

Racetrack Special

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It was hardly the time or the place to be thinking about a horse, *any* horse, the man decided, even Man o' War. He pulled up the collar of his overcoat and pushed his head against the drizzling, chilling dampness that penetrated everything he wore right down to the flannel undershirt beneath his heavy gray suit. It was unusually cold for only the 22nd of October. But one couldn't count on anything in New York. Full of surprises, always.

He glanced up at the buildings rising like giant pyramids above him. Even Times Square wasn't square. It was a triangle, noisy and garish. And now that the morning was just about over, Broadway was coming to life, with theater and store managers trying to pierce the milkeness with pale, flickering lights. It was a losing battle. The fog wasn't going to lift for a while. Maybe he wouldn't even be able to see the backstretch of the big track at Aqueduct.

As he turned west on 42nd Street his way became more crowded and noisier than ever. Yet as he pushed his way through the surging throng he allowed his large head to emerge a bit more from his overcoat, much like a giant sea turtle peeking out from its heavy shell. He watched the marquee lights flashing on and off and, somehow, they seemed to warm him. He became less uncomfortable, less dissatisfied with the weather. He didn't try to understand his love for the hum and roar of the city, not just *any* city, just New York. He was a country boy and he should be thinking more about the warm October days of his youth in Kentucky. Now those were the good years of quiet and peace and horses. But he wouldn't trade one inch of this paved street for all of Kentucky's green acres, not anymore! The way he'd felt as a kid was long since over.

Reaching the subway entrance, he turned into it and left 42nd Street's lights and hubbub behind. He stopped at a newsstand, picked up several papers, then hurried down a flight of steep steps as if diving into a cellar.

The smell of the subway grew stronger in his nostrils and he could see the long line forming before the change booth. Over the booth a sign read:

SPECIAL
AQUEDUCT RACETRACK
SPECIAL

He pulled out a dollar bill from his pocket and glanced at his watch. Only 11:45, so there was plenty of time to make the racetrack train. The line waiting to get to the change booth was fully two blocks long, and he realized Aqueduct would have a full house today despite the weather. Slowly he moved forward with the others.

At the change booth he got two halves for his dollar, put one in the turnstile, and took the escalator to the lowest platform in the station. There he leaned against one of the pillars with the big "42" painted on it and waited for the train. He didn't read his newspapers. It was far more interesting to watch the others and catch snatches of their conversation.

"Wonderboy should take the third race," a man said. "He likes distance and he's been working good." The speaker was leaning against the same pillar, almost rubbing shoulders with the big man but talking to no one in particular, just mumbling his thoughts.

Somebody in back answered, "No, that one will drop dead at the half-mile pole. He ain't got a chance."

But the big man listening knew that the fellow could have meant, "*You're dead right. That's the bravest, fastest horse in the race but let's not spread it around, Mac. Let's keep him to ourselves.*"

The big man nodded to let everyone know he was glad to be included in the discussion. He felt completely happy and at peace with himself and the world. Taking a stub pencil from his pocket, he wetted the end and made a note on the margin of his paper regarding the third race. Everyone was a giant going to Aqueduct and a dwarf coming home. On the way out all horses sounded good, all had a chance.

Suddenly the train came roaring into the station and stopped with one of the car doors opening directly in front of him. It was a good omen. *Open Sesame*, he thought to himself, and smiled. He had no trouble getting a good seat and soon would be on his way to what he called his very own "Arabian Nights."

The train remained in the station, its doors open. After a few minutes the first signs of impatience became noticeable as passengers put down newspapers to glance at their watches.

The big man shifted uneasily with the others. He, too, had reasons for wanting to get to the track ahead of time, and he couldn't understand the delay. He became grumpy, suddenly hating the hollow-eyed, unshaven man standing in front of him.

The train finally started and the tension cleared. Once again the passengers pored over their newspapers, ignoring each other and rocking to the train's motion. The stations began flashing by with no slowing of the Special ... first 34th Street, then Washington Square, then Canal Street. Faster and faster the train traveled, now into a turn with screeching wheels, now downgrade into the tunnel beneath the East River.

The big man felt better. It was his job to go to the track. He had to be there whether he liked it or not. Looking across the aisle, he found a young man staring at him curiously. When their gazes met, the youth looked away with a shrug.

