

Chapter 3 Lightning in a Bottle:

The Story of Chinook Pass



by John Loftus

CP minus 13 and counting. As this chapter opens, we have thirteen more years until Chinook Pass is born. It's the spring of 1966, and his sire, the regally-bred Native Born has arrived in the Northwest amid much fanfare after running against the top company of that year's three-year-old crop at Saratoga, Aqueduct and Hialeah. In fact, two of the young colts he'd run with were about to make quite a splash in that year's Triple Crown events. As we pick up the story...

The Dream

All horse racing people are dreamers. To say so is simply to state the obvious. In the spring of '66, four leading local horsemen – Joe Shabaz, Hump Roberts, Maurice McGrath and Ed Purvis ponied up somewhere between \$25,000 and \$40,000 to purchase a promising three-year-old son of the great Native Dancer and bring him to the Northwest.

(Memories and written accounts vary both on the undisclosed purchase price and as to whether Purvis was part of the group that conceived and executed the acquisition, or if he bought in shortly after the colt arrived. Purvis always said he was one of the original owners.)

Numerous well-bred colts had been brought to Washington to stand at stud after concluding their racing careers, but this was different. Instead, these men planned to buy a young and impeccably bred Eastern stakes horse at the beginning of his career and race him first before standing him at stud.

Their pragmatic hope was that he'd at least pay back his purchase price in racetrack winnings, but their dream was that their new colt – although he may have been in the second tier of stakes hopefuls at Saratoga and Aqueduct – would prove to be much the best when pitted against local competition and would retire after a history-making track career to become a major foundation sire of the Pacific Northwest.

It was a bold venture, made possible by the wide-ranging connections of the WHBA's Ralph Vacca, who was able to pick up the phone and negotiate directly with Harold Ferguson, the farm manager whose charges included the "Grey Ghost" himself – Native Dancer.

Ferguson considered the situation carefully, then told Vacca that they had a sophomore son of Native Dancer out of their great race mare and two-time national

champion, Next Move. The colt's name was Native Born and he was currently racing at Aqueduct. They already had a full brother, Restless Native, in their barn performing stud duty. Native Born was running in top company and had shown promise, but hadn't made it onto the Triple Crown trail, so – yes – he was available. Arrangements were made and soon the speedy chestnut was in the cargo hold of an airliner bound for Seattle.



Native

Born's arrival in the Northwest had something of the air of a coronation about it – a young Prince of the East. And it was true: Native Born was an aristocratic horse in every way. He was foaled at Maryland's famed Sagamore Farm, which had been given to his owner/breeder Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt II as a gift on his 21st birthday. Vanderbilt's great-grandfather had been the richest man in the world, and the younger Vanderbilt could've had any life he chose. He chose horse racing, and was a giant in the sport for more than 65 years. The best horse he ever had was Native Dancer, and now a son of this great champion, out of Sagamore's most illustrious mare, was stabled at Longacres. It was really exciting.

"The King"

Native Born arrived at Longacres a short time before the running of the 1966 Kentucky Derby, and things really got interesting as the Triple Crown series began to unfold. Two-year-old champion Buckpasser had

been scratched from all three races due to a hoof problem, while the career of the outstanding undefeated colt Graustark had ended with a broken coffin bone in the Blue Grass Stakes.

Suddenly, another son of Native Dancer was catapulted into the spotlight as the lukewarm Derby favorite. His name was Kauai King, and he had another starter named Amberoid were from the same class of sophomores Native Born had run with in New York. Although it's difficult to verify the results of two-year-old allowance races that took place more than 40 years ago, old magazine articles have been found stating that Native Born had beaten both of these colts. He won two of five starts in his freshman year, so this is entirely possible, if not quite proven beyond a doubt.

Kauai King was bred in Maryland at Pine Brook Farm. His dam was a relatively undistinguished *Bleinheim II mare named Sweep In, whose dam sire was the great J. R. Keene-bred Hall of Famer, Sweep. He was sold at the Saratoga sale to an Omaha businessman for \$42,000, not much more than the price paid for Native Born.

