



TO STAND THE SEASON.

**GLENORA PARK
STUD.**
SEASON 1911.

The following STALLIONS will be at the service of Breeders this season, at GLENORA PARK:—

MARBLE ARCH, I.
(IMP.)

Bay horse, by ISINGLASS (3), dam MALL, by LADAS (1), by HAMPTON, by LORD CLIFDEN, Serpentine, the dam of Mall, by St. Serf, by St. Simon.

MARBLE ARCH is a rich bay, 5 years old, stands 16 hands, is very bloodlike, and in colour and character like his sire, Isinglass, who ran 12 times and won 11 races, valued at £57,185, the LARGEST SUM WON BY A SINGLE HORSE IN THE ANNALS OF THE TURF.

Mall, dam of Marble Arch, was got by Ladass (winner of 2000 Guineas, Derby, Middle Park Plate, Newmarket Stakes, etc.), from Serpentine, by the St. Simon horse St. Serf, from Footlight (grand-dam of Flair, 1000 Guineas, and half sister to Illuminata, dam of Ladass, Gas, Chelandy, by Cremorne (Derby, Ascot, and Goodwin Cup), from Paraffin (three-quarter sister to Lord Lyon, 2000 Guineas, St. Leger, and to Chevassance, dam of Janette (Oaks and St. Leger), by Blair Athol (Derby and St. Leger), from Paradigm (half-sister to Rouge Rose, dam of Bend Or (Derby, and sire of Ormonde, 2000 Guineas, Derby and St. Leger).

In MARBLE ARCH'S pedigree there are no less than six Derby, five 2000 Guineas, and eight St. Leger winners, besides winners of the Jockey Club Stakes, 10,000sovs; Princess of Wales' Stakes, 10,000sovs; and the principal big races in England.

MARBLE ARCH, having the strain of St. Simon blood, should further enhance his value as a sire, especially to nick with Sout mares.

Terms: 20 guineas Single Mare. Reduction of two or more, property of same owner.

GLUTEN (IMP.).

DARK CHESTNUT, by THURIO-BRAN BREAD, by SEE SAW.

Terms: Ten Guineas, Single Mare. Reduction for Two Mares the property of one owner.

GLUTEN is regarded as one of the most promising stallions imported to Australasia, and his yearlings sold in March, 1906 and 1907, at Melbourne, were highly thought of, one of the number realising top price.

GLUTEN was a fine performer on the turf, amongst his wins being the Lingfield Welter Plate (11.0), Birmingham Autumn Handicap, Gatwick Oval Handicap (two miles), and Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles). In India, he won the Bangalore Cup (1½ miles) carrying 9.4.

GLUTEN'S STOCK SHOW GREAT PROMISE.

Amongst some of his stock racing successfully in Australia, are Glucose, who won, besides other races, the Gang Forward Stakes in Adelaide, and Filament, who won the Adelaide Stakes, seven furlongs, 30sovs; and Glue, winner of the Sandhurst Cup (1½ miles), and Alderman Cup (1½ miles, 3min 2¼sec), besides a number of other winners.

In Auckland this season Gloy and Goldsize have each proved good winners.

COACHING STALLION.

MERRY PRINCE, 5yrs old, by Merry Boy dam Queenie, by Muskapeer, out of Norah. This is a fine-looking young horse, and Merry Boy's stock have proved themselves as first-class hacks and harness horses in the Waikato. Terms: Three Guineas.

First-class Grazing at 2s 6d per week. Every care taken but no responsibility.

For further particulars, apply to W. WALTERS, Glenora Park, Papakura, Auckland.



DANNEVIRKE RACING CLUB.

STEEPLECHASE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, 13th SEPTEMBER, 1911.

First Race Starts at 12.45.

