

NIPPY NAPPY NIPPERS.

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Straight from their home stables, 3,000 miles away from the war, come the entries for the toddler marathon of New Jersey. In the training enclosure, fifty contestants are weighed in and saddled up: - now here's your chance folks to study form. In the line-up at the starting-gate these highly trained hopefuls are straining at the bit. Hold it, Junior, you'll be penalised.

And here's the field at the post ready for the start.

Stand back folks they're off. Not a very clean get-away, but they're racing. Out in front the leader's setting a knee-blistering pace. Hello, what's the trouble, looks like something's happened. Yeah, don't look now - there's been an accident.

Gosh, fetlock trouble.

And here comes the favourite - he(s loosing his saddle but what does he care, for two safety pins he's take 'em on bald-headed.

Say feller, ho 's it feel like being a champ?
That's what?