

CHICKEN ONE DAY, FEATHERS THE NEXT

By HAMBLA BAUER



"By the end of the year my \$500 mare had won \$5100 in purses." Miss Bauer and the mare, Platinum Blonde. Below—The Trout couldn't win a race, but she paid her owner's tuition at Columbia School of Journalism.

PHOTO BY HERBERT BRUCKER



THE mile oval that separates the race-track grandstand from the stable area is more impenetrable than the footlights that separate the audience from the stage. The routine of preparing Thoroughbreds for races is vague in the minds of racing fans. What goes on behind the scenes in that strange little world is a complete mystery.

A combination of events, starting at Radcliffe College, where I took up riding, brought about my investigation of the area beyond. The only horse I had been around before I entered college was an old mare called Dolly. Dolly had but one gait, a slow walk. Two years later I rode well enough to appear in the show ring on jumpers, and my only interests were horses and individuals with whom I could talk horse.

The gal from the West went East to learn about horses. Technically, I had gone to study medicine. Since the resulting situation was compatible with neither the study of medicine nor the aims and purposes of Radcliffe College, I withdrew at the end of my second year. I brought home with me to California nothing more scholarly than an overwhelming desire to own a horse, which, unfortunately, I lacked the means to support.

My initial appearance at a race track took place in Boston, at a hunt meeting at The Country Club in Brookline shortly before I left college. With uncanny speed I had located obliging gentlemen under trees who would accept wagers. Richer by thirty-five dollars and overcome with that how-long-has-this-been-going-on feeling, I returned to San Francisco. What should I find there but racing, at Tanforan, not fifteen miles distant from my home. I began to attend the races at every opportunity.

Here was a world that revolved completely around horses, and a type of horse that could buy its own oats. To make my living with horses, traveling from meeting to meeting with them, that would be heaven.

At twenty-one I came into \$3500 my grandfather had left me. One month later, November, 1932, I owned a race mare called Veruzza, for which I had paid \$1000.

No Place for a Woman

MY FIRST trainer was not enthusiastic about passing out information. "The race track in the mornin' ain't no place for a woman," he said as firmly as is possible in the hybrid Southern drawl peculiar to race trackers. But she was my horse, and I was paying the bills. I came out in the morning.

The first winter I owned Veruzza I followed her to Agua Caliente. At that time I was a victim of the mistaken notion that horse owners could close their eyes and bet the family jewels when they thought their horses were going to win. By spring I knew differently. After that, my early-morning observations of the training processes were confined to the spring and fall, when Veruzza raced close to home, at Tanforan and Bay Meadows.

At the instigation of my family, I enrolled in a business school to learn

a sensible and gainful occupation. Upon completion of the course, I lost three jobs in rapid succession. Thus, by the fall of 1934, I was free to devote my entire attention to the horses once more.

During the first ten months that I owned Veruzza she had two trainers. Each lasted five months. By the time she reached her third and last trainer, I was short of funds. He took her on a percentage basis. That is, he paid all expenses in return for two thirds of any purse money she won. At first this worked beautifully, because now and then she'd win a race. But in a little more than a year she became so lame that he advised me to get rid of her.

I Acquire a Meal Ticket

I HAD gathered a general idea of the training routine and the race track was still in my blood. With the proceeds of the Veruzza sale I bought a mare called Platinum Blonde, determined to put into practice my observations and see what would happen. I reasoned that, green as I was, I couldn't do much worse. I would have far more fun running the show and supervising the training myself. I paid only \$500 for Platinum Blonde—\$250 cash and \$250 on the cuff—out of the first two winning purses. I couldn't lose much, and maybe if I were lucky I could retrieve my loss on Veruzza. At least I'd have fun trying.

Platinum Blonde was a sturdy, dark bay with none of the glamour her name implied. She was run down physically and suffering from a hoof ailment, which were the reasons she was for sale at such a low figure. I bought her partly on the advice of Veruzza's blacksmith, who told me about her. "You get that little old mare," said he. "She'll make you a nice meal ticket. There ain't nothin' wrong with her; all she needs is a chance. When that hoof grows out, she'll be sound as a bell of brass."

