



HORSEBACK RIDING GROWS POPULAR

HOW THE PORTLAND HUNT CLUB FOSTERS THIS INVIGORATING SPORT



VIEWS OF THE HUNT CLUB ON PARADE, AND MRS. R. J. CHIPMAN, MOUNTED ON JOCKO, HURDLING

STEADY and rapid interest in being manifested in horseback riding along the Pacific Coast, and one of the important and most widely known factors in this healthful, invigorating sport is the Portland Hunt Club that has its headquarters in this city. This year its members number 165. From now on the club will have only one open event, until September, when a big field day is planned to take place at Irvington race track. It was at first hoped that the field day would take place some time this month, but the track is on the point of undergoing repairs, and it was thought advisable to have the meet later in the year.

During the season of 1902-03, just finished, the various events of the Portland Hunt Club have been fairly well attended, so far as field sports have gone. It would have been more pleasant, however, if several social events had been given so that the various members of the club could have become better acquainted with each other. The coming country lunch is a step in the right direction. For a club whose start is of comparatively recent date, the organization has done good work and its future will be watched with increasing interest. The club was started among horsemen and horsewomen, who mostly received lessons in riding horseback at the Portland Riding Academy, under the direction of James Nicol, in the fall of 1900. The officers that year were: President, R. L. Sablin; vice-president, John Latta; secretary, Edwin T. Chase; treasurer, Ralph H. Jenkins; master of foxhounds, T. T. Strain; directors, Samuel C. Kerr and Edgar M. Lazarus. According to the by-laws, officers are elected for one year, the annual meeting for such election taking place the first Saturday in December. The officers for 1902-03 are: President, J. W. Cutlers; vice-president, W. J. Burns; secretary, F. J. Patterson; treasurer, F. O. Downing; master of foxhounds, Ralph H. Jenkins; directors, H. C. Campbell and R. L. Sablin. It should be explained that although the club has a master of foxhounds, no foxhounds are used in the various events. The M. F. H. is merely the official held responsible for all meets. He approves all courses before they are accepted, and he may at any time disqualify a rider for fast riding or other cause. His decisions are final in the field.

Have you never witnessed the start of any of the paper chases of the Portland Hunt Club? They take place at some previously selected spot on the East Side, and often the vicinity of the Thompson schoolhouse is a favorite spot. Two riders called the "hares" have about one or

two hours before thrown pieces of white paper on the ground not over 100 yards from the starting point. This is the "trail," and it is thrown by the hares until the finish, about four or five miles distant. Near the finish pieces of red paper are placed. Of course, the pursuing "hounds" do not know their ultimate destination, and they follow the trail of paper. The first rider arriving at the winning post at the end of the trail is, of course, the victor. There are several

jumps before the end is reached, but these jumps are well selected and are not dangerous to life and limb. Those who do not wish to take these jumps can find the route by taking the roads, and they can discern the riders for a long distance ahead, but of course in taking this method of "cutting corners" the rider does not stand any chance of being declared the winner of the event.

The season of 1902-03 started by a cross-country run September 27, 1902, and the

various other events—cross-country runs, paper chases, point-to-point races, cup events, etc.—took place on these succeeding dates: October 4 and 13; November 1, 15 and 27; December 13 and 27; January 1, 17 and 21; February 14 and 28; March 14 and 28; April 11 and 25; May 9, 16 and 30, and June 13 and 27.

The pictures taken above, illustrating hurdling at Irvington Park, are those of "Jocko" and his owner, Mrs. R. J. Chipman. "Jocko" is one of the most cele-

brated steeplechasers, hurdlers and saddle horses in Oregon. He won the 2 1/2-mile stretch at the steeplechase that took place on the Irvington race track in the summer of 1901, easily distancing all rivals. He stands 15.3 hands high, and in color is a dark brown. Now "Jocko" has retired to private life to rest on his laurels, leaving more strenuous tasks to younger horses. He is a great pet, and Mrs. Chipman has taught him a number of interesting tricks. The picture "in

line," illustrating a number of horsemen and horsewomen, was taken at the club meet on Irvington track last summer.

HIGH JUMPER OF THE PAST

Not as an Athlete, but as a Vagrant Was Sam Patch Regarded.