Soon the turf press swarming Churchill Downs had tagged Kauai King as the scrappy outsider taking on the old Kentucky hardboots and the Eastern aristocrats. They were not disappointed. He ran a courageous race, fighting off challenges in the stretch to notch the first wire-to-wire victory in the Run for the Roses since 1949. From then on, Kauai King was known in the press simply as "The King." It had a nice ring to it.

The fans and connections of Native Dancer saw his son's victory as fitting retribution for the only loss of his sire's otherwise stellar career. And for jockey Donald Brumfield, a local journeyman, winning the Kentucky Derby at his home track was a dream beyond his wildest imaginings. "I'm the happiest hillbilly hardboot you've ever seen," he told *Sports Illustrated*.

When he rode "The King" to victory again two weeks later in the Preakness, smashing the stakes record in the process, Triple Crown mania began in earnest, and you can bet that the owners of Native Born were on the edges of their seats.

Kauai King was the heavy favorite going into the June 4 Belmont Stakes, which was run at Aqueduct that year while Belmont Park



Native Born's triumphant eight-length victory at Longacres, under the able tutelage of "lion tamer" Art McCready (left), provided a fleeting glimpse of what might have been.

was being renovated. All eyes in a nation that was much more horse-crazy than today were on the Native Dancer colt as he made his bid for the elusive Triple Crown and a place in history.

But the pressure had gotten to him. Kauai King was rank in the early going, and as the field galloped down the backstretch, rival Amberoid's jockey said he could see the favorite trying to run off with his rider – not a good sign if he was to last the full 12 furlongs. His own horse liked to come from off the pace, so he bided his time, and when they turned for home Amberoid came a-runnin' and passed the tiring leaders to capture the Belmont Stakes. Kauai King finished a decent fourth, just two lengths off the pace.

Native Born's two old running mates had captured all three jewels of the Triple Crown.

The Buck Stops Here

Less than two weeks after the Belmont, Kauai King was syndicated for a then-record \$2.52 million. On the same day the Belmont was run, future Hall of Famer Buckpasser – sidelined throughout the Triple Crown series – returned to the track with an overpowering performance in a six furlong allowance race. He was pronounced fit to continue his sophomore campaign, and all turfdom began clamoring for a race to see which horse was truly the king.

The opportunity came before the month was out. On June 25 Kauai King and Buckpasser met in the Adlington Classic, then one of the top races in the country. Running in spite of trainer Henry Forrest's strong objections, Kauai King suffered a badly strained suspensory ligament in the one mile contest and was immediately retired to stud, joining his sire, Native Dancer, at Sagamore

Farm. Buckpasser flew to the wire in a world record time of 1:32.3/5.

From there, Buckpasser went on to win everything in sight, including Horse of the Year. The dark bay colt would not lose another race until June 17th of the following season, amassing a 15-race winning streak that was broken only when owner/breeder Ogden Phipps entered him in his first turf contest. Phipps wanted to take Buckpasser to France to prove his greatness, but in a bit of history ironically reenacted more than 40 years later with Curlin, the great champion faltered on the grass and didn't wind up seeing the world after all.

By all accounts, Buckpasser (Tom Fool-Busanda, by War Admiral) was a sight to behold. NYRA official Dr. Manual Gilman once said that, "Generally, every horse has about a hundred faults of conformation. I would defy anybody to pick a flaw in Buckpasser." Artist Richard Stone Reeves, who painted the greatest horses of that era, called Buckpasser "the most perfectly proportioned Thoroughbred I have ever seen." He would eventually be ranked the 14th best Thoroughbred of the 20th Century by *The Blood-Horse*.

Yes, He Can!

Meanwhile, back in the Pacific Northwest, Native Born – another good-looking colt – was being prepped for what his owners hoped would be a starring role in the Longacres meet that had just gotten underway.

"He was a very handsome horse – a chestnut, 16 hands tall," the now-retired Vaccarella says, "but he definitely inherited his sire Native Dancer's famous temperament. He wasn't a total rogue or anything, but he could certainly be a handful."

