



A gay throng of pleasure-seekers at Ellerslie on Cup Day

THE most prosaic observer who visited Ellerslie during the recent racing carnival, could not refrain from the cheerful reflection that horse-racing stands paramount as the favourite sport amongst all sections of our young nation.

As a sport, racing in New Zealand is admirably conducted. Those who are responsible for its management have set a very high standard for the sport, and have jealously guarded the good name that has been created, both in the matter of control of the racing, and the way in which the public is accommodated on the splendidly appointed metropolitan racecourses. Money has been lavishly spent to make the environments of racing pleasant and alluring.

Even the most captious critics of racing, who are often very ungenerously dubbed "wowsers," because their visions are warped, and they spurn gambling as a devilish sin inseparable from horse-racing. Of course, these critics are wrong in supposing totalisator betting—which is a very different thing from promiscuous gambling on the results of races—dominates the sport; and this is more particularly the case where womenkind are concerned.

Sports Loving People

CERTAINLY it is an inherent instinct with our sports-loving

people that they should desire to "back their fancy" when they go a-racing; but that by no means indicates that gambling predominates the sport. Indeed, the whole atmosphere of our leading courses radiate sociability and sportsmanship, inasmuch as most people wish to be associated themselves with one another in their particular fancies. There is no one more responsive to friendly advice about the prospects of the gee-gees, and more prone to accept a "tip" than the casual racegoer!

The "gambling mania" is the crux of most adverse criticism levelled at racing, because of the legalised betting that is an adjunct of the sport. It is not fair, however, that it should embrace a general condemnation, even from the most ardent anti-gambler. Admittedly half the excitement of racing would be

lost to many if no bets were made upon the results; and even to modest speculators a ticket on the tote adds an alluring charm to the sport for most devotees.

SO far as Ellerslie is concerned: It is an animated social rendezvous (as the accompanying illustration shows) and the finest fashion parade in the most pleasing setting to be found within the Dominion.

To the fair sex particularly, who crowd to Ellerslie, Trentham, Riccarton and many other leading metropolitan racecourses, the meetings provide delightful holidays, and afford pleasant relaxation from the stress and worry of everyday life. There the gay spirit of true sport and cheerful social intercourse holds sway. Few people are drawn to the courses from sordid motives, and if these could be excluded the racing

clubs would gladly refuse them entry. As it is, every means is taken to bar undesirables from our racecourses. For pure, unadulterated pleasure, a day at the races is the choice of the great majority of our sports-loving people, and social amenities become the order of the day.

Backing Your Fancy

WHATEVER moralists may have to say against the totalisator, and deplore the volume of money that flows through this mechanical betting device, this much must be conceded: the totalisator is strictly honest; it does not tout for patronage; it does not give credit or sell chances by deferred payments; while its management is beyond reproach. None can deny but that a popular race meeting is invested with an atmosphere of beauty and a sense of gaiety that reflect the admirable sporting proclivities and good fellowship amongst the happy participants in the Sport of Kings.

Knights of the Turf

NEW Zealand is the home of clean, honest racing. Its standard is the highest in the world. That standard has been built up and jealously fostered by the class of sportsmen who have controlled, and are happily still controlling, our national

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