

CHELTENHAM HOLDS ITS NATIONALS

There was bright sunshine at Cheltenham. It was warm. Winter was forgotten. Cheltenham is the Goodwood of steeplechasing, and though women fought shy of ^{fashionable} spring frocks, it was unmistakably the Society function it used to be before the war. For the National Hunt Steeplechase there were several horses of ~~Grand National~~ ^{Pinetree} class among the twenty-two runners, but there was none of the seriousness of ~~the race~~ ^{G.N.} about this meeting. Amateurs ~~formed~~ ^{S/} formed a good proportion of the day's jockeys.... ~~() Most of the riders had feminine friends whose hearts fluttered for their success.~~
In the crowd were all the best people.

Away went the twenty-two runners, all but one carrying twelve-stone three, on a sporting gallop of four miles over the pleasantest steeplechasing course in the country.

^{A race}
After the fourth jump ~~this event~~ leaves the ~~race~~ course - proper and goes out in the country for a mile and a half. One rider decided to stay where he was.

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Approaching the last jump Maltese Wanderer had a commanding lead over the nearest challenger, Soda the Second.

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In the finishing straight the Wanderer put a good ten

lengths between himself and Soda the Second, ^{Major Daly made} ~~made no mistake and for the second year in succession~~ ^{made no mistake and for the second year in succession}

~~was~~ the National Hunt Chase. ^{2 yrs in succession}

A good winner in the most sporting event of the year over the sticks.