

Ray Kerrison

Ray Kerrison wrote for the horse player, vowing to protect the \$2.00 bettor.

For decades thoroughbred writers were simply publicists for the tracks they covered, not investigative journalists. No one kept an eye on its players. Racing officials, trainers, jockeys and more were never questioned if something was “off.” Everyone inside was protected.

Ray Kerrison single-handedly changed that, and this caused an immediate uproar.

His fellow turf writers detested him. Racing officials were wary, and jockeys and trainers wanted no part of him. As daunting as each day would be, it never deterred him.

“Ray came from Australia as a news and political writer and was, to my memory, the first turf writer to hold racing executives to account. He held [it] to a higher standard, which often drew the ire of his press-box colleagues. He certainly changed the way I looked at the machinations of racing executives and the state racing board that governed it. His hard-hitting coverage didn’t make many friends among contemporary press box competitors. I learned a lot about what it meant to be a journalist from Ray; to be honest in thought, unafraid to do your job wherever the chips would fall.

John Pricci

Executive Editor, Horse Racing Insider
Newsday’s first Thoroughbred racing handicapper

You know I’ve been thinking about this ... was he the best racing writer, ever?

What set Ray apart, was [he was] a true, tireless reporter. He just had ice water in his veins. He protected the \$2 bettors, and he would go after people that were up to no good [at] this sport and he was not afraid of anything. People got mad at him, and he would take on anybody. I mean he was absolutely The Giant in the field of racing writers.

Bill Finley

Co-Host Down the Stretch Podcast
Long time journalist covering Thoroughbred Racing

“The word that comes to my mind when I think about Ray is fearless. Because he took on anybody who would be a problem for the [horseplayer]. He went up against the stewards at every major track, at every major race. He sided with the bettors. He was absolutely terrific. He got involved in stories that other people do not get involved in today because they are afraid of losing advertising or being unpopular. He was the quintessential New York columnist.

Dave Johnson

Co-Host Down the Stretch Podcast
Race Announcer and Sportscaster

“Ray Kerrison was just a wonderful human being. He was a terrific journalist, columnist, [and] a tenacious reporter who went after stories full tilt. But he was so gracious in the way he did his business. I used to refer to him as the Fred Astaire of Thoroughbred Racing because he was the best. He was the classiest guy who ever worked that beat. No one was better as a journalist.”

Greg Gallo

Former Sports Editor who began working with Kerrison in 1973

Kerrison had come onto the daily racing beat in 1977 and got the scoop of the decade.

He heard quietly that the nation’s most famous veterinarian, Dr. Mark Gerard, had perpetrated a major fraud. He imported a pair of horses from Uruguay, switching their identities and pulled off a betting coup at the nation’s biggest racetrack – Belmont Park.

He got the story first, and day after day following lead after lead, putting him a furlong ahead of the competition. The Post sent him to Uruguay and three NYC Detectives joined him. While there, he also learned the Vet’s wife was a major player.

A dozen plus columns later, the vet and his wife’s criminal activities were exposed to the world. The result was that Gerard- who was Secretariat’s vet- was prosecuted, jailed, and barred from the track for life. This was known as “The Belmont Sting.”

Kerrison’s efforts earned him The Page One Award¹, the Silurian Award² and a nomination for a Pulitzer Prize.

Not long after, he played a key role in exposing the biggest race fixing scandal New York had ever seen. Some of the nation’s top riders were at the center of allegations in fixing 14 races at NYRA tracks. When all was said and done, the outcomes were staggering. People went to jail. Jockeys were banned for life or received severe suspensions. Some continued to ride under a veil of suspicion. There had never been a racing story of this magnitude ever investigated before. There have been none since.

From 1977-1984 he would take a yearly trip to France to cover the Arc de Triomphe. While there he launched a campaign against the Aga Khan, the wealthy French based owner. It was believed he swindled a couple of Americans in a horse deal with an understanding the French Jockey Club were complicit in the fraud.

These are just samples of his investigative reporting.

Kerrison began his work as a journalist in 1951 at a small weekly called The Murray Pioneer. In 1956, by way of London, he touched American soil for the first time. In 1957 he went to the Kentucky Derby for the first time. He saw three future Hall of Fame horses run 2nd, 3rd and 4th and The Shoe standing up at the 16th pole. He spent most of his early career covering news across America as a correspondent for Australian newspapers. He was a full-time racing journalist from 1977-1984 and moved to the front of the paper in 1985. From 1977 until his

retirement in 2012 he covered 32 Derby's well as most other Triple Crown and Breeders' Cup Championship events.

Ray Kerrison was a man of unshakable principle who was relentless in keeping the sport clean. It did not matter who you were. The state of New York. The state of New Jersey. The State Racing and Wagering Board. Trainers. Jockeys. Racing officials. Stewards. If they were involved in something that defrauded, short changed or deceived the \$2 bettor, and he found out about it, his investigations began. His work, albeit at times controversial, was always honest and his readers knew that about him. They trusted him.

All this, and so much more, he did with great humility and equanimity.

FOOTNOTES:

1. The Page One Award ("The Belmont Sting") is presented by the newspaper guild for excellence in journalism.
2. The Silurian Award is given by veteran journalists to the outstanding journalist of the year.

In the following pages you will find the commentary of his peers in their entirety. After which I included quite a fair sampling of articles which contain those of The Belmont Sting, the NYRA race fixing scandal and more. Then, to sum up, a personal note.

Commentary By Kerrison's Peers

When my father passed away in 2022, he did so at 92 years of age. Unfortunately, many of his contemporaries during his '77 to '84 tenure on the beat have preceded him in death. Below are comments/quotes made of him after his passing. Accolades by those that knew his writing, his dedication to exceptional journalism practices, and the man himself.

After that, a transcript of a conversation between columnist Bill Finley and former race announcer Dave Johnson on their podcast Down the Stretch on SiriusXM (minor gaps/stammers edited to improve flow of conversation when reading).

Bob McManus, The Post's retired editorial page editor

"Ray was smart, kind, dryly witty and as committed to his craft as any journalist I've ever known. He was a man of unshakable principle, which was obvious in his writing, but also a fellow who respected his readers' intelligence. His goal was to persuade, not to lecture, and while his work could be controversial, it always was honest. And he was a friend."

Greg Gallo, a former Post sports editor, who began working with Kerrison in 1973.

"All I can tell you is Ray Kerrison was just a wonderful human being. He was a terrific journalist, columnist, a tenacious reporter who went after stories full tilt. But he was so gracious in the way he did his business.

"I used to refer to him as the Fred Astaire of thoroughbred racing because he was the best. He was the classiest guy who ever worked that beat. No one was better as a journalist.

Col Allan, the Australian who became editor-in-chief of the New York Post

"Ray was "one of a group of remarkable Australian journalists including Steve Dunleavy, Neal Travis, Peter Brennan, Ian Rae and John Canning who descended on New York City in the 1970s and left an indelible mark on the newspaper industry with their skill and flair. Unlike his mates, Ray lived a less boisterous life but was deeply respected for his principle, integrity and warmth."

Eric Fettmann, who edited his news columns beginning in 1994

"One of the nicest people you could find, unusual for the newspaper business. He was persuasive without being strident or dogmatic. And he was a joy to edit — not that his column needed much editing. He was a simple yet elegant writer."

John Pricci, who, at Newsday, was a turf-writing contemporary of Kerrison's in New York (now is executive editor of the Horse Race Insider website).

"Ray came from Australia as a news and political writer and was to my memory the first turf writer to hold racing executives to account.

"He was a champion of the sport and its fans. He held turf writing to a higher standard, which often drew the ire of his press-box colleagues. He certainly changed the way I looked at the machinations of racing executives and the state racing board that governed it.

"When he believed a career was worth saving, he wrote about it. When he saw jockeys crossing a line in a race, he wrote that, too. His hard-hitting coverage didn't make many friends among contemporary press box competitors.

"Ray Kerrison was honest to a fault, witty, and with a dry sense of humor. Mild mannered, his voice seldom was raised higher than a conversational level. When he disagreed, it never was disagreeably. A big fan of pedigree, he loved picking and betting against favorites.

"I learned a lot about what it meant to be a journalist from Ray; to be honest in thought, unafraid to do your job wherever the chips would fall. "

Peter Brennan, correspondent for Sydney's Daily Mirror before venturing into US television current affairs, says as a boss,

"Ray was gentle and powerful. A guy who set the standard for honesty and quiet courage without raising his voice. If he challenged you, there was something amiss with you. He didn't know how to tell a lie. He was a quiet, self-effacing hero – a real-life man for all seasons."

Transcript of Bill Finley and Dave Johnson *Down the Stretch Podcast- 12/24/2022*

Bill Finley: If you are fairly new to the game or you weren't following it in the seventies and eighties, you may not know a lot about Ray Kerrison because he stopped covering racing full time in 1985, 1986.

He was ... you know I've been thinking about this ... was he the best racing writer, ever?

It depends on what you're looking for in a person that covers horse racing. He wrote for the New York Post and what set Ray apart, [he] was a true, tireless reporter. He just had ice water in his veins. He protected the \$2 bettors, and he would go after people that were up to no good in this sport and he was not afraid of anything. People got mad at him, and he would take on anybody.

As I talked to his son Patrick this week after he passed away, he said

"He cared so much about the bettors. It was what inspired him to do cover the sport the way he did. He also said he ruffled a lot of feathers because when he came in that all the people that covered racing were like publicity agents for the game and he was an investigative reporter."

I mean he was absolutely The Giant in the field of racing writers.

Dave Johnson: We need more people like him. The word that comes to my mind when I think about Ray is fearless. Because he took on anybody who would be a problem for the \$2 bettor. The trainers, the Stews ... he went against the stewards all the time at all tracks, at every major track, at every major race. He went against the trainers when he saw something [was] wrong. He sided with the bettors against the jockeys if something went wrong.

He was absolutely terrific.

He was an investigative journalist and here's what he did. He got involved in stories that other people do not get involved in today because they are afraid of losing advertising or being unpopular.

Bill Finley: Things have changed quite a bit because the mainstream media does not cover horse racing anymore and it's left to the trade publications and they're a little bit handcuffed because, like my publication the [Thoroughbred] Daily News, the revenue comes from the racing industry and you can only go so far in p***ing people off, to be honest with you. We try to do a good job and walk that fine line, but it is difficult, and Ray broke one of the biggest stories in NY racing of that era in 1977.

The story of Lebon and Cinzano. If you're not familiar with that, a stable brought over two horses from Uruguay. Cinzano, who was a champion and Lebon who couldn't outrun you and me. He switched their identities. They ran Cinzano under the name of Lebon, he won ...

Dave Johnson: I called the race.

Bill Finley: Did you really?

Dave Johnson: Yes, I did.

Bill Finley: He went off at 57-1 and they cast a massive bet. Ray uncovered this scandal. He got, everybody got nailed for it. The people that were involved in it, and he was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize for it. Imagine, if there had been no Ray Kerrison? They might have gotten away with it.

Dave Johnson: Yeah. Bill, he would get involved in so many things, how did he get involved in your career?

Bill Finley: Well, it's interesting. In [1980 ...] the end of 1985 early 1986, the New York Post decided to move Ray off the racing beat and to make him a general columnist. And, at that point, that left us John Piesen to cover racing for the New York Post. Now [it is] unbelievable that

nobody covers racing anymore, [but] the New York Post did not want only one person, they needed two people to cover horse racing. That's how big it was back then. And, with Kerrison leaving, they had an opening, and they brought me in and that was my first big break. I went to work for the New York Post.

Now, they sat me down and they said to me "you're not going to be Ray Kerrison. Don't even think for a minute. We have a much different role for you, and we want you to be a general reporter, just cover the races, write the stories. You're not going to be this columnist or anything like that. "But I got the job because Ray and the Post decided to move him off of racing. That began a career, that all these years later, I'm still doing it and I myself have had a pretty productive career.

Dave Johnson: I was in Santa Anita calling the races out there and Ray was Australian and Rupert Murdoch brought him over, and Bill, he wrote a column for the National Star, which was kind of like ...

Bill Finley: Like a National Enquirer.

Dave Johnson: Yeah like a National Enquirer type of, I guess it was a weekly magazine. In any event I got hold of it in the press box and he wrote a brilliant column about horse racing. And so, I dropped him a note and he answered it and that had to have been in the late seventies. But then he moved, Rupert Murdoch moved him to the Post. He was the quintessential New York columnist. And he was terrific columnist for them when he covered the big stories too. The assassinations and the elections and everything.

But I loved the way he would, he would get involved in some of the inside scoops. He got involved in a Johnny Parisella and Jeremy Rose fight one time. Those of us who love the game love to read about that stuff.

Bill Finley: People love that stuff.

Dave Johnson: And he criticized the stewards at the Breeders' Cup. Oh my God. He took them on, and trainers and jockeys. He even heated up the controversy with John Servis interviewing Nick Zito before the race, and saying, [about] you know, Smarty Jones, and he thought he could beat Smarty Jones. But in any event, it's a sad day for us. He passed away at the age of 92, he had a great life, and he will be missed and I wish we had more like him.

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A Collection of Articles by Ray Kerrison 1971 ~ 2012

Note: I have more than two thousand of his articles handed down since his passing. It is my hope the ones I offer here are a fair representation of his work, and contributions, as a horse racing journalist.



RAY KERRISON IN NEW YORK

A pony tail in a pack of horses

Just on two years ago, the hottest fad in American horse racing was girl jockeys.

Aroused by a barrage of publicity, crowds flocked to the tracks from California to Florida to see pony-tailed girls don silks and boots, get a leg-up on a thoroughbred, and then snatch brains and flailing whips against men.

Since then, the novelty of their appearance has faded and many of the girls have quietly slipped back into obscurity.

There is one notable exception. She is Robyn Smith, a former Hollywood starlet, who is the tallest, prettiest and, by far, the most determined of her kind.

She is out at 5.30 every morning working horses in New York, plying her trade for many leading trainers in the afternoon, and picking up winners.

It is an awfully grim struggle for her. Although she claims a 7lb apprentice allowance, nobody is knocking down doors to hire her. Her male rivals, for the most part, detest riding against her.

BLUE EYES, PRETTY SMILE

Then, last week, she was beaten into second place on an odds-on favorite and the shelling she took from the betting railbirds was enough to convince anybody that when a buck is on the line, chivalry runs out of the money.

Robyn, 26, has ridden in about 70 races in two years, most of them in New York which has the most fiercely competitive jockey colony in the country.

She has won 12 races for a winning average of about 17 per cent. That's far better than most apprentices and compares well with many full-fledged male riders.

A slender girl who stands 5ft

6in and weighs 7st 10lb, Robyn has straight black hair that is shorter than some of the boys in the jockeys' room, blue eyes, a pretty smile — and legs powerful enough to make her a bronco buster.

She is an English graduate of Stanford University and started out looking for a Hollywood career. She took a screen test and was signed to a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She earned the rent appearing in television commercials.

"But when I read that Kathy Kusner had got the first girl jockey's licence, I lost all interest in acting," she said the other day.

"I had always been fascinated by horses, so I decided to become a jockey."

She landed a job in a stable at Santa Anita, in Los Angeles. It carried no pay and Robyn had to drive 50 miles to the track around dawn to get to work.

It took her a long time to break down the prejudice against girl riders to get a mount in a race, but she turned the trick at Golden Gate Fields, outside San Francisco.

Then she came to the Big Apple in New York and has been here since, determined not to budge until she has won complete acceptance and carved out a career for herself.

Among other things, she has had to endure all sorts of allegations about why trainers give girl jockeys mounts in horse races.

She shudders at any image of herself as a militant Women's Lib invader of a male stronghold.

"I'm not a symbol of anything," she said. "The only cause I'm fighting for is my own — and not as a woman but as an individual who thinks she has the ability to earn a living as a jockey."

"It would be silly for me to claim that I'm as good a rider as the star jockeys. But I know I can ride as well, if not better, than any other 7lb apprentice."

"I have good legs and good, strong hands. The boys have

been good to me, but they give nothing away in a race."

She is the only girl riding in New York and she has a jockeys room at Aqueduct and Belmont Park all to herself.

Yet there is a sound argument to think that far from going the way of old soldiers, girls are only at the threshold of making a huge impact.

The evidence is to be found, not on the track in the afternoons, but around the stables in the mornings.

Robyn has won races for Allen Jerkens, John Jacobs, John Campo, Horatio Luro and Frank Wright, all leading New York trainers. Her contract is presently held by Paul Healy.

Campo, New York's leading trainer last year and the present pacesetter, has no fewer than 11 girls working in his stables.

Enthusiastic, diligent, happy, they are Campo's grooms, exercise "boys" and hot walkers.

"Their language during a race is free of profanity, no matter how tough the going is. And that's more than I can say about the all-girl jockey races I've ridden in in California. Such language!"

Nearly all the leading stables in New York now have two or three girls working in them, some as veterinarians.

All the trainers, including Campo, say girls are kinder and more patient with horses and have a settling influence on the animals.

With so many skirts in the background, it is not hard to imagine that in the near future girls are going to move up front and give jockeys and punters a real run for their money.



ROBYN SMITH spattered with mud after a recent ride at Aqueduct.

Jockeys' fix at Bowie made jackasses out of everyone

THE trial and conviction of four prominent jockeys for fixing a ninth race trifecta at Bowie, Md., raises some highly disturbing questions about the conduct of horse racing in this country.

The four riders—Eric Walsh, Ben Feliciano, Jesse Davidson and Luigi Gino—with two unindicted co-conspirators, Carlos Jimenez and John Baboolal, ganged up in the jocks room and cold-bloodedly plotted their own corrupt betting coup.

For an outlay of \$684, they stood to win \$35,237.40—until the law grabbed them.

The jockeys, convicted on numerous counts, will be sentenced within the next few weeks.

Each could receive up to 35 years in prison and \$40,000 in fines.

On the face of it, there is little to arouse any sympathy for the jockeys. Each earns a terrific income by national standards, from \$39,000 to more than \$100,000 a year.

Yet they seemingly turned themselves into a bunch of swindlers.

Or did they? That question is the rub.

Evidence suggests that the jockeys merely took advantage of what the National Star has been writing about for months: A system of racing control that is lax, incompetent and unethical at the top.

The most damning evidence to come out of the whole trial was that the jockeys mounted their fix because (a) they were confident they would not be caught and (b) if anyone tumbled to their scheme, nothing would happen anyway.

The six riders involved unquestionably committed a gross fraud against the betting public.

But are they any more culpable than the racing secretary who forces trainers to run unfit

or unsuitable horses just to flesh out a race?

What about the stewards?

How often do they see jockeys riding to lose and fail to act?

How often do they see form reversals and betting coups, but refuse to make inquiries?

Nearly every day of the week, trainers all over this country are being suspended for 15 or 30 days for illegally doping horses.

That's a swindle against the public, too.

Why do they not face the same possible jail terms that now confront the jockey swindlers?

And what about the veterinarians who blink and allow gimp horses to race, just to make up the numbers?

It all boils down to the simple proposition that the betting public is being taken by one series of unethical practices after another.

Jockeys pulling horses and betting on other jockeys is just one of them.

But, as always, it will be the boys down the end of the line, in this case, the riders, who probably will go to jail, while the masters at the top, who blink at so many abuses and commit their own, will go free.

The Bowie fix made jackasses of the stewards.

They saw the race that day. Later, they would claim they noticed several unusual riders.

But they did nothing about it until their hands were forced by the racetrack security force.

One of the truly shocking features of the Bowie scandal

On the racing scene with Ray Kerrison

is that it would never have been uncovered but for a monumentally stupid act by one individual.

After the jockeys got their money together and decided to buy 38 winning box tickets on the 8-12-2 Trifecta combination, they persuaded jockey Davidson's brother, Ernest, to buy them.

Ernest Davidson then did something incomprehensible.

He went to a seller's window in the clubhouse and bought all 38 tickets in one hit.

After the race, the Trifecta paid only \$927.30 instead of \$2,000.

That fact aroused the track security force (as distinguished from the stewards). They checked the betting patterns.

And there were good old Ernest Davidson's 38 winning tickets, bunched like grapes around a rotten stem.

There was no evidence in the trial that any of the owners or trainers of the six pulled horses were involved in the fix.

That makes the offending jockeys' treachery all the more odious.

Nearly every owner in the sport has a torrid time trying to break even.

If the Bowie affair is a sad commentary on racing, it may also be only the beginning.

The investigation now under way into alleged race fixing in New Jersey and Pennsylvania probably will dwarf Bowie.

But all the scandal, deceit and punishment will amount to nothing more than a white-

wash until the state itself goes to the real cause.

And that will be found at the top.

It includes unjust taxation, unfair distribution of money within the sport, and a flock of immoral if not illegal practices sanctioned by the state and racing's administrators.

It is monstrously unfair to grab a few boys at the end of the crooked line, slap them around, jail them, and allow the hypocrites behind the desks to go free.



Jesse Davidson: Part of a "brother act."



Ben Feliciano: It looked like an easy ride.

PAGE 46 THE NATIONAL STAR OCTOBER 14, 1974

PAGE 44 THE NATIONAL STAR MAY 29, 1974

What made the Peacock fall?

TIME TO PUT THE BIT ON EDDIE BELMONTE



● Eddie Belmonte. His luck ran out after he shot his wife and brawled with the cops.

EDDIE BELMONTE, one of the flashiest, best-known jockeys in the country, became embroiled in a domestic dispute at his home on the night of February 27.

Before it was over, Belmonte had shot his wife, Debra, fought a blazing brawl with four cops summoned to subdue him, and himself sustained a broken collarbone, cuts, bruises and stab wounds.

Police took possession of a gun and a hypodermic syringe, arrested the jockey, hit him with a series of charges, then released him on \$1,500 bail. Later, Belmonte walked out of court virtually a free man. He did not pay so much as a nickel in fines or spend a minute in the slam for his night's mayhem.

Health

Ordinarily, what a jockey and his wife do in their home is their business.

But, since then, a couple of odd things have happened to Belmonte on the track, where bettors invest large sums on his mounts.

When that happens, the Belmonte case very much becomes the public's business.

At Aqueduct on April 16, Belmonte won the first race on Elman. The horse carried him round to the backstretch and

then the jockey fell off. A week later, Belmonte finished out of the money on Dulan in the first race, but after passing the winning post the jockey fell off again, fracturing his collarbone.

Experienced, fit jockeys do not fall off racehorses for no apparent reason.

Clearly, there was something radically amiss with Belmonte's health, yet it was either not detected or glossed over by the track medical staff.

One of the main responsibilities of that staff is to ensure that jockeys are fit and able to do justice to their mounts.

From court to track, Belmonte has been treated with such tender sympathy you have to figure he has one helluva guardian angel.

When a man can shoot somebody, fight four cops to a standstill, be charged with illegal possession of a gun and a hypodermic syringe and fall

off racehorses, all without penalty, you are looking at mercy with a capital M.

Beautiful. Mercy is one of the highest of all virtues.

Generous

But you have to wonder whether some poor anonymous stiff, confronted with the same domestic and legal problems, would have been treated so generously.

In delivering his judgment in the Belmonte case, Judge Anthony Barbiero took into consideration the jockey's work with underprivileged children and the character references supplied by prominent racing figures.

The identities of those who supplied the references will not be divulged to the public. The records are sealed.

Judge Barbiero accepted a statement supplied by a physician that Belmonte used the hypodermic needles for vitamin B-12 injections to help

maintain his strength against constant dieting.

Belmonte, according to his lawyer, Nicholas Castellano, said he had no idea how the gun, a .25 caliber pistol, got into his home.

Who owned the gun, how it got into the Belmonte home, and whether it was registered is not resolved in court transcripts.

Belmonte submitted a letter of commendation to the police for the manner of his arrest, although he caught a broken collarbone out of the fracas.

What would Belmonte have given them if they had half-killed him? A medal?

At any rate, the judge delivered a little marital homily to the jockey then, in effect, released him on probation for six months.

Known as the Puerto Rican Peacock for his eclectic wardrobe, Belmonte, at his top, is a superb, hard-riding, slashing athlete.

Prekness and Woodward on Personality, and finished up the year the nation's second leading money rider with nearly \$2.5 million in purses.

His fortunes have declined considerably since then.

Last year, he barely topped the million-dollar mark,

although that's not to be sneezed at.

In the past couple of years, he has become distinctly accident-prone.

An oil burner exploded near him, inflicting burns.

He suffered a nasty spill at Santa Anita, injuring an eye that required plastic surgery.

A horse stepped on him, fracturing his left leg. He broke his hand playing softball.

Test

Then the marital blow-up—and two more broken collarbones.

Eddie must yearn for the simple, uncomplicated days—like when he used to keep a lion cub in his apartment as a pet.

Right now, he is mending his bones again, preparing for another riding comeback.

But for the public's protection, before he is allowed back in a horse race, he should be subjected to the most searching physical examination by track physicians.

It might be all right for Indians to tumble off horses in John Wayne movies.

It's ludicrous when jockeys do it at the racetrack.

By
**RAY
KERRISON**

By RAY KERRISON

THE CASE of Howard (Buddy) Jacobson probably is the nearest America has come to producing a Watergate of the turf.

Three times the nation's leading trainer and five times the champion in New York, Jacobson was run out of racing four years ago when he challenged the monopolistic rule of the New York Racing Association.

The antagonists have since been locked in a costly, time-consuming legal struggle, Jacobson determined to pursue what he believes is justice, the NYRA determined to preserve its autocracy.

Jacobson won the first court battle and the NYRA took the second a couple of weeks ago.

Principle

The former trainer will now take his case to the appellate court for yet another trip around the legal track in the fall.

More is at stake than an internecine war within racing.

The Jacobson case raises a fundamental public principle: If the NYRA can arbitrarily strip a trainer of his livelihood and deny him equal justice, what hope does the \$2 bettor have of getting a fair shake at its tracks?

What hope do other owners and trainers have of receiving equitable and just treatment from the ruling body?

A slick-talking, fast-living abrasive young man off the streets of Brooklyn, Jacobson was not the most popular man around New York's racetracks.

He wheeled and dealt in horseflesh like some men move stocks and bonds.

Challenge

But the crowds in the grandstand loved him because Jacobson sent his horses out to win. And if they couldn't win, Buddy wanted second, or third, or even fourth.

As he himself put it, "I wanted everything I could get." Jacobson compiled a superlative record with favorites, a barometer of what a stable is up to.

For all his moves, the young go-getter maintained an immaculate record with the proprietors of racing.

Until he was bludgeoned, Buddy Jacobson in 18 years in racing had not once incurred the displeasure of the stewards or anybody else.

