

# COLOMBO'S CLAIMS—OR THE BRIGHT SIDE GIPSY OMENS?

By BOUVERIE

COLOMBO has made me unhappy. Until a few weeks ago I had no idea of the horror of an inferiority complex. Now, all because of Colombo, I have got it badly.

None of us should be grudging our little vanities—if they are harmless.

Round about Derby time mine takes the form of feeling complimented when people seek advice on racing matters.

In normal times the inevitable query, "What's going to win?" is almost encouraged.

If there is a Sansovino, a Captain Cuttle, a Manna or a Call Boy to talk about you can become almost as eloquent as Mr. Lloyd George on one of his favourite topics.

But Colombo! Just try to be eloquent about him to somebody who smiles that nasty smile and whispers "Orwell" as soon as his name is mentioned.

### The Best Horse in England

TO say the least it is disconcerting. Your style is cramped from the start. Instead of doing Colombo—or yourself—justice you become about as convincing as when that pet trick went all wrong at a children's party.

The drawback, of course, is that there is not enough mystery about Colombo—none at all, in fact.

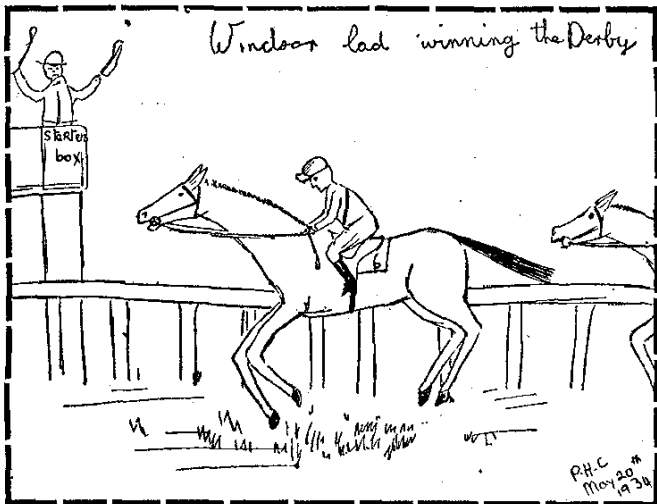
No need for signs and portents where he is concerned. Colombo stands out as the best horse in England—at the moment, at any rate—and some say he is the best since Isinglass. He has never been defeated, and in the course of his nine victories he has beaten nearly every horse he meets to-day.

But what is a record like that against the claims that can be advanced for so many of his rivals?

### Do Omens Cancel Out?

TAKE Windsor Lad and Umidwar, for instance, and remember the gipsy's warning concerning the fate of a Derby horse with the letter W in its name.

Unfortunately I cannot at the moment remember whether the portents are good or bad this year. In any case there are two



Here is the tip that Bouverie received from a young reader.

of them and it is very unlikely that they will run a dead-heat. Still, nothing is impossible in racing.

Then isn't it time that a woman led back a Derby winner? Lots of people apparently thought that Miss Dorothy Paget would be the first to do so last year, but Tuppence let them down badly.

Mrs. W. Raphael, whose husband won two Derbys and was second in another, is the only woman owner represented to-day. She has two runners—Fleetfoot and Hornsey Rise—and will at least keep North London interested.

### Complications

PRIMERO will do for those who remember that his brother, Trigo, won a Derby and that R. C. Dawson, his trainer, also won with Blenheim. Nice name, too, and as he has never won a race it is about time he lived up to it. Blenheim, of course, reminds us of the "stable-outsider system." Rustom Pasha was supposed to be better than Blenheim when the latter won.

Picking the wrong one was a tragedy for Beary on that occasion, and so it was for Arthur Smith when he wore the Colombo colours on Dominion and Templeman had a distinguishing cap on Grand Parade.

Here, however, are complications. Instead of only one outsider the Aga Khan has two "reserves" to Umidwar on this occasion. One is Badruddin—the first son of that famous flyer, Muntaz Mahal—and the other Alishah, who has the distinction of being one of the few horses in the field which have won over a mile and a half. Nice problem here.

### The Jockeys

THEN we come to the best guide of all—the jockeys.

Donoghue, of course, comes first. The man who has ridden more Derby winners than any

living jockey is within a month or two of his fiftieth year, but he is still "worth 7lb." to a horse at Epsom.

Medieval Knight is the one to have the advantage of the "Epsom Wizard's" services, and it will not be overlooked that he is also a "stable outsider."

Medieval Knight may have been a long way behind Colombo, Easton and several others in the Guineas, and Richards may prefer another—but the Derby is still the Derby, and Steve is still Steve.

### Gordon Richards

YET is it safe to ignore the law of averages and forget the old saying that everything comes to him who waits?

This is where Gordon Richards comes in. Richards has been champion jockey for many years. Last season he beat the long-standing record of the great Fred Archer—but he has never won a Derby.

Surely his turn must come soon, and can it be possible that in choosing Easton in preference to Medieval Knight he has left the right one to the man he once only dreamed of emulating?

### A Strong Tip

POSSIBLY a deeper search would unearth several more "dangers to Colombo," but time is getting short.

