

RACING NOTES

C. KINGSLEY SMITH

RACING CALENDAR.

Feb. 26, 28—Wanganui Jockey Club
 Feb. 28—Bay of Plenty J.C.
 March 4, 5—Dannevirke Racing Club
 March 5—Akaroa County Racing Club
 March 6, 7—Hawke's Bay J.C.
 March 7, 9—Te Aroha Jockey Club
 March 11, 12—Nelson Jockey Club
 March 13, 14—Napier R.C.
 March 14, 17—Ohinemuri Jockey Club
 March 17—Opunake Racing Club
 April 1, 2—Southland Racing Club
 April 2, 3—Masterton Racing Club
 April 11—Tuapeka County Jockey Club
 April 11, 13—Beaumont Jockey Club
 April 11, 13—Auckland Racing Club
 April 13—Waipukurau Jockey Club
 April 13—Kumara Racing Club
 April 13, 14—Canterbury Jockey Club
 April 13, 14—Feilding Jockey Club
 April 13, 14—Riverton Racing Club
 April 15—Westland Racing Club
 April 22—Reefton Jockey Club

EVENTS REQUIRING ATTENTION.

Nominations for the Brighton Hurdles, Easter Handicap, St. George's Handicap, and Autumn Steeplechase, to be decided at the Auckland R.C.'s autumn meeting, close with the secretary, Mr. J. F. Hartland, on Friday, March 6, by 9 p.m.

Acceptances for all events to be decided at the Te Aroha J.C.'s annual meeting close with the secretary, Mr. G. J. Parker, P.O. Box 44, Te Aroha, on Saturday, February 28, at 9 p.m. (Te Aroha telegraph office closes at 8 p.m.).

Nominations for all events at the Masterton R.C. autumn meeting (except the Maiden Hack Race) close with the secretary on Friday, March 6, at 10 p.m.

Nominations are due for the Feilding Jockey Club's autumn meeting on March 20th for all events. The Feilding Cup is worth 500sovs, the Mangaone Stakes 300sovs, the Easter Handicap 300sovs, and Denbigh Stakes 200sovs, and no race is of less value than 100sovs. In each case the nomination is 1sov.

SOULTLINE, SOLUTION AND ABORIGINE.

New Zealanders, and Aucklanders in particular, will find much to interest them in the following:—A Calcutta paper, forwarded by a friend in India to "Pilot" of the "Referee" contains an account of the Governor's Cup (10,000rs and a cup value 1000rs to the winner), 1 mile 5 furlongs 58 yards, run in Calcutta on the 16th of last month. There were only seven starters, and odds of 6 to 4 "on" Shining Way, with Jacamar and Keerit (late Aborigine) next in demand at 6 to 1. The result was all against backers, as the English-bred gelding Matchlock, 7.7 (26 to 1 against on the totalisator, and 20 to 1 with the bookmakers) won nicely from Milliner 8.6, with Shining Way 8.2 and Valerius 7.13 a dead-heat for third. Aborigine (now Keerit) 8.8 was badly beaten, as was Jacamar, who, as he only carried 7.13, is evidently a long way from being as good as when in Australia. The big race, the Metropolitan (10,000rs to the winner), 6 furlongs, was disposed of the same day, and the top-weight, the English-bred gelding Primrose Morn

(9.9) won easily from Watch Tower in 1min 14sec. The old New Zealand gelding Soultline (7.7) was third, and on the place "tote" paid at the rate of 4 to 1. Matchlock and Primrose Morn are owned by Mr. M. Goculdas, who won with Solution and (both Australians) the same afternoon. May Kenley, well known to patrons of the Sydney pony meetings, won the New Plate (14.2), and was so little fancied that in a field of ten her totalisator dividend was at the rate of 25½ to 1, though in the ring her starting price was 10 to 1.

JUMPING RACES.