THIS IS RACING'S WATERGATE



BUDDY Jacobson...set for another trip around the legal track.

'What hope does the \$2 bettor have of a fair shake?'

On a comparison basis at least, there can be no doubt that Jacobson was punished in a power-play that violates every principle of decency and fair play.

He was guillotined by a group of men with the mentality of Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Colson.

The trustees of the NYRA could not abide a challenge to their authority, they put Jacobson on an enemy list, then in closed session voted to deny him stall space for his

horses. In effect, they destroyed him as a trainer.

The story is well known. As President of the New York Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association, Jacobson pushed for a backstretch pension plan.

It was, many believe, the opening shot in a campaign to challenge the thick, web-like conflicts-of-interest that permeate racing.

The volatile issue exploded into a racing boycott at

Aqueduct, an ugly confrontation between grooms and management — and a loss of tax revenue to the State.

Jacobson had to go.

The Maryland Racing Commission suddenly hit him with a minor claiming offense and slapped him with an unprecedented fine of \$2500.

Observers likened it to getting 30 years for running a traffic light.

Then the New York Racing Commission resurrected charges made two years earlier by Sam Lefrak, the millionaire builder who made a career of fighting his trainers.

Ruined

Lefrak had claimed that Jacobson pocketed some money in trading Lefrak's horses — a common practice since middlemen invariably get a commission in horse sales.

The Racing Commission, in the atmosphere of a kangaroo court, decided to throw the book at Buddy.

It suspended him for 45 days, but held off the announcement for some months, releasing it to coincide with the start of a new racing season.

The NYRA trustees then stepped in and denied Jacobson space to house his horses. He was, in effect, ruined.

The dubious charges against Jacobson, the manner of the hearings, the overkill penalties and their timing all add up to a suspicious and appalling miscarriage of justice.

In Nassau County's Superior Court, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, chairman of the NYRA



Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt...testified at trial.

trustees, was taken through the cases of trainers John Campo and George Poole and owners Ralph Wilson Jr. and Louis Wolfson, all of whom had suffered suspensions.

Campo got 30 days for doctoring registration papers knowing them to be false and for consorting with Robert Presti, a man with a series of aliases who had been barred from racing's premises.

Not only that, Campo had taken instructions on the running of his stable from Presti for a year.

Sale

Poole got 30 days for repeatedly entering horses whose real owners were concealed, making bets for Presti and claiming horses for him.

Wilson also concealed the sale and ownership of horses while Wolfson was criminally convicted for Securities and Exchange Commission violations.

Vanderbilt meekly conceded

'Jacobson was run out of racing'

that the trustees had not discussed any of these cases and none of the guilty had been penalized beyond their suspensions.

But, he admitted, on May 30, 1970, the trustees met and discussed the Jacobson case.

Savage

The minutes of that meeting, produced in court, concluded: "If Mr. Jacobson applies for stalls his application should be denied."

Vanderbilt was asked whether in all his years in racing he could recollect any other man being refused back on to the track after serving a suspension.

"No," said Vanderbilt.

The discrimination against Jacobson and his savage exclusion from racing would appear obvious.

Ironically, both Vanderbilt and his racing secretary, Kenneth Noe Jr., testified in court that character was one of the three standards used in allotting stall space.

Action

Their evidence was sanctimonious trash considering the treatment of Jacobson against their treatment of convicted criminals like Wolfson and violators like Campo and Poole.

It is a sad commentary that not one member of the board of trustees had either the courage or conscience to protest Jacobson's lopsided punishment.

Their action, in the end, reflected not their strength but their weakness.

They may have gotten rid of Jacobson, but they in turn were taken over by the politicians.

It's the same old story. Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Colson eventually fell, too.

RUFFIAN'S LEGACY: THE FILLY WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN

THE DESTRUCTION of Ruffian, the black velvet flyer, was a cruel blow to racing and breeding, but it was especially bitter to every horse lover in America.

Her premature death, in itself, was tragic. The circumstances were positively shattering.

The wave of grief that swept the country at her passing has seldom, if ever, been surpassed by any other thoroughbred.

But in the emotional climate of those terrible days, some strange things were said of Ruffian in her obituaries.

Most ranged from the extravagant to the absurd, chief among them that Ruffian was the greatest horse that ever lived.

A dispassionate appraisal of her all-too-brief life and deeds makes the claim insupportable. It is no service to her memory to elevate her at the cost of so many genuine and proven racehorses.

One thing about Ruffian is indisputable: she was a spectacularly built filly, gifted with rare speed.

The truth

Beyond that, everything is opinion and guesswork.

It may be harsh to say, but the unavoidable truth about Ruffian is that she could not, in life, attain what she did in death: a mass outpouring of affection.

A month ago, Ruffian went to the post at Belmont Park for the Coaching Club American Oaks in her bid to win the Triple Crown for three-year-old fillies.

I, for one, thought it a significant, exciting event. The weather was perfect. Yet only 30,000 people bothered to show.

That is exactly the same number that saw Chris Evert win the same Triple Crown a year earlier.

Who today would dare compare Chris Evert with Ruffian?

Ruffian's crowd of 30,000 was exactly half the number who went to the same track a few weeks earlier to see Avatar, Foolish Pleasure and

RACING WITH RAY KERRISON

Master Derby in the Belmont Stakes.

It was 51,000 short of the crowd that turned out for Canonero II in 1971.

This proves that Ruffian, for all her unique charm, failed in life to draw people through the turnstiles. Sad, but true.

Her record on the track is open to argument.

By universal consent, the fillies of Ruffian's age, with the exception of Sarsar, are notable only for their mediocrity.

That Ruffian won her first 10 races easily against such an ordinary crop proves little.

She never was permitted to run up against Sarsar, her natural and obvious rival, because Sarsar is trained by David Whiteley, son of Ruffian's trainer, Frank Whiteley Jr.

Why the Whiteleys matched Ruffian against Foolish Pleasure in preference to Sarsar, who had herself beaten some colts, is unfathomable in hindsight.

Ruffian's main claim to immortality then rests with the clock.

In eight of her 10 races, she equalled or bettered stakes or track records.

It was an extraordinary feat and one would not, under most circumstances, attempt to diminish its magnitude.

Yet the clock is a seductive, treacherous base. It never has been and never will be the true arbiter of athletic greatness.

The sports world learned that lesson some years ago



RUFFIAN with jockey Jacinto Vasquez, minutes before her tragic breakdown.

when a superb young runner named Ron Clarke came out of Australia to knock the world on its ears with record-breaking long distance exploits.

Ferocity

From Melbourne to Stockholm, Clarke broke every world long-distance time mark in the book. He busted clocks quicker than they could move them out of Switzerland.

But in the ferocity of head-to-head competition, something happened to Clarke.

At two Olympic Games and two British Common-

wealth Games he could not win a single race.

I've never trusted the clock since, least of all at the racetrack.

The essence of a truly great sports star, human or otherwise, is tested as much in heart and courage as in skill or brilliance.

It is not that Ruffian failed the test, so much as she was never put to it until that Sunday afternoon when, for the first and only time in her life, another horse, Foolish Pleasure, went with her, stride for stride, through the blistering early furlongs.

A veterinarian later attributed Ruffian's breakdown to

the punishing pressure which Foolish Pleasure subjected her to.

Maybe he is right. Maybe not. Nobody knows.

But with that omission, nobody has the right to say Ruffian was the best ever bred.

Secretariat, by comparison, met the standards — he won at all distances, on good tracks and bad, on grass and dirt, against his own age and older horses. He won them up front and from behind.

Even to suggest that Ruffian might have been greater than Big Red seems to me, at least, to be idolatry run riot.

Then there is Foolish Pleasure, a titanic colt as unsung as Ruffian is inflated.

No horse in this country this year has been to the wars over so long a time.

From the Florida winter to the Belmont summer he has held fast, as genuine as prize gold.

Heartbreak

He was primed to run the race of his life in the Great Match Race and then, in one hideous moment, he, too, was stripped of what might have been a final unassailable reputation.

The disaster of the race reaffirms that racing is largely a heartbreak business for everyone from breeder to owner to bettor.

I saw Ruffian in most of her races, from Saratoga to Monmouth, and she leaves behind rich and affectionate memories.

If my own household is any guide, she also left behind, in her last hours, acute distress.

But fairness also dictates that it be said that her final legacy for the ages was a question.

How great?

STEWARDS SLAM RECKLESS CORDERO —AT LAST

By RAY KERRISON

THE stewards at Hollywood Park finally bit a bullet that the New York stewards have been dodging for years. They got tough with jockey Angel Cordero Jr.

In one stroke, the Californian stewards suspended New York's leading rider for 15 days, the heaviest penalty imposed on the West Coast in ten years.

They cited Cordero for extreme recklessness in three separate incidents through the running of one race.

Those who have been appalled by his roughhouse antics for so long can only say: "It's about time!"

Cordero has compiled the foulest riding record of any contemporary jockey in the United States.

He has been suspended 20 times in the past four years for about 170 days on the ground.

Routine

He has crossed, impeded, herded and roughed so many horses he has cost bettors a small fortune and many stables a fair chance of winning.

Along the way, he has never shown the slightest sympathy for his victims, nor even a faint recognition of the error of his ways.

The amazing feature of Cordero's career is not that he rides rodeo-style, but that he has been able to get away with it for so long.

No matter how many times he fouls up a race in New York, the patty-cake, patty-cake stewards hand out a routine seven-day suspension.

They never seem to take into account Cordero's horrendous record. In other spheres, offenders who run up repeated violations receive escalating penalties.



Angel Cordero Jr. driving for victory — but does he drive too hard?

But not Cordero. Not, at least, until he ran into the three wise men of Hollywood Park who took one look at his ruthless opportunism and socked him with 15 days.

Equally surprising, the jockeys themselves have permitted him to get away with his intimidation.

Intimidated

Only one jockey I'm aware of—little Bobby Woodhouse—has "called" Cordero. Woodhouse promptly gave him a lash of his whip during the running of a race a few years ago.

Cordero's performance at Hollywood Park, according to the stewards' version, was mind-boggling.

Aboard Bending Away, Cordero came out of the gate, bumped Bill Shoemaker's horse, herded three other horses in the run around the far turn, and then intimidated

two horses in the run down the lane.

It reads as if Cordero did everything but pull a pistol.

This ride, more than anything, reveals the true nature of Cordero's approach to race riding.

Apologists like to talk about his "competitive spirit" and his aggression, along with his flamboyant, chirpy singing.

But behind Cordero's mask is a credo to win by hook or crook, and when that's boiled down, there's not much difference between a jockey who attempts to win by foul means and a jockey who loses by foul means.

Fearless

Cordero is a fine rider, among the best. But so is Braulio Baeza, Jorge Velasquez, Bill Shoemaker, Ron Turcott and others.

All of them are brainy, fearless, even daring, but none stoops to the repeated fouling that is the hallmark of Cordero's saddle work.

Mad rushes

Cordero has been riding fulltime in New York for exactly ten years. He was leading rider from 1967 to 1969.

He narrowly lost the national riding title last year (a suspension in December robbed him of the chance) but still his horses won more than \$4 million in purses.

Proof is everywhere that he is a gifted jockey with long experience.

How then can anyone, least of all Cordero himself, justify his performance in California with three brazen offenses in one race?

The answer is as clear as the record: Cordero is not

only reckless but wilfully so.

The jockey recently said: "I believe in my ability. I never try to hurt anybody. I would never endanger another rider. When I come to that, I quit."

It is a matter of opinion of how close Cordero comes to endangering the lives of other jockeys and horses with his mad rushes and his calculated chances.

What is at fault is his basic philosophy, which is to get away with as much as he can.

By permitting him to go on committing infractions with no real or rising penalty, the New York stewards have all but encouraged him.

That's why the public, his colleagues in the jockeys' room and even Cordero himself should be thankful to the Hollywood stewards for doing what should have been done years ago.

Cut throat

Whether the jockey will stop and review his ways and maybe reform is open to question. It's one bet I would not make.

But no jockey, not even one of Angel Cordero's skill and determination, should be permitted to turn a racetrack into a cut-throat anything-goes stampede.

The Belmont Sting 1977

Note: These next 13 articles do not encompass all Kerrison wrote on the subject. However, these are all the pieces in our possession..

All signs point to vet

The New York Racing Assn. and the State Racing and Wagering Board formally declined yesterday to name the person who collected a small fortune betting on the 57-1 ringer, Lebon.

They know who it is. I know who it is. And so does just about everyone around the track.

Despite their rectitude, the association and the Board then proceeded to unmask the heavy hitter. They cited three specific reasons for suspending veterinarian Dr. Mark (Mike) Gerard and owner-trainer Jack Morgan.

One of the reasons was the "heavy betting" on Lebon, although the horse appeared to be thoroughly outclassed in the race he won, the ninth at Belmont Sept. 23.

SIMPLE LOGIC

You don't have to be Perry Mason to ask this question: How could Gerard or Morgan possibly be suspended on a gambling rap if either or both were not part of the betting action?

In a word: it wasn't the butler. It was the vet.

Dr. Gerard was the man who went up to the windows, cashed the tickets and was escorted from the premises clutching the spoils in a brown paper bag. Only he knows for sure whether he was collecting for himself or acting as an agent.

One thing is for sure—he wasn't telling much. Another reason for the suspension was that investigators found Gerard and Morgan less than satisfactory in their responses to questioning. The third and final reason, of course, was



By
Ray Kerrison

that Lebon was not really Lebon.

How much did Gerard have in his paper bag? Informants close to the scene, acting from memory, said at first it was \$87,000, coming from a \$1500 bet on the nose. At it turns out, the size of the bet was underrated; the size of the score overrated.

The bet, after scrutiny of the records, was found to be \$1300 to win and \$300 to show. The payoff was almost \$78,000.

EMBARRASSMENT

The first denouement in the Lebon-Cinzano affair was not a happy event for Dinny Phipps, chairman of the NYRA. In some ways, it just hasn't been his year.

What with the problems of winter racing, a mutuel strike, declining attendances and handles, the ousting of race caller Dave Johnson, the resignation of his president and a high-promotion campaign that went phfft, the last thing he needed was to face the cameras and concede that beautiful Belmont Park had showcased a bloody ringer. It was damned embarrassing, I can tell you.

Dinny has to hope there's not too much more down the pipe.

Gerard, in his time, has done a lot of travelling, a lot of horse trading, a lot of dealing and a lot of placing. One of his clients was Burt Bacharach, the Acad-

emy Award-winning songwriter and husband of TV star Angie Dickinson. Another is A. L. Braunstein, who raced the horse Ragamuffin at Aqueduct Monday. The horse is an Argentine import and Braunstein was Bacharach's agent.

REMINDER

I can't help being reminded of an episode in my early days of handicapping for The Post. One day I came across a horse that had been shipped into New York from a small track in another state.

This horse aroused my special curiosity because as a handicapper I sometimes try to put myself in a trainer's shoes and divine what he is doing with it.

I couldn't fathom what this horse was doing in New York since he had run so poorly on an inferior track. Next day, when he started at 4-1, I was even more surprised. When he won handily, I

was dismayed.

This winner disturbed some people, including those whose horses had been beaten by the shipper. The trainer whose stall the horse occupied was so upset over the comings and goings around the barn that he sought outside counsel. When the horse left the barn, a heavy weight lifted from his shoulders.

ENCOURAGING

One of the encouraging developments in the Lebon affair is its handling by Phipps and William Barry, chairman of the Racing Board. They put a lot of troops in the field, waited patiently for documents from Uruguay and then used the best brains in the business, track-veterinarian Dr. Manuel Gilman, before moving in on Gerard and Morgan.

That's a far cry from the days of jockey Sandino Hernandez, who was accused, yanked and ejected from the track on the spot in a battery incident.

Even now, Phipps and Barry are proceeding with great caution, determined not to exceed the limits of their powers. Civil rights are coming to the racetrack.

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Ringer vet's rise & fall

Around the barns at Belmont Park, they tell the story of how Mark Gerard, the 43-year-old veterinarian in the Lebon ringer affair, one day found himself in an argument with leading trainer Frank Martin.

The disagreement became heated. It ended with Martin bopping him on the jaw. A few days later, Gerard was back in Martin's barn, trying to sell him a horse.

"That's the kind of guy Gerard is," a prominent racing man said yesterday. "He has more brass than a Chinese gong."

Associates say he has an ambition to match, reflected in a decision he made soon after graduating from veterinary school. He changed his name.

From Mark Geronimus he became Mark Gerard. In the Wasp-dominated environment of the track, Gerard was a handle that promised more upward mobility than Geronimus.

Brass, ambition—and finally luck. These were the ingredients that made Gerard one of the best known men around New York's tracks.

Out of vet school, he had the uncommon good fortune to go to work for Dr. Bill Wright, legendary in the profession for his skill and the warmth and kindness of his personality.

Two years later, Dr. Wright retired and Gerard, at the relatively tender age of 24, inherited most of Wright's valued clients. He was on his way.

"Right from the beginning, he had enormous drive and energy," said a



By
Ray Kerrison

former associate. "Money became his god.

"He used to say, after a tough 12-hour day, that one day he would get enough together and when anyone wanted him, they'd find him retired in South America."

Gerard built a thriving practice. His name became linked with two of the finest horses of his generation. When Hoist The Flag broke down in a tragic training accident, Gerard was the first to treat him. He took care of him after surgery.

Most of all, Mark Gerard will be known as the veterinarian for the horse of all horses, Secretariat.

TERROR AS A BOSS

Former workers depict him as a charming, good-humored man with clients, something of a terror as a boss. "He would fly into a rage at the snap of a finger," said one. "He would scream and yell and carry on. Not many stayed around long. At least 30 vets have come and gone under his employment.

"When he hired young, idealistic vets, he put them on two-year contracts with a clause demanding that for two years after termination of

services they could not set up in opposition to him."

As the years wore on, Gerard gradually turned over the bulk of his vet work to his assistants while he became increasingly absorbed in horse trading.

Into his life came Joe Taub, a millionaire electronics genius from Tenafly, N. J., who, it is said, computerized Wall St. Taub was a thoroughbred owner with an idea that computers, somehow, might be a golden passkey to racing success.

Said a friend, "Mark and Joe went to work. It was unbelievable what they did.

"They'd take bloodcounts before a horse breezed, after he breezed, before he raced, after he raced. They'd weigh him before he worked, after he worked. They had some success at the start, but then nothing. That experiment must have cost Taub a fortune."

Taub later would sponsor the American tour of the English rock group, the Bay City Rollers. He confided to a friend, "At least I had some fun with the horses."

A racing man commented, "You know the old saying—a genius downtown, a rookie inside the gates."

Through his lawyer yesterday, Mark Gerard complained that his reputation had been irreparably injured by the ringer affair. He said nothing of the damage done to racing's reputation.

Stung woman revealed

The Post broke the story 10 days ago that it was veterinarian Mark Gerard who collected the \$78,000 winning bet after the ringer Lebon won the ninth race at Belmont Sept. 23.

A rare stroke of luck unmasked his identity. The vet waited until the track had all but emptied of patrons before he approached the cashier's windows and asked for his winnings in cash.

As he was paid, another mutuel clerk happened to pass by and recognize Gerard.

Any other day, Gerard might have gotten away without notice. The reason: the vet is not normally a big hitter and is virtually unknown around the mutuel windows while most mutuel clerks never go on the backstretch where Gerard is a familiar face. It was Gerard's luck that on this day the passing clerk was one who had spent some time on the backside.

Gerard's winning bet was important information, but in the overall picture of the ringer scandal it is not nearly as important as the betting on Lebon in his first race at Belmont Sept. 9. That was the race he lost.

A woman shoveled so much money on him through the machines that she drove his price down from 55-1 to 7-1. The size of the bet is believed to be \$10,000.

Since Lebon was having his first race in the U. S., the woman obviously had to know something about the horse that no other bettor on the track knew.

The Post can now reveal the identity



By
Ray Kerrison

of that woman. She is Christa Mancuso, of Florida.

Mrs. Mancuso has been a horse racing associate of Gerard's for some years. She was listed as the owner of record of Enchumao, the Argentine import who was destroyed after breaking down at Gulfstream park in February. Authorities are now investigating the possibility that Enchumao was a ringer.

Mrs. Mancuso was also the owner of record of Sundoro, another Argentine import who is also suspected of being a ringer. Sundoro won at Aqueduct May 16 after finishing last of nine, beaten 15 lengths, in a race at Florida Downs, a small track outside Tampa, in last March.

RIDERS SWITCHED, TOO

By a curious coincidence, jockey Tommy Wallis rode Sundoro in the losing race in Florida. He also rode Lebon when the ringer lost his first race at Belmont—the race that Mrs. Mancuso bet.

For Sundoro's winning race at Aqueduct there was a riding switch to Heliodoro Gustines. For Lebon's winning race at Belmont there was a riding switch to Larry Adams.

Despite the Mancuso ownership listing, the Post revealed yesterday that Gerard also held a financial interest in Enchumao and is suspected of having a piece of Sundoro at the time he won.

It is apparent then that Christa Mancuso, the losing betting owner, is a crucial witness in the case of Mark Gerard, the winning betting vet.

How their lines were crossed is a classic right out of a TV soap opera. Maybe hell hath no fury like the woman scorned, but the woman who loses a bet then fails to be cut in on the winning day will give the scorned woman one hell of a race in the Fury Stakes.

Gerard's failure to cover his bet, so to speak, was his undoing. The whistle blew. For him, the world has not been the same since.

That will surprise no one who knows Gerard. The vet's way with a dollar is legendary on the backstretch. A close associate described him the other day as a man "addicted to money."

"That's why he's normally a small bettor," the associate said. "He can't stand losing a dollar."

Gerard has learned a fact of life: the way to keep a dollar sometimes is to give it away. In the near future, he may be obliged to give away dollars by the barrowfull.

He had hired the celebrated trial lawyer F. Lee Bailey to defend him in any upcoming proceedings. That he may find, will be a bigger "sting" than Christa Mancuso.

Ringer doc betrayed Argentine vet

BUENOS AIRES, Argentina — It is a terrible thing for a man to learn he has been betrayed by a friend. It is worse to suspect the betrayal but not have the proof.

That's the position Jorge Diehl, an Argentine veterinarian, was in last night as he slipped black coffee in the Hotel Presidente in Buenos Aires and talked about his three-year association with Mark Gerard, the Belmont colleague involved in the ringer case.

It was Diehl who shipped Sundoro and Chirico to New York under Gerard's instruction. The two horses, like Cinzano and Lebon, like As De Pique and Enchumao, are now suspected of being ringers. Until a month ago, it had been a desirable and profitable collaboration for a man like Jorge Diehl. At 34, he has a wife, a son and a new child on the way.

Gerard gave him more than business and money. He gave him opportunity, including seven all-expense paid trips to the United States where Diehl, in his own words, "met some very important people."

VISIT TO CHILE

Twice Gerard sent him to Chile. He sent him to Uruguay. The Geraldts, to visit him in Buenos Aires Mark and Alice, often came



By

Ray Kerrison

on horse buying deals.

"Mike (as he calls Gerard) was my friend," Diehl said. "He did the right thing by me. He paid me well — sometimes a bit slowly — but well."

"The worst thing he ever did to me was beat me four times straight at ping pong in his house. But now ... I don't know what to think."

In the aftermath of the Belmont disclosures, Diehl does not know whether Mike Gerard is his friend or whether Mike Gerard used him and has left him to twist slowly in the wind. He is startled, angry — and edgy.

He said, "The other day I called a friend in New York to ask what's going on, and he told me this thing is turning into a Watergate. My God!" In the Sundoro-Chirico shipments, Diehl admitted he was at first suspicious because Gerard asked for a horse with no

markings. His fears subsided when the asking price for Sundoro almost doubled and Gerard accepted.

"If Gerard used to change those horses, I would have to be stupid," the young vet said. "This thing is so bad for everyone — for racing, for horse odd circumstance of his re-exports from our country."

"I have dedicated all my life to horses. I was born on a horse. I would do nothing to hurt them."

As he talked about the Geraldts, Diehl recalled an early trip to Uruguay with Alice Gerard to take blood samples and pictures of Cinzano and Lebon, the switchers who have made the biggest hit to date.

"When Mike bought horses before, he always came down here himself," Diehl said. "But for the Cinzano-Lebon purchase, he did not come. He sent Alice. This was the first time

this had ever happened."

DIFFICULT POSITION

Diehl made no attempt to conceal the domestic aggravation this particular switch caused him. He said, "I was in the position of flying to another country (Uruguay) with another man's wife (Alice). This was very difficult for me and my own wife, who is Argentine. I'm afraid Argentine women don't understand these things."

"Then, when Alice checked out of her hotel in Buenos Aires, she did not have enough money to pay the bill."

The mere memory of this left Diehl rolling his eyes to the heavens and muttering Spanish under his breath.

Like the Uruguayans Diehl cannot, understand how any of the horses shipped out of South America could be mistaken in identity.

He then makes an interesting observation. He says the horse identifiers in New York must be crazy, incompetent, stupid — or on the take.

This is one facet of the Belmont scandal yet to be explored.

Last Race Louie—bag man in Uruguay

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay —Luis Donamari, is Mark Gerard's local connection, the bag man, in Uruguay and Argentina. By his own estimate, he has moved at least 100 racehorses into the U. S. for the betting veterinarian. Among them was a consignment of 20 horses for Burt Bacharach. His cut, he says, is 5 per cent.

Donamari is the kind of guy who cries out for a racetrack moniker, and since he has none we'll give him one: Last Race Louie.

He is a small man, but wealthy by local standards. He is past 60, has an arch in the shoulders and his green-brown eyes dart around like loose marbles.

But the thing you notice most about Last Race Louie is the twitch in his neck and his nervous hands.

Every few seconds, he twitches. It starts at the nape and proceeds all the way up to the jaw. His fingers never stop fidgeting. He twirls and untwirls the strap on his binocular case 100 times as he sits in the director's room above the Maronas Race Track outside Montevideo.

LOTS OF HEAT

Louie behaves like a man taking a lot of heat, which is exactly what he is. The New York State investigation unit had him on the carpet for three and a half hours Friday and they will have him in for another jam session



By
Ray Kerrison

today.

A friend, Bill Nicholson, who is the Associated Press bureau chief in Buenos Aires, and I had gone up to ask Luis about the ringer job at Belmont Park. Since he had been the broker for both Cinzano and Lebon, it figured he might know who put the zing in the sting.

Not Louie. No sir-ree. He knows nothing about nothing. "I didn't do anything wrong" he says. "I buy horses because people come to me. It's like someone asking you to buy a coat. You buy a coat. What happens after that is none of your business. I just act on instructions."