I didn't know, then, that, with respect to diagnosing a hoof ailment, a blacksmith is often better than a veterinary. This is understandable when you realize that a blacksmith is busy from eight until five, six days a week, shoeing horses. Race horses are shod about every two weeks, at a cost of six dollars for a pair of lightweight steel shoes. When the shoes are not worn out, the hoofs may be leveled off and the same shoes replaced. The charge for this is four dollars. Many trainers use aluminum shoes, which cost three dollars a pair, cannot be reset, and blacksmiths charge five dollars for putting them on. I've used both and never could see any difference.

Veruzza's last trainer, Ed Glover, had been a cattleman in Oklahoma and the drought had driven him to racing horses. He was a typical gyp horseman. The term "gyp" is applied to all horsemen who make their livings racing small stables. It derives from gypsy, and carries no implication of dishonesty. Glover ran his stable economically, according to the best gyp methods, and the horses supported the farm and put his son through Stanford.

From him I picked up a vague idea of feed and how much a horse should be fed, which is as much as he will eat. It costs from 75 cents to \$1.35 a day per horse for hay, oats, bran, and straw for bedding, and three dollars a month extra for carrots. The price varies according to grade of feed, section and season. During the drought, feed went up, and it has yet to come down.

Then I had to hire a guinea, commonly called a groom everywhere but on the race track. A guinea's wage varies from \$60 to \$100 a month, and he never takes care of more than three horses. His home is the tack room, since it is his duty to be on hand in case the horse should get sick in the night, as well as to feed and groom the horse, and muck out the stall. His position is more responsible than is realized. The guinea is in truth the nurse, while the trainer is the doctor.

No patient in a hospital receives more precise and thorough care than does a race horse. You never smell that horsey odor so familiar to riding schools around a racing stable, nor do you ever find fleas. A race horse is brushed, curried and cleaned, and has his feet picked out every time he moves in or out of his stall. When he works or runs, he is washed off with a warm antiseptic

(Continued on Page 48)

Cool Shaves Ride Herd on Shaving Smarts and Stings!



Ingram's c-o-o-l, quick lather helps relieve shaving stings and irritation — and no lotions need apply!

PARDNERS, if your morning shave leaves your face all red hot and stinging, you're in for the surprise of a lifetime when Cool, COOL Ingram's goes to work on your cheeks.

For Ingram's, pardners, is COOL—purposely planned COOL—to help condition your skin and relieve the shaving stings and terrors that have made your life miserable.

Ingram's billowing brushfuls of rich, creamy lather wilt whiskers in double-quick time. Your razor glides through your softened whiskers smoothly and cleanly, like a knife through butter. Yes, and all the time you feel that bracing,

freshening October Coolness—a soothing COOLNESS that stays with you a long, long time. No lotions need apply.

If you're a fellow who values the comfort of his chin and the attractive look of his skin, make the acquaintance of Ingram's Shaving Cream without delay! Today—go to your nearest drug store. Choose the tube or the jar. In either container it's the same, cooling, soothing and economical cream!

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QUICK SHAVES! Swiftly Ingram's speed lather bubbles into action, wilting the toughest whiskers in jig time.



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COOL SHAVES! Your face comes up smiling—smooth, refreshed. No lotion needed—and that freshness lasts for hours.

New Masses, the laboriously optimistic pessimism of The Nation, the would-be hard-boiled liberalism of The New Republic. None of these are names to conjure with in the circles which I have tried to describe. They are never mentioned. Their only chance of being heard would be to appear on some otherwise attractive radio program—Information, Please; Professor Quiz; or Jack Benny. Possibly it may be argued that I have arbitrarily selected a limited, uninteresting circle of people about whom to generalize. That is not the case. They are more interesting than many literary groups I have known. I describe them as they seem to me, as real average Americans, in contradistinction to the imaginary audience, apart from themselves, which the highbrows apparently have in mind.

In actual fact, these men are extremely shrewd, kindly and tolerant in practice. After they have laughed at wops, a young Italian father enters with his little boy or girl, and most hearts go out to the child. Cynicisms about children or parenthood are not permitted. The representative of any religion is treated with respect. A sharp distinction is drawn between respectable women and the other kind, and the presence of females in bars is most unpopular. An individual in distress is pitied and, if possible, helped, but you could not raise a quarter for any obviously radical organization, however deserving its appeal might seem. The

innate instinct is to help the weak, the innate desire is to be free of constraint, the innate belief is that every man can make his way if he wants to and is given a chance.

