

The Belmont Sting

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



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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 traveling, 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

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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



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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



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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



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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 cent 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



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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-



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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.



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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, indentifying 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

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."



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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



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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

HIALEAH PARK, Fla. — Trainer Jack Morgan revealed for the first time today how the Belmont Park ring 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 87-1 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 ring 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

satisfies no one

(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

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

By

Ray

Kerrison



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.

NEW 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 haste 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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Ringer II case about to hit the fan

New York racing's second ringer case is about to hit the fan.

The State Racing and Wagering Board next week will open a hearing into the racing credentials of Sundoro and Chirico, two racehorses whose identities are believed to have been switched.

The horses were imported into the U.S. from Argentina in 1976 by Dr. Mark Gerard, the track veterinarian recently convicted of two misdemeanors in the Cinzano/Lebon ringer case.

John Van Lindt, the racing board's executive director, said a meeting today would set the opening date for the hearing.

CONVINCED OF SWITCH

Sundoro and Chirico were barred from racing late last year on suspicion they were ringers. The New York Racing Association's chief examining veterinarian, Dr. Manuel Gilman, investigated their backgrounds in a visit to South America in October last year.

According to court papers, he returned to New York convinced the horses had been switched.

The ban on the two horses has placed a heavy financial burden on their innocent owners.

Joseph Rapisarda

By

Ray

Kerrison



claimed Sundoro for \$5000 out of a race at Aqueduct in May, 1977, and Vincent Giorgi claimed Chirico, only to be stuck with him. Both owners are seeking financial relief.

BACK TO THE ROOTS

The racing board would be required to trace the ownership of both horses. Sundoro at one point was owned by Mrs. Crista Mancuso of Florida—a close friend of Dr. Gerard's.

Legal aspects aside, the board ultimately will have to decide whether Sundoro and Chirico can race again if they have in fact been switched.

The rules of racing do not allow ringers to race or stand at stud, but the board can allow two owners, who claimed Sundoro and Chirico in good faith, to be left holding the nosebag.

ANOTHER HOT SPUD

Their decision is complicated even more by a request from trainer Jack Morgan for permission to race Cinzano. The board shortly will open a hearing on that hot potato.

Morgan bought the horse at his own sale at Belmont Park earlier this year. Neither the previous owner, Joseph Taub, nor Lloyds of London, the insurers, showed any interest in acquiring the horse.

Just to round things off, it is possible that the board will conduct its own hearing into the Cinzano/Lebon affair.

As Van Lindt explained, "The board is not bound by what happens in court."

POSTSCRIPTS: The Meadowlands' new tote system, scheduled to be introduced Wednesday, then postponed until last night, blew a fuse or something. Like some of the horses we bet, it didn't get off the ground.

It's not often the boys make a big move at the Meadowlands, but they tried one Wednesday night and missed. Trainer Burton K. Sipp brought a filly, Gold Bud, in for the ninth race.

Her form chart was a horror script. Last out at Penn National in a \$10,000 claimer at 6f., she got to the quarter trailing 26 lengths. In the next quarter,

she made up two lengths then, as the Racing Form noted, she was "outdistanced."

At the Meadowlands they dropped her in for \$4000. The morning line pegged her at 15-1. She opened at 20-1, hung around 17-1, then the money flowed. At post time, she was 3-1.

Gold Bud came out of gate 9 as if shot from a cannon, led the field to the turn, then did a quick fade. All of which proves that smart money, often is not so smart after all.

F. Lee Bailey, who represented Mark Gerard in the Nassau Court trial, likened prosecutor Thomas Davenport to Aristotle. He was less kind to his own client who apparently tried to be his own lawyer at times during the preparation for trial. At one point, Bailey told the judge, "Sometimes, I felt like wringing his neck."

Canadian jockey dies from spill

CALGARY, Alberta (ACP) — Jockey Ken Pearson died in hospital yesterday of head injuries suffered in a spill during a race Sunday at Stampede Park.

NEW YORK POST, F

Through the binoculars



8 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 exotics 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 13-1.

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.

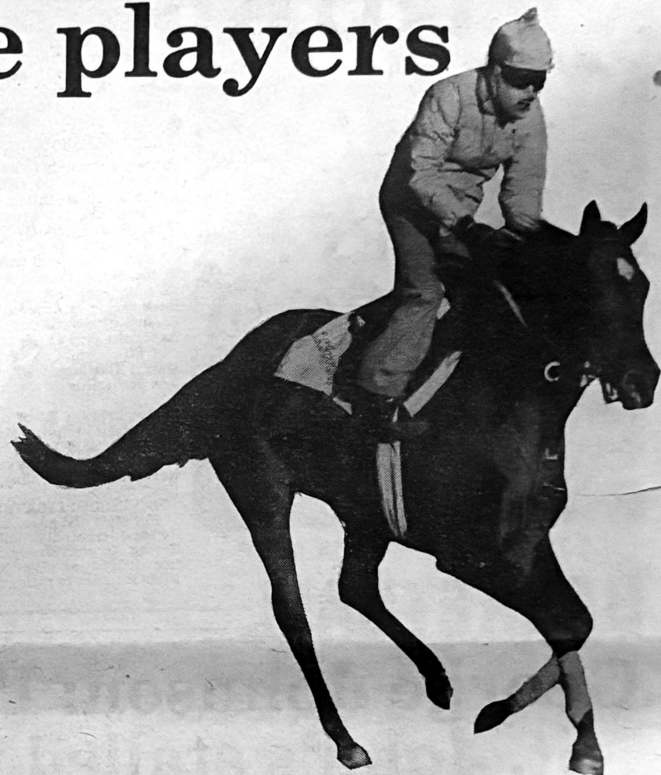
"But by his conduct, he put a serious question over the integrity of racing and a great disservice to a magnificent industry."

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.

	Atlantic	W	L	Pct.	GB
Phila.	7	1	875	—	
Nets	7	5	583	2	
Wash.	5	5	500	3	
Knicks	5	6	455	3½	
Boston	2	7	222	5½	
	Central	W	L	Pct.	GB
Houston	5	4	556	—	
San Antonio	6	5	545	—	
Atlanta	4	5	444	1	
Cleveland	4	6	400	1	
N. Orleans	4	6	400	1	
Detroit	3	8	272	3	

FRIDAY
Los Angeles 147, Knicks 124
Seattle 102, Nets 81
San Antonio 110, Boston 103
Detroit 99, Chicago 93
Indiana 115, Kansas City 108
Philadelphia 118, Milwaukee 103
Denver 110, Cleveland 93
Portland 119, San Diego 98

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

WESTERN CONF.

	Midwest	W	L	Pct.	GB
Denver	7	3	700	—	
Indiana	5	4	556	—	1
Kans. City	5	6	455	2	
Milwaukee	4	8	333	4	
Chicago	1	10	090	6	
	Pacific	W	L	Pct.	GB
Seattle	9	1	900	—	
Phoenix	8	3	727	1	
Golden St.	7	4	636	2½	
L. Angeles	5	4	556	3½	
Portland	5	4	556	3½	
San Diego	5	8	385	5½	

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.