Louie says he has no idea what happened in the U. S. It was none of his business, anyway. But then he says a curious thing. "Anyone who couldn't tell the difference between those two horses has to be stupid."

Although Last Race Louie is sitting right next

to me, he is really a man in flight. He's putting distance between himself and his clients, the Gerard family.

"Nothing happened here," he goes on. He tries to explain how it would be impossible to switch Cinzano and Lebon in Uruguay. Then he says some unflattering things about Mrs. Gerard.

Louie talks guardedly about the horse deal. He says Gerard asked him to look out for two horses, a good horse and another horse for about \$8000.

He latched on to Cinzano, a multi-stakes winner in Uruguay. Louie buys for \$81,000 and Gerard sells to Joseph Taub of New Jersey for \$150,000.

A BLEEDER

Then Louie went for Lebon, a wreck of a horse who had been auctioned off for about \$800. "I found him," says Louie. "He was a good buy at the price."

Now it's my time to choke. Uruguay's finest

horsemen earlier that day had described Lebon's problems. He was a bleeder and he had lesions on the spine. "You had only to touch him on the back and he would jump", the trainer told me. "The horse walked like this." The trainer then shuffled like a man with a gimpy leg.

Louie is unabashed. Many discreet horses from here go on to win a lot of money in the United States," he said. I think to myself: Louie, if you worked on Woodhaven Blvd., you could move a lot of used cars.

The only thing Louie said of any value was to identify the blonde shutterbug as Alice Gerard. As he got up to leave he snapped, "This is turning into a novel."

Later, I spoke to Roberto Forne, the customs agent who bought Cinzano for \$2000 as a yearling, saw him win four local races and then sold him through Last Race Louie and Gerard for \$81,000.

Forne said that, unlike some other owners, he would not let them move Cinzano out of Uruguay without first getting the cash. I asked why, and he replied, "I didn't trust the bastards."

Latins should probe us

For the past week, squads of investigators, veterinarians, police and newspapermen have been hustling through Uruguay and Argentina seeking a lot of answers to a lot of questions about the Belmont ringer case.

The Latins, almost to a man, have responded candidly and patiently, opening their books and records. Yet of all the sessions I had with these men, not one ended without their hurling a question at me: How in the name of reason is it possible that any of their horses could get into a New York track under a false identity?

To them, it seems so simple. They find it hard to believe that anyone could confuse a modest animal like Lebon with a classy racehorse like Cinzano. Invariably, they jump to a conclusion: it had to be negligence or hanky-panky.

OFFICIALS INCENSED

When their feelings were faithfully reported in this space Wednesday, some local officials became incensed.

The New York Racing Assn. has been deeply hurt by the events of the past month. Understandably so. But the fact is that Uruguay and Argentina have been hit even harder. Their horse exports, a staple in their economies, have been slashed to a trickle and insurers have been put to flight.

In view of this severe damage, they have a legitimate right to ask some questions of their own.

So, on Wednesday, it was said here that the horse identification proce-



By

Ray Kerrison

dures in New York, leading up to the dread ringer, had not been explored in public. In short; where or how did the system break down?

DEFENSE PENETRATED

I don't know. And the Latins don't know either because it happened up here. Before this affair is over, maybe everyone will know.

To date, we know only one thing for sure: Cinzano, posing as Lebon, penetrated the identification defense. If it is proved later that four other horses — Enchumao, As De Pique, Sundoro and Chirico — also got by, then the identification system clearly will be a crucial factor in the affair.

HOLE IN THE NET

A man with some experience in this field offered an opinion. "You have to remember that New York has the best trainers and the best horses in the country. It is unthinkable that anyone would pull a ringer stunt in New York. Certainly, no one would go looking for one.

"In a climate like that, the guard may have been dropped and—bingo!"

Despite South American suspicions, no one I have spoken to around the track believes for a minute money

was exchanged under the table. But if it is found that five horses made it through the net, it would be fair to conclude the net has a big hole.

The most interesting case might be Chirico. Dr. Jorge Diehl, the Argentine veterinarian, says the real Chirico had four distinct hair marks which are so rare on racehorses it would be impossible to confuse him with another. Given that information, it should be elementary to discern whether he was switched with Sundoro.

While sympathizing with the NYRA for the embarrassment caused by Lebon, it is the strongest conviction here that the ringer case is not its biggest problem in the long run.

The public understands certain facts of life. Each of us has had a "ringer" in one form or another in our lives. Indeed, the Lebon affair, but for certain aspects, might have been more a caper than the serious incident it has become.

For all that, the sensitivities of the NYRA in this matter are not to be compared with the problems facing the South Americans.

I am surprised that the Uruguay and Argentina thoroughbred interests, for their own protection, have failed to send their own squad of vets, cops, investigators and press men to New York to ask the same kind of questions they have been subjected to in the past week.

What is hay for the horse is hay for the mare.

Ringer shows failure of Jockey Club

For most of its 86-year existence, The Jockey Club has been the controlling body of thoroughbred racing in the United States.

It drew up the rules of racing last century and enforced them by imperial command. Its word was law.

Since the introduction of pari-mutuel betting more than 30 years ago, the state has stripped The Jockey Club of one power after another so that today it is virtually impotent.

Its membership is still jammed with millionaire bluebloods and it even retains some of the facade of its old authority, but the Club now is not much more than a bookkeeper. It is the custodian of the Stud Book, registering all the thoroughbred foals born in this continent and keeping track of the passage of horses in and out of the country.

BAY OF PIGS

As a result of that function, the proud, stuffy, old Jockey Club is about to face its own Bay of Pigs. It committed an error in the registration of Lebon/Cinzano, helping trigger one of the biggest upheavals racing has ever had in this country.



By
Ray Kerrison

The story of that error begins on Page 1 of today's Post.

The Jockey Club maintains an inexplicable dual standard in the registration of domestic horses and imports.

For foals born in the United States, it demands written descriptions of all marks and, identifying pictures. For foreign horses, it asks nothing more than written descriptions from the countries of origin.

Had Uruguay been obliged to furnish clear photographs of Cinzano and Lebon, along with the certificates, the ringer scandal might never have happened at Belmont.

It has now been hoist in its own lophole.

That's not the only one in the system, either. The

identifying papers and documents, sent into the United States with each foreign horse, pass through hands before reaching The Jockey Club.

When a horse arrives here, it is met at the airport by an authorized veterinarian, acting on behalf of the owner, the trainer or the agent in the middle.

It is at this point that pictures of the horse are taken and diagrams of markings made.

ANOTHER HUNCH

It certainly would be interesting to know the name of the veterinarian who met Cinzano and Lebon when they arrived from Uruguay.

It there was a switch or mix-up in the identities of the two horses, I would like to make a small wager that

this was where it happened.

Attorneys for Dr. Mark Gerard, the veterinarian involved in the ringer, said flatly that the mistake was made in Uruguay, which proves that the identification of horses is like betting them: everyone has his own opinion.

If foreign countries were obliged to airmail all certificates etc., direct to The Jockey Club, the ringer scandal might also have been averted.

POSTSCRIPTS: Scotland Yard, Britain's elite police force, is the latest to join the ringer business. Reason: Lloyds of London, the famous insurance house, paid out the \$150,000 when Cinzano was allegedly destroyed . . . John Phillips' background account of trainer Billy Turner's experiences with Seattle Slew in yesterday's Times magazine was splendid, spicy reading . . . At Montevideo's racetrack, no odds are posted. Bettors have to guess how much their choice will pay.

Gerard's a cookie who may not crumble

97 NEW YORK POST, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1977

Many people around the track are prepared to bet that if any rap comes out of the Lebon-Cinzano ringer case, veterinarian Dr. Mark (Mike) Gerard will beat it.

Innocence or guilt has little to do with their legal handicapping. It's just that none underestimates the man. He is, they say, one of the smartest cookies ever to tumble out of the jar. He won't tumble easily.

One who has already placed a side wager on the outcome is Jim Baldwin, a veterinarian who worked for Gerard for three years at Belmont, Saratoga, Hialeah and Camden, S.C.

From his home in Tulsa, Okla., last night, Baldwin said, "I don't know whether Mike switched the horses or whether he is a victim of circumstantial evidence. In any case, they will have trouble proving anything."

GREAT VET

"This is the kind of guy he is. C. V. Whitney once had a filly down in Camden who was dying of internal problems. The local vet was treating her by the book, but there was no response."

"Mike came in and went to work. He threw the book away. He treated her his own way. Unorthodox. The filly pulled through and went on to win a \$100,000 stake."

"That's typical of Gerard."



By
Ray Kerrison

He makes his biggest play when the pressure is toughest. He is that kind of operator. And that's why I made a little bet down here that he will survive this problem."

Like many, Baldwin is puzzled that a man of Gerard's ability and background should find himself in the situation he is today.

"I can't get at the motive," said Baldwin. "It baffles me. Mike is a man of means. His mother died a year or so ago and left him a nice inheritance. His net worth must be about \$750,000. Of course, if you travel in millionaire leagues, maybe that kind of money would not mean much."

"He had a valuable practice, some of the biggest racing outfits in the country were his clients."

"Mike was always a great salesman. Flamboyant, hard driving, explosive. I admired him — sort of. That's not to say I always agreed with him."

Baldwin said when he first went to work with Gerard, in 1969, Gerard operated on the theme of:

work for me for six months, then challenge me to do the work better.

GOOD TEACHER

"Many young vets, fresh out of college, took him up on that," Baldwin said. "But if he didn't like their work, he'd go up like a rocket. Yet I don't believe I ever saw him explode without some justification. He was like a kid — one minute he'd be cussing you out, next minute he'd be as friendly as your best buddy."

"One thing's for sure—he taught me a lot about veterinary work, including surgery."

What disturbs Baldwin most is the ripple effect likely to spread from the ringer affair.

"In Oklahoma and Texas we have been working hard for years to introduce pari-mutuel thoroughbred racing," he said. "If we ever make it, we will have racing that will make Florida look like bush league."

BAD NAME

"But when stories come out like this ringer case, everyone immediately thinks racing must be



DR. MARK GERARD

crooked. It will make it that much harder for us down here."

POSTSCRIPT: Not since the days when Buddy Jacobson was head of the HBPA and got himself run out of racing has an election stirred so much heat as the upcoming Standardbred Owners Association's director poll Saturday. There are four vacancies and five candidates, including Joe Faraldo, the lawyer well-known to readers of this column for his work with Sandino Hernandez and John Barchi. Faraldo is the insurgent and, he says, all sorts of tricks are being used to keep him out, proving that trotting is like thoroughbred racing — management doesn't like disturbers of the status quo.

Man who started it all

Ever since the ringer case broke at Belmont Park two months ago, I have attempted to trace the person, or persons, who may have set in motion the forces that led to the indictment this week of veterinarian Mark Gerard.

Last night I believe I found that person and spoke to him.

It is generally accepted that Mundocolor, a daily newspaper published in Montivideo, Uruguay, triggered the whole Lebon-Cinzano affair by asking the Associated Press in New York to transmit a picture of Lebon in the winner's circle at Belmont after winning at 57-1 on Sept. 23.

GREATER CLARITY

The first picture sent to Mundocolor was too fuzzy to make a definite identification. A second transmission of the picture of greater clarity, was enough for the Uruguayans to conclude beyond doubt that Lebon was really their champion Cinzano.

The newspaper then phoned the Jockey Club in New York and, so it is said, the investigation was begun.

This story has two weaknesses. It precludes the possibility that someone in the United States tipped the authorities about Lebon



By

Ray Kerrison

before the Uruguayans made their discovery. This should be an interesting facet of Gerard's trial.

The second weakness is that it does not reveal who aroused Mundocolor's suspicions in the first place, prompting it to ask for Lebon's picture.

GOSSIP

That's what I tried to find out in Montivideo last month. Most horsemen and newspapermen I spoke to attributed their knowledge of the incident to gossip, the grapevine, friends.

That was unsatisfactory. Someone, somewhere, must have started it all.

Two separate sources in Montivideo, however, gave this version of what happened: a Uruguayan horseman was at Belmont the day Lebon won. He saw the horse in the paddock before the race, recognized him as Cinzano, made a small bet and won enough money to pay for a trip to Montivideo where he promptly told his friends about his good fortune.

The source said a news-

paperman overheard the conversation one night in a bar—and he took it from there.

Trying to find the identity of the horseman who might have unwittingly stumbled onto the ringer was elusive. But out of my inquiries came one name: Walter Cuitino.

Last night I spoke to Walter Cuitino, a 36-year-old Uruguayan horseman who works for his father, Juan Cuitino, a trainer at Belmont Park who recently won two races at Aqueduct with the horse Man Rey.

Through an interpreter, Walter, who does not speak English, told The Post he was at Belmont with some friends on Sept. 23 when Lebon won.

Did he spot the switch and bet Lebon? Four times he was asked that question and four times he adamantly replied no.

I have no reason to doubt his word.

But Walter Cuitino freely conceded that he flew to Montivideo on Sept. 24—the day after Lebon won at

Belmont. He stayed in Uruguay for three weeks, then returned to New York.

Did he ever see Cinzano run in Uruguay?

"Yes," said Walter. "I saw him win two races in Montivideo."

Walter said he had planned the trip to Montivideo in advance and he would have gone home on Sept. 24 whether or not a ringer had run at Belmont the day before.

He was so forthcoming in his response I had no reason to doubt that, either.

But with equal conviction, I have no doubt that it was Walter Cuitino who spread the good tidings around Montivideo that poor old Lebon, the castoff who could not win at home, had suddenly turned tiger and won a race on the grass at one of the biggest and most important race-tracks in the world.

I also have no doubt that many Uruguayan horsemen looked at Walter and drew one of two conclusions: Either Walter had lost his coffee beans or something smelled at Belmont.

Could it be that Mark Gerard was led into court this week, manacled in handcuffs, because a young man, through an accident of time and geography, flew to Montivideo a day after the ringer rang the bell?

How one innocent man got burned by the Sting case

71 NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1978

HIALEAH PARK, Fla.—Trainer Jack Morgan revealed for the first time today how the Belmont Park ring-ringer scandal crippled him emotionally and professionally. Shunned by friends, blackballed by business firms, stripped of his horses and depleted financially, he said the case turned into a nightmare that drove him to the brink of a nervous breakdown.

"It shot my nerves to bits and I would not have sur-

vived but for the support of my wife Karen and my family," he said.

"I served for 12 months as an Infantryman in the Vietnam War but I came through that in better shape than this incident."

OWNER OF LEBON

Morgan, a dapper man of 32, was the registered owner and trainer of the Uruguyan racehorse known as Lebon, who won at Belmont in September at \$7-1 in an astonishing upset.

Lebon was later unmarked as Uruguay's champion horse, Cinzano, triggering one of the major scandals of the turf.

The case has led to the criminal indictment of veterinarian Dr. Mark Gerard, who imported both Lebon and Cinzano.

Morgan, after intensive investigation by police and racing authorities, was cleared of any involvement in the alleged switching of the horses.

He was suspended by the State Racing and Wagering Board for falsely claiming ownership of the winning horse who, it is alleged, was really owned by Gerard.

GOOD STANDING

Morgan had his license reinstated this month and is now a trainer in good standing.

He and his wife came to Hialeah this week in the first steps towards rebuilding his career at the track. "I am looking for some owners to get started," he said. "I am trying to forget what has happened. No one can live for their yesterdays. All I want to do is look ahead and do what I do best — training racehorses."

"I feel I will be successful because I think I know as much about horses as most people."

Bitter at what has happened to him, but grateful to those who stood by him, including four prominent racing officials, Morgan told how the ringer case all but wrecked him.

"I started out as a trainer

exactly a year ago and saddled a winner, Sam Billis, at 20-1 on my first try," he said.

"It is ironic that the last horse I saddled in 1977 was also a winner—Lebon."

The Lebon explosion, in which he was an unwitting accomplice, came six months after he and Karen, a beautiful airline attendant, were married.

THEN IT HIT

"Everything was going so well for us, then this thing hit us out of the clear blue sky," he said. "At first I thought it was just another trainer who'd lost the Lebon race making a big noise."

Then when all those things were published in the newspapers, I couldn't believe it. Karen must have wondered what kind of a man she had married.

What followed was unbelievable. We were investigated from top to bottom. They even checked out a trip we made to Acapulco—for our honeymoon."

Karen, a blue-eyed blonde, took up the story. "It was so bad," she said, "we were afraid to pick up the telephone, wondering who or what it might be."

"Many of our friends and acquaintances withdrew, as though they didn't want to be associated with us. Insurance companies refused to accept our policies for our car and our apartment."

"We have always paid our bills, but suddenly it seemed as if our credit rating had disappeared."

Morgan said clients who had promised to give him horses to train, backed off. His legal fees mounted, his savings fell away.

SO CALLED FRIENDS

"Some of my friends treated me as if I was poison," he said. "Even after I was reinstated at the track I got the feeling some people did not want to be seen with me."

"At one point, it became too much for me. I thought I was breaking down. I survived only because of Karen and my own family, who stood behind me all the way."

Morgan worked for Gerard for nearly eight years, chiefly as supervisor and salesman for the veterinarian's medicines.

"For years, it was a very good business and we did very well," he said. "But then the competition became stiff, prices went up, I became disenchanted with the job and Gerard fired me."

Soon after, Morgan took up training and had instant success, winning two races with Sam Billis at long odds and another race in July with a maiden named Mark's Tomadich, who paid \$78 for a \$2 win ticket.

It was about this time, he said, that Gerard approach-

ed him and asked him to train Lebon. The rest will now be court history.

Morgan has mixed feelings about Gerard.

"I could not believe he would have put me in this position if what is alleged about him is in fact true," he said. "But he taught me so much about horses that I have great respect for his professional ability."

JEKYLL AND HYDE

"He was a very difficult man to work for. He had a Jekyll and Hyde personality. One minute he would be warm and friendly, the next minute he would be shouting his head off."

Gerard had a philosophy that time was money. Anyone who worked for him had to produce. I would work seven days a week, starting at 6 a.m. and go through till all the work was done.

"He was a very aggressive businessman but he finally became too much for me. I think he is a genius but doesn't have much common sense."

Morgan said that four prominent racing men — stewards Gerard Burke, Bud Hyland and Kenneth Noe and racing secretary Tommy Trotter had helped him and he was grateful.

But, he added, he had also learned a bitter lesson.

He said, "One thing I'll never forget is that no matter how well you may think you know people at the racetrack you should not trust any of them."

"I will never do anything to break the rules again. I would not do it, even for my father."



By
Ray Kerrison

The jury's 'sting' verdict

(First of a series)

The cold, calculated decision to run a "ringer" on one of the world's great racetracks represents one of the gravest assaults imaginable against thoroughbred racing.

It strikes at the heart of public trust and confidence, essential to the sport's well being, reduces the world-wide system of horse identification to a shambles and exposes officials to ridicule.

At Belmont Park, Sept. 23, 1977, Mark A. Gerard, a veterinarian of national repute, did exactly that.

Knowingly and deliberately, he entered for the second time a talented racehorse named Cinzano under the false identity of a poor performer called Lebon, bet \$1300 on him at 57-1 and won more than \$78,000.

In Nassau County Court less than two weeks ago, a jury found Gerard guilty on two counts of making false entries in contests of speed, both misdemeanors with a maximum penalty of a year's imprisonment.

The jury's verdict was almost as dismaying as the original charges against the Mutton-town, L.I., vet.

Everybody involved — the prosecution, the defense, horse racing, and ultimately the public — won something and lost something.

Gerard's major victory was that he was acquitted of all felony charges, sparing him possible years of imprisonment and permitting him to retain his veterinary license.

MAY BE BARRED

Yet his losses are staggering. Unless overturned by appeal, his name is sullied by two convictions and the racing establishment can bar him indefinitely from its premises.

Such an act would strip Gerard of his lucrative \$200,000-a-year track practice.

Additionally, he has had to bear the embarrassment of public disclosure of his marital problems, endure the anguish of a public trial and pay the costs of his defense, headed by celebrated lawyer F. Lee Bailey.

The prosecution assembled what appeared to be a legal-tight case against Gerard and it did, indeed, secure some convictions.

But in the end it failed to convince the jury beyond a reasonable doubt that the veterinarian engineered and orchestrated the whole swindle.

The prosecution's task was complicated when Gerard's estranged wife, Alice, confessed under oath that she had switched halters on the two

satisfies no one

By

Ray

Kerrison



horses in a strike at the "callous and arrogant" racing establishment.

MENTAL STRAIN

By her own admission, Alice Gerard has been troubled for 10 years by emotional problems requiring psychiatric and institutional care.

On the stand as the defense's chief witness, she was a fragile, sympathetic, even appealing figure. The prosecutor, Thomas P. Davenport, had no option but to treat her accordingly.

Alice claimed guilt, aware she could not be prosecuted. Last February, she testified at a grand jury hearing and in New York all such witnesses are granted automatic immunity.

Alice Gerard committed no criminal act. Switching halters hardly is unlawful.

The prosecution had problems with Judge Raymond Harrington.

It sought to prosecute Gerard under the statute of "tampering with a sports contest."

Judge Harrington said that changing a horse's name (as distinct from doping it or hitting it with a battery) does not alter the outcome of a race.

Davenport disagreed, insisting that racing a superior horse under a false name against inferior competition did affect a result.

Davenport did not challenge the ruling and since there is no statute on the books specifically covering a "ringer", he had to fall back on the "false entry in a contest of speed."

PUBLIC LOSES

The public also lost something in the Gerard trial. In a word: credibility.

The verdict raised the spectre that Alice Gerard masterminded an international horse trade and switch under the nose of her innocent husband, a veterinarian of long experience. And that somehow her husband later stumbled onto the switch, shut his mouth, bet and profited.

The jury did not spell out whether it believed Alice Gerard's story or whether the prosecution did not prove its case that Gerard himself did it.

Somebody else also lost in the affair. Just who that is has yet to be determined.

When one of the two horses, known now to be Lebon, was destroyed on Gerard's farm three months before the betting coup, Lloyds of London, the insurance company, paid out \$137,000 on a policy in the belief that the dead animal was Cinzano.

The check was delivered to Joseph Taub, a wealthy Tenafly, N.J. businessman who was the registered owner of Cinzano.

At the time of the trial, Taub still had the check. Jack Morgan, Cinzano's trainer, has since bought the horse at public auction and is the sole legal owner.

The insurance company wants its money back. Either Taub or Lloyds will have to write the experience off — or split the check, in which case they will both lose.

It is pointless suing Gerard. He did not make a cent on the insurance exchange, which is why the jury, correctly, acquitted him of an insurance scam.

If Gerard had ripped off the insurance company for \$137,000 he would have been guilty of a felony, punishable by four years in prison.

But since he ripped off only the betting public in the state of New York, he committed only a misdemeanor.

'NO VISIBLE VICTIM'

As Prosecutor Davenport explained later, "One of the problems was that there was no visible victim — no one who could walk into that court and say he had been taken."

The hell there wasn't a victim. Every horseplayer from Belmont to Buffalo who bet on Cinzano's race was taken to the cleaners.

There ought to be a law...

Perhaps that's why Davenport handed me one of the biggest shocks of the whole trial in his closing statement to the jury.

He literally begged the jury to treat the case seriously.

(TOMORROW: The amazing confessions of Alice Gerard.)

Jury stings Gerard in horse-switch case

In the case of the People vs. Mark Gerard, defense attorney F. Lee Bailey posed a crucial question by borrowing a line from Watergate.

What did the veterinarian know about the switch of Cinzano for Lebon and when did he know?

The evidence, although circumstantial, clearly indicated that Gerard must

By

Ray

Kerrison



have known on September 23, 1977, when he bet \$1300 on "Lebon" at 57-1 and won \$78,000.

KNOW THE SCORE

The jury's verdict, convicting Gerard of two misdemeanors, left no doubt that it believed Gerard knew the score when he made his bets.

Circumstantial evidence showed that Gerard knew about the switch in early August — seven weeks before his betting coup.

At that time Gerard, exercising total control over Cinzano, moved him to a thoroughbred farm at Saratoga, operated by Joseph McMahon.

Cinzano was shipped upstate bearing a halter with the name Lake Delaware.

NAME THAT HORSE

McMahon said, "At different times, Dr. Gerard called the horse by different names. He called him Denim, he called him Lebon, but I knew he wasn't Lake Delaware because Lake Delaware is an older horse."

"Dr. Gerard instructed us that if the track clockers asked who the horse was, we were to say his name was Denim and he was trained by Jack Morgan."

Prosecutor Thomas P. Davenport made much of this testimony, that in the space of a month Gerard had used three different names for Cinzano.

Davenport then drew even more damaging testimony from McMahon.

DAILY CHECKUPS

The young horseman went on: "In the month of August, Dr. Gerard came to the barn every day to check this horse. I saw Jack Morgan only once and did not see him again."

"Dr. Gerard told me several times that if anyone asked who owned the horse I was to tell them I didn't know."

"Dr. Gerard said he wanted to get more protein into the horse because he was young and still growing. He said the horse was a four-year-old but he was really three-and-a-half because of the different foaling season in South America."

MUST HAVE KNOWN

Davenport hit a home run with this evidence. Lebon, he said, was five years old while Cinzano was four years old, hence Gerard must have known



Dr. Mark Gerard being brought into Nassau County Courthouse in Mineola last December to be arraigned on felony and misdemeanor charges in connection with the switching of Lebon and Cinzano.

then that the horse was Cinzano.

Gerard paid McMahon about \$1100 by check for boarding Cinzano. On Oct. 19, with the switch investigation under way, Gerard had a telephone conversation with McMahon.

"Dr. Gerard said that if any investigators called about the check I should say it was for services other than that horse," McMahon said.

"He said to tell them it was for the use of my horse swimming pool — anything except that horse."

FRIGHTENS BAILEY

McMahon was the prosecution's best witness. He was young, forthright sure, competent and clearly free of bias. Bailey asked him a couple of innocuous questions and let him go. He didn't dare mess with McMahon.

Still, the critical question remained: Did Gerard know about the switch in June, when it occurred?

Prosecutor Davenport, through a series of witnesses, hammered at the horse with which Gerard disposed of the carcass of Lebon after he put the horse down on his farm.

If Gerard really believed the dead horse was Cinzano, insured for \$150,000, why did he quickly move it to the Huntington dump without so much as taking a picture of the head as identification to satisfy the insurers?

ACE OF THE DEFENSE

The defense countered with Alice Gerard, the vet's wife, who swore that she alone pulled the switch.

