

# B.T.V.6 50 MILE ENDURANCE RIDE

(Continued from page 30)

trip was over undulating country, with good grass verges all the way.

The first seven riders from the No. 1 Group arrived at the racecourse in 3½ hours from the start, excluding the check of 30 minutes. They had to spend 15 minutes walking their horses around, as they could not pass the finishing line in under the time limit of 3 hours 45 minutes. Of these seven riders, only two were in really good condition, having lost only 3½ and 5½ penalties for the whole trip. The other 5 horses all lost maximum points on heart recovery rate although they were quite good on appearance and soundness.

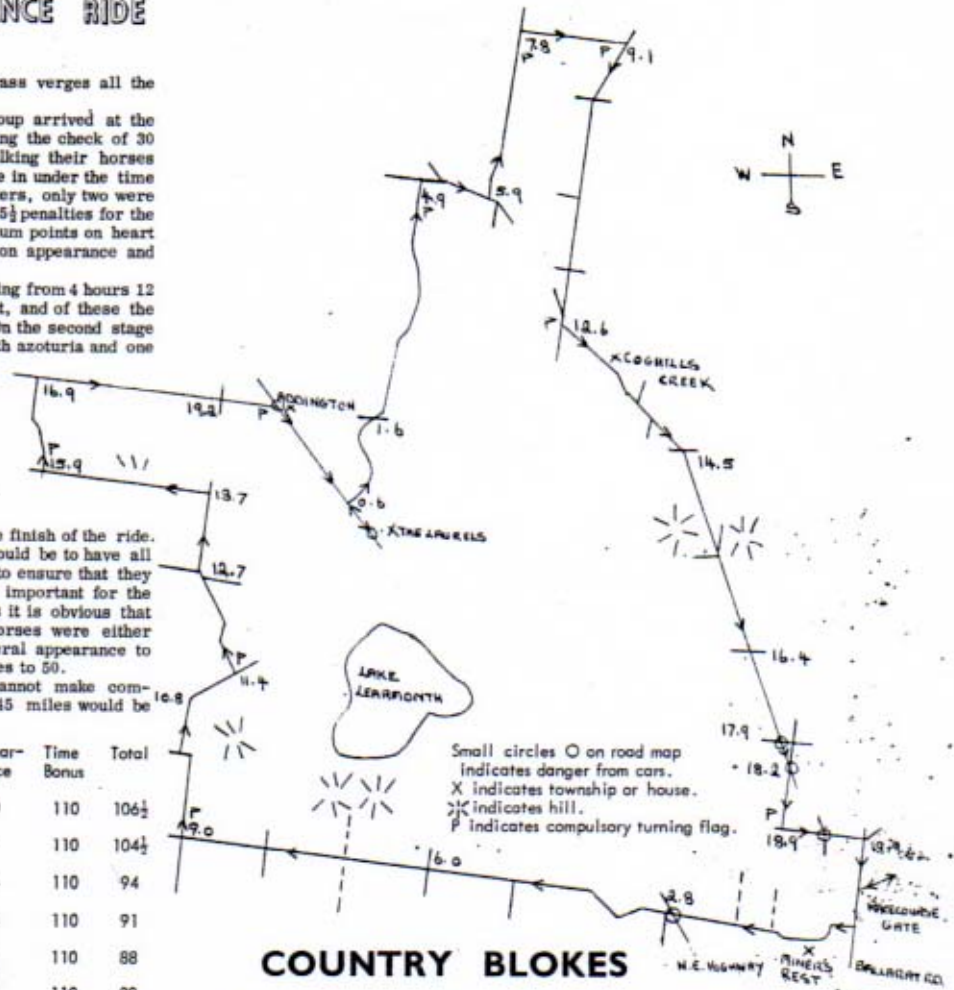
The rest of the groups arrived in times ranging from 4 hours 12 minutes to 5½ hours, excluding the check point, and of these the best score was 7 penalties and the worst 30. On the second stage one horse retired at the 30 mile check point with azoturia and one broke its shoulder in a simple accident.