The job of "lion tamer," as Vacca described it, fell to Hump Roberts' top hand, Art McCready, who was the brother of Roberts' wife and lifetime partner in racing, Belle. As for Native Born's

temperament, McCready could only say that, "He's all horse!"

They knew Native Born had a ton of talent. He had a sizzling worktab to prove it. His disappointing second place finish in the Yakima Valley Derby, described in the previous chapter of our story, had served to underscore some of the bad habits he'd picked up between his winning freshman season and his so-far-winless sophomore year. The trainers had their work cut out for them, but still felt certain he could be the big horse they'd dreamed of – if only they could just get him right . . .

Eight days after the Belmont Stakes, following an unsuccessful first outing in which he was bested by future Longacres Mile winner Kings Favor, Native Born made his second start at Longacres in a 6 1/2 furlong allowance race. They'd had more time to work on him, their hopes were still high, and everyone at the newly renovated Renton oval was eager to see what he could do. Was this son of Native Dancer, who'd run with future Triple Crown classic winners, really as good as they said he was?

Native Born's performance that day spoke for itself, and was perhaps best described in the triumphant two-page ad his ecstatic connections published in the next issue of *The Washington Horse*:

"Native Born literally 'broke the stopwatches' on June 12 when he coasted to an easy eight-length victory!" the ad proclaimed.

"The fastest quarter and half I've ever clocked!" longtime track timer Joe Wittman was quoted as saying in a splashy banner across the top of the page, which went on to assert that Native Born's first quarter of :21 2/5 was 1/5 second faster than the world record for Quarter Horses set by Pokey Bar.

Indeed, he *had* run a pretty good race. The half had gone in :44 flat, and six furlongs passed in 1:09 1/5. He was still drawing away when the clock stopped at 1:15 4/5.

The second page of the ad rhapsodized on his ancestry, reel-ing off the names and feats of the distinguished Thoroughbreds whose blood flowed in his veins. "Native Born will stand his first season at stud in 1967 – FEE \$1,000 – live foal," it said, concluding with the admonition that "only a limited number of outside mares will be accepted, so book now."

Well, Maybe Not . . .

This was as close as Native Born's connections would ever come to realizing their dream. One can well imagine how their spirits must've soared after this monster win in his Longacres debut – especially coming right on the heels of a Triple Crown series dominated by their colt's New York classmates Kauai King and Amberoid.

Native Born would never run another race. Due to soundness issues, by mid-summer he would be retired to stud at Hump



Prominent horsemen Hump Roberts, Maurice McGrath (center left) and Joe Shabaz (shown in the Longacres winner's circle with Rat Pack member Dean Martin), along with Ed Purvis were responsible for bringing Native Born, promising son of Native Dancer, to Washington. Hump's wife Belle is shown above with McGrath at a 1976 presentation honoring Native Born's champion three-year-old son, Crafty Native.

and Belle Roberts' Clearbrook Farm near Woodinville. "He was always a hard horse to keep together," retired equine veterinarian Bud Hollowell remembers. And so the son of Native Dancer embarked upon his second career while still in his third year.

Native Born's lifetime earnings at the racetrack totaled \$7,480, just \$1,500 of which was earned in the colors of his new owners. The rest had been earned in the famed Vanderbilt silks. The stallion ads in *The Washington Horse* continued, but they were pared back to one page and focused only on his pedigree.

Clearbrook Farm, which the Roberts's had acquired from prominent owner/breeder and Teamster boss Frank Brewster, never had more than a few stallions, and wasn't a stud operation in the way some of the larger farms were. Native Born stood there for several years, until Belle decided handling the stallions was a bit too much for her. At that time he was relocated to Dewaine Moore's Rainier Stables, which was one of the premier breeding and foaling operations in the state, standing seven or eight stallions and servicing hundreds of mares each year.