For some reason he, too, turned away quickly. Once more his mood became surly. He even found himself raising a mental barrier between himself and the young fellow across the aisle ... as if it had suddenly become very necessary for him to protect

himself. He took out his pipe and refilled it slowly, taking all the time in the world, studying it.

The train slowed and finally came to a screeching halt in what must have been the very middle of the tunnel beneath the river. He looked up at the roof of the car, wondering how many gallons of water lay above. He glanced around at one passenger after another, ignoring only the youth across the aisle. Everybody else was reading, seemingly unaware of the sudden stop, the deathly quiet. New Yorkers were used to traveling the perilous, rickety lanes beneath sand and concrete and water. They had learned to wait patiently for the tracks to be cleared and the power to come on again.

He found the young man's eyes upon him again. This time their gazes held. "Do you smell something?" he asked finally, grimacing and sniffing.

"Only the brakes, Pops. Don't worry about it." *Pops? Pops?* Once again the big man raised the mental barrier between the youth and himself. The young squirt. What right had he to be calling him *Pops*, a man only in his fifties? Why did this kid annoy him so much, even before the *Pops*? Was it the hat pushed back so cockily on his head? Was it the smile on his face, that one-sided, familiar, maybe even mocking smile?

"The subway route isn't all it's supposed to be," he said, not knowing why he kept the conversation going.

"But look at the bright side of it," the young man countered. "We're dropped off right at the track door. What other track in the country has the luxury of a subway entrance?"

"Yes, New Aqueduct is a fine track," the big man admitted. "They did a good job of renovating it." Again he studied the other, noting the torn trench coat that did not speak well for the youth's prosperity. Yet there was that smile again, revealing his fine, white teeth.

"Aw, it's just a big supermarket," the youth went on. "A fellow could bring his girl to Aqueduct now and lose her for a week. Too big, too much comfort, too much courtesy. You know what I think? It's too good for us now. Take all those plush restaurants and escalators—"

"It also has the best horses," the big man interrupted, hoping to put this flashy boy with the flashy dark eyes in his place.

"Yeah, a Taj Mahal with horses, that's what it is. You can have the New Aqueduct an' I'll take the old, inadequate Aqueduct. It's too heady for me. I like to be able to find people ... maybe even get pushed around a little and kid about 'Footsore Downs' like we did before. Now we got seats to park in. It's all too lush, too lavish."

The big man put his pipe in his mouth without lighting it. His eyes didn't leave the youth's. Was it the uncommon energy evident in every movement that bothered him so much? Was he truly getting old and resenting youth? No, it couldn't be. He knew too many other young people whose company he enjoyed. Then what was it?

“If it’ll make you any happier,” he said not without irony, “the new steam room isn’t hot enough. The jocks are still doing road work just like back in 1919.” Now whatever made him think of that? he wondered.

The youth laughed. “You oughta know, Pops. But I ain’t surprised that they ain’t got the steam hot enough for the jocks. Imagine that, over \$30,000,000 for the plushiest racing plant in the country an’ they can’t get up enough steam!” He dug an elbow into the ribs of the fellow sitting beside him. “Hear that, Bill? The jocks ain’t got any steam at Big ‘A.’ ”

“Get lost,” his companion said. “So my jock still dropped his stick leaving the gate yesterday in the last race. Racing is racing, here or anywhere else, steam or no steam.”

The big man smiled. “That’s exactly what I meant,” he said hurriedly to prove his point. “Old tracks vanish and new ones rise in their stead. Yet in many respects it’s the same now as it was in the beginning.”

The youth shrugged his thin shoulders. “Well, it’s round and it’s a racetrack if that’s what you mean.”

“No, it’s oval-shaped, not round,” the big man corrected. “And it has a three-inch cushion of dirt and sand on top of clay, the same clay base pounded upon by Domino, Exterminator, and the greatest of all, Man o’ War. It’s the best there is, but good for nothing except racing horses.”

The youth was watching him with those mocking eyes again. “You’re just a bunch of blueprints, aren’t you, Pops?”

The train started forward with a lurch, giving the big man the opportunity of turning away without admitting defeat. He watched the tunnel lights stream by, thinking that he could have told the youth lots more if he’d wanted to. Oh, the jockeys were well taken care of at New Aqueduct, despite the fact that the steam boxes weren’t yet what they should be. In the huge room that was the jockeys’ quarters, the washbasins were three inches lower than normal. No washing tippy-toe for the little men at Aqueduct, no sir! And the fellow across the way would have fitted in nicely there. He was the size of a good jock.