Their sense of charity is natural and does not have to be aroused by drives and spectacular appeals, as seems inevitable amongst the intellectuals. As unostentatiously as they buy their quota of sweepstake tickets, they contribute to benevolent funds, to the Red Cross, to flowers for a funeral or to a subscription list for a wedding present. Their hearts and pocketbooks are touched by an appeal to the primitive, simple, human emotions, never by arguments, debates and bathos. They could never be hoodwinked by five-thousand-dollar-a-week Hollywood Communists into sacrificing their hard-earned money for nebulous causes. What they have they have honestly earned, and they are prepared to help in cases of honest need only. They estimate affected, unpleasant human beings ruthlessly, but pragmatically. When they encounter an occasional celebrity, they size him up realistically as a human being, taking little or no stock in his real or imaginary artistic or intellectual importance. I have seen some darlings of the gods and the columnists thus beautifully deflated—unconsciously, it is true, as their claims to fame were unknown. That is as it should be. Only on such terms could this meeting place of the plain people exist.

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(Continued from Page 18)

solution. The straw he stands on is clean enough for a human to sit upon without a second thought. He is fed every day at the same hour. The morning feeding of oats comes at approximately four o'clock, the noon feeding at eleven, and the night and largest feeding at five p.m. Day and night, he has plenty of hay and a bucket of fresh water in his stall, except on a day he is going to run. This is the explanation of that seventh sense of knowing when he is going to run which is accredited to a race horse.

Because Blondie was walking lame when I bought her, common sense told me that I couldn't start to train her. While I waited for the hoof to grow, I used to take her out to graze every morning in a field in back of the track. All the gyps were there. We'd stand for an hour, with our horses on the end of a shank, nibbling grass, while we discussed the training of them.

"When you go to trainin' that little old mare, you don't want to give her none of this here 'New York prop,'" one old gyp informed me.

Another chimed in, "All that there mornin' work is okay if you're preppin' a horse for a handicap, like them big Eastern trainers, but if you're tryin' to make a livin' off cheap horses and you work them too much, you'll find them finishin' up the race track in the afternoon. Specially them little old fillies; they won't stand no trainin'."

Here is the fundamental difference between the training methods of the gyp and of the large stable. The gyp concentrates more on keeping his horses fresh than on keeping them fit. He has cheap horses which run for the minimum purses, and he has to run them often if they are to pay their way. What a cheap plater needs is walking and grazing, designed to get his mind

off the race track, so he won't become sour on the idea of running.

After three weeks of walking, Blondie's foot was in good enough shape for her to start galloping. Since galloping and working race horses is a highly specialized form of riding, there is on the race track a vast army of boys, known as exercise boys, who earn their living doing this. They range in age normally from sixteen to thirty, but a few of the boys are past fifty and still going strong. Their average weight is around 115 pounds, but the lighter the boy the better, provided he can control his horse. A good exercise boy is never out of a job. His wage is usually ninety dollars a month, but a very good boy will earn considerably more. Added to their wages, both guineas and exercise boys get stakes when a horse wins.