Moving Native Born to Moore's Enumclaw stable was convenient for at least two of his owners, since it was located just a few miles from Maurice McGrath's Tahoma Farm (now owned by Jack Hodge) and was also home to Ed Purvis's growing band of broodmares and babies.

As a stallion, Native Born was fair to middling, although – in all honesty – it must be noted that his performance both at the track and in the breeding shed did not fulfill the magnificent dream that brought him to the Pacific Northwest. He sired 14 stakes winners, the best of which – aside from Chinook Pass – was Crafty Native.

Bred by Maurice McGrath and owned by former horse racing commissioner Robert Mead, Crafty Native won or placed in 32

stakes during his 76-race career before retiring at age six with \$294,754 in earnings. A WIBA sales alumnus, he was voted Washington champion three-year-old of 1976 and champion handicapper the following year.

Other stakes winners sired by Native Born include Native Sky, Mister Tambo, Native Lancer and No More Lemons. He would finish up his career at Paul Hagemann's Summeret Farm near Sherwood, Oregon, where he died in early 1982, a few months before his greatest son, Chinook Pass, embarked upon his historic three-year-old campaign.

Three of the four men who brought Native Born to the Northwest – Hump Roberts, Joe Shabaz and Maurice McGrath – served as president of the WHBA at one time or another. Each was a fascinating individual and a fitting subject for an article, if not a full-length book.

Humphrey "Hump" Roberts was born in Wales more than a century ago. He rubbed horses in Tijuana as a boy, bought his first horse and took out his training license in 1926 at age 19. He had an entry on the opening day card at Arlington Park, and in 1934 came to Longacres, where he met young Belle McCready waiting on tables in the clubhouse. Hump was finished roaming. He and Belle were married, and after that they did everything together. Hump Roberts' lifespan equaled that of the Longacres racetrack, and he died not knowing it was to be sold. He was the first trainer to have a backside golf cart, a gift from the Alhadeff family in his later years.

Joe Shabaz, the mastermind behind the purchase of Native Born, moved to Seattle from Chicago, became a union official, vodka distributor and assistant sergeant-at-arms of the state senate – an unlikely but colorful trifecta. In his retirement years, he had a second career working with his first love – horse racing – as a track steward.

Maurice McGrath achieved prominence in horseracing at a relatively young age, his brilliant success as a contractor and builder enabling him to establish Tahoma Farm near Enumclaw. He later became disillusioned with the Thoroughbred scene and moved to the Ellensburg area, where he bred and sold another breed of horse. An astute businessman, he could "split a penny ten different ways," Ralph Vacca remembers. McGrath invested in Kittitas Valley hay lands, which are said to produce the world's finest timothy hay. He persuaded his friend Dewaine Moore to invest as well, and Moore is still in the timothy hay business today.

The Fourth Man: Ed Purvis

The fourth man in the Native Born ownership group was named Ed Purvis, and he will be with us for most of the remainder of our story. He was the man who would later breed, own and campaign the great



Ed Purvis and Cecil Jolly at the Tanforan at Bay Meadows meet in 1964.

Chinook Pass, Eclipse Award winner and Washington Horse of the Century.

Horse racing has always attracted an incredibly wide variety of people, from those whomight behomeless if they didn't have a tack room to sleep in to the scions of America's wealthiest and most aristocratic families. For the most part, when people join the horse racing tribe, they check their other identities at the door. Their passion for the sport is what brings them together, and in this world they escape from their everyday lives which, in comparison, seem dull, boring and hardly worth talking about.

During his early years at the racetrack, Ed Purvis was a tall, fit-looking man with a deep resonant voice and an abundance of self-confidence. He was energetic and restless, always on the go and looking for the action. Not many people knew it, but before he switched to horse racing, he'd spent a decade or so competing all over the world on the formula autoracing circuit.

Purvis could be a commanding presence—some would even say overbearing. He'd been a beat cop in Seattle for more than 20 years and knew how to throw his weight around when he felt like it. These were the days when cops were tough guys. They didn't wear shorts and pedal around on bicycles.