The big man’s eyes returned to the youth. Was that it? he wondered. Was he actually resentful of the fellow’s size? Was he envious of his short, less-than-average height? He studied him again, so small and slight and brown from the sun. He wondered if the youth had ever had a desire to ride a fast horse. Probably not or he would have been doing so long ago.

It hadn’t been that way with himself. He would have given anything to have been born small, light-boned, easy on a racehorse’s back and mouth. But why think of that now? Imagine going back so many years! *Come off it!* he told himself bitterly. *You’re an old man, like the kid says. It’s all over.*

The train pulled up the steep grade, passed a local, and the lights of Borough Hall station flashed by. On and on it thundered under the teeming streets of Brooklyn, passing the Hoyt, Lafayette, and Franklin Avenue stations. Blue flashes from switches

splattered the darkness and more platforms came and went, a stream of lights and benches, posters and people. All was blurred and meant nothing to the passengers aboard the Racetrack Special.

At exactly 12:25 the train came up from below, bursting into the daylight. It continued to climb, riding high on elevated tracks above an ugly neighborhood of crowded houses. The fog had lifted but it was still raining, making the houses below look more gloomy than ever. A yellow taxi went by, the only colorful thing around.

The big man turned toward the east. Soon they'd be at New Aqueduct. Soon there'd be all the color anyone could want. The sky was lighter over that way too. Despite the fact that the rain was now falling in sheets, he suspected that it would be clear by the time they reached the track.

The young voice boomed at him from across the aisle again. "There's something else I don't like about New Aqueduct, Pops. I don't like the band playing all the time. It makes it hard for a guy to think, that's what it does. I'm for no music at all at a racetrack. Silence. Silence except for runnin' horses."

"George Seuffert wouldn't like to hear you say that."

"What's he do?"

"He's the bandleader."

The youth laughed. "That's great, just great," he said. "I guess he figures they built him a \$33,000,000 band shell, heh, Pops? Ain't that what New Aqueduct cost the state?"

"I suppose so," the big man said, "about that." He got to his feet along with the others, for the track station was the next stop. Purposely he stood beside the youth, his great height and breadth making him look gargantuan alongside the slight young man.

"Have a good day, Pops."

"Same to you. The Man o' War Handicap should be a great race. I'm looking forward to it."

"Anything with a \$100,000 added purse should be great, Pops, anything at all."

"But *this* race is very important. It's the first race named in Man o' War's honor. It's been long overdue."

"Tell me, Pops," the youth asked, the one-sided smile on his face again, "was this Man o' War really any good? You know what I mean ... like Hillsdale?"

The big man's face flushed and there was sheer pity in his eyes when he said, "You never saw Man o' War. You never did or you wouldn't mention him and Hillsdale in the same breath."

"Of course I never saw him, Pops. He was before my time, way before it."

"Only 1920. That's really not so long ago."

"1920," the youth repeated, puzzled. "Not so long ago? Is that what you said, Pops? Maybe to you it isn't. But I wasn't even born until twenty years *after* 1920."

“I guess not,” the big man said, shaking his head. “I guess you weren’t at that.” The doors were opening and he moved toward them, his legs suddenly old again. “It’s too bad you never saw him. He was the greatest horse that ever lived.”

“Sure, Pops. Sure. Have yourself a time, now, a ball.”

He walked down the ramp from the subway station. How could you explain to someone so young that there hadn’t been a horse like Man o’ War since the golden chestnut had roared to a stop at Kenilworth Park back in 1920? He was truly the mightiest Thoroughbred the turf world had ever known!

The wind had driven off the rain, and now it was blowing in such gusts that the big man had to bend over as he moved along. Some men were already chasing their hats, and women were holding down their skirts with both hands. The huge ramp shook a little beneath the blasts and signs swung crazily, threatening to rip loose. The big man pushed his head forward, plowing through the wind and keeping his eyes fastened on the towering glass-fronted stands a short distance away.

Yes, how could he explain to anyone born after 1920 how brilliant Man o’ War had been? He broke all the records and he broke down all the horses. He was everything said of him and more, lots more. For it wasn’t only what he did on the racetrack. When you stood outside his stall, just looking at him, you’d get a feeling of awe and humility. Man o’ War had known he was the king and he had left no successor. His like would never be seen again.