1. HUNTERS' HURDLES, of 60sovs; one mile and a-half. Nomination 1sovs, acceptance 1sovs.
2. MAIDEN STEEPLECHASE of 90 sovs, two miles and a-half. Nomination 1sovs, acceptance 1sovs.
3. RAUMATI WELTER of 80sovs, one mile and a-quarter. Nomination 1sovs, acceptance 1sovs.
4. DANNEVIRKE STEEPLECHASE of 150sovs, three miles. Nomination 1sovs, acceptance 2sovs.
5. OPEN HURDLES of 80sovs, one mile and three-quarters. Nomination 1sovs, acceptance 1sovs.
6. HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE of 75 sovs, two miles. Nomination 1sovs, acceptance 1sovs.
7. UMUTAOROA HACK WELTER of 65sovs, seven furlongs. Nomination 1sovs, acceptance 1sovs.

DATES.—Nominations, August 24th; Weights (on or about), September 4th; Acceptances, September 8th.

For full details see "Referee," Card and Poster Programmes.

J. SPIERS FREEMAN, Secretary.

JACK! Why did the Beans talk? I dunno; give us a pipeful of "Royal Standard." I must get a tin. Its real good.

BOXING.

THE YELLOW STREAK.

BOXERS WHO HAVE BEEN AC-CUSED OF QUITTING.

"STAGE FRIGHT" OFTEN RE-SPONSIBLE.

The so-called "yellow streak" as shown, or said to have been shown, by certain exponents of the art pugilistic past and present, has always been a difficult thing for the sharpest experts to define exactly. Some fighters apparently suffer spasms of agony while waiting for the clang of the bell which is to start the ball rolling, and actually quiver with nervousness in their corners, but as soon as a couple of punches are exchanged the nervous one regains his mental poise and battles like a hero. Such a man can hardly be termed a coward, or "yellow," to speak in the accepted sporting parlance, but if he should chance to be hit on the jaw before he obtain control of himself and go down to swift defeat, he would have a tough time of it trying to explain his supposed faintheartedness to his backers on the grounds of temperamental peculiarities. Yet, as every follower of the fistic game knows, an acute attack of what may be called "stage fright" has been responsible for the downfall of many a good boxer.

Steve O'Donnell, the Australian heavyweight, who journeyed to America in 1894, was a striking example of a powerful, agile athlete who was never able to get over the strange fear which often besets a novice when facing a crowd. O'Donnell was the ideal build for a fighter, tall, well put together, possessed of a long reach, and a great deal of boxing cleverness acquired at the hands of no less a capable demonstrator of glove-wielding than Peter Jackson. He was, in fact, Jackson's favourite pupil, and the giant black, himself one of the cleverest men that ever performed, believed that O'Donnell was destined to occupy a high niche in the world of pugilism. In the gymnasium Steve was a terror. He could hit like a triphammer and box with dazzling speed. But when he entered a ring and was up against the real thing he was a different man altogether. He seemed for the nonce to have lost all judgment of distance, blocked badly and acted in general as though he were hypnotised. This was only for a minute or two, however. If he managed to stall through the first round he suddenly "found himself," and fought with admirable coolness and precision. Fortune favoured O'Donnell at first, and this peculiar weakness of his was not widely known. He whipped a few second and third-raters, and his backers deemed him ripe for a killing. So they picked out Peter Maher as an opponent for him, and that was the beginning of the end of poor Steve O'Donnell. Maher was then at his best, a rough slugger possessed of a terrific punch and noted as a quick finisher. The pair came together at Coney Island in 1896.

O'Donnell suffered from his usual attack of "nerves" and before he got over it the big Irishman's fist collided with his jaw and it was "curtains" for Steve. People said it was a fluke and they were matched again, this time at Philadelphia. O'Donnell was floored three times in the initial round, but Maher could not place his right fist on the proper spot, and the bell found the Australian lying on the canvas but still conscious. He was taken to his corner, vigorously fanned and sent up to face his foe. With his brain still doing rag-time whirls from the wallops he had received he proved an easy victim, and Maher sent him down and out in a hurry. A third meeting between the men before a New York club resulted in another knockout of the luckless boxer from the antipodes in something like 40 seconds. That finished O'Donnell's career as a scrapper. Nobody had any more faith in him, and he quit the ring to take up the business of a boxing instructor at which he is said to have prospered.