Rochester Post-Express. "Sam Patch. Such Is Fame." This was the lettering upon a rough pine slab erected in the little cemetery at Charlotte by Steve Marshall, an old lake captain, away back in the '30s, after the body of the ill-fated jumper had been taken from the Genesee River and buried in the village cemetery without ceremony of any kind.

This board stood at the head of Patch's grave until the semi-centennial celebration in Rochester. Then profane hands were laid upon it. The roughly hewn slab was exhibited. After the celebration it was not replaced. It was either lost or seized upon by some relic hunter who cherishes it in secret.

Since Marshall's hand raised that slab no one has ever taken the trouble to mark the grave in any way. Old residents of Charlotte knew of the location by two old stumps, but within the last two years these stumps have rotted away. Recently old residents of Charlotte visited the village cemetery and pointed out the exact spot where the body of Sam Patch was laid away. The grave is now unmarked. Wild blackberry bushes are matted over the spot.

The fame of Sam Patch, such as it was, has probably penetrated farther than that of any other person who ever made Rochester his abiding place. The exploits of Sam were seized upon and embodied in a book of nursery rhymes which will be remembered by many, although it is now said to be long out of print.

Only recently his name appeared in the Cosmopolitan Magazine in a story of high wire walkers and jumpers, such as Brody and Blondin.

Facts as recorded by unenthusiastic historians have taken several kinks out of the general conception of Samuel Patch. In the mind's eye of the unformed he has been pictured as an athlete of imposing height and proportions, keen of eye and steady of nerve. Historians of unquestioned veracity aver that Samuel was short and fat, and not afraid of fagons of any size. In the age in which he lived he was regarded as "shiftless" and a tramp. He would now be termed a "hobo," and legally a "vagrant." His home was where he flowed the strong waters, and he slept wherever opportunity offered. His home was no more in Rochester than elsewhere, but he claimed the Flower City as his own. After the "death glorious" he gained a standing he never attained in life.

Patch's reputation, or notoriety, was

not all gained in Rochester. He made a jump in Paterson, N. J., and later jumped into the Niagara River from a ledge of rock projecting from the bank at a point more than half the height of the cataract. He is said to have had a habit, pronounced when he was in his cups, of saying "some things can be done as well as others." He followed out the idea in his jumping, and it cost him his life.