The big man shoved his way past men hawking their papers and programs in gravelly voices. “*Morning Telegraph* and scratch sheets. *Telly* and scratch. *Telly*-scratch. Here y’are, every one a winner.” The big man smiled and shook his head, at the same time shifting his feet to avoid colliding with the little men. The quickening pace helped get rid of his train legs, working up the circulation and carrying him along with the steady stream of people.

The wind felt colder but he didn’t mind it, for the sky was clearing fast. There was a good chance it would clear and the sun would come out brilliant and warm, maybe even drying the track. Weather clear, track fast ... that was the way it should be on Man o’ War’s day, with every hole filled in, and every clod of dirt flattened, curried, and manicured. A perfect day for the first Man o’ War Handicap! Suddenly the cold air felt good and the big man’s legs felt young and strong again. He held his head up against the wind.

Maybe the old days were gone, as people said, and most of the old champions forgotten. But today they would be remembering the big one again, Man o’ War. No longer would he be just a legend swirling across a distant sky. No, starting today a great race would honor him at the track where he had run his toughest race against John P. Grier. Today the track world would pay homage to the memory of the king of the American turf, the most famous, the swiftest, the greatest of them all ... Man o’ War!

He began to feel like a schoolboy in love for the first time. He straightened his tie and pushed back his hat, not too jauntily the way the kid on the subway had worn his but not conservatively either. There was no other place in the world he'd rather be on this day. Here he belonged with others like himself, paying respect to Man o' War.

But how many of all the thousands in the stands had known the king? Few, at best. To most of them, Man o' War was just another name to remember along with Equipoise and Twenty Grand, Zev and Gallant Fox, War Admiral and Whirlaway.

"Was he really any good, Pops?" the kid had asked. "You know what I mean ... like Hillsdale?" Or he might have said, "like Native Dancer, like Citation, like Nashua?" Horses that could not have nibbled Man o' War's saddlecloth!

Careful now, he cautioned himself. *You're treading on dangerous ground. There are some who think that maybe Citation ...* But no! None like Man o' War had ever paraded to the post again in all the years that had gone by. Like so many others he had watched and waited and hoped, his eyes growing dim, waiting for *his* return.

After reaching the end of the ramp the big man walked briskly to a side gate, showed his pass, and squeezed through the turnstile. Once inside he put his head down again, jostling those who walked beside him. He mumbled his apologies without bothering to look up and heard only return grunts in answer. For a reason he could not explain he felt suddenly alone again, unattached and anonymous.

He was making for an official door beneath the grandstand when suddenly he stopped. For a moment he stood still as though undecided. Then he moved again, changing direction and taking the clubhouse escalator. He was one of a steady stream of people riding skyward, but he did not feel the electric air of the racetrack that flowed from one person to another. Instead he felt subdued and humble, almost as he had the last time he'd seen Man o' War standing in his stall, his head held high but his eyes liquid-soft and gentle.

What he wanted to do would not take long and he had plenty of time before going to work. He got off the escalator at the third floor and entered the clubhouse restaurant. He did not join the crowd standing at the velvet ropes waiting to be seated, but turned to the large portrait of Man o' War that hung over the center doors.

This was the Man o' War Room ... a room named in the great horse's honor. The heavysset man stood before the portrait, the expression on his face becoming soft, almost shy. No longer did he feel alone. He sat down on a couch where he could gaze at the picture without being in anyone's way. He wanted to look at him again, to remember the way it was.

He'd been the luckiest of all. He'd been there that first night, the night a chestnut colt with a star on his forehead had been foaled. In a way it had been his own beginning as well as Man o' War's. He had no trouble at all remembering everything that had happened. It was near midnight and very quiet when he had walked down the dirt road in Kentucky....

March 29, 1917

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Miles of board fence ran along both sides of the road, white against the darkness of the fields beyond. But the boy's gaze never left the road in front of him and his long, thin face was heavy with concern. He walked fast, his arms swinging loosely against his big-boned but gaunt frame. He had made an important decision. He had come to a turning point in his life. He was going to quit school and go to work at Nursery Stud.