When he left the SPD he was still in his 40's, a robust man with only a hint of the silver in his hair that later years would bring. He spent money freely and soon built up a fairly large string of horses, which he kept at Dewaine Moore's Rainier Stables. Under the *nomdecourse* Hi Yu Stables, his horses ran in silks inspired by his police background: blue with gold sleeves, a gold shield with "Hi Yu" lettered on the back, and a blue and gold cap.

"Hi-Yu," which means "much, plenty or abundance" in the region's native Chinook jargon, is a huge festival in West Seattle that predates Seattle's Seafair Days by a half century, having started in 1923 when Purvis was a small boy. During his police career, Purvis patrolled this part of town for many years, and as its guardian by night must've truly felt that it was his own. "I'm a home boy – that's for sure!" he once told a reporter. He was born, bred and lived his entire life of 76 years in West Seattle, and so his pride in the old neighborhood made the name Hi Yu Stables a natural choice for him.

Horses and Trainers
Purvis bought his first horse in the early '60's. In



Trainer Glen Williams.



Trainer Glen "Chub" McDonald with the original Mr. Makah, 1950's.

fact, he started out buying two on the same day – Better Dancer and Born to Dance – and both turned out to be pretty nice horses, he later recalled. Better Dancer wound up winning over \$40,000 and giving the fledgling owner his first stakes victory, a division of the Drumheller Handicap.

Over the years, Purvis bought and bred a lot of horses, so he had to pick a lot of names. They tended to fall into several categories. Quite a few were named after places, some of which were in West Seattle, such as Lincoln Park, Admiral Way and Avalon Way, while others from around the region included Lake Crescent, Floating Bridge and, of course, Chinook Pass.

Then there were the Hi Yu horses: Hi Yu Baby, Hi Yu Silver, Hi Yu Dolly, Hi Yu Lulu (after the family dog) and Hi Yu Honey, to name a few that made it to the winner's circle.

Finally, there were many with dance-related names, such as Born to Dance, Better Dancer, Dancing Blues and Dance 'n' Romance. Some of these had pedigrees that included the two Dancers – Native and Northern – but it seems likely that some names may have been inspired by the fondness for dancing that Purvis and his wife, Maxine, shared. In the same year he bought into Native Born, the couple finished second in the ballroom dance competition at the annual Jockeys' Ball.

Purvis's first trainer was Glen Williams, who was then at the peak of his career, and the two men campaigned horses together both locally and in Northern California for more than a decade. Williams, now in the Washington Thoroughbred Hall of Fame, was a UW-educated engineer who quit a good job at Boeing in 1954 to take up the uncertain life of a horse trainer. He wound up doing very well at it, and probably having a lot more fun than most Boeing engineers, too.

Over the course of his 20-year training career, Williams notched a record 57 stakes victories at Longacres, conditioning popular

champions such as Sparrow Castle and Smogy Dew, who were two of his three Longacres Derby winners. The former went on to win the Longacres Mile, which Williams bagged a second time with Red Wind in 1972. The latter, Smogy Dew, was a phenomenal filly who went on to prevail in 11 stakes races, often beating the boys.

The owner/trainer relationship between Purvis and Williams was a strong and productive one, documented today by an old suitcase full of black and white winner's circle photos and lots of yellowing news clippings. The greatest campaign the two men were to share would come in the summer of 1974, but that's a tale to be told by and by.

In the 1960's Purvis also used trainer Glen "Chub" McDonald. Chub's son Frank, now president of the Washington HBPA, was in his teens at that time. He and big sister Maureen had worked in their dad's Longacres barn every summer since they were just kids. Back home at their small Port Angeles farm, the two had exercised horses each morning before school ever since they were big enough to ride. There hadn't been a day in their young lives that didn't revolve around caring for horses and the thrill of riding them.

You might say Chub McDonald was Ed Purvis's "second call" trainer. Most of the horses he brought to him had already logged many miles under the tutelage of Glen Williams. Among the track veterans that found their way to the McDonald barn were Crafty Dancer, Born to Dance and Purvis's first stakes winner, Better Dancer.

