

COME ON, STEVE !

Steve Donoghue's training stables were empty. Steve himself is dead. The establishment where he was a trainer when he retired from the saddle was up for auction. Dealers and sportsmen ~~once privileged to visit Steve's stables~~ *were his friends crowded to sale*

by the Prince overflowing the bungalow so packed with memories of the turf. That ~~signed portrait of the Prince~~ *of Steve, signed* of Wales; that picture of Papyrus, Derby winner that Steve rode against Zev in America; that bronze figure of the Tetrarch, unbeaten 2-yr-old ~~of 1913, whose descendants include~~ *ancestor of* scores of classic winners. Withdrawn from sale was the gold-mounted whip given Steve by George the Fifth. Was it strange that such a collection was quickly sold.

Pat Donoghue bought the plaster figure of Old Kate, a famous Epsom character.

A replica of the Manchester Cup, won in 1922, fetched 450. E.T.J. Houghton, the East Ilsley trainer, ~~wrote a cheque~~ *bought it properly* for nine thousand, seven hundred, ~~and secured the bungalow.~~

For Steve's son Pat it must have been a sad day. Pat carried on the training establishment when his father died. Now that the estate was sold the trophies gathered by one of the greatest little men ever known on the turf will

be spread far and wide.

(portrait) Steve had a place in the heart of all, not racegoers only. It was at Epsom, six times a Derby winner, that he won his greatest triumphs. He rode fearlessly down the dangerous hill to ^{the}attenham Corner, and once he was in the straight half a million voices used to roar Come on, Steve, as he took the lead, close in on the rails, and won again.

We shall never forget this great little sportsman. What a pity the trophies had to be sold!