

On Pony.

LENNIE GWYTHOR IN SYDNEY.

600-MILE JOURNEY.

SPONTANEOUS WELCOME.

Nine-year-old Lennie Gwythor, after riding his pony 600 miles from his Gippsland home, trotted into Martin-place, city, at 3.15 p.m. on Thursday of last week, to receive a tumultuous welcome from crowds who had waited since noon for his arrival. Lennie made the trip to see the Harbour Bridge opened, and incidentally to compete at the Royal Easter Show.

After spending the night at Liverpool, Lennie set out for the city at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, and was timed to arrive at noon. He was accompanied by two horsemen sent by the Royal Agricultural Society to act as escort into the city. Crowds quickly gathered in Martin-place and all through the lunch hour waited patiently for the boy's arrival. Both sides of the thoroughfare were thronged with spectators, and every office window looking over the street framed groups of six or more. From the top of the G.P.O. tower a dozen people surveyed the scene.

By 3 o'clock the crowd spread over the roadway, and a dozen policemen had difficulty in keeping a passage clear for traffic. A great storm of cheering from the crowds at the George-street corner heralded Lennie's arrival, and a few minutes later the little equestrian trotted into sight with his escort, which had extended to include two very little boys hardly more than babies, mounted on very small ponies.

WELCOMING CROWDS.

Ginger Mick, as Lennie calls his

pony, came on at a fast trot, but soon had to drop back to a walk, for the crowd, ignoring the police commands to keep back, made a concerted rush towards the boy. The police followed at a run, and thrusting people to either side, managed to keep a small area clear round the pony, whose bridle was taken by a sergeant, and who was led slowly to a position past the Cenotaph. Cheering wildly, the mob pressed closer, and if Ginger Mick had not been a pony with an equable temper, a serious accident might have occurred. ..

Ginger Mick, however, appeared to be quite at home in crowds and walked carefully along, contriving to avoid people's feet, and showing no signs of nervousness. His young master displayed a similar unconcern. As he moved through the surging cheering throng he found time to glance at the tall buildings, and seemed to be particularly interested in the Cenotaph.

Everyone in the crowd seemed to want to pat Lennie on the back, or Ginger Mick on the withers. The people surged madly about, and the wisest went to the gutter. The police joined hands, and, by thrusting all their weight against the pressing mob, managed to prevent the pony being swept off its feet.

Colonel Somerville, secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, who was there to welcome Lennie officially, contented himself with patting the boy, complimenting him, and then calling for three cheers for him. These were given lustily, and a woman standing nearby added the epilogue: "He's a dinkum little Aussie." ..

All the women wanted to mother Lennie, because he looked so young and nice and rosy, but, after the movie cameras had whirled for a while Lennie and his escort moved off towards Campsie, where he will stay with family friends.

POPULAR PAIR.

During his brief appearance before the public Lennie showed himself to be a self-possessed, manly little boy

be a self-possessed, manly little boy unspoiled by all the adulation he has received. Ginger Mick showed himself to be a well-bred little chestnut pony. The pair completed their 600-mile journey from Leonpatha (Victoria), in five weeks, and look none the worse for the long ride. Ginger Mick is in splendid condition. He trotted through the city wearing the blue ribbon he won at the recent Moss Vale show.

Lennie believes in travelling light. He arrived dressed in khaki breeches, boots, and leggings, and a thick coat, and carrying a cloth sun hat in his hand. His haversack contained silk pyjamas, toothbrush, and a change of clothing. A water bottle completed his list of gear.

His chief obsession is the bridge, in which he displays a lively interest. He plied his Liverpool host (Mr. W. Nicholl) with hundreds of questions about it—how wide it was; how tall? When Mr. Nicholl said that the tallest steamer afloat could pass under it, Lennie made emphatic denial. "The Jap training ship couldn't go under it," he said. The bridge was the first thing in Sydney he wanted to see, and he will be there on the opening day to take part in the pageant. That is why he rode 600 miles to Sydney.

HOSPITALITY ON THE ROAD.

Questions about the journey elicited only monosyllabic replies, for Lennie appears to have a natural antipathy to publicity. He complained that along the road he had found autograph hunters "most pestiferous." Although he had official escorts for only short sections of the journey, Lennie usually travelled in company, for there was always a drover or some other traveller on the road. He travelled in easy stages for the sake

of Ginger Mick, of whom he is very proud, and who is very nearly his best friend.

At every town there was someone only too anxious to provide him with accommodation. On only one occasion was he turned away, and that was in a far-southern town. A settler told him "to get on his horse and keep going," but that rebuff did not upset the self-reliant little Australian. He simply rode two miles further along the road and found lavish hospitality. All along the route people were kind to him, and at Canberra he was given a dignified reception by all the notable inhabitants of the capital.

Lennie's father, who served in the first battery of field artillery in France and Gallipoli, receiving the Military Cross and bar, gave him permission to undertake the journey as a reward for conscientious work. While Mr. Gwyther was in Melbourne Hospital, suffering from a broken leg, Lennie rolled and harrowed 24 acres of land, so that everything was ready for the sowing on his father's return.

Lennie has achieved at least national fame by his unprecedented journey, but he does not care about that. He aims at having a "whale of a time" in Sydney, at the Show and the bridge festivities, "seeing things and gong to places," and Sydney people showed to-day that as far as they are concerned he has the freedom of the city.

BOY SCOUTS' ESCORT.

Lennie was escorted into Liverpool by Boy Scouts, where he was the guests of the district cub master (Mr. W. Nicholls). He was also met the following day by his aunt, Mrs Hassel