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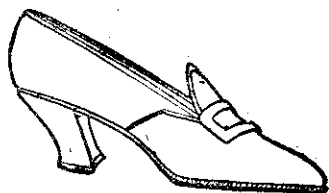
TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Hear their
ceaseless beat:

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.

Though they were not represented at the Wairio Jockey Club's function last Friday evening I understand that the Winton Jockey Club intend entertaining their members and friends at a dance in the near future.

Three of the owners present at the Wairio social, Messrs Russell, Stone, and Taylor, will probably race against each other in the Winton Stakes next November. If Eric puts on a bit more weight he should be able to ride Listening Post himself in that classic.

When responding to the toast of the Wairio Jockey Club on Friday night the president referred to the good work done in the early days of the club by good old Nat Bates, who occupied the presidential chair for the first twenty-one years of its existence. Eulogistic remarks concerning old Nat were also made by Messrs Taylor, Gaines, Saunders, and others during the evening.

It was a cold wet drive to Nightcaps last Friday night, but there is some pleasure sitting in a car tuned-up to concert pitch and driven by Bill Stone. He can handle a car some. And the welcome handed out to visitors by the Nightcaps folk was worth all the drive, and that sleepy feeling we had next day. They understand the true meaning of hospitality do the members of the Wairio Jockey Club.

"Put" Hogan sent a typical apology for his absence from the Wairio social, and as neither he nor his alleged pal, "Sir Modred" were there to start the ball rolling every one appeared to clean forget about the Jockey's Union. Anyway even jockeys would have had some trouble in striking at Nightcaps on Friday night. The food and refreshments were good, and for at least a few hours the H.C.C. did not trouble us.

So Mr Grieve wants a Metropolitan Club in Southland! Well, by the good arguments put up by Russell, Stone, Taylor, and Co. I suppose there must be room for it. Would it not be better if there were a New Zealand Jockey Club with a delegate from each and every club in the Dominion. So long as racing has that grand old man, Sir George Clifford, at its head the government is in safe keeping.

The secretary took it upon himself to announce that the Wairio Club would increase its stakes next season despite several very hard looks from Treasurer Gaines. But Bill Saunders struck to his argument, and Watty Taylor came to his rescue by whispering that he would add a twenty guinea cup to the next stake for the Wairio Cup. Good old Burry.

According to Watty Taylor the Government control of racing would be worse than the Government control of the remnants of our army. Then boys, we are "agen" J. H. M. having anything to do with the sport which did do something for us while we were "on duty." And Watty doesn't think Mataura Anderson will help much in the rank of Minister of Internal Affairs. Anyway his external affairs don't count for much.

Watty Taylor was in good form at the Wairio Jockey Club's social, and his was a brilliant speech in replying to the Parliament of New Zealand. Watty has strong leanings towards the public life, and is a strong champion of the past leaders of the Liberal Party. He eulogised the work done by Ballance, Seddon, and Ward.

Bill Stone evidently has many good friends in the Western District of Southland, for he was given a good reception at Nightcaps last Friday evening. Bill is the class of owner we could do with a lot of in Southland, and, as he says, he is in the game for the sport. He likes to see his colours going round the course, and, like all others, to see them first past the judge, best of all. But not being a betting owner he can take his beatings well. He told his audience on Friday night that he hoped to start the purple and gold livery on their course next season, and if he does backers can rest assured that any quids they may invest on his nags will be on triers. He also remarked, incidentally, that Silver Peak's success at the Royal Meeting gave him more pleasure than the winning of any other race he has won or is ever likely to win again.

When properly wound up President Tommy Todd is some singer. He had arranged an excellent musical programme, but like all great artists kept the best till the last. Only you weren't tell the truth Tom, when you said it was a "bright moonlight night." It was a — of a night!

No more popular toast at the Wairio social was proposed than the one in Charlie Keen's hands, "Our Digger Members." Diggers Walsh and Duggan each referred to the good work done by sportsmen and racing clubs in the lads' interests while they were scrapping. It is good to see the boys still remembered on toast-lists.

Matt. Gaines spat out one or two nice things about the "fourth estate" when proposing the Press at the W.J.C. social. It is nice to know that the efforts of hard working reporters in the cause of the game are appreciated. Let me say that the representatives not only appreciated the hon. treasurer's remarks, but also the very hearty welcome they were given in the up-country town.

Bill North represented the Clifden Club at the Wairio J.C. social—do you remember how he used to handle himself with the mits? He also spoke on behalf of the owners, and said that the slow horses he has give him a lot of pleasure (he said nothing about spills), but he was looking forward to some day owing a good one, when he hoped to fully realize the glory of the game.

That was a good 'un the secretary swung on to Te Tua Mick at Nightcaps, when he coupled his name with the toast of those opposed to the sport. The Otatau president spluttered a lot of "ers," "ers," "ers," and then brought the house down by saying he hoped they thoroughly enjoyed any enjoyment they got out of trying to spoil others' joy. The toast was evidently not to Michael's enjoyment at the time, but like a good sport he did his best for the killjoys. Mick gets a lot of enjoyment out of slating the wowser element—much more than he did out of responding on their behalf.

"Rough but homely," was Bill Stone's stated opinion of the Wairio Jockey Club's annual smoke concert. Bill has not been heard before on the political question, but following in the footsteps of his pal, "Watty," he has at last declared himself a Liberal, hence his remark no doubt about the social. The real trouble was the table cloths which were back numbers of the local Thunderer, and the secretary undertook not to offend him next year. If he would come to the social, then he promised to have the tables covered with the evening rag if its politics suited him better. A returned man suggested that "The Digger," be used, but there aren't any spare copies of this journal.

Capt. Eric Russell, was one of those whose names were coupled with the toast of the owners at Nightcaps, and he maintains that under the present good management by clubs in the Dominion the stakes offered make it possible for a non-betting owner to race an ordinary good horse to a profit. He compared the poor stakes given in Australia, on all but the Metropolitan courses, with the stakes in N.Z. According to Eric there are many more races worth four figures in our little island than there are in the whole of Australia. Later on in the night (there was no evening about this affair), Listening Post's owner, in proposing the toast of the chairman, congratulated Tommy Todd on the progress his up-country club had made during the past few years.

Night Bells Grieve was in charge of the response to the toast of the Owners and Breeders' Association, and got off his chest a carefully prepared speech, showing how necessary it was for owners and breeders to form an association for their protection from pretty nearly everything that exists. According to William, the lot of an owner is not all milk and honey, and the Government (poor old Minister of Internal Affairs, you did get it hot), and their snailways came in for general condemnation, or was it damnation? Bill made his points felt, however, and easily roped in all the owners and breeders who were present as members of the Association. I suppose another association will not wreck the sport in the Dominion, but to me it appears as if an association of clubs would probably do more good.

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