Since the trial I have spoken to the riders of 10 of the horses and, according to them, there were no ill effects. All the riders were enthusiastic about the ride and would compete again.

We had no trouble in any way during the running of the ride. About 30 officials were needed, and the entry money paid for most of the expenses. Over 300 people witnessed the finish of the ride.

The only major changes that I would make would be to have all horses finish the last mile in under 5 minutes, to ensure that they all come in at the same speed, which is very important for the heart vet; drop the soundness penalties to 20 as it is obvious that soundness is not of any great importance - horses were either lame or sound; and I would also drop the general appearance to 30 and raise the heart and recovery rate penalties to 50.

As we have no times from overseas we cannot make comparisons, but I would think that 3½ hours for 45 miles would be a very good time.



Horse & Rider	Heart	Soundness	Appearance	Time Bonus	Total
Mrs W. Roycroft (Avatar)	1½	2	0	110	106½
Mr B. Roycroft (Cophislot)	3½	1	1	110	104½
Miss C. Moore (Delville Boy)	2	0	14	110	94
Mr J. Burke (The Saint)	10	3	6	110	91
Mr D. Rush (Guardman)	14	0	8	110	88
Mrs J. Robinson (Madison Square)	10	6	6	110	88
Mr T. Scott (Snob)	0	4	4	95	87
Mrs L. Parker (Sylvan Prince)	11½	0	12	110	86½
Mr G. Stetcher (Shalawi)	10	0	6	102	86
Mrs W.A. Stetcher (Kamala)	9	0	8	102	85
Miss K. Churchill (Silver)	12	0	4	102	86
Mr S. Morley (Granlovan)	2	7	8	102	85
Mr P. Quittenbaum (Kim)	2	½	8	95	84½
Miss J. Carpenter (Cash)	6	0	6	95	83
Miss R. Barr-Smith (Remy)	10	1	4	98	83
Mrs M. McTaggart (Top Hand)	3½	0	4	88	80½
(Churchill)	0	0	12	92	80
Mrs N. Hicks (Cindy Lou)	13	0	8	99	78
Miss E. Rowe (Gay Garry)	11	0	12	98	75
Mrs R. Wilkes (Starry)	11	0	6	92	75
Mr J. Russell (Ma Cindy)	15	0	0	88	73
Miss P. Austin-Carroll (Forever Amber)	14	12	4	102	72
Mrs E. Serpell (Rusty Miss)	0	1	6	76	69

## COUNTRY BLOKES

*There's a stretch of land out yonder where the range lies wide and free,  
And it rolls away back further than the naked eye can see.  
When it's springtime in the mountains I must saddle up and go  
To the heart of the high country at the thawing of the snow.*

*For the city charm has vanished and I'm weary of the rush,  
And I long to hear the language of a native from the bush;  
And I long to hear the chiming of the bellbirds, sweet and low,  
As I'm riding in a muster with the country blokes I know.*

*Seems I hear the bawl and bellow of the cattle on the track,  
And I see a dusty stockyard and a homestead way outback,  
Where the sturdy station children come to watch with eyes aglow  
When the stockmen bring the cattle in - the country blokes I know.*

*How the eager stockhorse answers when the spurs are driven hard,  
In a race to slew the leaders, as they try to dodge the yard;  
Then the rebels find the stockwhip can fall with fearsome blow  
In the brown hands of the drovers - the country blokes I know.*

*When the old camp cook is swearing and the campfire embers glow  
Neath the black camp oven full of stew, and quart pots in a row,  
As the lounging bushmen tell their yards while the sun is going down,  
Do they wonder just how Greenhide Bill is making out in town?*

*For my riding gear has gathered dust, my spurs have lost their shine,  
And it's ages since I caught the scent that drifts in off the pine  
To mingle with the camp smoke; but it's westward soon I'll go -  
There I'll join in the spring muster with the country blokes I know.*