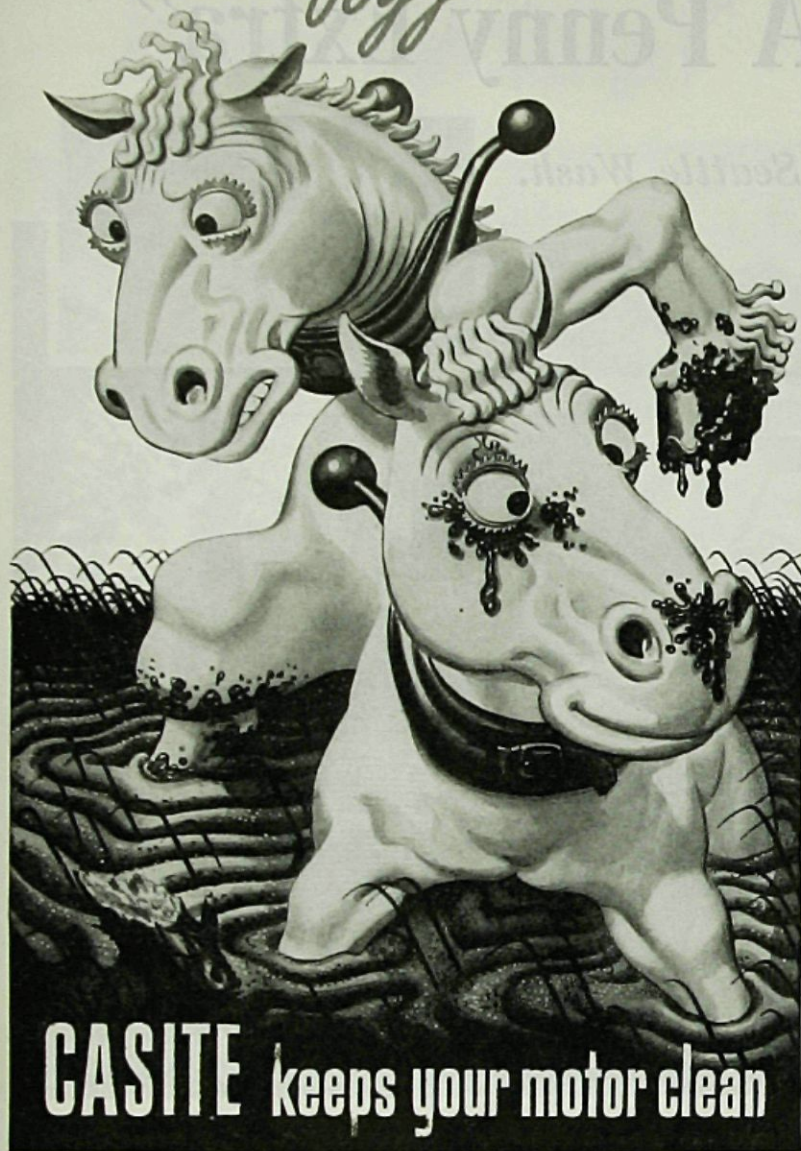
Fortunately for the trainers of small stables who can't afford to hire a boy by the month, there are free-lance boys who gallop and work horses for fifty cents to one dollar a horse. Often they will gallop as many as ten horses a morning.

Because of Blondie's long period of walking, I had to gallop her for ten days before I could breeze her. Needless to say, she had the services of a free-lance boy. Interspersed with the galloping, I'd pony her. She'd be on a shank alongside the pony, and the boy riding on the pony. This made a change, and though she was still getting her exercise, she had no weight on her back.

This use of a pony is almost exclusively a gyp practice, another method of keeping a horse fresh. At big stables that train their horses in sets, the pony is largely a means of transportation for the trainer to and from the race track.

(Continued on Page 50)

Are your 'Horses' bogged down?



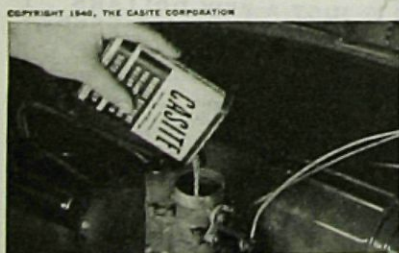
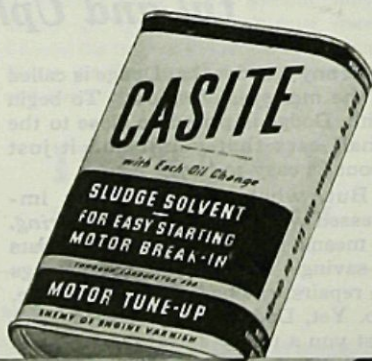
CASITE keeps your motor clean

• Want new-car power and pep again? Then clean out the sludge and gum that has your horsepower bogged down.

Casite dissolves the sludge and gum common in all motors. It combats power-killing engine varnish; purges your motor for quick pick-up, full horsepower and easy starting.

Give your horsepower a chance—ask your service man for a quick, inexpensive Casite treatment.

THE CASITE CORPORATION
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A pint through the carburetor each 5,000 miles



A pint in the crankcase with each oil change

(Continued from Page 48)

As the track closes for training by ten-thirty A.M., a trainer with forty horses would never finish if he did not take them out in sets.

Two-year-olds practically have to be trained in sets. If trained alone, they become bewildered and frightened when they find themselves in a field of horses in the afternoon, and do more looking around than running.

Sometimes you find older horses that won't work alone. They see no point in extending themselves when they have no competition. Fortunately for the trainer of a small stable, there is a gallant spirit of co-operation on the race track. The trainers of the big stables are generous about lending their ponies to the gyps, and if you have a poor work horse, you can always find someone who will let you send the horse out in his set.