Who — or what — was the jury to believe? This point was vital to Bailey and the defense, Davenport and the prosecution.

Addressing the jury, Bailey said, "When did Dr. Gerard know? If he knew the

day of the accident (June 12 when Lebon was destroyed) he is guilty of larceny."

"If he did not know, you will eliminate all the charges except the misdemeanors about tampering with speed contests."

RAISES DOUBT

Bailey sketched a picture for the jury. He told them that to find a defendant guilty, they must cross a great chasm, using the evidence as their bridge to reach the other side.

The jury, clearly, looked at Gerard's betting in September and his movement of Cinzano in August and built the bridge half way across Bailey's chasm.

Then they looked at the events of June 12 and a reasonable doubt entered their minds. They stopped building.

From the very outset of the trial, Bailey said that Alice Gerard was not so much his trump card as his only card. Without her, he told the jury, the defense had virtually no defense.

He thus laid a near-insurmountable burden on the prosecution.

HUMANE GESTURE

Alice Gerard's private turmoil and enormous suffering are traced all over her face. Ordinarily, a prosecutor would have

gone after her, torn her incredible story apart.

Thomas Davenport declined to do so. What he lost in law, he gained in humanity.

Bailey faced no such restraints. He conducted the defense low-key, free of theatrics. Although his hands shook throughout, his summation to the jury was masterly.

BRUTAL ATTACK

But in exercising his rights as a trial lawyer, he launched a savage character attack on trainer Jack Morgan and veterinarian Harry Hemphill, two bit players who woke up one day to find themselves trapped in a billowing criminal case.

What purpose these assaults served escaped me. Still, Gerard paid top dollar for his defense and he got top value.

So the Gerard affair would appear to be over, barring the sentencing on Nov. 20 and the likely appeal. In fact, the affair may only be beginning.

Racing authorities suspect at least four other horses imported from South America may have been switched. The ringer case and its ramifications have a long way to go.

(Last of a series)

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RACING

Dr. Gerard's conviction marks major victory for honest horse players

By RAY KERRISON

Flanked by his lawyers, Dr. Mark Gerard stood before the bench in a Nassau County courtroom this week and felt the full weight and fury of the law thrown in his face.

With it came a stern warning to everyone in New York's thoroughbred industry: If you play, be prepared to pay.

Gerard received the maximum penalties of a \$1000 fine and a year in jail for his role in the Cinzano-Lebon ringer case at Belmont Park a year ago.

Ashen-faced, perspiring, and slightly stooped in his plain gray business suit, Gerard heard the terrible words from Judge Raymond Harrington only two days after another scandalous allegation broke over the turf.

SEVERE PENALTIES

The judge told him, "The message must go out that people in your position who involve themselves in this kind of activity are facing substantial penalties."

"People must consider the consequences of their acts and be discouraged from engaging in such endeavors."

The inference could not have been clearer. The law is not prepared to tolerate anything that strikes at the integrity of the sport or the public's confidence in it.

Thus, a grand jury is now probing allegations that six top jockeys were involved in a race-fixing conspiracy. Three of the most prominent trainers in New York have had drug positives called in the testing laboratory in the past month.

The New York Racing Association appointed a new director of security at its tracks, a candid admission that it was dissatisfied with the present services.

MADE AN EXAMPLE

More and more, betting patterns at the tote windows are being scrutinized for irregularities, and people are being placed under surveillance.

Outside the courtroom, Gerard suggested he had been made an example because of the race-fixing allegations published two days earlier in Sports Illustrated. He called it the "background music."

His attorney, F. Lee Bailey, pleaded that the new wave of damaging publicity not influence the court's objectivity in arriving at the sentence.

The prosecutor, Thomas Davenport, disagreed. Asking for a jail term, he said, "Let this court say that it regards the trial in this courtroom as a most serious matter."

Observers thought that Gerard might receive a 90-day sentence. Instead,

By

Ray

Kerrison



Judge Harrington threw the book.

This came as a devastating blow to the Long Island veterinarian. In appearance and substance, he is a broken man with a career ruined, reputation damaged, marriage destroyed, health broken by a heart condition.

Gerard is the classic case of a brilliant, professional man, obsessed with money, crushed by greed. He is, in the full sense, a tragic figure.

Yet the penalty imposed represents a significant victory for hundreds of thousands of people who bet on horses in good faith.

In his judicial role, Judge Harrington bit the bullet and horse racing is better for it.

Some will say it is about time. Racing is a huge industry with a corresponding participation by the public at the betting windows. Either it is taken seriously or relegated to the level of wrestling.

OPEN TO DOUBT

The prosecution of Mark Gerard and the punishment meted out to him leaves no doubt where the law stands.

Where much of the industry itself stands is open to doubt.

Every racing state in the country, with the exception of New York and New Jersey, sanctions the use of drugs such as Butazolidin and Lasix on horses for racing purposes.

Veterinary opinion is overwhelming that these drugs help mask other more potent drugs, including powerful narcotics.

Evidence is overwhelming that so-called exotic bets such as exactas and trifectas, are the greatest source of larceny ever to appear in racing.

These bets have been condemned by track officials and virtually every racing commission in the land, yet the movement is to increase their number rather than eliminate them.

Most of the major scandals on the turf in recent years have come out of trifecta betting where bettors must pick the first three finishers in their exact

order. Winners frequently collect large sums for small outlays.

All trifecta bets are hidden from public view. No one can trace them until after the race.

In straight betting to win, place or show, each bet is shown in the mutuel pools so that the public can quickly tumble to unusual betting patterns.

Two tracks — Oaklawn Park in Arkansas and Saratoga Harness in upstate New York — ban all exotic bets.

Despite this, Oaklawn's popularity and attendance figures have skyrocketed in recent years while Saratoga appears to suffer no ill-effects from the stubborn resistance of its proprietor, Ernest Morris, to surrender to the temptation.

For the public at large, the industry too often takes a lenient view of rule violations.

GET THE MESSAGE

Trainers who transgress drug rules are wrist-tapped with brief suspensions, sometimes as little as ten days. In such cases, the horse men are protected because winning purse monies are re-distributed.

The public, however, can never recover bets lost on horses beaten by illegally drugged winners.

A knowledgeable racing man said last week, "Tracks could clean up the drug problem overnight simply by denying any guilty trainer stall space for six months. They'd soon get the message."

Every track in the country is notoriously reluctant to probe form reversals accompanied by heavy betting.

A horse, Pagan Way, recently came to the Meadowlands after a race at Keystone in which he was beaten 25 lengths at 15-1. At the new track, he blazed out of the gate like a spaceship, led all the way to win by eight lengths at 15-1.

PROTECT THE TRACK

There may be a perfectly plausible, if obscure, reason for this horse's sharp improvement and the drop in betting odds. In any case, the betting public that night was entitled to an explanation.

Racetracks are sensitive to the point of paranoia about their image and public confidence. Most prefer to settle their problems quietly and out of public view. All the security forces

working at a track are paid by the tracks themselves. Their chief task is to protect the track, not the public. In Florida, all the stewards are paid by the tracks, which are privately owned.

In such flagrant conflicts of interest, what possible chance is there for the public to be served first?

In New York, racing has undergone severe turbulence in recent years with declining attendances, management shake-ups and the introduction of winter racing.

IMPORTANT SERVICE

It was then confronted with the Gerard ringer scandal and now faces an even greater peril with charges, to date totally unsubstantiated, that its top jockeys fixed races.

That's why Judge Harrington rendered an important service to the racing industry when he demanded payment in full from the hapless Gerard.

He said that the court had received a thick file of references from prominent racing and polo people. Gerard enjoyed the privilege of great skill in his profession.

"He enjoyed an extremely substantial financial reward for his diligent work," Judge Harrington said.

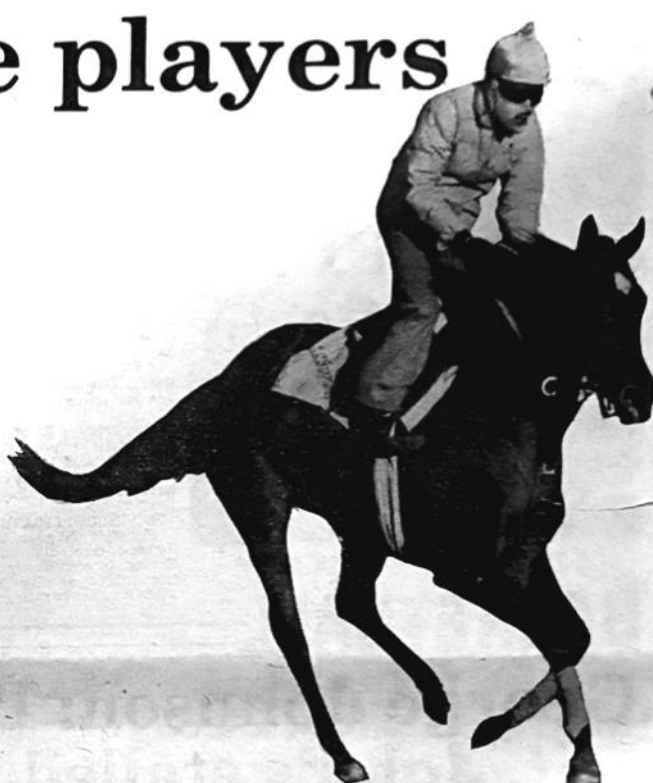
"But by his conduct, he put a serious question over the integrity of racing and a great disservice to a magnificent industry."

LIVES IN HOPE

Judge Harrington spoke of the "untold number of bettors who were deprived of a winner by Gerard's fraudulent ringer."

When he put all the factors on the scales of justice, it tilted heavily in favor of the public and the racing industry.

Gerard has until Nov. 9 to set in motion the legal processes of appeal. Asked if he had any hopes of success, the veterinarian replied, "One lives in hope and dies in despair."



The NBA story

EASTERN CONF.					WESTERN CONF.				
Atlantic					Midwest				
W	L	Pct.	GB		W	L	Pct.	GB	
Phila.	7	1	.875		Denver	7	3	.700	
Nets	7	5	.583	2	Indiana	5	4	.556	1
Wash.	5	5	.500	3	Kans. City	5	6	.455	2
Knicks	5	6	.455	3½	Milwaukee	4	8	.333	4
Boston	2	7	.222	5½	Chicago	1	10	.090	6
Central					Pacific				
W	L	Pct.	GB		W	L	Pct.	GB	
Houston	5	4	.556		Seattle	9	1	.900	
San Anton.	6	5	.545		Phoenix	8	3	.727	1
Atlanta	4	5	.444	1	Golden St.	7	4	.636	2½
Cleveland	4	6	.400	1	L. Angeles	5	4	.556	3½
N. Orleans	4	6	.400	1	Portland	5	4	.556	3½
Detroit	3	8	.272	3	San Diego	5	8	.385	5½

FRIDAY
Los Angeles 147, Knicks 124
Seattle 102, Nets 81
San Antonio 110, Boston 103
Detroit 99, Chicago 93
Indiana 115, Kansas City 106
Philadelphia 118, Milwaukee 103
Denver 130, Cleveland 93
Portland 119, San Diego 98

LAST NIGHT
Nets at Atlanta, 7:35 p.m.
Golden State at Detroit, 8:05 p.m.

San Antonio at Washington, 8:05 p.m.
Indiana at Chicago, 8:35 p.m.
Denver at Kansas City, 8:35 p.m.
New Orleans at Milwaukee, 9 p.m.
Phoenix at Houston, 9:05 p.m.
Cleveland at San Diego, 10:05 p.m.

TONIGHT
Cleveland at Los Angeles, 10 p.m.
Knicks at Portland, 10 p.m.

TOMORROW
No games scheduled.

Race Fixing Scandal at NYRA

Note: Below are a portion of the articles we hold. The remainder of articles on this topic are available if interested/requested.

TODAY
Sunny, mid 60s
TONIGHT
Clear, mid 40s
TOMORROW
Sunny, mid 60s
Details, page 2

NEW YORK POST

METRO
TODAY'S RACING

TV: Page 47

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Vol. 177, No. 256

SUNNY NEW YORK THIS WEEKEND

● Weather in the sixties: P. 13 ● Giant Post on Sunday: P. 7

500G SWINDLE ON HORSES THAT NEVER WERE

By RAY KERRISON
Post Racing Editor

At least \$500,000 was netted in a series of swindles in upstate New York offering partnerships in racehorses and the promise of betting coups on "fixed" races, according to police sources. Three men have been arrested.

The catch was that the horses did not exist.

Since the arrests a month ago, other victims have come forward to escalate the "take" to half a million dollars — and more are still coming forward.

All three are associates of self-confessed race-fixer Tony Ciulla, who startled the racing world this week with a claim, as yet unsubstantiated, that he fixed races in New York with the co-operation of six of the best-known jockeys in the country.

The three men all of whom were arrested in Buffalo are Robert Owens, 40, a former racehorse trainer of Providence, R.I., Anthony J. Cappellina, 33, of Waterbury, Conn., and George Coloney, 35, of Amherst, N.Y.

All have been charged with grand larceny and second-degree attempted larceny for allegedly fleecing victims of \$193,000. They have been freed on bail.

This is the second major horse racing charge to be leveled against Owens.

He is one of eight co-conspirators indicted by a U.S. grand jury for allegedly fixing horses at Detroit's tracks in 1973.

He was implicated by the testimony of Ciulla.

Capt. Tom Constantine of the Albany-based Organized Crime Strike Force said last night that Owens had wide contacts in horseracing while Coloney ran an insurance company.

"Coloney rounded up the victims through his insurance contacts," the captain said.

"He knew the people who were rich and he knew

(Continued on page 34)

Horse swindle

Continued from Page 1.

those interested in racing. He then steered them to Owens and Cappellina."

The victims, he said, were sometimes sold interests in high priced racehorses with the promise that after several months the horses would be dropped in class and win easily to land big bets.

The policeman said other victims were induced to part with large sums of money to be placed on horses running in "fixed" races.

He said the police had no evidence that the three men fixed any races.

"They made so much money promising to fix races that the question arises: why bother with actually trying to fix them," he said.

Ciulla names 3 jockeys who couldn't be bought

By RAY KERRISON
RACE-FIXER Anthony Ciulla has named three jockeys who refused to pull horses for a price.

The incorruptibles who could not be bought were Darrel McHargue, the nation's leading money-winning rider in 1978, Ron Turcotte, one of New York's leading jockeys until a fall ended his career, and Michael Hole, the English jockey who committed suicide in 1976.

Ciulla, currently testifying in a race-fixing trial in Detroit, separated the "good guys" in an interview with *The Horsemen's Journal*, a trade magazine that circulates among owners and trainers.

Ciulla said the only "sure way to make money betting on horses was to cover the jockey.

"The monkey on his back is the last sayer," Ciulla said. "I want the goods. And that's the jock.

"For example, no one knew McHargue was alive until he rode for owner Dan Lasater and trainer Dave Vance at Garden State.

"Half the races that he won there, I fixed. I put him on the lead."

Ciulla said he asked around and learned that McHargue would not be receptive to bribes and that was the end of it.

"From that point on, it



RON TURCOTTE

MICHAEL HOLE

DARRELL McHARGUE

was working around McHargue or doing something else."

Ciulla recalled how Mike Hole was offered \$10,000 to pull a horse named Tradesman at Saratoga in 1974.

"He wouldn't," Ciulla said. "Hole was a guy who happened to be in the way an awful lot of times. He probably had plenty of problems. He also had a bit of integrity and intelligence. He didn't want to succumb to what was going on around him."

Ciulla said that in addition to Hole, Turcotte also

refused to hold horses.

"Turcotte was in the way all the time," the fixer said. "He never held a horse. And one day up at Saratoga another jockey picked up a hammer and went after him because he was holding the show up."

Ciulla said he preferred not to do business with apprentices — or girl riders.

"Why would you want to bother messing with girls?" he asked. "Girl riders, you'd put them on the lead? Steve Cauthen, you'd put him on the lead."

Other points Ciulla made in the magazine were:

● **SQUEALERS:** "Guys are gonna start squealing on other guys to save themselves. Guys that are in key positions are gonna give up other guys for deals."

"First and foremost with me is credibility. Without it, I'm going back to jail. I don't have the records, but I have a phenomenal memory."

● **DRUGS:** "There's very, very few riders that

I've met that don't use drugs of some kind, whether it be marijuana or hash or cocaine or even to the point of heroin."

● **JOCKEYS:** "As a rule, all have their hang-ups. Half the ones I've met have a Napoleon complex to begin with."

"They all want big cars. They all wanna be with a six-foot blonde. They all wanna eat in the big restaurants. They all wanna overcome the fact they were left at five feet."

POSTSCRIPTS: Under cross-examination in Pocono Downs fix trial, Ciulla conceded that his government handout (\$900 a month) was higher than disabled war veteran's pension . . . Both sides due to present closing arguments today in Pocono trial . . . Ciulla says he refuses to squeal on his friends, but if he fingered everyone there would be so many defendants "they'd have to have the trial in Yankee Stadium."

Race-fix trial opens today

Amy & Arellano will testify against Errico

By RAY KERRISON

TWO JOCKEYS, Jose Amy and Jaime Arellano, will be the government's chief witnesses when it begins prosecuting former jockey Con Errico today in the biggest thoroughbred race-fix trial to hit New York.

The case culminates a slow-motion six-year investigation by federal authorities of an array of races that first attracted the attention of the New York Racing Association because of their irregular betting patterns.

Testimony in the trial will engulf some of the best known jockeys in the country, touch on some large betting transactions and skirt the world of drugs.



JOSE AMY

Amy, a successful 26-year-old Puerto Rican-born jockey, is scheduled to tell the Federal Court in Brooklyn that he accepted bribes to hold horses in races at Aqueduct and Saratoga in 1974 and 1975.

He will testify that he did so under the threat of violence.

Arellano, 27, who came here from Ecuador in the late 1960s, will testify

Continued on Page 49

Continued from back page about the races under scrutiny.

Their appearance as key witnesses is further substantiation that the government will not build the Errico case on the evidence of the master race-fixer himself, Anthony (Big Tony) Ciulla.

It is the first time the government has gone to court in its series of race-fixing trials throughout the East and Midwest without using Ciulla as its star witness.

The Post has also learned that:

• New races and jockeys are likely to be named in connection with racefixing in the trial. These will be in addition to the nine races and nine jockeys identified in The Post last week.

However, no charges will be made for lack of evidence.

• The government will show through NYRA betting printouts that enormous sums of cash were won at the tracks and carried off by a few horseplayers who specialized in trifecta and exacta wagering.

• Numerous claims made by Ciulla of his alleged race-fixing activities in New York have failed to withstand rigorous examination.

Amy's position in the race-fix probe has been debated in racing circles for a couple of months.

It is understood that he became a cooperative witness when first questioned by government agents. Sources said he panicked and made certain admissions.



By

Ray

Kerrison

For his cooperation, Amy has been granted immunity from prosecution.

Born in Santurce, he was Puerto Rico's leading apprentice in 1972. He came to New York the following year and has ridden here ever since, often with great success.

Amy would have been a relatively young man of 20, fresh to the mainland, when swept up in the events that now bring him to witness stand.

Amy has had a checkered season in 1980. He was reported injured in an auto accident on Long Island early in the winter, convalesced in Puerto Rico, then returned here to ride.

At about this time, he split from his agent, Frank Sanabria, who is top jockey Angel Cordero Jr.'s brother-in-law.

In the past few weeks, he has been subjected to enormous pressures from personal and professional problems.

As part of his cooperation, Amy was asked to wire himself for sound, to record conversations with certain people. Amy, it is understood, refused.

CARROT & STICK
In his testimony the jockey is expected to claim that he was recruited with the "carrot and stick" approach. The carrot was lumps of money; the stick was the threat of being beaten up if he did not go along.

Arellano, who was brought to this country under the aegis of famous international trainer Horatio Laro, has been riding in New Jersey for the past few years.

Two years ago, the stewards at The Meadowlands suspended him for 30 days for "failing to persevere" on a horse, a euphemism for not riding to win.

The Errico case, which has aroused intense interest in national racing circles, is the first move by the Organized Crime Strike Force, a subsidiary of the Justice Department, after years of investigating from



JAIME ARELLANO

its Brooklyn headquarters.

Errico, a 58-year-old former rider, who won many big races in a career that triggered splashes of publicity, was indicted in March and charged with helping to fix nine unspecified races by bribing certain jockeys. He pleaded not guilty.

Ironically, his name first surfaced in Sports Illustrated in November, 1978, when Tony Ciulla claimed Errico was his main intermediary in bribing New York jockeys to fix races.

Now that Errico is about to be tried, Ciulla will be missing from the opening lineup.

The reason for his absence has set off some controversy and conflicting reports.

The Post stands by its revelation that Ciulla has been released from the government's Witness Protection Program and his submissions have so many inconsistencies that the government has not yet been able to formulate a wider race-fixing case.

At most, Ciulla could get a "walk-on" role in the Errico case as a rebuttal witness.

The outcome of the Errico trial, to be heard before Judge Jack Weinstein, is likely to have major repercussions, especially on the government's future course of action in New York.

U.S. attorney Neil Firetop will be the prosecutor; Albert Brackley, the well-known Brooklyn attorney, will represent Errico.

Venezia: I refused bribe from Errico

MIKE VENEZIA, the dapper lightweight jockey, stepped up to the witness stand after lunch yesterday and fired the first shots in the government's case against former jockey Con Errico.

By the time he had finished, some two hours later, he had covered more ground than some of Oscar Barrera's claimers.

Venezia talked of fixes and bribes, blackmail and organized crime, being beaten up in his home parking lot, his salary and betting habits, drugs.

The first part of his trip was easy as prosecutor Neil Firetop took him through his paces.

Venezia said Errico offered him \$7500 to pull a horse at Saratoga. He said he turned it down, despite Errico's protestations not to be foolish and that Latin American jockeys were cleaning up with such payoffs. Venezia said he reported the bribe offer to the three stewards, Bud Hyland, Warren Mehrtens and Francis Dunne.

So far, so good. Then Al Brackley, Errico's attorney,

By

Ray

Kerrison



went to work on him. Brackley is a silver, curly-haired Brooklyn lawyer who paces the courtroom like a farmer crossing a plowed field. He leans heavily forward to the task. He also loves pushing names out of sync.

He kept referring to Mike

Continued on Page 57

Venezia tells jury of bribe try

Continued from back page he received a phone call from Feliciano after Errico had been convicted on racefixing charges in Maryland in 1975.

TWO STORIES
Feliciano did not have enough money for a legal appeal, so he threatened Venezia if the New York jockeys did not pass the word. Feliciano would blow the whistle on what they had been doing at Saratoga the previous summer.

The second time around, Venezia told the grand jury something else. He said Feliciano had not phoned him, but rather had phoned Angel Cordero, and Cordero had then told him about the shakedown proposal.

Brackley had real trouble accepting the testimony switch. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that a convicted felon threatens you with a shakedown and you can't remember whether it was on the phone or in a conversation?"

Venezia replied that, as national director of the Jockeys Guild, he was always receiving phone calls from jockeys with problems. Feliciano, he said, had called him previously.

"I got confused," Venezia said. "I thought it was me that Feliciano called. It wasn't."

Venezia said that after he appeared before the grand jury, he discussed the matter with Cordero.

"I asked Cordero if Feliciano had called me," said Venezia. "He said no, Benny had called him (Cordero)."

That's when Venezia went back to the grand jury and changed his story. Brackley kept firing away at this discrepancy.

Under cross-examination Venezia said he made an average of \$150,000 a year, that he had never fixed a race in his life, that he had never received such an offer until Errico came forward that day in Saratoga.

He said he had accepted a grant of immunity from prosecution (on the advice of his lawyer), and he had turned down a request to wire himself for sound (also on the advice of his lawyer).

With a voluble hiss, Brackley asked Venezia if he knew such jockeys as Jose Amy, Jacinto Vasquez and Jorge Velasquez.

Venezia hissed back that he did.

"Did you ever hear them talk about fixing a race?" Brackley asked.

"No," said Venezia.

"Do you know whether these jockeys are heavy bettors?"

"I'm not a bettor," Venezia replied. "I don't know if the others bet."

Brackley asked Venezia whether he had received \$6000 from convicted racefixer Anthony (Big Tony) Ciulla in the Hilton Hotel to hold a horse.

"Never," said Venezia. "I've never met the man. Never even seen him, until the State Racing and Wagering Board showed me a picture of him."

OLD INCIDENT
Brackley asked if Ciulla had fixed a race early in the 1970s only to have Venezia mess it up and then get beaten and robbed in the parking lot of his home. Brackley: Did it. (The mugging) have to do with your taking money, then betting it yourself, and your co-partners beat you up?

Venezia: "That's ridiculous. That incident hap-

pened 10 years ago, in 1968, long before this happened. The man was convicted of armed robbery."

Brackley asked about Ciulla's now-famous Sports Illustrated article of 1978 which fingered many prominent jockeys as racefixers, including Venezia.

"Did you discuss it with the other jockeys?" Brackley asked.

"No," said Venezia.

"Did you get together and decide what to do?"

"No, other than to get an attorney."

Venezia admitted he had an uncle who was once "connected" to organized crime but denied boasting about it to pressure other people. He also denied any knowledge of jockeys being paid off with drugs to pull horses.

FEDERAL CASE
As prosecutor Firetop spelled it out in his opening statement, the case against Errico was simple. The government would produce three jockeys who would testify they received bribe offers from Errico, who in turn was associated with a syndicate of bettors, whose members fluctuated.

But the pivotal man was Errico, said Firetop.

The syndicate bet heavily in exotic wagering events, always omitting the favorites.

In addition to Venezia, jockeys Feliciano and Jose Amy would testify about taking sums of money to hold horses. Amy, Firetop said, would tell how he received \$1500 on seven different occasions from Errico to pull horses at Aqueduct and Saratoga.

Feliciano took the stand late in the day and testified under immunity from prosecution. He recalled that in the

first week of a trip to Saratoga in 1974, he was in the bathroom of the jockeys' room one day when someone came into the next stall and offered him money to hold a horse.

COULDN'T DO IT
"I said I couldn't do that because I was riding for my man," (trainer) Kenny Field," said Feliciano.

He did not know who made the offer, but he won the race anyway on a horse named Good Horse.

In subsequent days, he said, Eddie Belmonte, now a retired jockey, offered him \$2500 and \$5000 to hold other horses.

Feliciano said he held the horses and was paid off by Errico.

Firetop asked Feliciano about his shakedown attempt. The jockey said he made the blackmail threat to Errico.