Like a gangling Great Dane he moved through the night mist, his nostrils sniffing the scent of new grass in the meadows. Soon he'd smell the warm bodies of horses, but he'd have to wait until he got closer to the barns.

It Wouldn't be many days before the familiar scent, stronger than anything else, would pervade the night air all around. But now, at just the beginning of spring, the nights were still too chilly for the horses to be turned out. In another few minutes it would be midnight and the beginning of the 29th day of March, 1917. He'd better get moving faster. He might be late as it was!

Turning off the road, he went over and climbed the fence and set out across the fields at a run. It was nothing new to him, this getting excited about being around when a racer was born ... a horse who wouldn't set foot on a track for two years. It was part of his life not to miss the foaling of a Thoroughbred, a part of living in Kentucky. If he'd been living anywhere else it would have been different. But here in Lexington, horses were everything and there was nothing strange in thinking that the most wonderful sight in the world was the earliest hours in the life of a racehorse!

With knowing eyes he looked over the big breeding farm, loving the cleanliness of its fences and fields and barns. There were hundreds of acres, all for the use of horses alone, with dozens of fenced paddocks, each serving a specific purpose in the raising of Thoroughbreds. It was a costly business, far more expensive than he could ever guess. It was a good thing Mr. Belmont was rich for otherwise there would have been no Nursery Stud. To a man like Mr. Belmont the sport lay not so much in the winning of races as it did in *breeding* the best horses. That's what made foaling time so interesting around here ... one never knew when one might be looking at the baby horse who would turn out to be the greatest of them all!

Mahubah was the broodmare closest to foaling time, he knew. They'd been expecting her to foal for three days now but she'd kept putting them off. What was she waiting for anyway? Didn't she know her time had come? Or maybe she just liked being treated like a queen, being bathed and brushed and pampered all the time. Maybe she knew what she was doing, at that.

He liked Mahubah, even her name, which in Arabic meant "good greetings, good fortune." She was well bred, rangy, and young. She should foal a good one. He hoped it would turn out to be a colt. A colt could beat a filly any day.

The boy ran faster, his long legs moving with surprising grace. A big grin suddenly drove the seriousness from his face, a face already brown from the sun and clean and seasoned as if it were washed regularly with saddle soap. He grinned because he had just remembered that more foals were due in April than any other month that year. During the next few weeks there would be a parade of baby horses for him to watch entering the world!

He sure wouldn't want to live anywhere else. Where but here could one find such an interest in horses? No other business could compete with the breeding and raising of Thoroughbreds. And where else was the grass so blue, so rich in calcium and vitamins? Of course you had to have special Kentucky eyes to see its bluish tinge, otherwise it was green like any other grass, except in the fall and winter months when it turned real brown. What would people from anywhere else think if they saw him get down and start nibbling away at it, as he did once in a while just for kicks? They'd think he was crazy, that's what! And where else could people talk to horses the way they could here? No, there was no other place he wanted to live but in the heart of the Bluegrass Region—Lexington, Kentucky.

He looked ahead at the foaling barn. There were no bright lights burning, so nothing had happened yet. If the foal had come, the place would have been lit up like a Christmas tree. Who knew but the barn might stay dark all night, like last night and the one before? Then he'd be up all night again for nothing. And he knew only too well what would happen to him at school for being so sleepy. Well, all that would end pretty soon. Pretty soon he'd be working here and spending every minute of his time with the horses. So even if he was tired tomorrow, it would be worth it. Mahubah was a fine mate. Her colt could be the one. He just might be.

Author's Foreword

What you are about to read is a *fictional* biography of Man o' War, in that there was no stableboy named Danny Ryan. His actions and conversations with others are purely imaginary on my part and used to tell the story of Man o' War as I know it. That such a person as Danny may have existed (comparable, if not as I have drawn him) among the large entourage following the champion, I have little doubt. Such love and devotion as Danny had for Man o' War are not uncommon among those tending a racehorse, or any horse, be he a champion or not.

I saw Man o' War before his death in 1947. Like many boys and girls, I wanted to visit the well-known horse farms in Kentucky, and one summer my father took me there. I saw many fine stallions, for all horse lovers are welcome in that country and no one who behaves himself is ever turned away. When we reached Faraway Farm, there were many visitors swarming through the gates. For my father this was the highlight of our tour, since he had seen Man o' War race and "the flame-colored stallion was the greatest horse that ever lived." To someone like myself, who had not been around long enough to see Man o' War race, he was a legendary horse, a monument, a part of the history I had read on American racing. I was excited, too, but not prepared at all for the moment to come.