Blondie was a five-year-old and willing to work alone. When I began to breeze her, my idea of how much work she would need before she was ready to run was extremely hazy. All I knew was that trainers worked horses before they ran them. By making numerous inquiries, I discovered that if she went three eighths of a mile in between thirty-seven and thirty-eight seconds, and five eighths in around a minute and three seconds, she would be turning in a good enough work for a cheap distance horse. Platinum Blonde was a distance horse, and these were not expected to show as much speed in the morning as sprinters.

The first morning I breezed her I borrowed a stop watch. I had her stepping the three eighths in the excellent time of thirty-six seconds. The clockers got her in 37½. This continued for a year. It is an art to clock a horse correctly, and takes time to learn. To check my findings, I always asked some trainer or clocker to catch my horses for me until I became certain that I was getting them accurately myself.

One of the ridiculous illusions that have been built up around the race track has to do with the secret working of horses at odd hours of the night. The risk alone would prevent this, as horses cannot see as well as humans in the dark. Horses don't begin to trickle out to the track until dawn breaks.

Four-Footed Individualists

It is impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rules about training. Each horse is different and must be studied individually to get the most out of him. In general, fillies and mares require less work than colts and geldings, and older horses require less work than two-year-olds. Naturally, a horse that eats ten quarts of oats a day will need more work than one that eats only six.

A horse is walked the day after a work, galloped for a few days, then breezed again. After a race he is walked several days. The idea is to point the horse for a particular race on a particular day and to have him at his peak on that day. This is done by working him up to the race through a series of alternate long slow works and short fast works, gradually increasing in length and speed.

When I thought that Blondie was ready to run, she was a long way from being up to her best effort. I had made up my mind that she was going to be fresh, and fresh she was. I tried to get one of the top jockeys to ride her, but it was the opinion among the jockeys' agents that the horse "that girl" was

training wouldn't be ready. When they saw me coming, they ducked.

As soon as the condition book comes out—a book that is issued to the horsemen by the racing secretary and carries the conditions, distances, and claiming prices of the races to be run, usually for a ten-day period—the trainer goes through the book and picks out the races which best suit his horses. Then he goes to the agent of the jockey of his choice and takes a call on him for these races. Except in the case of contract mounts—that is, horses belonging to the stable which employs the jockey—it is first come, first served.

In the Money

The jockey fee is twenty-five dollars for a winning mount and ten dollars for a losing mount. Out of this, jockeys pay their agents five dollars for a winning mount and two dollars for a losing mount; consequently, the agents are active to the point of becoming pests. Except for the jockey fee, there is no fee for entering or starting horses, except in handicaps or stake races.

Big stables usually have a jockey under contract to them at a salary from \$100 a month for a little-known boy to \$10,000 a year for a top rider. Added to this, a jockey receives 10 per cent of the purse in all handicaps and stakes he wins, and is at liberty to ride outside mounts whenever his contract employer has no horse in the race. A good jockey will earn from \$200 to \$600 a week on outside mounts alone.

The most-sought-after jockey, if he can ride at all, is the apprentice rider or bug boy, because he receives a five-pound allowance in the weights. A boy is an apprentice until one year from the date he rides his first winner—"breaks his maiden." If, at the end of the year, he has not ridden forty winners, he is still an apprentice until he has ridden his fortieth winner. An apprentice boy is always under contract to some stable.

Platinum Blonde's first race in my colors was a dismal flop. She ran with the field to the head of the stretch, where she folded up as if she had been hit on the head. "Looks like the trainer had her mare a little short," was the comment of the horsemen. The trainer herself knew that Blondie's defeat was her fault and not Blondie's.

The next time, Platinum Blonde finished in the money. The third time she won. I was so happy I could hardly contain myself on that early May day in 1935 when Blondie pranced back to the winner's circle at Tanforan. With all my blundering, she had finished in the money twice out of three starts, and won one. That was better than Veruzza had done. It looked as if I had a nice mare that would pay her way and mine.

All this time I had been operating without a trainer's license. Although the year previous the Illinois Racing Commission had issued a license to Mary Hirsch, the California Racing Commission was not so progressively minded. The members continued to hold to the old-fashioned notion that the track was no place for a woman. Knowing that I was training Platinum Blonde myself, they compromised by giving my father a license and allowing me to run the mare, with my father down as trainer. My father is an attorney, and what little he knew about horses he learned from me.