Asked whether he made similar calls and threats to Venezia and Cordero, Feliciano turned vague.

Said he, "I might have called Venezia on a different matter. I talked to Cordero on another matter."

The trial resumes today.

POSTSCRIPTS: Judge Jack Weinstein took less than 45 minutes to seat the Errico jury.

Amy: I lied 4 times while under oath

THE PROSECUTION'S star witness, jockey Jose Amy, threw the Brooklyn race-fix trial up for grabs yesterday with a stunning confession that he is a four-time perjurer.

Amy, 26, candidly admitted that he knowingly and willfully lied under oath to a grand jury last December by wrongfully accusing the defendant, Con Errico, of fixing four races in 1975.

The jury will now be forced to weigh this question: if Amy had no compunction about lying last year to implicate an innocent man in supposedly fixed races, could he not

By

Ray

Kerrison



be doing the same at this trial?

The jockey's day on the witness stand gave the Errico defense a blockbuster of a day. It shattered

Amy's own credibility, left his reputation in tatters.

It lofted the incredible possibility that Amy's perjury will put the biggest jockeys in the nation outside the reach of the law on race-fixing allegations.

And to add to the prosecution's woes, Amy also turned out to be an alarmingly recalcitrant, unsatisfactory witness under cross-examination.

To dozens of questions

Continued on Page 74

Amy stuns race-fix trial with perjury confession

Continued from back page
posed by defense attorney, Al Brackley, the jockey replied, almost ad nauseum, that he did not remember, he could not recall, he did not understand, he was confused.

Snapped Brackley, "I'm getting a bit tired of this routine."

If it was a big day for the defense, it certainly needed it.

In the previous day's hearing, jockey Ben Feliciano, had proved a highly effective witness for the prosecution. He was unshakable that Errico had bribed him to throw two races at Saratoga, sturdy as a pillar under Brackley's crossfire.

Other major highlights in a crowded day yesterday were:

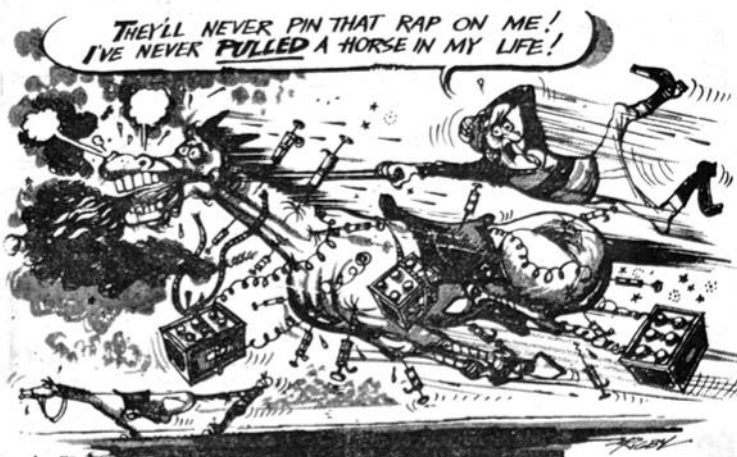
● Amy confessed to the FBI in February 1979, that he was a crooked jockey who had fixed horse races. Unknown to the betting public, he was permitted by the authorities to continue riding for a full year after his disclosure.

Ironically, it turned out to be Amy's most successful year, winning 150 races and \$2.6 million in purses.

● Amy tearfully stated that he did not expect to be permitted back on the racetrack but then admitted that the U.S. Government had agreed to make submissions in his behalf



CON ERRICO
Sees new hope.



to the State Racing and Wagering Board, the licensing body.

● Amy claimed that after Sports Illustrated published an article in 1978 accusing prominent jockeys of race-fixing, top rider Jacinto Vasquez went to him and said, "Don't worry about it, they don't have any evidence."

● Gamblers from Rhode Island won as much as \$100,000 a day betting on races alleged by the prosecution to be fixed. One day, two in the group absent-mindedly left \$100,000 worth of winning trifecta tickets at the mutual clerk's window where they were bought. The tickets were reclaimed and cashed the next day.

● The New York Racing Association was unable to produce most of the betting printouts on the alleged fixed races because, it was said, they were thrown out in keeping with normal business practice.

However, since the races were at the time under investigation by the track and the FBI, the destruction of the records remains a puzzling feature of the Errico case.

● Prosecutor Neil Fire-

tog told the court that Amy is still cooperating in the investigation of race-fixing by other jockeys.

Soon after he took the stand for the second day in the trial, in which Errico is charged with fixing nine races, Amy was asked about his remarkable grand jury testimony contradictions.

Amy, on Dec. 11 last year, told the grand jury investigating race-fixing that Errico asked him to hold his horse in four races in 1975, on Mar. 13, May 9, June 15 and July 25.

He swore that Errico approached him in the jockeys' room on those days and asked him to fix the races.

But in a later grand jury appearance, on May 14 this year, Amy recanted on those four races.

Defense attorney Brackley took Amy through his testimony on each of the races.

"Was it true or was it a lie?" Brackley asked.

"A lie," said Amy, four times.

Brackley: When you left the grand jury Dec. 11, you knew you had lied.

Amy: Yes, sir.

Brackley: And you planned to lie.

Amy: Yes.

Brackley: You knew at the time that another man's freedom (Errico's) was at stake and you lied.

Amy: I don't understand.

Brackley: Did you decide to lie in the grand jury to protect other jockeys?

Amy: I don't recall.

Brackley read out the names of top jockeys who rode in the four races that Amy recanted.

On Mar. 13 they were Vasquez, Jaime Arellano, Mike Venezia and Braulio Baeza. On May 9, Venezia, Eddie Maple, Angel Cordero Jr., Vasquez and Marco Castaneda.

In the race of June 15 there were Maple, Vasquez and Venezia. On July 25, Castaneda, Maple, Baeza and Vasquez.

Brackley yelled at Amy, "You knew that races after Mar. 1, 1975 could be used against those jockeys. When you found that

grand jury on Mar. 14 and recanted all the races that take your corrupt partners out of the picture."

Brackley went on, "You recanted on all races after Mar. 1, except the one (on Mar. 24) with Mr. Errico. The dates you recanted were closest to your own criminal activity."

Amy replied, "I don't understand."

Brackley shouted back, "Fixin' horse races!"

Brackley charged that Amy let the Mar. 24 race stand because "your friend Cordero rode the winner and you knew he couldn't be accused of pulling a winner, right?"

Amy did not answer.

In redirect, prosecutor Firetog asked Amy why he lied to the grand jury.

"Because of two or three personal reasons," the jockey said. "To get out a little from the pressure put on me by the government for 10 months and by my friends (other jockeys). I thought by giving them the races, I could alleviate the pressure."

"By lying, you hoped to please the government?" asked Firetog.

"Yes," said Amy.

Amy said one reason he recanted was because the government itself did not believe him.

Firetog asked, "Did you change your testimony as part of a plot to protect other jockeys, to allow guilty individuals escape justice?"

"No sir," said Amy.

Among others who testified yesterday were former NYRA vice-president Patrick O'Brien, security chief Jack Sexton and former FBI agent Joseph Fanning.



JOSE AMY

Too much pressure.

7 races Amy admits fixing

HERE ARE the details of the seven races at Aqueduct and Saratoga in 1974 and 1975 that jockey Jose Amy admitted he fixed.

● **Ninth Aqueduct, March 5, 1974** — rode Prince Stoltz, the 5-2 favorite, to a sixth place finish. The triple of Sugar Rise (\$34.80), Jaipur II and Snow Sportsman paid \$311.

● **Ninth Saratoga, August 2, 1974** — rode Areyto, 4-1 shot, to eighth place finish. The triple of Good Horse, El Carrerito and American Way paid \$763.

● **Ninth Saratoga, August 6, 1974** — rode Peter G., the 5-2 favorite, to ninth place finish. The triple of Equal Power, Hanie Boy and Antigua Star paid \$2631.

● **Ninth Aqueduct, November 22, 1974** — rode Its Good For You, the 2-1 favorite, to seventh place finish. The triple of May She Be Lucky, Talk of Happiness and Villarette paid \$5394.

● **Ninth Aqueduct, December 6, 1974** — rode Navajo Miss, 5-1, to eighth place finish. The triple of Faluteda, Flambe and In Your Favour paid \$1051.

● **Ninth Aqueduct, December 9, 1974** — rode Bronze Ring, 45-1 longshot to last (10th) place finish. The triple of Early Star (\$41.40), Early Chief and MacCorke's Rock paid \$1794.

● **Ninth Aqueduct, March 24, 1975** — rode Coleoni, 8-1, to fifth place finish. The triple of Saturday Morning, Good Bye Billy and Stormy Lake paid \$3945.

out, you went back to the

GAS PRICES MAY DROP 10¢ A GALLON HERE: PAGE THREE

TODAY
Partly sunny, upper 70s
TONIGHT
Clear, mild, low 50s
TOMORROW
Sunny, near 70
Details, Page 2

NEW YORK POST

FINAL
TODAY'S PRICES

TV listings: P. 31

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1980 30 CENTS

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LARGEST-SELLING AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA

AVERAGE
DAILY
SALES
EXCEED **650,000**



**Andy
could
run
neck and
neck
with
Carter,
says
new poll**

By ANDY SOLTIS

JOHN Anderson could get close to 30 per cent of the vote — almost the same as President Carter — in the presidential election, a new poll shows.

The ABC News-Lou Harris survey is the first to demonstrate that the Illinois Congressman has real chances of winning in November.

Anderson finishes only two percentage points behind Carter — 29 per cent to 31 per cent — in the poll, which assumes Anderson will still be a le-

Continued on Page 4

RACING'S DARKEST HOUR

By RAY KERRISON and JERRY CAPECI

THE world of thoroughbred racing was jolted today by one of the biggest scandals in its 300-year history.

Jockey Jose Amy, in sweeping revelations, has named 11 of the nation's top jockeys as part of a widespread race-fixing scheme at New York tracks during the 1970s. Amy also admitted taking part in the scheme.

The jockey is expected to continue his sensational court testimony today.

The Post has learned that Amy will testify jockeys held regular meetings

among themselves to exchange information about what races were fixed.

The Puerto Rican jockey is expected to say the secret meetings took place before the start of races about twice a week and included half a dozen race-fixing jockeys at a time.

Amy's allegations are without parallel anywhere in the world in the long history of the turf.

Yesterday, the boyish-looking Amy implicated 11 top New York jockeys in the race-fixing ring.

The 26-year-old Amy read the jockeys' names out as if he was reciting a laundry list to a hushed Federal courtroom in Brooklyn.

Amy is the third witness in the trial of Con Errio, 58, a former top jockey himself now accused of bribing riders to hold back their horses during races at Aqueduct and Saratoga in the mid-70s.

Gamblers with inside knowledge of the fixed races made large profits betting underdogs, according to authorities.

Testifying through an interpreter yesterday — although he spoke English in his three appearances before a grand

Continued on Page 59



JOSE AMY

**Jockey names
11 top riders in
race fix scandal**

- Jaime Arellano
- Braulio Baeza
- Eddie Belmonte
- Marco Castaneda
- Angel Cardero, Jr.
- Jean Cruguet
- Heliodoro Gustines
- Eddie Maple
- Jacinto Vasquez
- Jorge Velasquez
- Michael Venezia

Racing's darkest hour

Continued from Page 1

jury — Amy admitted to taking a series of \$1500 bribes from Errico to pull mounts in seven races at Aqueduct and Saratoga in 1974 and 1975.

The jockey has been granted immunity from prosecution for his cooperation with the government.

Amy said the first two times Errico approached him to pull horses he refused.

But then, he said, Errico became more aggressive and invoked the name of the Mafia and threatened to harm him.

Amy said it was at that point he became afraid and decided to pull his mounts.

He said he hid his first

\$1500 payoff under his trousers in the jockeys' room only to find it missing after he returned from riding in the ninth race.

The second time, he hid the cash in an old boot and he recovered it after the race.

Repeatedly mopping his brow with a handkerchief, Amy went through the seven races in which he admitted pulling horses.

Each time, he said, it was Errico who approached him, made the offer and paid him the money.

Amy also confirmed the names of eight jockeys who knew about the fixed races that were published in The Post nearly two weeks ago.

They were: Angel Cor-

dero Jr, Jorge Velasquez, Eddie Maple, Jean Cruguet, Marco Castaneda, Eddie Belmonte, Jaime Arellano and Amy himself. Earlier, another jockey named in Post reports, Ben Feliciano, admitted on the witness stand he was involved in racefixing.

Then Amy added four more names to the list whom he described as "corrupt jockeys." They are:

● Jacinto Vasquez, 36, a Panamanian who won his second Kentucky Derby two weeks ago on Genuine Risk to cap one of the brightest riding careers in U.S. turf annals.

● Braulio Baeza, 40, a Panamanian who is enshrined in Saratoga's Racing Hall of Fame and is the second biggest money earner in racing history behind Bill Shoemaker. He is now a trainer.

● Michael Venezia, 35, one of New York's best-known lightweight jockeys and the nation's leading apprentice in 1964.

● Heliodoro Gustines, 40, also from Panama known throughout the world for his outstanding winning record with the mighty horse, Forego. He is now a trainer.

Amy read off the list under cross-examination by Errico's lawyer Al Brackley, who asked:

"Give us the names of the jockeys you discussed who were fixing races with you."

Amy testified that he and the racefixing jockeys were not only friends but frequently socialized together at a number of hotels near Aqueduct.

Brackley then questioned Amy about links to reputed mobsters, payoffs made in the Hilton Hotel, whether he bought cocaine or used it.

But it was the big group of alleged jockey racefixers that especially interested Brackley in the following exchange:

Q: "What remarks did Angel Cordero say about the races he fixed?"

A: "His exact remarks I don't recall."

Q: "Tell us some of Michael Venezia's remarks."

A: "I don't recall."

Q: "Did you hear Venezia say, 'I never took a dime, I never took a dime, I never took a dime?'"

A: "I don't remember his remarks with me."

Q: "Tell us some remarks that Michael Venezia said about fixing races."

A: "I don't remember the remarks."

Brackley took him through the whole list of jockeys that way. Each time Amy gave a similar response — he could not recall their words.

"In September last year, in the grand jury, you said they were corrupt, right?" Brackley asked.

"I recall having said that," Amy said.

Amy, in the grand jury, also testified that three jockeys — Vasquez, Belmonte and Arellano — would seek him out to ask him what horses he was holding.

He believed they did this, Amy said, because they wanted to bet on the horses themselves.

Amy was asked, "Were they known as big bettors?"

He replied, "Yes" but said he had never seen any of the three riders make big wagers.

Brackley then questioned Amy about his link, if any, to master racefixer Anthony (Big Tony) Ciulla.

"Did Ciulla give you \$6000 in cash and \$3000 worth of cocaine in the Hilton Hotel to hold your horse?"

"No sir," said Amy.

Brackley asked the jockey if he used cocaine.

"No sir," said Amy.

Brackley almost screamed at him, "Your concept of cooperation is not to remember anything about the jockeys fixing races but only what some broken-down ex-jockey [Errico] says?"

"That's the man that I remember," snapped Amy.

Errico found guilty

Feds now set sights on big-name jockeys



CON ERRICO
Ponders next move.

By JERRY CAPECI and RAY KERRISON
FEDERAL PROSECUTOR Neil Firetog issued a warning to Angel Cordero Jr., Jacinto Vasquez, Jorge Velasquez and a host of other jockeys last night after the racefix trial of Con Errico ended with a guilty verdict.

"I want those other jockeys to sweat," Firetog said after the six-man, six-woman jury took less than five hours to reach its verdict. "I want Mr. Errico to feel he isn't going to go down alone."

The 58-year-old Errico, who faces 20 years in prison for fixing nine races at Aqueduct and Saratoga in 1974 and 1975, will be pressured to reduce his prison sentence by testifying against the jockeys he bribed.

With its "one-man conviction machine," Anthony (Big Tony) Ciulla, discredited, the Organized Crime Strike Force in Brooklyn will try to coerce Errico into joining jockey Jose Amy, an admitted racefixer, as a witness for the prosecution.

In addition to Cordero,

Vasquez and Velasquez, who finished 1-2-3 in the Preakness Saturday, Amy named current jockeys Jaime Arellano, Marco Castaneda, Jean Cruguet, Eddie Maple and Michael Venezia as corrupt.

Former jockeys Braulio Baeza, Eddie Belmonte and Heliodoro Gustines also were named by Amy as part of a widespread racefixing scheme in which Errico "was the link between the jockeys and the gamblers."

While Errico and his law-

Continued on Page 55

Errico convicted of race-fixing

Continued from back page

yer, Albert Brackley, maintained throughout the trial that the defendant never would cooperate with federal prosecutors Firetog and Douglas Behm, the former jockey would not be the first convicted felon to change his mind under the threat of a long prison term.

Last night Errico mysteriously uttered, "Next time I'll bring them all in," as he left the courtroom of Brooklyn Federal Judge Jack B. Weinstein. He might find revenge sweet, especially against Venezia, who testified that he refused a \$7500 bribe offer from Errico and insisted, "I never took a dime," under questioning by Brackley. Venezia was named as a racefixer by Amy, who was suspended by the New York Racing Assn. after his testimony last week.

Several times during the six-day trial Firetog vehem-

mentally denied Brackley's charges that no jockeys would ever be indicted because of a "conspiracy of silence" by jockeys. Firetog stated that Amy "still was cooperating with the government."

"What makes Mr. Brackley think that this jockey's (Amy's) friends are free [from prosecution]?" Firetog asked the jury after Brackley made the charge in his closing statement. "It's just not true."

Indeed, Firetog noted that Cordero, Vasquez and Velasquez rode in the ninth race at Aqueduct on March 24, 1975, the key race in the conviction.

The jury had to decide that the March 24 race was fixed before it could convict Errico of engaging in an "ongoing criminal enterprise," since that race was the only one of the nine still within the five-year statute of limitations in sports bribery cases.

NEW YORK POST, WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1980

Amy raps Racing Board

LAWYERS WHO bump up against the State Racing and Wagering Board's quasi-legal procedures for the first time invariably react with shock and a display of judicial outrage.

That's because the Board, in matters relating to horse racing, functions as prosecutor, judge and jury all in one, a complete departure from due process in courts of law.

The latest lawyer to discover the Board's peculiar structure is James LaRossa, attorney for confessed racefixer, jockey Jose Amy. He ran into it yesterday and predictably let out a howl and claimed foul.

LaRossa (who was Anthony Scott's lawyer in the recent racketeering trial) and Amy turned up at the Board's headquarters in the World Trade Center for a hearing on Amy's license, suspended in mid-May when he testified in the Con Errico trial that he fixed seven races.

After securing a two-week adjournment of the hearing, LaRossa stepped outside and protested that the Board's chairman, John van Lindt, and his board should be disqualified from conducting any hearing on Jose Amy.

Specifically, LaRossa indicated that van Lindt's testimony in the Errico trial was prejudicial against his client, that van Lindt already held opinions



By
Ray
Kerrison

about Amy before the hearing had even begun.

"That's not the American way," said LaRossa in a variation of a theme sung by many lawyers before him.

As a result, he said he would file a motion in State Supreme Court next week to have the Board replaced. Good luck, Jimmy. Just don't bet on it, that's all.

The problem of the Racing Board being all things to one defendant was given a long workout in these pages four years ago in the Sandino Hernandez battery case. We don't plan to rerun it here.

There's a difference, however, in the Hernandez and Amy cases. Hernandez denied possessing a battery in the Belmont Park paddock. He was entitled to a fair and impartial hearing to determine his innocence or guilt.

There's no question of innocence or guilt with Amy. He confessed at the outset that he pulled seven horses for \$1500 apiece.

All the Racing Board has to do in this particular aspect of the scandal is impose the penalty for his ac-

knowledgeed misdeeds. If a Racing Board cannot do that without challenge, what's the point of having one?

This latest move by the 26-year-old jockey is a severe test of patience and tolerance. Amy has received many breaks through the racefixing scandal but at times he has stonewalled from here to hell and back.

He was permitted to ride in races for 13 months after admitting he fixed races. In that time, he had the most successful year of his career.

Despite his many criminal acts, he has been granted immunity from prosecution. Apparently he will be given immunity even against his admitted acts of perjury before the grand jury.

Remember how he said he fixed four races, then discovered he had implicated some of the biggest jockeys in the nation and placed them within the statute of limitations. Amy went back to the grand jury and recanted.

In the trial itself, he remembered things about Errico with the clarity of yesterday, but when cross-examined about the famous jockeys, Amy's mem-

ory failed him repeatedly.

The jockey turned the trial into a minor endurance test by refusing to testify in English, a strategy that blew up in his face when he ended up correcting the official court interpreter's English.

Now he has turned up at the Racing Board, a confessed crook and perjurer, demanding that the Board be replaced. The jockey who swindled the public out of hundreds of thousands of dollars by stiffing favorites wants to put the Racing Board on trial.

That's the chutzpah.

In his summation to the jury in the Errico trial, government prosecutor Neil Firetog made a compelling point about Amy.

He said the jockey, an outstanding apprentice in Puerto Rico, came to the mainland and became involved in racefixing at the relatively tender age of 20. He was vulnerable, as the young men often are.

That is not so today. Jose Amy is a grown man now. He knows the score, but still he tries to hang tough, to stonewall. Even he should know that a jockey who pulls horses and mixes with gangsters is in no position to demand much of racing's regulatory body.

★★★

★★★

61

TRIVIA FANS! Stump the Professor and win cash and a vacation: P. 66

**POST
SPORTS**

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1981 25 CENTS

**Jack shakes bug,
ready for Open**

— Roswell: P. 65 —

**Chinaglia's boot
whips Diplomats**

— Mushnick: P. 54 —

Racefix probe resumes

State Board ready to grill top jockeys

By RAY KERRISON

A PUBLIC INQUIRY into racefixing, unprecedented in the 300-year history of thoroughbred racing, will open in New York next week when at least 20 of the biggest names in the sport will be grilled under oath on the corruption that shook racing in 1974 and 1975.

The inquiry, conducted by the State Racing and Wagering Board, will culminate a 12-month, nationwide investigation. It will open Wednesday at the Board's offices in the World Trade Center and continue for several days.

Among those either invited or subpoenaed for the inquiry are nearly all the

Continued from Page 62

NYRA suffers double setback: P. 62

1981 U.S. GOV'T REPORT: CARLTON LOWEST.

In the 17 U.S. Government Reports on cigarette brands since 1970 no cigarette has ever been reported to be lower in tar than CARLTON.

Today's CARLTON has even less tar than the version tested for the Government's May 1981 Report. Despite new low tar brands introduced since, CARLTON remains the leader—CARLTON still lowest.

Carlton is lowest.

Box—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nicotine.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Soft Pack: 7 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 81.



**10 jockeys
on racing's
hot seat**

**Dissident owners push
Kuhn for quick solution**

—P

State board set to grill top jockeys

Continued from back page

leading New York jockeys at the time of the corruption, including Angel Cordero Jr., Jorge Velasquez, Jacinto Vasquez, Eddie Maple, Braulio Baeza, Jean Cruguet, Michael Venezia, Ben Feliciano, Jaime Arelano, Heliodoro Gustines and Marco Castaneda.

Those jockeys were implicated in racefix allegations by fellow jockey Jose Amy when he testified last year in the trial of Con (Scamp) Errico, a former jockey who was convicted on a racketeering charge involving racefixing.

All have repeatedly denied any wrongdoing.

It is uncertain whether Amy or Errico will be hauled in for this hearing since both refused to testify earlier this year in the

Eddie Belmonte case and their situation is now under review by the courts.

Although there have been many racefix inquiries in the U.S. in the past three years, none anywhere in the history of racing approached the incredible proportions of the Racing Board's hearing next week.

It will involve the *creme de la creme* of the sport, backed up by testimony of horsemen, owners, officials and lawmen.

The Board will formally announce the inquiry today, terming it an inquiry into "the matter of al-

legations of corrupt practices" at the New York flat tracks in the mid-1970s.

There is no question numerous races were fixed in that time period. The courts verified it when they found Errico guilty and jockeys themselves verified it when Amy and Feliciano both admitted they fixed races for payoffs.

Venezia has also testified under oath that he declined a \$7500 bribe offer to pull a horse at Saratoga in 1974.

EXPECT 'SURPRISES'

A source close to the investigation last night told The Post, "The inquiry will not be a mere exercise. It will be a far-reaching, broadscaped inquiry into the whole array of allegations that have surfaced in the past few years."

"Everyone who has been connected with it in some way will be called to testify. The Board has been very actively pursuing this investigation."

"I think you will see a lot of surprises."

Soon after the Errico trial, the Racing Board hired two lawyers, John Clark and John Patten, to investigate allegations of racefixing in New York. They have worked at it ever since.

Their first major shot came in January when the Board suspended former jockey Eddie Belmonte's license to operate as a jockey agent.

Clark and Patten cross-examined Belmonte before a Board tribunal, whose finding has yet to be released. Belmonte, meantime, has sued the Board to have

his license restored.

It is apparent that horse races cannot be fixed without the cooperation of numerous jockeys and/or horsemen. One of the Board's chief aims in next week's inquiry will be to question those who may or may not have been involved.

The Racing Board does not have prosecution powers, but it does have the authority to lift any jockey or trainer license, as in the Belmonte case, if it finds sufficient cause.

For that reason, next week's inquiry represents an important and sensitive landmark in the life of all jockeys and horsemen concerned.

The Post has learned that one prominent racefix figure will not appear at the Board's inquiry. That's Anthony (Big Tony) Ciulla, the confessed racefixer whose testimony has sent numerous men to jail all over the East Coast and Midwest in a series of racefix trials.

He was the first to implicate the big names in New York racing in a *Sports Illustrated* article in November, 1978, in which he claimed he paid out sums as large as \$6000 to Cordero and others to pull horses so he could bet on the fixed outcome of races.

Ciulla later implicated Cordero, Velasquez and others in racefixing in an ABC-TV interview. None of his allegations has been proven.

Transactions

BASEBALL American League

YANKEES — Signed Shane O'Shea, third baseman; John Hughes, catcher; Fred McGriff, first baseman; Mike Speeney, shortstop; Gary Kempton, catcher; and Mark Silva, pitcher.

CLEVELAND — Signed Randy Washington, outfielder; Sam Martin, shortstop; Phil Deriso, pitcher; and John Merchant, first baseman.