THE CASE OF YOUNG CORBETT.

Young Corbett, the first conqueror of Terry McGovern during his palmy days as a lightweight, showed that he was possessed of great game-ness, and won battles after receiving heavy punishment in a manner which proved him to be a regular Spartan under fire. Although beaten in both of his contests with Battling Nelson

he never flinched during the vindictive mauling he sustained at the hands of the furious Dane, and defeat did not mar his reputation for being able to stand the gaff. Yet in the early part of his career Corbett was more than once accused of quitting to save his bacon. Benny Yanger stopped him at Denver in eight rounds, and it was maintained by witnesses of the affair that Corbett deliberately "chucked it" in order to escape further battering. During the following year (1901) Kid Broad put him down for the full count in four rounds. This scrap also took place in Denver and Corbett's townies guyed him unmercifully, asserting that he had quit. But a few months later he met Broad again and beat him handily in 10 rounds. He then tackled George Dixon and defeated the great little negro, getting the verdict in 10 rounds. Three months later he achieved his famous victory over McGovern, and from then on Corbett never gave his critics any reason to complain of his lack of pluck. Corbett's case would seem to indicate that there is such a thing as a fighter gaining confidence in himself to such a degree that the spirit of fear departs from him entirely, leaving a thoroughly game man in the shoes of an unreliable one.

JOHNSON AND LANGFORD.

There is no doubt whatever that the late Stanley Ketchel believed that Jack Johnson possessed the "yellow streak" until he went against the big negro and was knocked cold. A good many others shared the same belief, but the opinion has not had many supporters since the Reno disaster. There are exceptions to this, however, especially in Sam Langford's case, Langford has repeatedly insisted that Johnson is deeply tinted with the orange shade, and therefore, afraid to meet him in the ring. Yet oddly enough Langford, prior to the Reno affair, always barred Jeffries in his challenges to the heavy brigade, thereby showing that he nursed certain little nervous qualms of his own regarding the man of whom Johnson had no fear whatever. It has frequently been asserted that Langford is not the gamest person in the world and will not stand the stress of a protracted struggle without losing heart. But this has yet to be proved. As a general thing Samuel drops his man in short order and there is no good reason for believing that he cannot go a distance. That Kaufman adherents aver that Langford is afraid of the former, and it is on record that Sam and his manager side-stepped big Al. in that Philadelphia affair, also that they have shown no great eagerness to come to terms with Kaufman since. But so far there is no real proof that Langford lacks heart, although the suspicion remains in some folk's minds.

JOE WALCOTT A QUITTER.

As regards coloured boxers, some of the best of them are subject to a sort of hoodoo idea which often tends to make them weak-kneed with regard to certain opponents. For instance, Joe Walcott, although ordinarily able to take a fierce punishing and come grinning up for more, quit deliberately in 12 rounds with Kid Lavigne in 1897. The memory of his first encounter with Kid two years before, in which Lavigne was made the recipient of an awful beating during the early stages of the battle, but stuck it out and had Joe tin-canning around the ring at the finish, was still fresh in his mind. Walcott accordingly suffered from nervous prostration, if you want to call it that, and went to the bad. Another of Joe's evil geniuses was Frank Childs, the coloured Chicago heavyweight. The latter always believed that he could whip Walcott, and for years Sam Summerfield, manager of Childs, pursued Walcott with challenges for a match. Walcott refused the most tempting propositions to cross arms with his dusky brother, and Summerfield didn't land him until 1902, when he signed the men for a bout in Chicago. Walcott got a right wallop in the wind early in the battle. It doubled him up into a knot and took whatever heart he had left out of him. In the third round he was beautifully laced and refused to come up for the fourth, stating that he had hurt his arm and could not continue. Childs was declared the winner and everyone present said it was a clear, cold case of quit. Nor could Walcott ever be coaxed into a ring with Childs again.