I recall adding my name to a guest book, which according to my father already totaled over half a million visitors. I followed the large group into the stallion barn, thinking that if Man o' War had belonged to the public in his racing days, things hadn't changed much for him.

We approached his big stall, and Will Harbut, the black groom who took care of him, looked us over, rather critically, I thought, as if deciding for himself how much we knew about horses and Man o' War in particular. Like others in the throng, I had read many stories in magazines about Will Harbut's love and care for Man o' War in these—his later years—at Faraway Farm. I was prepared to listen to his well-publicized and very complete monologue on Man o' War's record and the accomplishments of his foals. But at that moment my father's hand tightened on my arm, directing my attention to the stall itself.

The door had been swung open and Man o' War stood there. I was prepared to see a great champion and sire. But suddenly I knew that while I had never seen him race, it made no difference at all. I felt as my father did. I was lucky to be there, close enough to touch him if that had been allowed.

Man o' War stood in the doorway, statuesque and magnificent. There was a lordly lift to his head and his sharp eyes were bright. He didn't look *at* us, but far out over our heads. If his red coat and mane and tail had faded with time, as my father said later, I was not aware of it. Nor did I notice the dip of his back, deepening too with age. I could not even have said whether his massive body was red or gold or yellow. I was aware only of one thing—that for the first and perhaps the only time in my life I

was standing in the presence of a horse that was *truly* great, and it would be a moment always to be remembered.

What accounted for this stirring of the heart? For that is what it was. If one attributes it to the emotions of youth, what about my father's adulation of Man o' War? And all the others of his generation who had seen this horse and felt no differently? Was the look in Man o' War's eyes responsible for it? His gaze, I recall, shifted occasionally to look at us. They were deep, intelligent eyes and very bright. More often than not, however, he seemed not to know we were there at all, his gaze fixed and far away, so intent that I could have sworn he was watching something far beyond our vision.

Or was it the regal lift of his head, the giant sweep of his body, or the dignity with which he held himself up for our inspection? Or, perhaps, a combination of everything, for there was nothing about him that did not seem right to me. Whatever accounted for it, I stood in his presence in quiet reverence, unmindful of anything but Man o' War. I heard only snatches of the eloquent recital that rolled from Will Harbut's tongue. "*He's got everything a hoss ought to have and he's got it where a hoss ought to have it. He is de mostest hoss. Stand still, Red.*"

It has also been said of Man o' War that "*he touched the imagination of men and they saw different things in him. But one they all remember was that he brought exaltation into their hearts.*" Whatever else may be written or said of Man o' War, I know this to be true from my one visit to an aged but majestic stallion. It was with the hope that I could impart something of what I felt to you that I wrote this book.

Many years have passed since Man o' War raced. The few who remember him on the track will tell you that all the great champions that have raced since—Equipoise, War Admiral, Whirlaway, Assault, Citation, Native Dancer, Nashua, Secretariat, Seattle Slew, to name a few—were only "the best since Man o' War." To them Man o' War is *the* one to be remembered. He alone is their yardstick of time.

There are fewer people still who remember Man o' War as a yearling. If you believe them, most all saw in him the spark of greatness at the time. But the facts usually indicate otherwise. And there is only a mere handful of people who recall Man o' War as a suckling colt at the side of his dam, Mahubah, at Nursery Stud.

To reconstruct this story of Man o' War, I have used to best advantage the city newspapers and national magazines published at the time, as well as the many excellent publications devoted especially to Thoroughbred racing and breeding—among them, *Daily Racing Form*, *The Morning Telegraph*, *The Blood Horse*, *The Thoroughbred Record*, and *American Racing Manual*.

I have used also the facilities of many fine libraries and referred often to John Hervey's *Turf Career of Man o' War*, which would have been published in book form had it not been for the noted track historian's untimely death before the manuscript was completed; the rough manuscript is part of the Harry Worcester Smith Collection at the National Sporting Library, Middleburg, Virginia, and has also appeared serially

in *Horse Magazine*. Without the use of all these sources to supplement my own file, this story of Man o' War could not have been written.

WALTER FARLEY