**SAYS
DAY GIFTS
BE DULL?**

Atra

revolving head twin blade
shaving system



TODAY
Cloudy, 80-85
TONIGHT
Clearing, mid 60s
TOMORROW
Sunny, pleasant, 80
Details, Page 2

TV listings: P. 67

NEW YORK POST

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1981

25 CENTS

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AMERICA'S FASTEST-GROWING NEWSPAPER

METRO
TODAY'S RACING

AVERAGE DAILY
SALES EXCEED 730,000

Bombshell charge at N.Y. track inquiry ...

14 RACES FIXED



● **Top jockeys
in hot seat**

● **Big exotic
bet payoffs**

● **Mystery of
race suicide**

FULL STORY OF BETTING SCAM PROBE STARTS BACK PAGE

Vasquez named racefix 'bagman'

By RAY KERRISON

JOCKEY JACINTO Vasquez, who has twice won the Kentucky Derby, was accused in testimony yesterday of offering bribes of \$5000 and \$10,000 to another jockey to stiff his horse in a trifecta race at Saratoga in August 1974.

The identification of Vasquez as a "bagman" in racefixing was one of two startling revelations in the second day of hearings in the State Racing and Wagering Board's inquiry into racetrack corruption.

The other revelation was documented evidence by Board investigators that an article on racefixing in New York, detailed by racefixer Anthony Ciulla and published by *Sports Il-*

Continued on Page 76

76**

NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1981

Vasquez fingered; Ciulla story refuted



JACINTO VASQUEZ... identified as racefix 'bagman.'

Continued from back page
illustrated in November, 1978, was a fabrication.

In the article, Ciulla claimed he bribed most of the top jockeys in New York to fix races for betting coups, but the Board proved Ciulla could not possibly have done what he said he did.

As a result, said investigator John Clark, Ciulla could be called a "faker and charlatan, a hit and run artist, a slanderer and libeler."

Vasquez' name was mentioned in a deposition from Jack Sexton, a retired officer of the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, racing's internal affairs division.

Sexton said that a trainer, John Cotter, told him that jockey Michael Hole (whose death in 1976 was ruled a suicide) reported he had been offered a bribe of \$5000 to hold a Cotter-trained horse, Tradesman, at Saratoga in August, 1974.

When Hole refused, the offer was escalated to \$10,000, but Hole still declined.

Sexton said that Cotter told him that some weeks later, at Aqueduct, Cotter and Hole were together in the saddling paddock when Hole pointed across the

paddock to another jockey and said, "He's the one who offered me the bribes."

Hole, according to Cotter, pointed to Vasquez.

Sexton, in his deposition, also reported that he had jockeys Angel Cordero Jr. and Jorge Velasquez followed by agents after they had finished out of the money on favored horses in trifectas at Saratoga, but that each night the jockeys had driven straight home.

Sexton also said that he had begged that a group of New England gamblers be thrown off the track at Saratoga but FBI agent Joseph Fanning, in charge of the agency's racefix investigation, refused.

"It was my opinion that the right thing was to get rid of the gamblers and let the stewards handle the jockeys," said Sexton. "But Fanning told us to let the gamblers go on."

John Patten, a board investigator, then turned his attention to the sensational Ciulla article in *Sports Illustrated*.

He detailed all the charges Ciulla made in the article, implicating most of the top New York jockeys in racefixing, naming specific trifectas he allegedly fixed, fingering Con Errico as his bagman, alleging

meetings with Cordero and acquaintance with trainer John Campo.

Patten said at no time did Ciulla mention jockeys Jose Amy and Ben Feliciano, both confessed fixers.

"Ciulla says he made a bribe offer to Michael Hole but John Cotter's testimony indicated the alleged bribe was made by a fellow jockey (Vasquez)," said Patten.

"We have no evidence Ciulla was anywhere near Saratoga in 1974. Indeed, he has sworn under oath that he was fixing races in Pocono Downs, Pa., when he says he was in New York."

Patten recalled how Ciulla said he fixed the triples in New York on April 7 and April 10, 1975.

Ciulla claimed he cashed 475 winning tickets on the April 7 trifecta, netting \$200,000.

But a Board investigation showed that only 311 winning tickets were sold on the race. Of those, 205 were won by single individuals, according to IRS forms, and 106 tickets were won in multiples of five, six and seven by professional bettors and handicappers.

"It is inconceivable that Ciulla could have done what he said," said Daniel

Goldberg, a Board investigator.

Similar discrepancies also showed up in the April 10 trifecta.

The Board said Ciulla fixed races in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Massachusetts and Rhode Island but there was no evidence he fixed a single race in New York.

Investigator John Clark said all attempts to get Ciulla to testify in the current inquiry had failed.

Ciulla had demanded a fee of \$100,000 to testify, although Ciulla's lawyer said the fee was negotiable.

"We said any payment was out of the question," said Clark, adding that Ciulla smeared so many people in the *Sports Illustrated* article he had an obligation to come forward and testify.

"If he doesn't come forward, his credibility will be severely impaired and the value of his intended book and movie will be dissipated," said Clark.

It was then that Clark said Ciulla runs the risk of being condemned as a "faker and charlatan."

The hearing will resume next Wednesday. Prominent jockeys probably will not testify until a week from next Tuesday.

Race-fix jocks must not escape unscathed

THE CLARK-PATTEN report on race-fixing, released Friday, is a sober, blunt appraisal that adds up to a damning indictment of the conduct of racing in New York in the 1970s.

It spares no one. It convicts the jockeys who took part in the scheme and, in an understated way, savagely criticizes virtually everyone in authority who let it happen.

What is profoundly disturbing, however, is its conclusion. Attorneys John Cark and John Patten recommend that no action be taken against the jockeys because it would not be legally sustainable.

In short, after hauling out all the artillery, loading the cannons and positioning the troops, the lawyers cry "Surrender!"

Racing cannot afford this finding.

It is a confession of failure, a proclamation that racing cannot be cleansed of corruption.

Tar Heels atop lacrosse poll

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va. (AP) — Defending NCAA champion North Carolina and perennial power Johns Hopkins, both unbeaten, continued their domination yesterday of the weekly Division I coaches' poll of the U.S. Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association.

The Tar Heels, who ran their record to 4-0 Saturday with a 16-11 victory over Maryland, received nine of the first-place votes, just as last week.



By

**Ray
Kerrison**

that it is impotent to police itself.

The Clark-Patten recommendation is nothing more than the opinion of two men reached in good faith. They may be right. They have experience and scholarship on their side.

But they may also be wrong. I say, test it!

In matters of law, I'm a redneck, a know-nothing. But I've hung out at racetracks for 46 years and the race-fix case can be smelled from here to the Fulton Fish Market.

There is a need to pursue this case to the end of the earth, as state Racing and Wagering Board chairman John van Lindt once put it. In my admittedly amateurish opinion, the case is stronger than Clark and Patten are prepared to acknowledge.

The Racing Board, charged with the regulation of the sport, has very broad powers.

The Unconsolidated Laws of New York State state explicitly that the Board has the power and the duty to revoke the license of anyone whose actions are deemed not in the best interest of racing.

The same laws also state that the Board has the authority to revoke the license of anyone guilty of misrepresentation.

Clark and Patten found that the jockeys fixed the races. That, clearly, is not in the best interest of racing.

They also found that the testimony of the jockeys, given under oath before the Board's public inquiry last July, was "incredible and patently unbelievable." That, surely, is misrepresentation.

The fix scandal flourished in New York because good men did nothing about it. Is history destined to repeat itself? Is nothing to be done in face of the guilty verdict brought down by Clark and Patten?

The trouble with their report is that it may be an impeccable exposition of the law, but it contradicts the reality of the racetrack.

Two groups of professional gamblers, linked to organized crime, won 11 of 13 betting coups on exactas and trifectas.

The lawyers sniff at that and cry "circumstantial evidence," but horseplayers know better.

They know there isn't a handicapper in the world who can win \$1 million by winning 11 of 13 gimmick races.

Only fixes make scores like that. If the gamblers were legitimate, they would still be in business today and the world would beat a path to their door for their system.

Some jockeys were consistently and repeatedly omitted from the betting in the fixed races. Again, the lawyers say "circumstantial evidence."

The horseplayer knows better. When a leading jockey, aboard a heavily-favored horse, is consistently omitted in the betting and consistently finishes out of the payoff spot, it's no coincidence.

Invoking its own rules and regulations concerning the best interest of the sport and misrepresentation, the Board should be able to proceed.

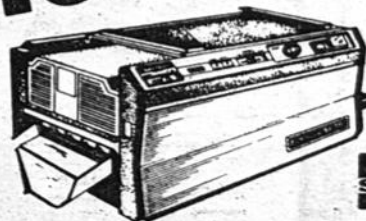
But beyond that, an intelligent presentation of the facts to an appellate court, if required, may be anything but legally unsustainable. It's worth a try.

In proposing this course, I'm not interested in a witchhunt against the jockeys. I genuinely like many of them. I respect them for their ability, their courage in the face of danger and, indeed, their overall record of service to racing.

But at the heart of this affair is an issue so intrinsically crucial to the survival of racing that it supercedes friendship or respect. That issue is: who is to control racing, the officials or the jockeys?

If the jockeys are permitted to beat the rap through official abdication, there is no hope for them or us.

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THE VASQUEZ TAPES

JACINTO VASQUEZ, one of the most successful jockeys in the long history of the turf, is currently appealing a one-year suspension for his alleged involvement in a race-fix scandal.

In the late afternoon of August 14, 1983, Vasquez and fellow rider Eddie Maple met in the parking lot at Saratoga where, according to sworn testimony, Vasquez asked Maple to sign an affidavit that he (Maple) had tied to a grand jury when he implicated Vasquez in the 1970s scandal at the same track.

According to Vasquez, Maple said he would consider the matter and get back to him. Later that evening Maple phoned Vasquez and, unknown to Maple, private investigator Stanley Kochman tape-recorded the conversation.

Their conversation is a crucial piece of evidence to be considered this weekend when the State Racing and Wagering Board's hearing officer, Commissioner Harry Snyder, weighs his verdict on whether Vasquez should be granted a new hearing.

Here is the text of the Vasquez-Maple taped conversation, edited to avoid repetition.



By
Ray
Kerrison

'You're being railroaded, no question about that. I would certainly like to figure out some way to help you.'
— EDDIE MAPLE



'You put me in here, lying in the grand jury and all that bull. I'm the one who's getting a year's suspension.'
— JACINTO VASQUEZ

Maple: Hi. Listen, I've been advised about what we talked about tonight.

Vasquez: Yes.

Maple: Not to do anything like that. Furthermore, I'm sorry about everything that's happened and I didn't mean for anything to happen to anybody. Secondly, somebody's been trying to bury me ever since this thing started. I've got a pretty good idea who it was, but that's how I got in as deep as I am.

I don't know what was going on, or if anything was going on, but I was never used to that kind of stuff.

Thirdly, you're being railroaded, there's no question about that. I would certainly like to figure out some way to help you, but the approach we're talking about now is no good.

It had to be set up for me to get involved like this, to be drug through what I've been drug through and it's a dirty, rotten shame. It had to be a lotta people involved to get the things rolling against me, that were thrown at me. It had to be something heavy. Now like I say—

Vasquez: What does that goddam thing got to do with me?

Maple: Well, you're asking me to do something—

Vasquez: Well, I'm the one that you got in the goddam—, I don't have nothing against you. Why should I be involved in this—?

Maple: You probably shouldn't be, Jacinto. Believe me, you probably shouldn't be. Like I

say, I don't know what was going on, if anything was going on. But, to have somebody like me, that worked as hard as I did, and left everybody alone and minding my own business, and for me to be drug through what I've been drug through, it's just not right. There's something wrong somewhere.

And I'm telling you right now, you're being railroaded.

Vasquez: Yeah, but you put me in here.

Maple: Naw, I didn't put you in No.

Vasquez: Oh yeah. You put me in here, lying in the grand jury and all that bull—, I'm the one who's getting a year's suspension.

Maple: Now listen, I'm not gonna sit on this phone and listen to all this—, I explained to you the best I could just now about the bottom line, a long, long time ago.

Vasquez: Why don't you meet me some place and spend an hour—

Maple: Now, we've had our phone tapped for six years. You know, as far as any guilt, that's not there.

Vasquez: Why don't you meet me man to man and we sit and talk. You come with a lotta bull—, You put me in this goddam trouble. I'm spending a lot of money on lawyers and all that bull—, and you're the one that got me in this trouble.

Maple: No, no. Wait a minute. I'm not talking about putting you in a bad spot. I'm talking about getting me involved in this—

involved, when I shouldn't have been involved.

Vasquez: What are you talking about?

Maple: You tell me, pal.

Vasquez: Not me.

Maple: You tell me.

Vasquez: Not me, because I don't try and involve—

Maple: How about some of your friends?

Vasquez: I don't have other friends. What are friends? (Jockey Jose) Amy and all those guys?

Maple: I don't know. You tell me.

Vasquez: Okay. There's (convicted racefixer Anthony) Ciulla. You think I tell Ciulla to get you involved?

Maple: No, no, I wasn't in the Ciulla thing. Somebody's trying to throw me to the wolves.

Vasquez: (presumably the FBI) said did you hear anything. Talk, jokes, this and that and the other thing. I said, yeah, I know a guy who talks too much, shoots his mouth off, I and four other people, said the same thing.

Vasquez: Yeah.

Maple: The bottom line is, who threw me in?

Vasquez: Not me, because I don't throw anybody in. I don't know nothing about what was going on.

Maple: I never said you threw me in. But I'm saying I've got a pretty good idea who it was but, you know, it's kinda fishy and smelly. The whole thing stinks. Especially me getting involved when I know nothing.

Vasquez: You think that—

Maple: I mind my own business.

Vasquez: You're riding and I'm the one that's suspended and you call that a stink.

Maple: Oh, yeah, I'm having a wonderful time.

Vasquez: Well, you must be. You made a deal with the commission (the Racing Board).

Maple (sarcastically): Oh, yeah, yeah. I made a deal with them. They love me so much they give me days (suspensions).

Vasquez: Ah, you had the goddam stewards around you, around the goddam racetrack. You had more 'held blameless' than anyone around the racetrack.

Maple: Oh, bull—, When was the last time you got days?

Vasquez: What the hell have I done?

Maple: I don't know, I just ask you.

Vasquez: Why the hell did you lie to the grand jury?

Maple: Jesus Christ. Vasquez: Why the hell did you lie in the grand jury?

Maple: I didn't tell no lies.

Vasquez: You tell them that I offer you money.

Maple: No, don't start on all that—, Listen, what I've gone through for no reason is beyond comprehension. What I've gone through because somebody put me up in front of everybody else and why I'll never know. Well, I guess I do know deep in my heart.

But I'll tell you what, I'm never gonna forget it and I'm gonna keep riding and I'm gonna ride hard and make a living and I'm gonna send my kids to college doing it, but it won't be because anybody wanted me to do good.

Vasquez: Well, you don't have to blame me. They— somebody— trying to throw you to the wolves.

Maple: I'm just saying that it smells, you know?

Vasquez: Okay. You got the smell, but why did you put me in? I used to be your best friend around here. I

used to help them to get the horses and do things for you.

Maple: Jacinto, you should know what was said. I'm sorry, because the whole thing is so ass-backwards. There's gotta be a way to keep this thing from coming down—

Vasquez: A chance to tell the truth in court and tell them that you don't know nothing.

Maple: No, I can't go in there and say that what I said before was a lie.

Vasquez: Why did you get me messed up in this goddam thing, you telling in court that I offer you money and all that baloney?

Maple: No, no, no, no. Vasquez: You should tell the truth.

Maple: No, no, no, I didn't say that.

Vasquez: That's what got me into it. Say I offer you a bribe.

Maple: Did you read the thing?

Vasquez: Yeah, I read the thing. I read the newspapers. I read my goddam suspension and it says I offer you a bribe.

Maple: The last time it came out in the papers it says I was offered two bribes. You remember reading that? Now where did they get that?

Vasquez: I don't know where they got that. But I just wanna know why I got my name involved in the goddam thing.

Maple: Your name was with a whole lotta names. My name was in there. But nobody else was drug through this except me, first, and then you.

Vasquez: You think you were all alone being investigated? They investigated everybody. Harrassing everybody.

Maple: When it was in the paper that I had to go before the grand jury, nobody came to me. You didn't come to me and say, geez, this is too bad.

Vasquez: Well, you never tell me you went to the grand jury.

Maple: F---, you. It was in the newspaper. Next Thursday, one week, six days from today, Maple is gonna testify before the grand jury. Nobody comes and says, geez, Eddie, that's too bad, is there anything we can do. Noooooooo.

Vasquez: I didn't have to say nothing to you because I never mentioned your goddam name.

Maple: There was nothing you could do. Everything was fine. You were back laughing it off. You know, big deal. It's Maple, who gives a—?

Vasquez: That's why you mention my name, because you—

Maple: Oh, no, I had nothing, least of all against you. I heard a lot of things come out of

your mouth. All jokes, as far as I was concerned. Now, maybe that's not true. But to me it was all bull—, I laughed. Kate (Maple's wife) will tell you I laughed. Everybody laughed.

Vasquez: Who told you to mention my name in the grand jury?

Maple: Nobody told me to mention your name. I don't know who mentioned your name.

Vasquez: Yeah, but who the hell, how did my name get involved with you?

Maple: Your name was all over the place, believe me. Ya hear what I'm telling you?

Vasquez: My name—

Maple: It was all over the world in there.

Vasquez: There's always my name—

Maple: I said so, big deal. The guy told a bunch of jokes, he shoots off his mouth, he's a big mouth. Big deal. But they didn't think it was such a big deal.

Vasquez: But why did the grand jury never call me in. If they thought I was so hot?

Maple: That's what I want to know. Who sent me in there? Who had 'em bring me in there and drag me through this?

Vasquez: I don't know.

Maple: I know you're in the hot seat right now, but I'm telling you I will never be the same person I was in 1971 or '72.

Vasquez: Yeah, you put my name in the goddam—, trouble. All the things I did for you, to help you around the racetrack.

Maple: I'm telling you right now, I'm really, really sorry that you're in the spot you're in. We ought to be able to figure something out if your man (lawyer) knows what he's doing. But what we talked about this afternoon is no good.

Vasquez: Why don't you talk to my lawyer?

Maple: I don't have to talk to him because I know nothing about that kind of stuff. If he can come up with something, I'll be willing to listen. But as far as me coming up with something, I wouldn't have the slightest idea. I might as well be talking to Jesus Christ 'cause I wouldn't be the least bit of help.

Vasquez: Would you want to go out together and we meet and discuss this?

Maple: No, 'cause it's not going to do any good. What we're talking about right now, I've been advised against it and—, and that's that.

Vasquez: Yeah. Okay. Let's forget it. See you later.

Maple: All right.

^t
Varying Articles
Through the Years



2009 BELMONT STAKES



91

New York Post, Sunday, June 7, 2009

nypost.com

JOE Hirsch, perhaps the best known and best loved turf writer in the history of American racing, died Jan. 9 at the age of 80 after a lifetime — 55 years — of writing for the Daily Racing Form.

On the eve of the Belmont Stakes, a classic race he cherished, the racing family gathered in Belmont's North Shore Terrace for a memorial service to honor his contributions to the sport and his memory.

Owners, trainers, jockeys, officials, executives and swarms of media colleagues from all over the country packed the room in a tribute that glowed with warmth and affection, reflecting the high esteem in which Hirsch was held by virtually all cross-sections of the sport.



Ray Kerrison

Hirsch was a unique figure in racing, carving out a niche hard to define and probably impossible to duplicate.

He was part newspaperman, part author, part ambassador, part promoter, part jockey agent, part racing secretary, part businessman, part diplomat, full-time traveler, convivial dinner host, witty raconteur, and generous of spirit to all.

He was stricken with Parkinson's disease more than 20 years ago. As the disease progressed, it ravaged his body but his mind remained sharp and lucid almost to the end.

He had many great friends to help him through: Jim Gluckson, Dave Johnson, Jay Privman, Gene Stevens, the late Joe Durso.

Hirsch's forbearance in the face of overwhelming disability and suffering, his determination to work through it and his courage to cope without complaint was beyond heroic.

A gentle, elegant man, Joe signed off every conversation with two words: "God bless." Steve Crist, chairman and publisher of the Daily Racing Form, hosted the memorial hour, a sweet journey down

Above-average Joe

Racing Form's Hirsch was one of a kind



CALLING ALL HORSES: Buglers perform yesterday at Belmont Park prior to the 141st running of the Belmont Stakes.

Reuters

memory lane, and here are a few remembrances of those who knew Joe:

Charlie Hayward, president of the New York Racing Association: "We all know the racing business is a very tough game, it can grind you down, results in a lot of negativism and cynicism. But not Joe Hirsch. He was upbeat all his life."

Jonathon Socolow, Joe's relative: "Joe drew the best out of everyone. If Joe were here today, his message would be, love the sport with all your might."

Jerry Bailey, jockey:

"When I came to New York in 1982 to ride, I knew you were under a tremendous microscope with the media. I had to learn to forge a relationship with the media, some good, some not so good. But I got to know Joe Hirsch and for that I'm forever grateful. It changed my life forever. We had a friendship that lasted over 20 years. The thing I remember most about Joe was that he was always kind, and he always saw hope and optimism in life."

Bill Nack, writer: "Joe was tireless as a journalist

and you could take his stuff to the bank. He was an inspiration for every journalist who ever covered the racetrack. If he had it in his column, it was right. God bless him for all he has done for everyone in this business."

D. Wayne Lukas, trainer: "Giving Joe a Triple Crown to cover would be like giving Picasso a brush or Elvis a song. In my induction to the Hall of Fame, I made some public comments I didn't care about and I thought I would skip the whole thing. Joe sat me down one day and he said,

"Wayne, we're going to put you in, on our terms, and you're going to go up there, and be elegant and humble and you're going to accept it and that's the end of that." I said, "Thank you Joe, and I'll do just that."

Jay Hovdey, Racing Form's executive columnist: "No man ever was able to more gracefully balance life and work as he did."

Nick Zito, trainer: "When I first started out, Joe took me under his wing. When I first got on the Derby scene, Joe introduced me to everyone.

I was always grateful for that."

Zito observed that Joe, who never married or had children, had a family and it was racing.

"A family needs a leader and Joe inspired everyone with his courage and integrity," Zito said.

Then the humor. "I never realized how articulate or how bright or how diverse I was," Zito said, "until I read the articles Joe Hirsch wrote about me."

So the memorial ended with a laugh, just as Joe would have liked it.

Joe Hirsch, one of a kind.

WEEKEND SPECIAL / RACING

Buddy's life befits a storybook tale

IN THE DECADE of the 1960s, no one flashed across the New York racing landscape with more razzle-dazzle than Howard (Buddy) Jacobson.

Nephew of America's legendary trainer, Hirsch Jacobs, Buddy was a one-man blitz, a brash, rebellious, swaggering go-getter who won five training titles and a vast, faithful following among horseplayers.

Between winners, he rubbed the nose of the racing establishment in its holy cows, mocked the sport and its traditions, led a backstretch revolt, challenged the power citadels of the New York Racing Assn. and the Jockey Club and ended up being run out of the game.



By
Ray
Kerrison

Ten years later, in April 1980, Buddy Jacobson was convicted of murder and sentenced to 25 years in prison. A jury found him guilty of slaying Jack Tupper, his rival for the affections of cover girl Melanie Cain.

Two months after his conviction, Buddy escaped from the Brooklyn House of Detention by strolling out the front door. He was captured in California July 9.

Removed to Clinton, the prison fortress up near the Canadian border, Buddy as late as last year was still trying to escape. In May, he hired two fellow cons to dig a tunnel. They dug six feet before the ruse was discovered.

The whole turbulent,

unlikely and catastrophic life of Buddy Jacobson has now been assembled in a book titled *Bad Dreams* (Mac Millan, \$14.95) and billed as a "true account of sexual obsession, fantasy and murder."

Written by Anthony Haden-Guest, a successful magazine writer, *Bad Dreams* takes Buddy apart, layer by layer, as it tracks him through the bizarre world of Manhattan's East Side with its models, hoods, horsemen, cops, drug runners — the whole steamy, seamy, boutique life.

Within its pages, Haden-Guest has drawn a sharp portrait of Buddy Jacobson, the trainer, which is the spe-

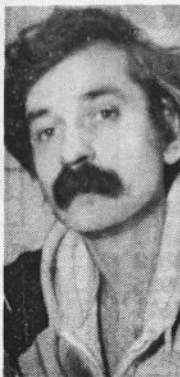
cial interest here. The author leaves no doubt that Jacobson's success and celebrity at the track set him up for the fall that dropped him behind bars.

Born in Brooklyn, burned at the age of 10 when his father deserted the family for another woman, Buddy started walking "hots" at 11, dropped out of high school and went to work for his uncle, Eugene Jacobs, the trainer.

Aflame with ambition from the beginning, Buddy started at \$25 a week as a stableboy, quickly rose to be foreman and assistant trainer, then at 22 launched out on his own.

Through the 1950s, Buddy was a model race-tracker and family man. He married Joan Miller, had a son, David, worked his butt off, studied medical journals and medications, ate supper with his family, watched TV and went to bed at 9 p.m.

He attracted a strong collection of owner-



BUDDY JACOBSON
A harrowing life.

clients like Bill Frankel, a Wall Street operator, Dave Shaer, a show manufacturer, Sam Lefrak, the real estate tycoon. He enrolled in a Dale Carnegie course in "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

In 1963, Buddy Jacobson became America's No. 1 trainer with almost twice as many winners as his famous uncle Hirsch, who ran second to him in New York. Hirsch Jacobs, who won the New York title 22 times, was never to oc-

cupy the top position again.

By 1964, Buddy was a star and, in the words of a friend, "something happened to his head." That's when Buddy discovered controversy — and girls. He embraced both with a vengeance.

He shocked the establishment by dismissing horses as "machines, numbers, goods." He would claim a horse from anyone. He didn't care.

He insulted jockeys. "A monkey could ride as good a race as a top jockey," he would say. "I never congratulate them. I don't congratulate the pilot of a plane for getting me to New York."

He provoked everyone. Owners often were too intimidated to seek his counsel. To the horror of the bluebloods, he announced, "The only sport in this business is getting the money. You don't have to be bright in this business, you just have to pay attention."

He bought a horse from Jockey Club chairman Ogden Phipps and wanted to name it "Ogden Flips." He walked a girl through the Belmont saddling ring in a miniskirt with a rose clenched in her teeth.

Buddy was the first trainer to give a girl, Barbara Jo Rubin, a mount in a race in New York. The horse, Bravy Galaxy, and Barbara Jo won, paid \$23, and so Buddy zapped the establishment again.

