? No, of course he hasn't, and didn't he ride well for the stable in Dunedin! (I must admit I saw him come in once without his horse).

It is a nice job riding racehorses with next to nothing on externally, and absolutely nothing inside you on a wet cold day. Two quid for a losing ride and perhaps just got piped off by a nose. All wages have advanced a great deal since the war, but the jockeys' wages are just the same as when originally fixed over ten years ago. Surely for the risk they take in each race (the risk of being blown out by an incompetent stipendiary steward is not the smallest risk in these parts either), and the inconvenience they suffer through wasting and drugs, they are entitled to a little better pay.

I will grant that the heads of the profession are lads making incomes ranging from £1000 to £6000 a year, but there are over two hundred who are only battling for a living and taking on all sorts of rough rides on half broken or schooled horses, and it is to keep these lads that an Association has been formed. Of course, in the hands of a professional agitator, the Association made some demands that were over the fence, and then commenced dictating to the old general at the head of racing in the Dominion, and, he being too shrewd to be caught napping (he has lost too many races that way in his career), it wasn't possible to frighten him, and the fire-brands in the charge of the Association could get "no forrader" in that direction.

When Betty Brown first came to town She had but one plain gingham gown, But now she's draped in crepe-de-chine, And lolls back in her limousine. She's married to a millionaire, And cherished with the greatest care. In winter months, of course, she's sure To have her Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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