The happy days we spend in health
Seem all too soon to glide away.
Then comes a time when each of us
Must to some illness be a prey.
And as an illness oft begins
With cruel cough, or chill, or cold;
It's best to take Woods' Peppermint Cure,
A drug that's worth its weight in gold.

NOTES FROM LONDON.

ENGLISH BOXING SEASON CLOSED.

Mr Hugh D. McIntosh forwards us the following interesting budget of boxing news from his London office, under date of July 1:—

The boxing season of the British Isles has ended with the Papke-Sullivan contest, which excited extraordinary interest and attention. It was held in one of the most palatial music halls in England, The Palladium, Oxford Circus, and before a most representative audience, a large number of ladies occupying boxes and ringside seats. The contest was, to the British sportsman's mind, not a satisfactory one, as the forceful methods adopted by Papke, did not meet with the approval of a large section of the audience. Sullivan, who is middleweight champion of England, and holder of the Lord Lonsdale belt, boxes in a very fair manner, holding himself erect, and in the characteristic British attitude, while Papke, on the other hand, boxes with the American crouch, using swing blows, and keeps fighting all the time displaying an utter disregard for his opponent's blows, and it was in consequence of this style of boxing that his methods did not meet with the approval of the audience. It was the first meeting of an American and an Englishman for the world's middleweight title, and has conclusively proved (1) that Papke is the legitimate middleweight champion, (2) that the English boxers will not be serious contenders for the championship titles, unless they travel and adopt the methods in vogue in other countries. The successful English boxers such as Morland, Welsh, Driscoll, have all gained their experience abroad. Sullivan, on the other hand, whilst a good natural boxer, lacks the necessary experience and knowledge of American tactics. He has challenged Papke for a return battle for a side wager of £500 aside, on the same conditions as before, viz., 11 stone 6lbs, at 2 p.m., Eugene Corri referee. Papke has accepted this, but up to date has not posted the money, and at present it does not seem likely that the contest will take place.

The National Sporting Club are rebuilding with the object of enlarging the holding capacity, and anticipate being able to hold world's championship contests next season.

Amongst the boxers who will compete in Australia next season may be mentioned the French team: Moreau, Carpentier, Paul Til, Langford, McVea, Kaufman, Summers, and several Americans, including Jimmy Clabby. It is my intention to run on in London, a proposition having been placed before me to erect a large building within easy radius of the city, and to hold six world's championship matches here. This combination with Australia and Paris will give me a complete circuit, over which I can handle the best boxers, and so provide for my Australian patrons the best the world can offer.

Billy Papke is the father of a boy, born in London, much to the disgust of his people in America, so whether Billy likes it or not he has an Englishman in the family. He sails for America on the Olympic, on July 12th, where he has several important matches in view, one being with "Cyclone" Johnny Thompson on Labour Day. Thompson, it will be remembered, secured a decision over Papke at the Sydney Stadium in February last.

Jack Johnson is in London, and opens at the Oxford on July 3rd, and is well booked up till December next. I am negotiating with him for a tour of the world on completion of his present dates. His arrival in London occasioned a great deal of comment at the time, but things have simmered down since then.

The 1912 New Zealand amateur boxing championship will most probably be held at Wellington, the delegates at the recent annual conference at Invercargill unanimously recommending that the meeting take place in the Empire City next year.

The Timaru representative, G. Fitzsimmons, who was one of the three contestants in the heavyweight class at the New Zealand amateur championship last month, is a grand-nephew of the famous Bob of that ilk. Fitzsimmons defeated Ruston, of Otago, in the semi-final, but in the