When he dispensed with the female jockey soon after, he said, "The

experiment is over. I proved my point. It doesn't take any great skill."

Next, Buddy sent for Robyn Smith, who was building a reputation in California. Buddy thought he would make her a star in New York, but when Robyn turned up at Kennedy Airport with two pet rats (named Pepper and Salt) Buddy barked to a friend, "Get her out of here. I never want to see her again."

According to Haden-Guest, a racetrack hustler set Buddy up for his first extramarital affair, a one-night stand with a luscious 18-year-old airline stewardess. He went wild.

Says the author, "The lateness of Buddy's arrival into the world of sex had given him a blowtorch intensity."

Jacobson apparently consecrated his life to the pursuit of carnal pleasures. He cruised Kennedy Airport picking up airline attendants in his Eldorado, took an apartment in Queens so stuffed with airline stewardesses it was known as the Stew Zoo, partied night after night, courted women with everything from flowers to pianos, installed one-way mirrors and seldom slept with the same girl twice.

He bought a building in Manhattan and rented the apartments almost exclusively to models.

By now, says Haden-Guest, Buddy was sleeping late, training his horses by telephone and losing his owners.

Then he met Sarah Hall, the Mississippi blonde ex-wife of California jockey, Dean Hall. Sarah had lots of glamor, lots of money and a reputation as one of the biggest female gamblers in the country.

Sarah was the kind of woman who made flamboyant entrances. She traveled with her personal hairdresser, arrived at the track in a helicopter and boasted she never wore the same mink coat twice.

"Buddy appealed to her sense of the outrageous," says Haden-Guest. Together, they cut a brilliant swath through New York racing before Buddy was denied stall space and effectively driven out of the game.

To this day, Sarah Hall still has fond memories of her life with Buddy at the track. Says she, "You know, once he wanted me to buy him a mountain."

Run out of racing, Buddy became a real estate wheeler-dealer with a ski lodge in Vermont, apartments in New York and finally a modeling agency, My Fair Lady, with Melanie Cain as his protegee.

Their five-year association ended in murder. Miss Cain writes the epitaph: "In the end, all Buddy had was contempt for other people. And it caught up with him."

Alberto to miss Cosmos' match

COSMOS' (4-9) defender Carlos Alberto will miss the team's crucial NASL indoor match against the Eastern Division leading Montreal Manic (7-3) tonight (WVJ, 7:30 p.m.).

abc

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Racing in America: Coast has the most

(First of two parts)
ARCADIA, Cal. — Lashed, bashed and thrashed by 14 inches of rain in a month, Santa Anita this week looked more like a drowning duck than America's No. 1 race-track.

I was sent here to find out why Santa Anita occupies its lofty perch and why California racing, on the march, threatens New York's supremacy as the place to race. For the assignment, I was given an airplane ticket and a typewriter. They should have given me a life raft.

But even as mist and fog shrouded the San Gabriel mountains, as horse players huddled under shelter in the in-

Santa Anita pulling away from N.Y. rivals



By
**Ray
Kerrison**

field and as the huge rain-swept parking lots sat half empty, it became apparent why Santa Anita, against the odds, has raced ahead of

every other track in the country. It is run by highly competent, professional management, unyielding in its pursuit of excellence. The subsidiary of a public company, listed on the New York Stock Exchange, it is ferociously profit-motivated. Above all, it is customer-oriented. "The focal point of everything we do here is

Continued on Page 79

At Santa Anita, fans are No. 1

Continued from back page

the customer," said Alan Balch, a former Harvard teacher who is Santa Anita's marketing wizard. "We have shareholders. We have to make money. To do that, we must put on a good show, draw customers and watch the budget."

When a track puts its fans first, everything else falls into place, a self-evident business principle New York racing sometimes forgets.

Back East, it's fashionable to dismiss Southern California as a lotus-land of laid-back surfers with nothing better to do than sip orange juice, sniff coke, take the sun and go to the races. Why then shouldn't Santa Anita ride the top of the wave?

In fact, Santa Anita, constructed in 1934 in the middle of a bunch of chicken ranches, is a vast old plant that requires massive spending to keep it modern. It has absolutely the worst racing dates in California. It is hammered so heavily by winter rains it is the only track in the world that religiously keeps record of its off-track days.

In the past five years, more than one of every three racing days has been run over tracks labeled sloppy, muddy or slow.

Located here in Arcadia, 15 miles east of

Super winners coming soon

HOLD the phones! We're sorry, fans, but we've been swamped with thousands of entries for our Super Bowl contest.

The results are being tabulated, and we'll be announcing the lucky winners very soon. Please don't phone the New York Post; if you're a winner we'll call you.

Results will appear in The Post as soon as we have them. Good luck and thanks for the patience.

downtown Los Angeles and its vast sprawl, Santa Anita is not especially well located. Yet it pulls more people through the turnstiles (average: \$1,289 per day) than any other track in the world.

True, it has certain obvious advantages. No parimutuel competition except harness racing at night at Hollywood Park. No off-track betting system. Not even a state lottery to siphon gambling dollars.

But that does not explain Santa Anita's rush to the top. In 1980, a crowd of 49,000 turned out to see Spectacular Bid win the Santa Anita Handicap. In 1981, the same race drew 66,560. Last year, it drew 72,752.

For nearly 20 years, Santa Anita sat behind Hollywood Park's pace. Five years ago, it reversed the order and has now forged ahead of all its national rivals.

To a man, Santa Anita's racing department, horsemen, jockeys and others credit the explosive growth principally to marketing. And marketing to Santa Anita means Balch, whose influence permeates every corner.

Nearly all the major promotions, premiums, contests and crowd-pullers used at tracks around the U.S. were pioneered by Balch.

How good is he? Last Sunday, he orchestrated the greatest marketing coup in the history of racing. On Super Bowl Sunday, with the game played only a few miles down the road at Pasadena, Balch pulled nearly 40,000 people into rain-drenched Santa Anita with a gimmick called the Winner's Circle. It was a lottery-type giveaway which offered patrons a chance at winning a \$25,000 first prize if the number on a card mailed to them matched the winning number.

Santa Anita's previous best attendance on a Super Bowl Sunday was 25,000. Incredible.

It's worth noting that a few years ago, when the NYRA was searching for a marketing director, Balch applied for the job. He was passed over.

Says Balch, "Santa Anita is a marketing-oriented company. It is integrated into every department. Every division must have a perspective on marketing, which is another word for customer."

Balch did not imprint his methods on Santa Anita without sweat, energy and resistance.

"Marketing makes work for everyone — for the racing secretary, publicity, advertising, sales, parimutuel clerks, caterers, maintenance workers," he smiled. "Some don't like that. I had to take a lot of guff. Every mistake we made — and we made plenty — came back to

haunt us. That's when the I-told-you-so crowd came out of the closets."

Today, Balch is not only a vice president but the assistant general manager of Santa Anita. His reputation, nationwide, is formidable.

Yet he is realistic. He says, "I don't think the greatest marketing in the world can overcome OTB. How can you market a product at the track if that product is being given away free down the road?"

Frank (Jimmy) Kilroe has done for Santa Anita's racing department what Balch has done for marketing. An elder statesman of the game, who cut his teeth in New York under the late John B. Campbell, Kilroe, they say, is California racing.

He believes that the foundation for Santa Anita's success was laid in its grass racing. Today, 30 per cent of all grass allowance and stakes horses at Santa Anita are quality imports from Europe and

South America. Jimmy won't let a claiming horse put foot on his grass course.

Balch says, "Ninety-five per cent of our fans come here for excitement and recreation. It is Kilroe's quality racing program that brings them here. Marketing brings the other five per cent."

Other factors serve racing here. Sunday racing helped. A five-day racing week gives Santa Anita the aura of sport and entertainment against the crass commercialism of New York's six-day and seven-day racing weeks.

Construction of the Foothill Freeway, which opened Santa Anita to millions living in the San Fernando Valley, did for Santa Anita what the Northway has done for Saratoga.

By consensus, one of Santa Anita's greatest strengths is its outstanding jockey colony.

Tomorrow: jockeys, workouts and faith at Santa Anita.

California riders: cream of crop

(Second of two parts.)

ARCADIA, Cal. — In its bid to topple New York as the power center of American racing, California has one significant, indisputable advantage.

It has, by far, the biggest, best, most talented group of jockeys ever assembled under one roof at any racetrack, at any time.

The depth and reach of Santa Anita's jockey colony is topped by Laffit Pincay Jr., generally conceded to be the strongest and most skillful jockey riding today. Behind him comes such stars as Chris McCarron, Eddie Delahoussaye, Bill Shoemaker, Sandy Hawley, Patrick Valenzuela, Fernando Toro and Darrel McHargue.

Attracted by Southern California's high-purse structure, the quality of its horses, a five-day working week, a comfortable lifestyle and now a stable, year-long racing circuit, these jockeys, in the opinion of Jimmy Kilroe, Santa Anita's racing director, are a major attraction.

Competition among them is fierce. They hang tougher, ride closer than New York jockeys. They have no cliques. And they work harder.

"They are all out here hustling in the mornings," says John Russell, the former New York trainer now based in California. "Bill Shoemaker is 50 and rich, but he never misses in the mornings. He always comes by my barn to ask if he can work any of my horses. In New York, you're lucky if you see a top jockey once a week."

Says Kilroe, "California racing used to be Johnny Longden and Bill Shoemaker. No more. If a trainer can't get Pincay or McCarron, he has a choice of about 10 other top class jockeys. Trainers elsewhere will often pass races if they can't get a good jockey. That doesn't happen here."

So strong is the riding talent that the apprentice system is almost nonexistent here at Santa Anita or at nearby Hollywood Park. A kid can hardly get a look-see. Indeed, Valenzuela is the only apprentice of any stature to rise out of California in years. Virtually everybody else here is an import.

Los Angeles (Arcadia is located 15 miles away) seems to be sending a message to New York, Chicago, Baltimore, New Orleans and Miami: "You train the kids, and if they're any good they can come out here and ride with the men."

Unquestionably, the most important single factor working in California's favor is its rule demanding that trainers name their riders at the time of entry 48 hours before the race.

It is this rule that forces the star jockeys to get out of bed early in the morning and work at their trade. It forces their agents to work harder. Jockeys here cannot take two or three or four calls in a race as we see so often in New York.

So it is impossible at Santa Anita for one or two top jockeys to tie up a whole race, deprive other jocks of access to good mounts and keep the betting public guessing.

Santa Anita and the people who run it would not tolerate the chaos, inconvenience, lack of discipline and official indifference that character-



By

Ray
Kerrison

izes New York's system of naming jockeys on horses.

It is a remarkable fact of life that California, with its orderly disposition of rider engagements, has the strongest jockey colony in the world while New York, where anything goes, has one of the weakest.

Jockeys are no different than anyone else. They thrive best under discipline and close scrutiny. No California jockey would dare get up and publicly boast, "I am the boss."

Santa Anita, in another crucial aspect, is light years ahead of New York. It actually has a reliable workout system.

Each horse coming over the track to work out must be identified by name and the distance to be worked. This sometimes causes a traffic jam at the gap leading to the track. And horsemen don't particularly like it.

At Santa Anita, too bad. The customer comes first. Just as important, the clockers are paid and controlled by the track itself, not a private newspaper organization. Thus it was a shock to discover that in California the public has considerable confidence in the reliability of published workouts.

The workouts are computerized and released to the press daily without copyright.

Now consider this: the Santa Anita press department daily provides every legitimate public handicapper with a computerized list of every horse's last three workouts — a tremendous help, especially for maidens and horses making their first start.

It is apparent that the California racing public has great faith in the propriety and conduct of the sport. Whether that is totally justified, I don't know, because I've not been here long enough. Certainly, Santa Anita's adamant refusal to introduce scandal-prone trifecta wagering is an indication of its desire to maintain reasonable integrity in the business.

The success of California horses last year in virtually dominating the sport was a major new development in U.S. racing. Was it a one-shot deal, a fluke? If California is to surpass New York, it will be required to sustain last year's effort on a regular basis. Only time will tell whether it can do that.

In the long run, I think it will — for one reason. New York has a smaller population than California, yet its statewide racing industry pays almost twice as much pari-mutuel tax to government as California.

The power to tax is the power to destroy. Unless New York racing undergoes drastic revision of its economic structure, not even simulcasting will keep it No. 1.

**Dick Young on
Saad's comeback
attempt: P. 69**

**Rotten Reds fire
McNamara, name
Russ Nixon: P. 66**

**Carmine drives
5000th winner
at Yonkers: P. 56**

Angry mob jeers Angel

**Bettor charges Cordero
hit him with his whip;
Pinkertons guard jockey**



ANGEL CORDERO JR.
Guarded by Pinkertons.

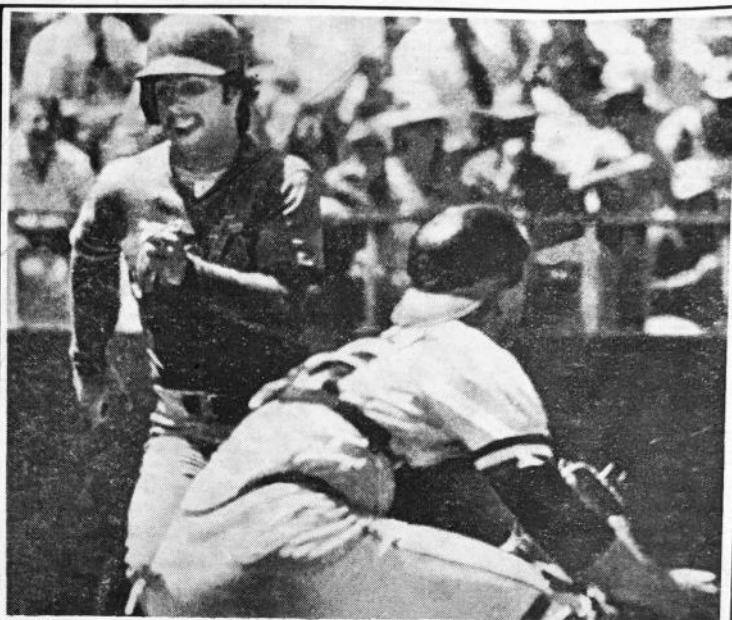
By RAY KERRISON
ANGEL CORDERO JR., fresh from a spectacular weekend of riding triumphs, triggered wild storms of protest at Belmont Park yesterday when he lost two races on odds-on favorites and had to be protected by Pinkerton security guards.

The demonstrations against the jockey were so loud and hostile that Cordero flung his shoulder number at one patron. Another bettor lodged an official complaint against him, charging the jockey had struck him with his whip.

Belmont Pinkerton chief Robert Quirk said last night that he was not free to disclose the name of the person Cordero allegedly hit with the whip. However, Quirk said that at the time of the alleged incident Cordero did not have a whip.

Quirk also said the matter had been turned over to the stewards, but Sal

Continued on Page 52



52 **

NEW YORK POST, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1982

Angry Belmont mob jeers Angel

Continued from back page
Ferrara, the state steward, told The Post that he had not received any report from the security branch. Cordero was unavailable for comment.

Three years ago at Belmont, Cordero was accused of swinging a leather strap at a heckler. But in that instance, the patron, who had been pestering Cordero for months, had been thrown out of the track two races before the incident only to return and continue his verbal

assault. The heckler, who did not make good on his threat to press assault charges against Cordero, was barred from the track after the incident.

Yesterday's incidents came only days after Maryland trainer Bernie Bond bitterly complained to the Baltimore Sun that Cordero could "get away with anything" in New York.

Cordero, the runaway leading jockey at the current Belmont meeting with 78 winners, ar-

rived at the track yesterday riding one of his hottest stake streaks in years.

Saturday afternoon he won the \$50,000 Tom Fool at Belmont on Rise Jim, and in the evening he won the \$150,000 Jersey Derby on Alona's Ruler. Back at Belmont, he won Sunday's \$200,000 Brooklyn Handicap on Silver Supreme before flying to California to win the \$200,000 Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park Monday on Erins Isle.

When he brought Jenawi onto the track for the first race yesterday, track announcer Marshall Cassidy recapped Cordero's hot streak, only to be greeted by stony silence from the 16,434 patrons on hand. After finishing off the board in the first race, Cordero won the second race on Weather Helm after Miscal, first past the post, was disqualified for interference.

The trouble flared after the fourth race when Cordero finished third on Urbanized, the 35 favorite. The gelding was taken back to the rear of the field at the jump, traveled very wide all the way down the backstretch, came five wide around the turn and could not catch Rainbow Wish at the finish.

Waves of jeers and boos rolled around the course when Cordero brought the horse back to the scales. Eyewitnesses reported that on the way back to the jockeys' quarters, Cordero flung his shoulder number at an elderly patron, striking him in the eye.

The demonstration continued through the next race when Cordero rode the 9-10 favorite Shindy into third place.



Jorge Tejeira boots Laus' Cause home (right) by a nose over Ruling Gold, ridden by Ruben Hernandez, in Tremont Stakes at Belmont yesterday. Laus' Cause paid \$9.40 to win. Pre Empt, Angel Cordero's 21-1 longshot, finished last.

Four Pinkerton guards escorted him back to the jockeys' quarters.

The Pinkertons were still escorting Cordero about the premises as he went out to ride 21-1 Pre Empt in the eighth race, the Tremont Stakes. Pre Empt finished sixth and

last.

Meanwhile, in Maryland, trainer Bernie Bond was still steaming about the running of the Astoria Stakes last week in which his filly, Gala Jubilee, ridden by Rudy Turcotte, eked out a nose victory over Blue Garter, ridden by Cor-

dero.

After the race, Bond fired Turcotte off all his horses and lashed out at Cordero.

"Mrs. Gertrude Leviton, Gala Jubilee's owner, has written a letter to John Rotz [the Jockey Club steward at Belmont] complaining about Cordero," said Bond.

"In the Astoria, Cordero had our filly bouncing along the rail four or five times and he hit her with the stick. Gala Jubilee was just able to open her right eye the morning after the race."

"People up there tell me Cordero does everything within the rules but what I want to know is why he gets away with things that are against the rules."

"Hitting horses in the eye is not within the rules. You can ruin a horse for life by doing that."

Bond said he believed Cordero was one of the great jockeys in the world. But he added, "I think the officials up there ought to watch him a little more closely. He's gotten away with this for a long time."

Yesterday, Rotz said he had not yet received any letter from Mrs. Leviton.

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WEEKEND AUTO RESTORATION

Do-nothing stewards drew mounting criticism at Spa

THE Saratoga race meeting, completed Monday, was the most successful in the 116-year history of the track. But at least three men returned home to New York yesterday with a considerable loss of face.

The unlucky three are the stewards, appointed by the state, the Jockey Club and the NYRA, each of whom is paid \$60,000 a year and up to supervise racing in a fair and impartial manner for contestants and betting public alike.

At Saratoga, many of the complaints that have been simmering against them for years boiled over.

Jockeys have virtually given up any hope of having their own claims of foul upheld. Unless the stewards see an infraction themselves and hoist their own inquiry, nothing happens.

A prominent jockey at the Spa, frustrated by the deaf ear given to his beef, complained publicly that, "anything goes here."

Not a single horse was taken down at Saratoga until near the end of the meeting (last Friday) when Corer was dis-

qualified in the first race. That DQ came only a few hours after a local turf writer, Bill Heller, drew public attention to the fact and wondered in print whether there were, in fact, any stewards working at Saratoga.

During the meeting, a maiden pulled a stunning form reversal and nothing happened. A top jockey struck his horse with the whip after a race, a clear violation of the rules, and nothing happened.

One of my own pet peeves is that a jockey can cause severe interference in a race, but if he finishes off the board and is not involved in an inquiry or disqualification, no action is taken against him.

We had a flagrant example of this one day at Saratoga when a winning horse was nearly put through the hedge down the backside by another horse dropping over sharply in his path. The offending rider, who finished up the track, was not penalized.

Whether the complaints against the three stewards — Sal Ferrara, Jerry Burke and Richard McLaughlin — are justified or not, there is no doubt that their cred-



By
Ray
Kerrison

ibility is being questioned.

The powers of all race-track stewards have been slashed in the past 15 years, but nowhere is it more visible than in New York.

Ten years ago, when the racefix scandal hit Saratoga, the stewards at that time were literally reduced to spectators — or so the public testimony indicates.

They have been little more than spectators ever since. Indeed, in the aftermath of the racefix inquiry, supervision and control of the integrity of New York racing was shifted to a widely expanded investigative security staff.

As a result, the stewards today function as little more than traffic cops. But even that role, limited as it is, is drawing mounting criticism.

No two incidents of apparent interference in horse races are ever precisely the same. In al-

most every instance, stewards are required to make judgment calls, which inevitably carry the seeds of controversy.

Most people understand that. What nearly everyone in the business — from jockey to better — demands is that the stewards, whether tough or lenient, be consistent.

It is an apparent lack of consistency that baffles racetrack observers today.

The fact that the stewards did not disqualify any horse in the first 20 days of racing at Saratoga does not, of itself, indict them.

If they seem reluctant to take a horse's number down, that's fine by me. When a horse has won a race, the stewards should need a damn good reason to disqualify him.

There was a time when a horse need only brush another and he was taken down. That was not right. What's more, a horse and rider going flat out to win should not be penalized unless they commit a clear breach of the rules.

As a horseplayer, I would be far more impressed with stewards cracking the whip, not against the jockeys

trying to win, but against those taking a hold of their horses or merely going through the motions.

The most difficult of all decisions occurs when a winner, clearly best and making a strong late run, causes some problem to a horse well and truly beaten at the time of the incident.

This happens often. And almost invariably the winner is taken down.

The current problem might be resolved if stewards were required to issue at the end of each day a report on all incidents in all races. This would give them a chance to report what they see, how they interpret it, and what action they took, if any.

Thus, they would communicate with the public, instead of leaving it to chartcallers. The system works abroad and it could work here.

★★★
POSTSCRIPT: Jockey Jacinto Vasquez's legal thrust in the Federal court system against his 12-month suspension is still working its way through channels, so he will be able to ride at least for another week, if not beyond.

RACING

BY RAY KERRISON



STOP ABUSING HORSES

Many U.S. jockeys don't spare whip

SARATOGA SPRINGS — When jockey Mike Smith jumped off Holy Bull after their rousing triumph in the Travers, he said he had given the colt "a couple of love taps" when challenged through the stretch by Concern.

A couple of love taps? In fact Smith lashed Holy Bull 17 times with his whip, nearly all of them in the last furlong.

Given what was at stake — a prestigious race, a first prize of \$450,000, important championship honors, bragging rights against Wayne Lukas and hundreds of thousands of betting dollars on Holy Bull's nose — most people would find no fault with Smith's aggressive handling.

But if the Travers had been run in England, Smith would have been suspended on the spot for excessive use of the whip.

Animal lovers in the U.S. have not yet caught up with racing, as in Europe, but if what has been going on at Saratoga this season is any guide, it may not be long before they start howling. Horse whipping may be getting out of hand.

To illustrate the potential problem, consider the third race at Saratoga on Aug. 8, a 6½ furlong spin for 3-year-old fillies. At the top of the stretch, Saxuality, ridden by Julie Krone, and Footing, ridden by Smith, hooked up in a furious head-to-head drive to the wire. Not once did Krone strike her mount with the whip. She waved it a couple of times but that was it. She apparently thought she had Footing covered even though her horse and Footing were only noses apart. Pretty sassy riding.

Smith, on the other hand, gave Footing the mother of all hidings. In the run to the wire, he struck Footing 26

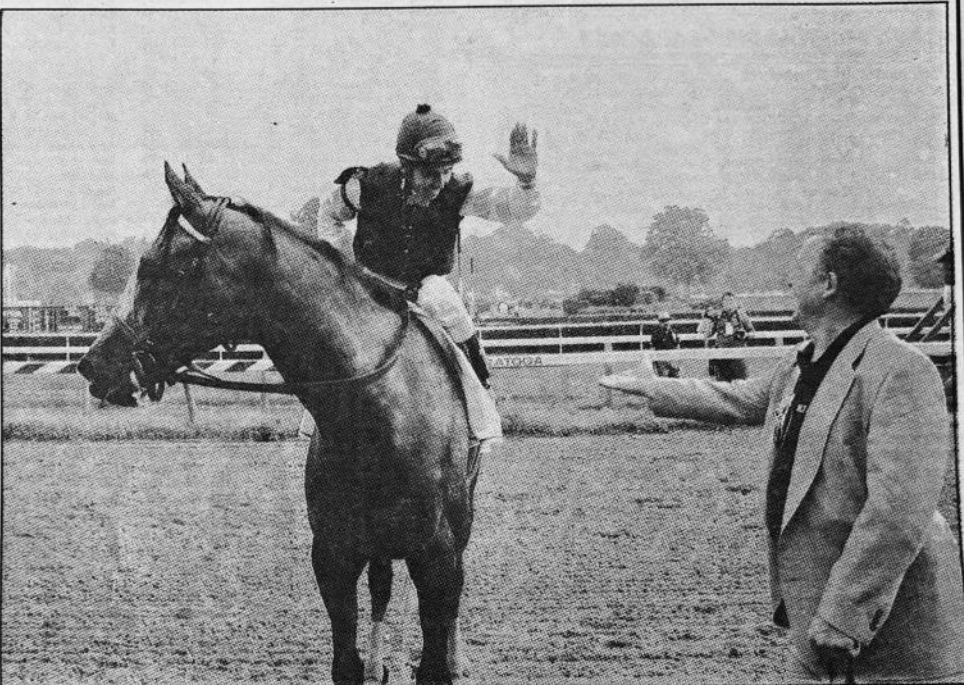
times — and not a love tap among them. Wielding the whip left-handed at a rate better than one slash per second for the entire stretch, he packed every strike with power. The whipping was in vain. Footing still lost to Saxuality.

It did not move her up, either. Footing returned to the races Friday, going off at 2-1 with Smith still aboard and finishing fifth in a field of six in the mud. Smith is the reigning American champion jockey. He won the Eclipse Award last year as the nation's outstanding rider; he broke Pat Day's record by winning 63 stakes in one year and he won more prize money — \$14 million — than any other jockey.

He did not reach that position pussyfooting around on horseback. Smith comes to ride, which is why some call him The Tattoo Man. I'd be the last to nitpick a jockey straining every muscle and resource to win a race, but Smith and others raise the question: When is enough too much?

Jerry Bailey, No. 3 money-winning jockey in the nation last year, showed his whip hand in the first race Saturday. Aboard Sterling Pound, a 5-2 shot, in the nine-furlong allowance, he went hammer and tongs through the stretch with Shellster, the 6-5 favorite with Robbie Davis up.