If you have no more belief in Colombo than most grown-ups profess to have in fairies, possibly the picture I received a day or two ago from a very small schoolboy may interest you.

As you can see, there is no doubt about Windsor Lad's superiority here, but, unfortunately, I cannot quite recognise the horse that is coming in second.

Why Windsor Lad should be finishing at the starter's end is certainly obscure—but so, too, are most of the "reasons" advanced on behalf of the majority of Colombo's rivals.

For myself, I like to think I still believe in fairies, and I certainly believe in Colombo.

By PHILIP HOWSE

IN these days of droughts, debts and disasters there is nothing we all need so much as a jolly good laugh. At ourselves, I mean. We're getting so deadly serious about things—sport included—and want something to restore our sense of proportion.

I'm sure the Martians, just supposing that there are any, would be having great fun at our expense if they could pay us a visit just now.

"Look at Man," they would chuckle. "He regards himself as the king of creation, ruler over animals and machines, inventor of marvel upon marvel. Yet he cannot even provide himself with a little extra water when the clouds forget to do their stuff."

"Just look at Man, the all-wise, who has created an economic system so vast and unintelligible that nations with plenty of money and food are starving for want of those very same commodities, and nobody can set things right."

\* \* \* \*

"Just look at Man, who boasts as his motto, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' yet who is piling up as fast as ever he can the very means of destruction for both his neighbour and himself. How palpably absurd!"

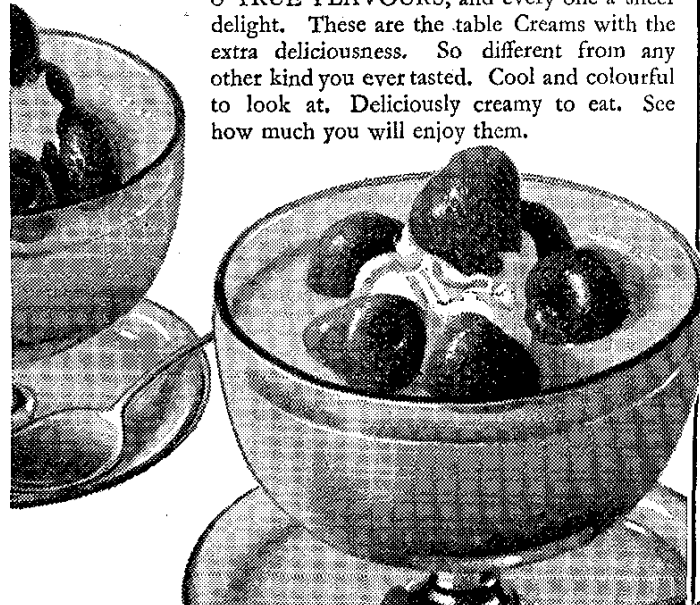
To-day we are getting drunk with too much thinking and talking about the very serious problems we say are confronting us. We are losing our sense of proportion.

Let us talk and think, by all means, but let us keep sober about it all; and the way to do this is to endeavour to step outside our skins occasionally for a little while and view things impartially as the Martians might.

We should then see the funny side of it all, thereby clearing the air of prejudice and bias and giving ourselves fresh verve for the attack when we plunged back into the stream of life again.

## SYMINGTON'S TABLE CREAMS

8 TRUE FLAVOURS, and every one a sheer delight. These are the table Creams with the extra deliciousness. So different from any other kind you ever tasted. Cool and colourful to look at. Deliciously creamy to eat. See how much you will enjoy them.



- LEMON
- ORANGE
- CHOCOLATE
- COFFEE
- RASPBERRY
- STRAWBERRY
- VANILLA
- BANANA

There's nothing more tempting on a hot summer day than one of these inviting sweets. How easy they are to make, too. Simply add boiling milk and leave to set. And what a joy it is to know they will always set perfectly... firm yet gloriously creamy. Make them often. 4½d. per packet.

SYMINGTON'S JELLY CRYSTALS. Lovely refreshing flavours... full strength. Quickly made. Set firmly. 10 tempting Fruit Flavours and Vanilla.

W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOUROUGH.

## MERRY ANDREW'S RHYME OF THE DAY

Straight from the Horse's Mouth!

The horse that I am backing cannot fail to win the race,  
 For many total strangers have just tipped him for a place,  
 Yes, by some strange coincidence entirely unexpected  
 They've tipped the very nag that I already had selected!

I had it from the housemaid, an authority on "tips,"  
 Who heard it, so she tells me, from the milkman's very lips;  
 He got it from the knowing boy, who drives the baker's van,  
 And he obtained the knowledge from the local cats'-meat man,

Who gained the information by the merest lucky chance  
 From someone who's a gipsy and who goes round selling plants,  
 Who didn't "see" the horse's name in visions when asleep,  
 But learnt it from a man who really ought to know—the sweep  
 Who got it from my wife, a curious sequence, as you see,  
 For in the very first place she had got the tip from me!!!  
 But as for what it is, I fear I cannot grant that boon,  
 And so you'll have to wait until you hear this afternoon.

MERRY ANDREW.