In New Zealand, more probably than in any of the States, jumping races are encouraged, and the sport is appreciated. We have a number of good courses, though the tendency is to reduce rather than increase the cross-country prizes in number, if not in value. If the promised square deal is not obtained for the hunt clubs of the Colony, we may expect to see the sport go back. Illegitimate sport, it is called in the Old Land, but why any sport requiring pluck and determination and judgment and special ability in our horsemen, and stout qualities and cleverness in our horses should be called so is beyond those who give any thought to the subject. A horse capable of going from two and a-half miles to four miles over fences at a good, sound pace to-day and of repeating such a performance two or three times at a meeting is surely a desirable one to possess, as against the weedy class that would tire to nothing if asked to carry men of any weight a journey, though capable of getting over a few furlongs at helter-skelter pace. In France the prizes at many meetings are substantial, and there they make a study of bringing out the best material for jumping events, and a really good jumper will command good money. The prizes are such that owners are not altogether dependent upon betting, but they are small by comparison to England, and it would appear that the sport there is at a low ebb under National Hunt Club rules. The "Sporting Times" has an article in a recent number which shows it up in a very bad light, and, says that paper, anyone with the slightest knowledge of the market can see for himself that in race after race there is only one animal backed for good money. The few sovereigns which go on the others are subscribed by the public, and from the bookmaker's small bonus. Occasionally an owner, who is not in the charmed circle, may have an independent dash on his horse, which, on form, appears to hold practically all his opponents safe. This happened at Kempton only the other day. The animal in question finished well down the course and the trainer—one of the keenest "heads" breathing—declared with tears in his eyes that his jockey must have "done it on him." But as we saw the pair dining in a secluded corner of a well-known restaurant the same evening, obviously on the best

of terms, the injured trainer must have extended the hand of Christmas peace and goodwill to his erring employee in double quick time.

However, there is seemingly not much money in the business, for even those who know all there is to be known, as, further on, the "Sporting Times" says:—"It may be wondered, if the methods are as cut-and-dried as we have alleged, why the principal actors are in such a state of perpetual indigence. The reason is not far to seek. In the first place there is no great volume of betting—in the second place the bookmakers naturally attempt to protect themselves by offering prices which would be ludicrously short if only 50 per cent. of the competitors were trying—and in the third place the spoil has to be split up into so many hands. Expenses are very nearly as heavy as they are on the flat, and there is practically no outside money coming into the game. The wonder is that by now the whole of the professionals are not like the Kilkenny cats of nursery lore, who had nothing left but their tails. The one shuddering offence is for a jockey to come up when he is not 'expected.'"

This very scathing article is thus concluded:—"The cleansing of the Augean stables would be child's play compared to the task of purifying National Hunt sport, and the only suggestion we can make is that of a close time from the end of the flat-racing season until the beginning of February, when competition habitually becomes brisker. But we suppose the Turf army must live, and as long as the general public is not inveigled into betting heavily on National Hunt racing, probably there is not much harm done." From the above it would appear that stipendiary stewards are badly needed at meetings held under National Hunt rules in England.

A TURF "CHARACTER."

The death is announced of Mr. Alfred Stedall, the London merchant and racehorse owner, whose rise to fortune is one of the romances of trade. Mr. Stedall, who was 75 years old, was actively engaged in business up to a few days before his death, and was the founder and chairman of directors of Messrs. A. Stedall and Co., mantle and costume manufacturers. At the age of 15 he was a junior salesman in a London mantle warehouse. He had no money, and no influence, but he had a large stock of ambition. Four years later, having saved a little money, he opened a little shop in Newington-auseway. At his death he controlled a great wholesale business, and between 30 and 40 retail shops. Mr. Stedall was one of the veterans of racing. He began to run horses before he was 20, and won his last race—which was also the last of the 1913 season—at the age of 75. It is a matter of calculation whether he or Lord Coventry, was the oldest owner. His Lordship won consecutive Grand Nationals in the early "sixties" with