Therefore, when the spring season in California ended, I headed for Illinois, where the racing commissioners were not such ardent followers of

(Continued on Page 52)



"One more crack about burnt toast, Mr. Smith, and you'll lose a perfectly good wife! What do you expect from an old toaster like ours?"



"We're having toast-trouble at our house. If you've got a toaster that couldn't burn toast on a bet, that's the one for me."

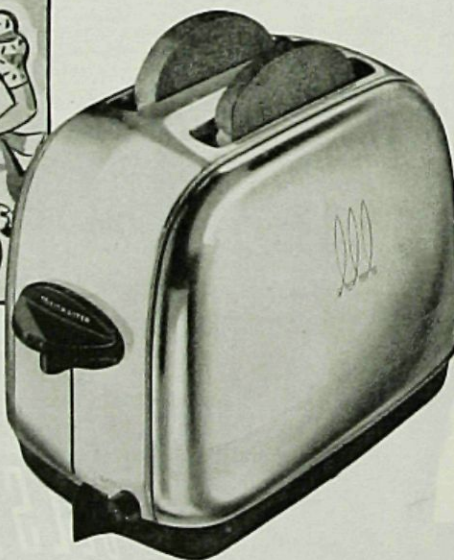


"This ought to solve the problem, dear. The man at the store said: 'After all, you know, there's only one Toastmaster toaster.'"



"John, I can't bear it! You're mild as a lamb every morning. What'll I do, now that we don't have burnt toast any more?"

... It happens in the best-regulated families. But so do birthday and wedding anniversaries, perfect occasions for wishing "Many happy returns of Toastmaster toast!"



THIS handsome Toastmaster toaster works like a charm—in more ways than one! The psychology of it is perfect—and so's the toast. For this automatic toaster first lets you select just the kind of toast you like—Light, Medium, or Dark... then times the toasting to a split second... then pops up the crispy-tender, piping-hot slices... and turns off the cur-

rent! No watching, no turning, no burning—perfect toast every time, for everybody!... The beautiful new 2-slice model, \$16.00; its 1-slice toastmate, only \$9.95. See these finest of toasters, and other Toastmaster* products (\$7.50 to \$23.95), wherever the best electrical appliances are sold.

TOASTMASTER *Toaster*

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(Continued from Page 50)

Emily Post. Furthermore, in those days the purses were larger at the Chicago tracks. Blondie had received only \$425 for her win in California. In Chicago the purses were \$1000, divided \$700 to the winner, \$150 to second, \$100 to third, and \$50 to fourth.

I arrived at Washington Park with Platinum Blonde and \$300, after having been freely advised that I was making a foolish move, that Blondie would not be able to win on the "big apple." But I had lots of hope and enthusiasm and, at the insistence of my parents, a round-trip ticket.

I was granted the trainer's license at once. Now I was truly a gyp horse-woman, and, like all gyps, I was sure that the big horse would win. I was brave enough to invest fifty dollars of my cash reserve in an ancient automobile, which transported me around Chicago for two months without a license plate. I couldn't afford both, and somehow I never got caught.

Not only did Platinum Blonde win but she came in the money almost every time I ran her. I learned the well-known fact of racing—namely, that a horse that can win in one place can win almost anywhere, particularly if it's a distance horse.

At the end of the Arlington meeting I heard that a carload of horses was shipping to Narragansett Park, in Rhode Island. I wired for stalls, getting a prompt reply that no stalls were available, and not to ship. The stall situation is a grave problem for the gyp horseman. The barns at all race tracks are the property of the association, and it is their privilege to assign them to whomsoever they wish. On the New York tracks there is a rental fee of from five to six dollars a month per stall, but at all other tracks the stalls are free.

By seven o'clock the next morning I had reached the point when I couldn't exist another minute unless I could be on my way to New England. The horse car was scheduled to leave the loading platform at nine. I still had time to get Blondie and my traps on the train. I concluded that if one horse and a distressed damsel ready to burst into tears were to arrive at the Narragansett siding simultaneously, even the most hard-boiled racing secretary would weaken.

Catching the Horse Car

To the annoyance of the other horsemen in the car, I rushed down to the loading platform and announced that I was going. Their traps had been loaded since six o'clock and they were now loading their horses.

"The express trucks are all gone," said they hopefully; "you can't get your traps on."

"That's all right," I returned; "I'll bring them down in my car."

They went into a huddle and emerged with the verdict that if I could get Blondie and my traps on the train by eight o'clock, they would make room for her. There were only eight horses in the car, and horse cars usually carry twelve.

