Exclusive interview with Derby champ

By William Lasser

After last Saturday's Kentucky Derby, it seemed as if all the sportswriters in the country crowded to the winner's circle to interview Seattle Slew. Little did I know that I was about to receive the far greater honor of interviewing the wonder steed himself.

Seattle Slew doesn't speak English, of course, but I persuaded Voo-doo, the equine interpreter, to assist me. Seattle Slew's IQ is as high as that of the average gorilla, however.

I approached the Derby winner carefully, with a big lump of sugar in my extended hand. He was seen in rows 1 through 5, seats A through E. "Hi, Mr. Slew," I offered, "I'm William Lasser of the Beacon Hill Journal."

"You can call me Seattle," said the equine.

"I wonder if I could ask you a few questions about the race," I asked hurriedly.

He looked around to make sure no one was watching. He and Cauthen exchanged a few words and I didn't understand. Slowly, I spent a few minutes with him while I wasn't quite time for his oats.

"Seems to have a little trouble at the start, Slew," I observed.

"They caught me off guard," he remarked dryly. "I was looking back at Nothing Else Coming during the gate call, when all of a sudden I heard the bell go off."

"You were a little nervous there, weren't you, champ?"

"Well, you know, well, the big one. You always a little nervous before a Kentucky Derby, I wanted to prove to all those idiots that I wasn't just a flash in the pan." He began to spout something about the Mile Pole, but I didn't dare disagree with half a ton of horse.

"Mr. and Mrs. Taylor used to live in a small town near Seattle, and my doctor came from Florida. I think they figure was all swamps, but I became Seattle Slew." His only contact with Florida was the Waslou Hotel, but I don't think he had much fun. He had half a ton of horse. I supposed subjects quickly.

"When did you know you had it up?"

The horses turned contemplative. Cauthen looked concerned. "I suppose when I turned and headed for home. I opened it up to three, quickil...," He didn't answer emphatically, a little annoyed with me. "I mean Kent Taylor. She thinks of me as her son."

"How did you ever get that name, anyway, Seattle?"

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"I'm sorry, champ," I said apologetically. "Let's talk about something else."

He thanked me, gave me another piece of sugar. "But then I saw Run Dusty. Run painting on my right and really had to do something."

"I'm you did get that name, anyway, Seattle?"

"That's when Croupet hit you with the right hand!" He shouted up this obvious, painful limb. Slew was undoubtedly a menace. "He doesn't know, I'm not gonna have anyway. I really wanted to win. Honest I did." He began to spout something about the Mile Pole, but I didn't dare disagree with half a ton of horse.

"You mean 'NM Charmer'? I asked, checking it.

He nodded, as if he were pleased.

"No, no." he replied emphatically. A little annoyed with me. "I mean 'NM Charmer'."

"You mean 'NM Charmer'?" I asked, checking it. What color were they?"

"Red and white."

I thought that killed the thing once and for all. "Well, when you win the Derby..." We both knew the rest of the sentence. "You win the Derby..."

"Well, when you win the Derby..." he continued. "But they scratch my tail."

My tail was almost up, but the stewards were about to serve me the taxidermists and butchers. "You suppose you're going forward to win the Preakness and Belmont..."

"Not really," he answered.

"You're not? I was perplexed. "Just what are you looking forward to?"

I knew the answer before he said it. "Let me tell you what happens to thoroughbreds when they're through racing," he said slowly. Voo-doo and stewards followed the Kentucky countryside side flanked by fifty police officers through his head.

Don't bar rock concerts

By By David B. Kerst

The Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) yesterday announced a major concert tour in cooperation with WBRS, in a move that will raise many eyebrows as a step in the right direction. The tour is expected to be a major factor in the future of the BSO, and is widely expected to be successful.

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"Not really," he answered. "Seems they're about to serve me the taxidermists and butchers.

"Suppose you're going forward to win the Preakness and Belmont..."

"Not really," he answered. "Most of the artists were not present.

The number of artists was not as great as at other concerts, but the free entertainment that the area's youth may not be a wise idea in times of unemployment. Furthermore, only three of those arrested were juveniles. It was not the responsibility of the MDC to provide proper police protection for the concert, and the Commission was forced to fail when it recognized that apparent lack of a crowd would be in attendance.

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