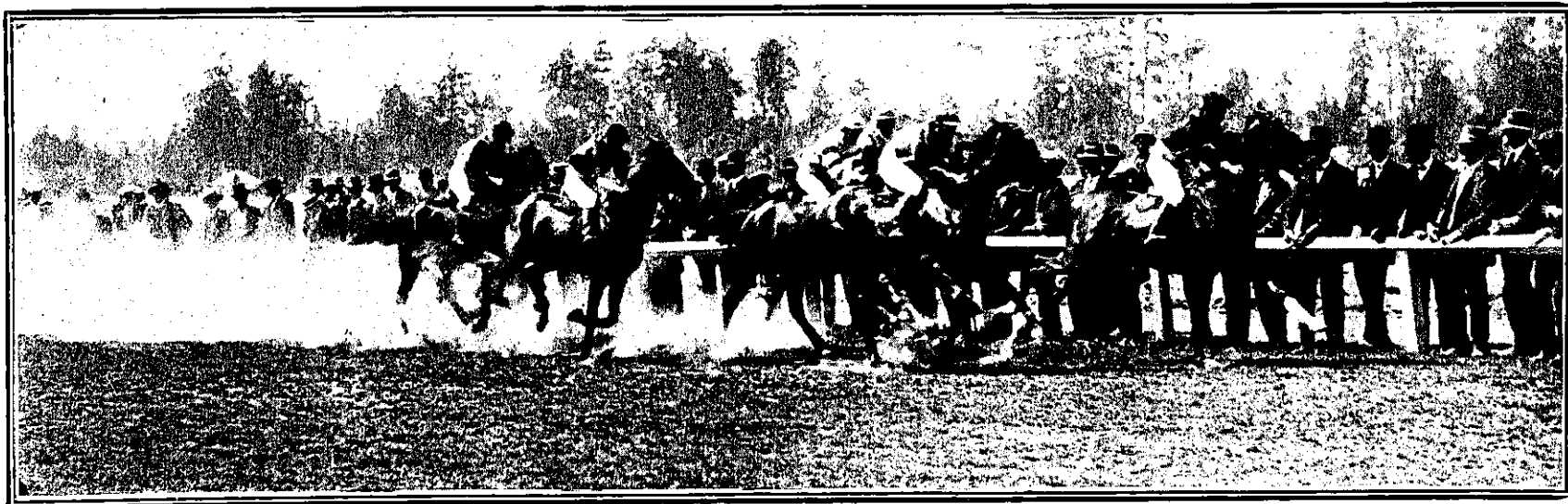
Emblem and Emblematic. For a long time Mr. Stedall used the nom de course of Mr. "Cristo," but it was in his real name that his favourite horse, and the best probably that he ever owned—First Principal—won the City and Suburban in 1902. This was a memorable triumph for South London. Mr. Stedall's residence being at Denmark-hill, and First Principal having been reared in his paddocks there, while his jockey was the son of a Brixton omnibus driver. All the little punters in Brixton and Camberwell and round about Denmark-hill backed the winner.

Last year and the preceding year were Mr. Stedall's best seasons, and he won nearly £10,000 in stakes. It pleased him immensely to speak about winning a City and Suburban with a horse "brought up within sound of Bow Bells." He used to astonish the modern frequenters of Hyde Park with yarns of having trained horses there in his early connection with the turf. He certainly tried one in the park, an animal called Bliss, whom he had picked up casually and very cheaply at Knightsbridge sale just before, and the police were "persuaded" to turn a blind eye on the irregularity. Bliss won a substantial race for him at Lewes. In various ways Mr. Stedall was one of the characters of the turf. His top hats and great-coats frequently excited the mirth of beholders, especially the coats, which usually were of material and cut "fearful and wonderful" to look at. His favourite art was music, his favourite drink old port, and his after-dinner hobby billiards when staying at Newmarket. He played badly, but untiringly, and would go on till day-break at £5 a game with an antagonist against whom he stood any chance. He had an old-fashioned prejudice against motor cars. Trains and horses were good enough for him to the end. His wife died some years ago, but he leaves a son and a daughter, both married. There can be little doubt that Mr. Stedall died a millionaire.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THOUGH WE HARDLY THINK THINGS ARE SO BAD.

Says "Milroy" in the Sydney "Mail": A Sydney vet. on his return from a holiday jaunt in New Zealand declares that "dope" is more extensively used there than even in Queensland, where, he asserts, no trainer's outfit is complete without a quart bottle or two of drugs. He also declares that the recently-appointed stipendiaries in New Zealand have a hot time before them if they try to clean the turf over there. The crooks are very influential; albeit the clean sport class will have a good run for their money so long as Mr. John McMahon is in office. Mr. McMahon is quite in love with Maoriland and its racecourses, and as we all know "Mac" does not love the turf crook, the authorities need only give him a full, free hand, and he will make matters warm for that class of owner who must beat the tote or



PASSING THE STAND THE FIRST TIME IN THE SOUTH AUCKLAND CUP.—HOLDFAST LEADING JOLIE FILLE, GOLDSIZE (NEXT RAILS), OVATION, ALMEIDA, GLOY IN THAT ORDER.