So at eight o'clock my chariot drove up to the loading platform with hay and medicine chests protruding from the rear seat and a bed and mattress tied on the side. By eight-thirty Blondie was loaded and off to the next town.

Driving out of the race track I met the track superintendent and asked him casually if he knew of anyone who wanted to buy a car.

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it," said he.

"I've got to sell it right away," said I, hardly believing my ears.

"That's all right," he answered. "We'll drive into Arlington Heights now and transfer the papers."

At ten minutes of twelve I reached the station in time to get the train on which the horses would be. On this trip Blondie's fare was more than mine. Horses always travel on passenger trains, and the cost per horse, if there are twelve horses in the car, is approximately the same as one first-class-passenger fare plus standard lower berth between the same given points.

The New England climate seemed to agree with Platinum Blonde, and she ran even better than she had in Chicago. By the end of the year my \$500 mare had won \$5100 in purse money. But late in the fall her efforts began to tell on her. She started to go sore in one ankle. I knew I should have to have her fired and lay her up for the winter.

A Winter on Short Grass

Firing is the technical name for an operation supposed to be a cure-all for knee, ankle and tendon ailments. Often Thoroughbreds develop bony growths in their ankles, called osselets; leakages of the fluid which lubricates the knee and ankle joints, and bowed tendons. Firing will usually kill an osselet, and often it will stop a leakage of joint fluid and straighten out a bow. The cost ranges from twenty-five to fifty dollars, for a veterinary, like a physician, varies his charges according to the financial condition of the horseman.

Only for dental work is there a set charge; the reason being that vets hate this job. About every six months a race horse must have his teeth leveled off, because they tend to grow to sharp points which interfere with his mastication and cause ulcers of the mouth. This process is called floating, and costs three dollars.

Having to fire Blondie was not the blow it might have been, as I had made enough money to claim another horse. I had the whole thing figured out nicely. The other horse would pay expenses during the winter, and in the spring Blondie would come back as good as new. Then I would have a two-horse stable.

But on the race track carefully laid plans have a nasty habit of pulling up lame in the stretch. By May, when I returned to New England from Florida, I was drawn from a winter on short grass. I had won no races and had run out of money, having to sell my other horse. He wasn't much account, but the idea upset me. I was right back where I started, with a one-horse stable.

I still had plenty of hope. Blondie looked grand, better than ever, and I expected big things of her that season. Blondie had other intentions. She ran a few good races, finishing seconds and thirds, then suddenly went lame again—really lame this time.

"She's ruptured the sheath of her suspensory ligament," the veterinary told me one morning in July. I must have turned white, for he hastened to add, "You might win a bad race with her. There's no use laying her up again; just go along and do the best you can."

One day at Narragansett in the middle of August, 1936, I had Blondie entered in the seventh race. At eleven o'clock a terrific storm came up. By

(Continued on Page 54)



"the bride wore rice!"

SYLVIA: And the groom?

TOMMY: Oh! "Something old, something new!"

SYLVIA: Something *old*? Why, you look like the latest men's fashions page come to life!

TOMMY: Thanks! But my new *Stetson* carries one of the grandest old names in America!

SYLVIA: So even our hats are soul-mates! Mine's a *Stetson*, too.

P. S.: The groom wears the Royal *Stetson* at \$10—a great send-off for any bridegroom! *All Stetsons* have this asset in common...75 years of leadership! John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London and Paris. *Stetsons* made in Canada from \$6.

FIVE DOLLARS

AND UP



Step out with a Stetson!

(Continued from Page 52)

one o'clock the track was a sea of mud. I had to scratch—a muddy track automatically writes finish to the career of a horse with suspensory-ligament trouble. But everyone else was trying to scratch. There were eight entries and my sad story was only one of eight. The stewards declared the race could go as a six-horse race. Two horses would get out, and, so all eight horsemen would have a fair break, they would shake to see which two it would be.

Platinum Blonde didn't get out. She broke down at the head of the stretch.

At that point I was certain the horse business was through with me. But the horse business being what it is, Lady Luck was about to toss me a chicken. I sold Blondie for a brood mare, and during the process of selling her, I ran into a mare called Loloma that could be bought for \$900, entirely on the cuff. She was perfectly sound, but run down and needed a short rest.

