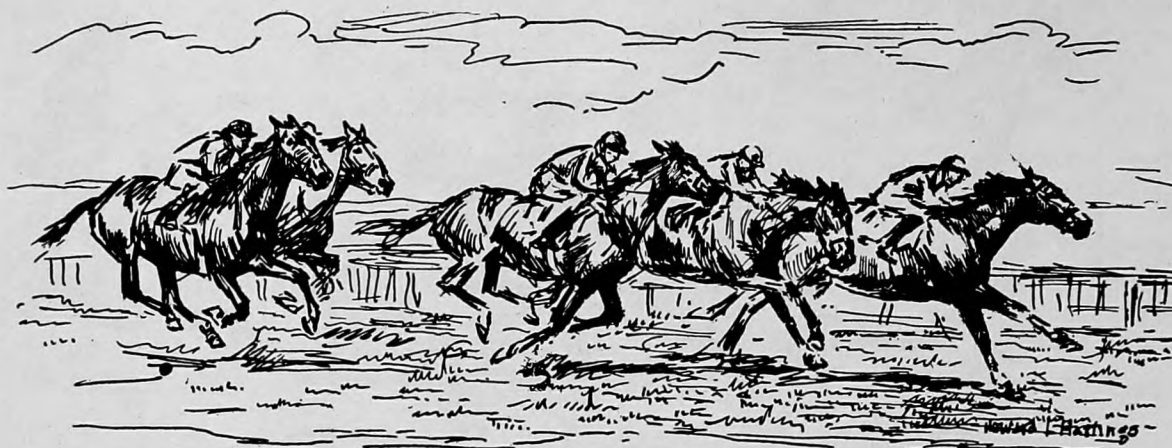




## Another



### How Gates Broke The English Bookies

There never was a dull moment at the Cartaret Gun Club when John W. Gates and his friend, John Drake, came to town. Their presence signified that a shooting match was on and the sky was the limit. When in top form, Gates could hold his own with Oakleigh Thorn, world's champion, and other crack pigeon shots who were members of the club.

Bob Fairbairn who induced his shooting friends to bring the club to Westfield and engaged the town harness maker and all-around sporting man, Cy Wilcox, as manager, recalls a match between Gates and Frank Murphy, one-time National Champion. They were tied at one hundred birds each, and on the shoot-off Drake, who was acting as handler for Gates, passed him the gun with the remark, "Shoot! You cocked-eyed son-of-a-witch, shoot! And don't forget I've got \$16,000 on the muzzle of that gun!"

Fairbairn, who was standing nearby, turned to Drake and asked why he had called Gates a son-of-a-witch. "I've never seen him shoot better."

"O", replied Drake, "he always shoots better when I call him that." Be that as it may, the imperturbable Gates killed his next bird and Murphy missed his \* \* \*

Bob Fairbairn knew Gates well in the hey-day of his spectacular career, and enjoys telling how Gates out-witted the book-makers while racing in England, in the late '90's. It was the talk of Londontown for a fortnight. Gates had had a fairly successful season in America, and he and Drake decided to ship the stable to England. But the horses, accustomed to racing on hard, dirt tracks, did not take kindly to the English turf and failed to win any important races. Gates was making ready to return home when his trainer report-

ed that he had picked up a three-year old which he thought could win. After looking the horse over, Gates and Drake agreed, "All right," Gates said to Drake, "you watch the horse and I'll do the betting."

They had no difficulty keeping their plans secret. In England, horses are trained and given their work outs in the seclusion of the country estate and brought to the track a day or so before a race. So, while their horse was privately developing speed and stamina under the approving eye of Drake, the assiduous Gates was quietly placing bets on his entry at decidedly favorable odds. On the night before the race the three men met to talk matters over. Drake wanted to know where he stood.

"You stand to win a million," replied Gates.

"That's enough for me!"

"Enough? Anything wrong with the horse.?" snapped Gates.

At the track, the next morning, Gates went on a betting spree. The bookies reduced the odds and took his money as fast as he could lay it down. Soft picking. The race track touts were saying that this Wall street speculator must be a bit balmy.

Then came the deluge. When a horse called Royal Flush 2nd flashed across the finish line many lengths ahead of the field, the book makers were in a panic. What a startling upset! The papers were full of it. This American Gambler, Bet-You-A-Million Gates, actually had beaten the cleverest betting men in sporting England at their own game—had won a stake race on an English-bred horse which had not been given an outside chance. Soft? Well, raw-thur! But not for the bookies. They went broke settling with Gates.