

## RACING ROMANCE: Buzfuz and Let's Dance

By FRED HAYDEN

New York, Aug. 4 (AP)—When looking for stories of racing romance consider the tale of Buzfuz and Let's Dance.

These seven-year-old geldings, former stablemates, are now in the twilight of their racing careers, but they've already contributed one of the turf's most interesting chapters.

Neither got to the races as a juvenile and at the time, it seemed they might become candidates for the glue factory. As

unried three-year-olds, they were privately purchased for a total of \$3,500.

Their combined earnings today stand at \$425,585. Buzfuz, which cost \$2,000, has won \$263,340. Let's Dance, a \$1,500 bargain, boasts \$162,245.

Until February of last year, they raced for the Miami, Fla., Sunshine stable of Dan Chappell and Mose Rauzin. Then Chappell, an attorney who once

ran unsuccessfully for governor of Florida and who now heads the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective association, and Rauzin dissolved the partnership. In the split of the stable, Chappell got Let's Dance and Rauzin took Buzfuz. More recently, Joe Rosen acquired Let's Dance.

Early in 1945, during the national racing blackout caused by the war, Chappell was scouting around the barn area at Miami's Hialeah park to buy a horse. Bob Robertson, who was training horses owned by the estate of the late R. D. Patterson, spied Chappell, called him over to his barn and, during the ensuing conversation, said he had a couple of horses he might sell.

It sifted down to whether Chappell wanted a frisky colt or an unprepossessing gelding which did not look as if he'd even get to the races. Dan somehow took a fancy to the "ugly duckling" and bought the gelding for \$2,000. That was Buzfuz.

"The Buzzer," which insisted on having oranges included in his daily fare, became a top sprinter of the nation. He's still going—in fact, is entered today in the \$10,000 Oceanport handicap at Monmouth Park.

Let's Dance, while being schooled as a two-year-old at Belmont Park, ran into a fence and smashed his left foreleg so badly that veterinarians seriously considered having him destroyed. The youngster, bred by Mrs. John D. Hertz, somehow recovered. Before making his racing debut as a three-year-old, he was picked up by Chappell from Albert Warner, the movie man, for \$1,500.

Let's Dance went on to race with the best and his conquests included Santa Anita's \$50,000 San Pasqual. This season he dropped down to \$10,000 claiming company but won his last race, an allowance affair, only last Saturday.

Buzfuz has raced 102 times, with 29 firsts, 27 seconds and 15 thirds. Let's Dance has been postward 93 times and won 15 races with 14 seconds and 22 thirds.

## Oldtime Boxers Cringe at Idea of 1949 Powderpuffs

Summit, N. J., Aug. 4 (U.P.)—The shades of Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries cringed today at a mystic ringside which fearfully awaited the "world heavyweight championship" fight between Gus Lesnevich and Ezzard Charles.

For these two are not "killer" in the ring's accepted sense of the word. There is a valid question as to how such pacifists ever came within point blank range of such an honor.

The first apology for punching passion came when Charles, a slim young man who likes be-bop and bow ties, outwaltzed the aged Jersey Joe Walcott at Chicago for this spurious title.

The second came as Lesnevich, a mild family man with bovine blue eyes, worked over his sparmates in preparation for what was described as an all-out attempt to batter the crown from Ezzard's head.

Gus just ain't mad at anybody.

You sense that at the sprawling, hill-side camp once run by the late Madame Bey, now known as Eshan's Training Camp, a muscle emporium which staggers drunkenly over a mountainside in the muggy New Jersey sunshine.

Gus was a benign man of an admitted 34, clad in yellow sports shirt and a top-heavy chef's cap cooking shish-kabob. People milled around as if at a church picnic and petted his two husky youngsters while his pretty blonde wife watched with sparkling eyes.

Finally, the crowd crawled up the hot hill-side, past the cottage used as a dressing room, to an outdoor ring lethargic under a canopy. Flies buzzed ceaselessly and the sluggish spec-

tators waited, mopping foreheads, while a portable radio brought in the subdued hysteria of a baseball game.

Then up the hill strode Gus, legs bulging with the climb, to crawl through the ropes and go two ridiculous rounds with a slim Negro sparmate. Next came Bernie Reynolds, one of the younger heavyweight hopefuls. It was a continuous waltz with snorting sound effects.

"I didn't want to club him," Lesnevich breathed explosively after it was over. "If you hurt him he blows his top and tries to kill you. Then you really have to let him have it."

Watching was Jim Braddock, the one-time champ known as the "Cinderella Man." He thought Lesnevich looked good.

But his remarks were a sad commentary of the times, an insult even to his own career. For if Lesnevich looked "good," then the toxin never should have knelt to change the Cinderella Man's pumpkin into the pinnacle of punching success.

The Dempsey who crushed Willard at Toledo three decades ago was a real champion. And even in the training camp, they'll tell you, he was a ferocious young tiger who would have greeted his best friend with a vicious left hook to the chin. He was nasty.

And so were all the great ones. But Lesnevich, sporting a chef's cap and kissing his children, looked like just what he was—a pleasant pappy guy too tight to swat a fly.

It might be a great fight. But the heroes of the past can well be apprehensive!

### No-No Game in Semi-Pro Tourney

Portland, Aug. 4 (AP)—A right-handed youngster hurled a no-run no-hit seven-inning game last night and gave Verboort a 1-0 victory over Cornelius in the state semi-pro baseball tourney.

The game was pitched by Dick Waivel, a Hillsboro high graduate who pitched for the University of Oregon freshmen squad last spring. He had trouble with control in the early innings, walking three, but he went through the last four frames facing only three batters in each.

Reliance System knocked out the Portland Red Sox, 4-1, and Dallas-Valseltz downed Gari-

### Hope Will Take a Beating From Crosby Over This One

Hollywood, Aug. 4 (AP)—There's an empty saddle out at Paramount Studio today—and Bob Hope's the man who isn't in it.

Hope is in Hollywood Presbyterian hospital with a wrenched back suffered when he fell from a saddle while making a movie.

His steed was a wooden barrel, rocked by Lucille Ball as part of a gag sequence in the film.

The fall knocked Hope out. His doctor said the comedian would remain abed several days.

baldi, 4-3, in other games last night. All three of the losers were eliminated from the tourney.



'99er Honored Fred A. Williams, a Salem attorney since 1919, has received an invitation to return to his Alma Mater, the University of Iowa, to be honored in a 50th anniversary celebration planned in connection with the Indiana-Iowa game October 15. Williams is pictured here as he appeared while playing for Iowa in 1899 on the undefeated grid team of the school. He is one of eight surviving members of the '99 team, and was rated as an "all-western" end in the days before All-Americans. Williams and the seven other team members will be introduced at the game in October and feted at a dinner.

The colossal statue of the sun-god at Rhodes, 105 feet high, was levelled by an earthquake in 224 B. C., but its remains endured until 656 A. D., when they were sold

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