Bailey struck his filly 22 times with the whip while Davis applied 12 strokes to his filly. Sterling Pound



WHIP, WHIP, HOORAY: Jockey Mike Smith, atop Holy Bull, is congratulated by assistant trainer Bill Cross after winning The Travers. In England, Smith would've been suspended for excessive use of whip after lashing horse 17 times, mostly in final furlong, at Saratoga Saturday.

won by a nose. Would she have lost if Bailey had whacked her, say, only 10 times? Who knows.

But if this race had been run in England, both Bailey and Davis would have been grounded for excessive use of the whip. So would Diane Nelson, who hit Unreal Mot 21 times in winning Saturday's sixth race.

There are several other strong whip riders in New York. A notable exception is Jean Cruguet, who uses the whip sparingly and then merely taps them.

All these jockeys, it should be noted, are working within existing guidelines and breaching no

rules. Richard Hamilton, the New York Racing Association steward, said the rules call for a fine of \$200 for misuse of the whip. Hitting a horse after passing under the wire or abusing a horse that is hopelessly beaten is not tolerated. But jockeys have wide discretion in whip use on their own horse in a tight finish.

"I don't know that you can expect jockeys, riding for life, to keep count of how many times they hit their horse," said Hamilton.

But that's exactly what is being demanded in England. In a tough crack-down, the Jockey Club there first ruled that jock-

eys may strike their mounts no more than 10 times. When the Jockeys' Association complained, the Jockey Club promptly responded with even stricter guidelines — six hits. Now it's seven hits.

Between January and July of this year, 53 bans were imposed on English jockeys for misuse of the whip. That's down from 66 in the same period last year. The English have four major whip offenses: unreasonable frequency, unreasonable force, hitting a horse above the shoulder and hitting it down the shoulder in the forehand position.

David Pipe, a spokesman for the English Jockey Club, said last week that the 20-percent decline in suspensions for misuse of the whip proved the point. "The fears people had that racing would become less competitive have been shown to be demonstrably wrong," he said.

If the English limit of six hits is too few, is 26 hits too many? If a horse will not accelerate with 10 whip strokes, will he suddenly find a new gear with 20 hits? Or 30 hits?

I don't know the answers, but the evidence at Saratoga suggests that the whip is overused, if not misused.

Associated Press



1996 Breeders' Cup



FAILED FAREWELL?: Cigar couldn't catch Alphabet Soup in Classic yesterday and should hang up his horseshoes, according to Ray Kerrison.

Associated Press

RETIRE THE LEGEND, NOW!

Gallant Cigar has given enough

TORONTO — The fable is over.

The greatest racehorse in the last part of the 20th Century closed out his fabulous career yesterday not as a winner but as a champion who fought to the last breath with a heart as big as the open Canadian sky and a gallantry that belongs in the history books.

Cigar yesterday was almost mightier in defeat than in triumph. So mighty, it took two tough horses — Alphabet Soup and Louis Quatorze — to run the fastest mile and a quarter in Woodbine's history to beat him in the \$4 million Breeders' Cup Classic.

But that should be it. Let's pray it is. Take him home to the farm. Wrap it up. No match race in Japan. No one-last-spin-of-the-wheel. After the race, his owner, Allen Paulson, said, "It's probably time to go home with him."

Not probably. Absolutely. Cigar, who won the Classic last year, failed only by inches to duplicate the feat yesterday. At the wire, he was a desperate nose and head behind Alphabet Soup and Louis Quatorze



RAY KERRISON

after enduring an extremely wide trip.

With a little running luck, he could have won it all. Indeed, but for a decision by two other trainers, he might yet still have won.

Alphabet Soup's trainer, David Hofmans, said that if Skip Away, the Jockey Club Gold Cup winner, had come to Canada for the Classic, he would have run his roan horse in the Sprint.

But Sonny Hine stayed home with Skip Away, handing the Soup horse a \$4 million bonanza.

Still, what a way to go out. Cigar is the troupier who tied the immortal Citation's record of 16 straight victories, the noble steed who went all

over America and even to the sands of the Middle East to strut his stuff, the horse of the decade who faltered only in the last strides of his story-book career, the horse who won more than \$10 million in purses.

They don't come much better.

Maybe, in hindsight, too much was asked of him. This year, they took him to Florida and then to Dubai, to Boston and Chicago, to San Diego and Toronto, never delivering anything but a champion's performance.

Perfectly managed and ridden through so many races, Cigar at the end was asked to climb mountains. Yet he still delivered because it's the only way he knows how.

To ask him to go back one more time for anything, whether in the U.S. or Japan should be unthinkable.

The Classic, a heart-pounding spectacle, wound up, the best day's

racing Canada has ever had. More than 41,000 customers — a Woodbine record — jammed into the big, old plant, under a brilliant, sunny sky and they got more than their money's worth.

With one excitement crowding the next, the big gamble of holding the Breeder series in this uncertain climate paid off handsomely.

Certainly, no one will remember it more vividly than New York's own Nick Zito, who came here with just four horses and went within an ace of winning three of the seven races.

He started the day with a blockbuster, taking the Juvenile Fillies exacta with the winner, Storm Song, and second with Love That Jazz. He lost the Juvenile with Acceptable by a mere neck and the Classic by a nose with Louis Quatorze. Nick's headed for the Hall of Fame.

The Europeans, who contribute so much to make the Breeders' Cup a truly

international contest, took a brutal shellacking in the turf mile, when their heavily favored contingent ran like Army mules.

But they rebounded with a shot heard 'round the world when Pilsudski won the \$2 million Turf at nearly 14-1, while their favored entry picked up second, third and fourth.

Terrific. That'll encourage them to come again next year — and keep on coming.

The Classic was a great "comeback" for Alphabet Soup. He won the Goodwood Breeders' Cup Handicap at Santa Anita three weeks ago, only to be disqualified for third. He's won some Grade 2 and Grade 3 races, but never a Grade 1 — until yesterday when he won the richest Grade 1 race in the Americas.

The Classic also showcased once again the marvelous riding skills of Chris McCarron. He's probably a top jockey at any time, but when he's

legged up on a live horse in a big race, he'll outride any competitor in the business.

He's tough, smart, canny with instinctive gifts of knowing exactly what to do and when.

Alphabet Soup drew 12-1 yet by the time they hit the clubhouse turn, he had his horse beautifully placed in fourth, tracking the pace. At the furlong pole, he pounced, and while Louis Quatorze and Cigar flew at him, McCarron kept the Soup boiling to eke out a whisker win.

But in the end, it was Cigar's day. His trainer Bill Mott said after the loss, "You know it just can't go on. It just can't. It wouldn't be possible. He's just flesh and blood and he's wearing down."

But mainly, he's all heart and that's the way he'll be long remembered.

- **Grening on BC Day / Page 94**
- **Race summaries / Page 92**
- **Charts / P. 77**



BACK HOME: Julie Krone, shown aboard No. 1 horse during race at Monmouth Park in 1987, first year she was leading rider there, has returned to Oceanport, N.J., track to try to regain momentum she lost after suffering major injuries in on-track spills. New York Post: David Rentas

KRONE COMEBACK SHORE THING

OCEANPORT — This is it for Julie Krone — the make-or-break year in her bid to vault back to the top as one of the nation's most celebrated jockeys and regain her undisputed title of queen of the American turf.

"I've got to get the momentum back," she said yesterday at a press luncheon to launch the new summer racing season at Monmouth Park.

Julie is coming back home to start all over again, a sobering experience for a young woman who once had the world in the palm of her hand — big horses, big money, public adulation, magazine covers, TV talk shows, a book. The works.

Then it all fell apart. She suffered two horrendous race

falls that stopped her business in its tracks. Then she split from her longtime agent, married, hired another agent, which didn't work out, and then came face to face with an appalling reality — she could no longer cut it in New York.

So she is returning to Monmouth, where it all started, the track she owned for three straight years in the late '80s, the launch pad that rocketed her to stardom.

Nothing if not candid, she conceded yesterday, "I have mixed feelings. Any time you



have five very successful years at the top tracks with the best racing, it's not easy to say to yourself, 'Oh well, I'll go back to where I started.'

"But my house and farm are only 20 minutes from here and in the last three weeks I have never felt happier."

She can't wait for the Monmouth starting gates to fly open Saturday. She's getting on six or seven horses every morning, even in the rain, and her enthusiasm for the

comeback gushes out of her.

"When you want something so badly — to be a successful race rider and ride lots and lots of races every day — well, it has turned me on to this meeting."

She aims to win Monmouth's riding title this season, collect a fistful of its stakes races, put her name back up in lights and crash back into New York in the fall.

It won't be easy. Julie is 37 now and she has been through the jaws of hell with injuries, pain, loss of big stable support, humiliation.

The experience has changed her dramatically. No longer the swaggering, cocky young girl who felt she could do anything, she has come back to

earth.

"I have matured," she said simply. "I know now that this is a dangerous business. I rode for 15 years and never thought racing was very dangerous."

So she has come to terms with the risks. "Now, I'm willing at this point to break my bones."

Julie's new agent, former trainer Joe DiAngelo, expects to get calls from most of the top stables at Monmouth, but other jockeys will make her fight for every one of them.

Jockeys like Herb McCauley, a perennial Jersey powerhouse who, himself, is coming back from one of the worst nightmares of his life.

Early last summer, McCauley was stricken with what

doctors diagnosed as pneumonia.

"But I was released too soon and had a relapse," McCauley said. When his problem persisted, new doctors suspected he had tuberculosis.

"They put me in isolation for two months," Herb said. "Then they found it was not TB after all but pneumonia."

All told, McCauley lost four months from the saddle. But he rode the winter in New York, Florida and Kentucky and now he's back at Monmouth, ready to fire.

Others looking to make a race of it with Julie are Aaron Gryder, second leading rider behind Joe Bravo at Monmouth in 1992, who's returning after four years. And old leatherface himself, the durable Rick Wilson, is expected back, along with Jose Velez, Chuck Lopez, Nick Santagata.

Monmouth itself is on a roll. It has boosted the Haskell to a million-dollar bonanza, \$250,000 more than Saratoga's Travers. It will ladle out a record \$240,000 in daily purses. Group and season ticket sales have broken all records. It is the only track in the country with substantial annual attendance increases. It's not a bad place to reign as queen.

Bailey to ride Rob 'N Gin in Jersey Derby

CHERRY HILL, N.J. — Trainer Robert Barbara pulled off a coup by securing the services of Hall of Fame jockey Jerry Bailey for Rob 'N Gin in Friday night's \$150,000 Jersey Derby at Garden State Park.

Barbara's colt was one of nine entered yesterday for the 53rd running of the Grade II event, which is the only Derby in America run on the grass and under the lights.

Rob 'N Gin will start the mile-and-a-sixteenth race from the No. 7 post position. The Jersey Derby dates back to June 7, 1864, making it the oldest in America.

Rob 'N Gin has raced twice this year, winning an allowance test on the grass at Keeneland and then finishing second in a stakes at Churchill Downs May 2.

Bleu Madura, a stakes-placed colt, drew the rail. He's

to be ridden by Jesus Castanon, one of the top reinsmen at Philadelphia Park.

Former Philadelphia Eagles coach Buddy Ryan also scored big by landing jockey Mike Smith, another of New York's finest, for his gelding, Song For James, who has post 2.

Song For James finished third in Keeneland's Transylvania and then came back with a fourth-place finish after a rough trip in Keene-

land's Grade III Forerunner.

Ireland-bred Tekken, winner of Gulfstream's Super Bowl Stakes earlier this year, has post 3 and will be ridden by Maryland jockey Edgar Prado. He will carry topweight of 123 pounds.

Garden State Stakes winner Keep It Strait and jockey C.C. Lopez start from post 4 and share second-highweight of 121 pounds with Willing and Real Star, who also are

stakes winners.

New Jersey favorite Joe Bravo will ride Willing, who starts from post 6, while New Yorker Jorge Chavez will be in to handle Real Star for trainer Joe Orseno. Real Star has post 8.

Others in the field with their jockeys and weight assignments are No. 5 DeCasperis, John Velazquez, 116 pounds, and No. 9 Erv, Herb McCauley, 116.



HEAVEN...

**Dream
showdown
between Ruffian
and Foolish
Pleasure turned
into a nightmare**

By RAY KERRISON

In all the storied years of New York thoroughbred racing, no race had ever generated so much sociological excitement and anticipation as the match race between the wonder filly Ruffian and the Kentucky Derby winner Foolish Pleasure.

The timing was perfect, the concept irresistible. With the feminist movement exploding through society, the workplace and the sports field, the New York Racing Association, in a moment of inspiration, came up with the idea of pitting the best filly in the land against the best colt in the land over a mile and a quarter at Belmont Park for \$350,000, the winner to get \$225,000 — or about twice the prize of the loser.

But by the time it had ended, in unspeakable tragedy with Ruffian's death, no race had ever ignited such uproar, recriminations, bitterness and grief.

The match race made in heaven had become, in its running, the match race made in hell.

This week marks the 25th anniversary of that sad event, and a look back at the people, the horses, the times and the upheaval swirling around it changes nothing.

The match race was a promotional dream, so powerful in its appeal it aroused the interest of the whole nation, pulled more than 50,000 into the track and drove 20 million to their TV sets. That it ended in disaster was nobody's fault. The postmortems are conclusive: It was a nightmarish stroke of ill fortune.

The central character in the drama, from beginning to end, was Ruffian, a big, black filly, so strikingly handsome

THEN HELL

and gifted, powerful and fast, regal and genuine, that she captured the imagination of the sporting world. First she filled the eye, then she stole the heart. Then she broke the stopwatch with her speed.

What few people know is that Ruffian began her racing life as a betting tool, a vehicle for a coup so exquisitely engineered by her crafty trainer, Frank Whiteley Jr., that the railbirds at Belmont and the shrewdest trainers in New York did not know what hit them.

It all began when Whiteley first drilled Ruffian, owned and bred by Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Janney, with another filly, Lady Portia, over three furlongs at the winter training center in Camden, S.C. Ruffian flew the trip in an amazing 33 seconds. That's when Frank knew a star was about to be born, right in his barn.

In the early spring of 1974, he shipped her to New York with Lady Portia, who bore such a striking resemblance in size, color and features to Ruffian that the inexperienced eye could hardly tell them apart.

Jacinto Vasquez, the Hall of Fame jockey who rode Ruffian in most of her triumphs, picks up the story from there. From the golf course in Florida, he told me, "The first time I rode her out of the gate in the morning at Belmont, I didn't know her name," he said. "I worked her in company with a couple of nice horses and she just destroyed them."

"Back at the barn, I asked Frank for her name, but he wouldn't tell me. He said, 'Never mind. When I put her in for a race, you'll know her name.'"

As Ruffian and Lady Portia worked up toward their racing debuts, Whiteley had the clockers so bamboozled that Ruffian's fast times were attributed to Lady Portia, and Lady Portia's slow works were attributed to Ruffian. It fooled everybody — which is why Whiteley was known far and wide as "The Fox of Laurel."

"Lady Portia made her debut first and she went off at 1-9 and got beat by a filly trained by Woody Stephens," said Vasquez. "A few days later (on May 22, 1974) we were in the paddock for Ruffian's first race and Woody came over and said, 'The slowest horse in my barn beat your best horse the other day. Today, I'm sending my best horse against your slowest horse. We're gonna kill ya.'"

"I said to Woody, 'Take a good look at this (Ruffian's) big black ass, because that's all you're gonna see through the stretch.'"

How right he was. Ruffian won the



FRONT RUNNER: Ruffian, seen here winning the Mother Goose at Aqueduct, went off at more than even money once in her career.

race by 15 lengths as Woody's horse, Suzest, struggled home second in her dust. Ruffian started at slightly better than 4-1, the first and only time she started in the black.

The Whiteley sta-

ble cleaned up. "By raceday, everybody in the barn knew how good she was and they all bet her," said Vasquez. "Frank was very fond of my agent, Fats Weizman, and the morning of the race he said to Fats, 'You better call all your Jewish friends in Brooklyn and get them to put a few bucks on Ruffian.'"

It was the last

time anyone got a price on Ruffian. In her next nine races, as she demolished every opponent that dared challenge her, the best price ever offered against her was 2-5. Mostly, she was 1-5 and 1-9.

Between the spring of '74 and the spring of '75, Ruffian swept one stakes race after another, culminating in the Triple Crown for fillies (known today as the Triple Tiara) — the Acorn, the Mother Goose and the Coaching Club American Oaks at a mile and a half.

Of nine stakes races in which she contested, she either set or equalled the stakes record in eight of them. All told, she not only won 10 straight races, but she was never headed by any horse in any race. This, truly, was a gazelle.

When summer rolled around in '75, the New York Racing Association surfaced with a great idea — to host a Race of Champions, pitting Foolish Pleasure, the Derby winner, against Master Derby, the Preakness winner, and Avatar, the Belmont Stakes winner. It fell apart when the weekly trade magazine, *The Blood-Horse*, objected on the grounds that none of these horses could rightfully claim the 3-year-old championship without engaging the wonder filly Ruffian. Then Avatar's connections pulled out.

Scrambling for a replacement race, the NYRA came up with the Ruffian-Foolish Pleasure match race after it had first been mentioned by Monmouth Park. It would be the first match race in New York since Armed Whipped Assault by eight lengths at Belmont in 1947. But what to do about Master Derby? NYRA easily resolved the problem by paying that horse's owners, Golden Chance Farm, \$50,000 not to run.

So the race was set. The drums rolled, the hype

WEATHER
Showers, 80s.
Tonight:
Rain, 60s.
Tomorrow:
Rain, 80s.
Showers Wednesday.
Air: Good
SUNSET: 6:15
SUNRISE: 5:45

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CLOSING MARKET
FINAL
6
RACES

RUFFIAN DEAD

Burial at Belmont

By William H. Rudy
Ruffian is dead.
widerly heralded as the greater
shred of all the

Beame, Unions
A. J. Imnasse

began, the Battle of the Sexes was about to be settled. Along the way, emotions rubbed raw, tensions mounted and bitterness crept in as the public, enjoying the spectacle, began drawing up sides.

Whiteley, a dour character, harbored a fierce resentment against famed jockey Braulio Baeza, who had been hired to ride Foolish Pleasure.

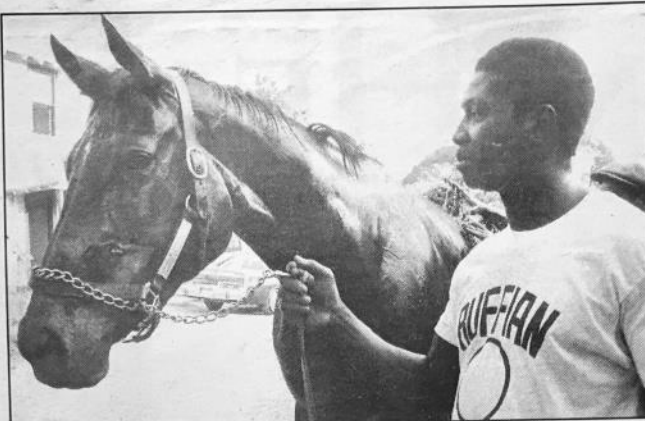
"We hate each other's guts," Baeza admitted. Whiteley had accused him of deliberately allowing himself to be beaten on Whiteley's horse, Damascus, so that Dr Fager, whom Baeza had also ridden regularly, might be named Horse of the Year.

So when Whiteley and Baeza showed up for the big press conference to launch the match race, Baeza sat at one end of the long table and Whiteley at the other end, and neither acknowledged the other.

Vasquez also was caught in a jam. He had been the regular rider for Ruffian and Foolish Pleasure. He had to make a choice — and risk offending the trainer he denied. In this case, it was LeRoy Jolley, a trainer not known for his empathy for jockeys.

It took Vasquez less than one second to choose. "I went for Ruffian because she was easily the best horse," he said. "She could not only beat Foolish Pleasure, but I think she could beat Forego, too."

When Jolley asked Vasquez to give Foolish Pleasure his final 5-furlong workout, Whiteley point blank refused.



"I don't see any point in helping the opposition," he said.

July 6, 1975, was a beautiful, sunny day, the perfect showcase for a match race that had set the country afire, including my own household. I went out to Belmont with my youngest daughter,

Francesca, who loved Ruffian. She proudly sported her Ruffian button against my Foolish Pleasure button. We teased each other mercilessly.

That's the crazy, unique kind of day it was. All the women at Belmont were yelling for Ruffian while the men stoically pulled for Foolish Pleasure. When the two horses walked onto the track for the showdown, pandemonium broke loose. It was like being at a heavy-weight championship fight when the fighters step into the ring.

UNBEATABLE: Ruffian set a record in nine of her 10 stakes-race victories and was never headed by any horse in any race. She lost a match race to Foolish Pleasure when she injured her right front leg, below.

The euphoria was short-lived. Who, in their wildest imagination, could have foreseen the disaster that was about to engulf this delirious, cheering crowd?

At post time, Ruffian, who had drawn the inside, was the 2-5 favorite. Foolish Pleasure was 4-5. The riding strategy was simple. Whiteley told Vasquez, "Go to the front." As if Ruffian knew any other way to run!

Jolley told Baeza, "Go with her. Don't let her get more than three-quarters of a length in front. Push her until someone quits."

So the die was cast for a titanic speed struggle. The two horses flew out of the gate, but as luck would have it, Foolish Pleasure broke quickest. He actually held the lead — but not for long.

Vasquez sent Ruffian through, determined not to allow Baeza to pin him down on the rail. He wanted running room so he pushed out toward the center of the track. The jostling between the two horses and jockeys was severe but Ruffian got half a length in front.

Then in one split, horrible second, about three-and-a-half furlongs after the start, catastrophe struck. Ruffian pulverized both sesamoids of her right front leg but she was going so fast



Shattered right sesamoid of Ruffian

Vasquez could not easily pull her up. The filly ran about 50 yards more on her bleeding stump.

"It snapped, just like a breaking stick," Vasquez said after the race. "She gave me no warning. She was running easily and I had a lot of hold. I pulled her up as quickly as I could. It was an awful break. Awful."

Baeza said, "I heard it pop. At that moment, I was trying to accelerate on Foolish Pleasure, to make a move at her, when her leg went on her. By the time I looked back, Vasquez was easing her up."

As Foolish Pleasure continued on, to win the race in what amounted to a walkover, the big track crowd had its eyes glued on the backstretch in stunned silence. We could see Ruffian was still standing as the horse ambulance went to her side, but none of us had any inkling of the true dimensions of the severity of the injury or the fate

The news was shattering. That night, Monday, July 7, 1975, Ruffian's remains were buried in the infield at Belmont, watched only by a few people. One of them was the Post's late turf writer Bill Rudy, the only newspaperman at the burial site.

"This is difficult to accept," Rudy wrote. "This is Ruffian, the most beautiful and most spirited of fillies. Yesterday, she had pranced before 50,000 people at this track. Tonight, she is being pushed slowly and grotesquely into a pit before a very few."

In the shock and sorrow that followed, all kinds of wild allegations were hurled — that Ruffian had been spooked by birds on the track, that she had been the victim of a souped-up track, that the veterinarians attending her had somehow failed.

Lost in the anguished outpouring was Foolish Pleasure's victory. Said Jolley, "I will always believe, for the rest of my



that was about to embrace her.

The next day, the New York Post, in a two-word banner headline across the front page, ripped the heart out of the racing game. It said: RUFFIAN DEAD.

The stricken filly, her injured leg in a plastic, inflatable cast, had been vanned back to Whiteley's barn on the Belmont backstretch. She had four attending veterinarians: Dr. Alex Harthill, Dr. William Reed, Dr. James Prendergast (the Whiteley stable vet) and Dr. Manuel Gilman, NYRA's chief examining vet.

They had hoped to calm Ruffian down and operate the following day, but she was in such thrashing distress that she was removed in the night to Reed's veterinary hospital nearby for surgery.

"I told the owners at the outset that she didn't have much more than a 10 percent chance of surviving," Harthill said. In his heart, he made it about 1 percent.

After hours of surgery, Ruffian woke up and began thrashing again uncontrollably. Her cast was slipping off. Blood gushed. It was hopeless. Owner Stuart Janney said, "Don't let her suffer anymore." At 2.30 a.m. the decision was made to euthanize her.

FINAL RESTING PLACE: Ruffian was buried in the infield at Belmont Park the night of July 7, 1975 in front of few people.

life, that my colt was going to beat Ruffian that day. But what happened to her was tragic. This is what every man who works with horses fears every time he saddles a good horse."

Since that terrible day, the New York State Legislature has passed a resolution memorializing Ruffian. Poets have written lovingly of her deeds. At least three books have been written about her. An ESPN Classic TV documentary of her life and death was scheduled to be shown Thursday this week.

But there has not been a match race in New York since. And there may never be another one. The memory of what happened back on July 6, 1975, is too painful, too mournful, too utterly terrible to risk repeating.

Neither Whiteley nor Vasquez wanted Ruffian to compete in a match race. "It's a crime to burn out two good horses, going hell for leather at each other," the jockey said. "Frank was against it and so was I."

Maybe they were right.

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October 23, 2024

To the Joe Hirsch Media Roll of Honor Selection Committee,

If I did not include a personal note after putting in the work to present this to you, I would forever regret not doing so. Therefore, if you would be kind enough to let a son indulge, you have my gratitude.

I admit I am biased toward the work and character of a man whom I have admired, and respected, all the days of my life. I would imagine you would expect nothing less from a son.

Throughout my own 10+ years working in racing, there were times our paths would cross professionally. Through the years we spent countless hours at the kitchen table, in his den, car rides, the track itself, talking about the game, its players and all the same people we worked with. Those were some of my favorite times I ever had with him.

As a child and as a grown man in racing, I was asked repeatedly "are you Ray Kerrison's son?"

When I said yes, I invariably would hear one compliment after another. Fearless. Smart. Fair. Honest. Unapologetic. Respectful. A beautiful writer. But sometimes they weren't fans, and usually it was because they didn't like some of those very same things.

A former editor of his said "he was a man of unshakable principle who respected the intelligence of his readers. His work could be controversial, but it was always honest."

I love that.

Today, when I think back to all those who asked, and all those who shared their thoughts, I realized that maybe it's not just a son's bias, after all.

Maybe, just maybe, he really is one of the greatest journalists to ever cover the sport.

"Are you Ray Kerrison's son?"

I am.

What an honor it has been.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Patrick Kerrison". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal line extending to the right.