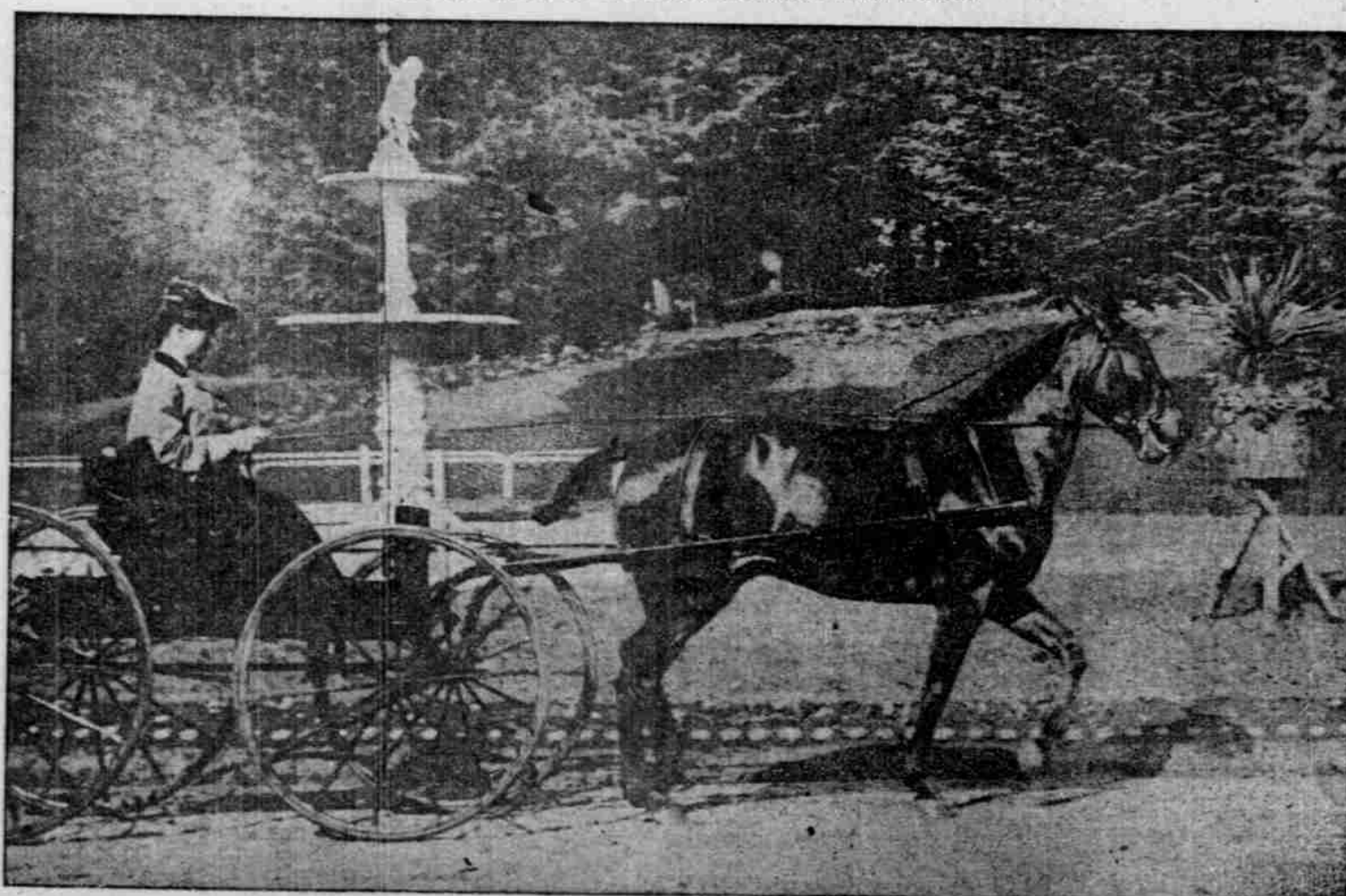
On November 8, 1832, accompanied by a tame bear, Sam jumped from a ledge into the Genesee River, a height of 36 feet. Both came out alive. Sam longed for greater heights of fame and space, and distributed handbills announcing that on November 13 he would leap from a scaffold at the precipice. The scaffold was built 20 feet higher than the brink of the falls. An immense crowd gathered to witness the leap. Sam prepared for the occasion with liberal potations. He mounted the scaffold and harangued the crowd with all of the drunken gravity of which he was capable. He felt himself in need of a stimulant and he took one. He then gave a run and "took off." His body did not fall feet first, but made a half turn. He struck the water with a force of 600 pounds, figured by a local statistician at the time. He did not rise. The crowd waited until dark and then went home. That was the last of Sam Patch in Rochester. The body was subsequently discovered in the river at Charlotte and given burial.

CATCHING BLACK BASS.

Inch for Inch, It Is the Gamest Thing That Swims.

New York Sun. The red-eye or pink-eye is the genuine small-mouthed black bass as distinguished from the Oswego or large-mouthed bass. The difference in the species is marked in build and conduct. The small-mouth lacks the black stripes down the sides of the Oswego. It does not grow quite so large. It is a slender and rounder fish, not often having the pot-bellied bulge of the big-mouth. Its scales are much smaller and finer, and it is of bright, yellowish, coppery sheen along the sides. In nature these two bass differ radically. The difference is that between a blooded racer and a cart horse. The red-eye is swifter in the water than the big-mouth and ten times more active out of it; is more savage and enduring, is much gamier, and affords 50 times the pleasure. In general terms, with the same tackle and the same weight of rod worked by the same wrist, a red-eye of three pounds will fight twice as hard and as long as a big-mouthed of five pounds; a red-eye of four pounds will far surpass the efforts of any large-mouth, no matter what its size. When the red-eye in cold running water gets above four pounds in weight, its capture is always a matter of great uncertainty with any tackle which a man would use ordinarily in whipping a bass stream.

MISS MAUDE G. HUDSON DRIVING BEN BOLT.



A SNAPSHOT OF THE 2:15 PACER TAKEN IN THE MUD AT CITY PARK.