

[Page 91 - The Rankin Family and Harness Racing](#)ISSUE : [Issue 45](#)

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stop, so he just literally ran over me: stepped on my leg and kicked the helmet a few times. (What made your horse fall?) He was lame. Not one of my own, just--I drove it for someone. And that kind of makes you stop and think, like, around here. I drove that horse for 10 bucks. The horse was lame--I knew that when I was cooling him down. Kind of risk? ing your neck for 10 bucks--it's kind of stupid. (You're the youngest of the racers in the family, and you have some tough decisions ahead, what you're going to do,... They're private decisions between you and your fa? ther, that you're really going to have to struggle with.) That's right. And it is kind of--I don't know--that is kind of weird, what you bring up there..., It'd be different if he owned *a garage and I worked around the garage with him, and then he retired and I'd take over the gar? age or sell the garage. But, I guess maybe it's not really a whole lot different, but it seems different. He's worked his whole life, and I've helped him, and we've all helped him, build this up. And now he's getting to retirement age or whatever. And you hate to just kind of up and leave him. But in the same time, I-feel like I could do better somewhere else. You know, you can't just pick that farm up and drop it in Ontario. (And you're the youngest. If it stops with you--that responsibility for having let it stop.) Yeah, exactly, I've weighed that out too. It's kind of foolish to work your arse off and go in debt just to keep up a tradition. I'll tell you something he told me yester? day that kind of shocked me a little with that horse. He was away in Ontario, and I said, "Did you sell the colt (Donmar Rain)?" And he said, "No, I didn't." I said, "Well, why?" Like he's been dealing with horses all his life--he should have got a handsome sum of money for him and have him sold by now. I said, "How come you didn't sell him?" "Well, I kind of like him," and this and that. I said, "Yeah." So then he was talk? ing about, "Did the bet pick up any here?" "No, they're betting the same as they have the last year. Did you think 'cause you went away for a couple of weeks they were going to start betting 60,000 or 80,000!" I said, "No, it's the same as it was." I said, "Geez, you know, you should have sold that colt when you were away. You could have got big money for him--7 starts, 7 wins." "Yeah," he said, "but I was think? ing, you know. I kind of figured this: if I thought you were going away, maybe he'd be a good horse for you to take with you." That's the first he ever let on to me that--you know. He'd never admit before that, like, you couldn't make a living in Sydney. CONTINUED
NEXT PAGE (91)