The day Loloma was ready to run I received a birthday present of ten dollars from an aunt. That afternoon when the horses left the paddock, I climbed up into the grandstand and sat down, clutching the ten dollars. Loloma was 53 to 1. In my depleted financial condition, I couldn't afford to bet on her. I looked at that 53 to 1 again, then I thought of the three eighths in thirty-six that she had worked the morning before. I couldn't control myself. I rushed downstairs and bet two dollars to win and five dollars to show.

When the gate sprang, Loloma took the top and never looked back. She won by four lengths in a common gallop. I was back on earth again.

By this time the winter races were on hand, and no sooner did Loloma reach Miami than her hair started to turn the wrong way, and her races showed the same tendency. I was stuck with a horse that didn't like the warm weather.

Came another spring in New England. Here I was barely managing to get by, and rapidly weakening on the race track. I had learned that it was "chicken one day and feathers the next," but it seemed as if I were getting more than my share of feathers. I was beginning to choke on them.

A Derby Winner?

But Loloma came back better than before. The extended rest was apparently just what she needed. The first time I started her, in early May, at Narragansett, she galloped home in front. I was so weak I could hardly stand up. That race meant so much. If she hadn't won, I think I'd really have fainted.

The wheel of fortune had spun around again for me. Loloma won \$4000 in purses in less than three months, from May until late July, when she was claimed from me for \$1300. That year, 1937, my horses won \$6800 in purse money, I sold two horses at a profit, and won several good bets.

After I lost Loloma I claimed a filly called Nigrette, and bought two two-year-olds. One of them, a filly, was no account at all. But when you're lucky on the race track even your lemons turn out to be profitable. I sold her for a brood mare.

The other two-year-old was a colt named Basque. I paid only \$1000 for him because he had an ankle as big as my head. He had never started before I bought him, and he won two races out of his first three starts. I was sure I

had a Kentucky Derby winner. At Santa Anita, early in 1938, he was beaten only a length and a half by Stagehand.

Then I shipped from Santa Anita to Hot Springs, thinking that Basque couldn't miss in the Arkansas Derby. But in March his bad legs finally gave way on him and he broke down one week after I had refused \$5000 cash for him, and two weeks before the Arkansas Derby.

I should have sold him. I knew that he never was and never could be sound. But he was almost human. I never owned so intelligent a horse, or a horse I liked so well. That's one of the great stumbling blocks toward making a living in the horse business. When you do get a good horse, you get so stuck on him you refuse to see his faults.

I Forsake the Turf

I'd always wanted a good horse. There's as much difference between a good horse and a cheap one as there is between boiled beef and a three-inch steak. When Basque broke down, my courage and hope seemed to break too. At the same meeting Nigrette was claimed from me. I left Hot Springs, vowing that Arkansas was one place to which I would never return.

I had Basque fired and laid him up, and at Suffolk Downs bought a two-year-old filly called Cookie, which I raced all summer and sold in the fall, breaking just even on her. In November, when Basque was ready to be put into training, I received an offer of \$2500 for him. I wanted to keep him, but I was afraid that as soon as I began to train him, I'd get high on him again, and trouble would follow. Horses seldom come back, once they've broken down. Somehow it would have upset me to run Basque in claiming races. That, by the way, is where he's running now.

Suddenly I had become a rock of sense. Determined to quit before I went broke again, I sold Basque. But in the spring I suffered a relapse, and May, 1939, found me back at Narragansett.

I bought an old horse named Idolatry, kept him a month, and sold him at a slight profit. Then I claimed a filly called The Trout for \$1250. The Trout belied her name. She was easily caught. Perhaps it was my fault. During the winter I had become interested in writing, and now I was trying to do two things at once. As a result, neither showed any marked success.

This situation brought about the desire on my part to become a newspaperwoman on a salary. I began to think how nice it would be to know where I stood on the first of each month. But the jump from horse trainer to employed journalist seemed too much for managing editors to swallow. Doomed to return to school again, I applied for admission to the Columbia University School of Journalism. There I was told that I was 100 to 1.

But on a Friday afternoon ten days later, I received a wire at Rockingham Park stating that I had been admitted. Since I was certain that the faculty would not accept The Trout as payment for my tuition, I was left with only three days in which to sell a bad horse. Apparently Fate had decreed that I was to return to school, for at six p.m. on Tuesday The Trout had a new home and I had \$650.

As I acquire my belated education in New York, my thoughts keep wandering back to the race track. It's a great life if your nerves can take it.

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