"They were flat sour and they needed some time out," Frank McDonald recalls. But, he adds, Purvis chose to continue campaigning them, expecting the same results as when they were younger and fresher. Eventually, some of the lucky ones would be turned out at the McDonald's Port Angeles farm.

McDonald remembers Purvis as a very intense man who brought his police manners

to the backside. "When Ed Purvis questioned you about his horses, you felt just like you were being interrogated," he says today. He felt bad for the horses because he knew they'd earned a rest, but is magnanimous as he reflects back on that period. "I'd like to think that Ed Purvis was a 'learning' owner in those days, and that he would get better as time went by."

A Racetrack Tragedy

It was the day after Father's Day, less than a month into the 1966 Longacres meet. It was eight days after Native Born's big win and five days before Kauai King and Buckpasser were to square off in the Arlington Classic.

On the evening of Monday, June 20, Chub McDonald was shot and killed outside the Band Box, a popular horseman's hangout in Renton, sending shock waves through the Longacres backside community. Chub was 42, and Frank had just turned 18.

Frank's uncle, also a trainer, told him he'd help out, and that somehow they'd keep the stable together. But his mother would have none of it—she was finished with racing forever. Day after day, men came to the barn with papers and led away the family's horses, while Purvis and other owners transferred theirs to different trainers.

Throughout their entire lives, Frank and sister Maureen hadn't known anything but horseracing, and then—in a matter of days—it was all gone, leaving nothing in its place. Nothing.

"When that man shot my dad, it was as if he shot all of us," Maureen says today, her emotions still raw, as if 1966 were only yesterday. Many years would pass before her brother Frank would return to horse racing.

"Gas Cans"

When you talk to horseracing people about the late Ed Purvis, a few enduring themes nearly always emerge: He was very cheap, and he always drove very fast.

In addition, some say that he was either just plain lucky, or may be had that sixth sense—you could call it horse sense—that seems to lead some owners to the winner's circle more often than others. It wasn't based on any in-depth study of pedigrees or anything like that. It probably had more to do with observation and intuition. Whatever it was, Purvis did okay over the years.

Dewaine Moore knew him as well as anyone. All of Purvis's horses that weren't currently in racetrack stalls lived at Moore's Rainier Stables, and the barn office there was one of Purvis's favorite camping spots.

"It's not nice to say," Moore says, trying to be gentle, "but Mr. Purvis was rather cheap when it came to paying bills." Others are not quite so gentle, but Ralph Vacca says that although he was indeed a penny-pincher, Purvis always paid his bills on time and in full.

At least he almost always did. A local breeder tells the story of an occasion when

Purvis traveled to Kentucky and bred one of his mares to a well-known stallion. After he got home, and before he'd paid the bill, the stud fee for this particular stallion was reduced. Purvis got on the phone to the farm manager and offered to pay the new lower price, but was told that things just didn't work that way. He never did pay that stud fee, nor did he register the resulting foal.

But there were times when he wasn't cheap at all, trainer Bud Klokstad remembers, such as when three-year-old Chinook Pass was entered in his first Longacres Mile (G2), and he suggested that they fly in the great Bill Shoemaker to ride him.

"Ed asked me what it would cost, and I told him about five thousand dollars—and that was a lot of money in those days," Klokstad says. "He thought it over and told me to go ahead and give his agent a call." It turned out that "The Shoe" had another commitment he couldn't get out of, but Klokstad says Purvis was ready to write the check.

Purvis liked to travel and enjoyed shipping his own horses, so he wound up running at pretty much every major racetrack in the West, from Portland Meadows to Turf Paradise, and all points in between: Golden Gate, Tanforan, Bay Meadows, Santa Anita, Hollywood Park and Del Mar.

"I've always hauled my own horses," Purvis told *The Blood-Horse* early in 1983, when his phenomenal Chinook Pass was getting national attention. "Nobody else hauls my horses." As if to prove the point, he'd actually driven all the way from Seattle to Los Angeles a month earlier just to move his Eclipse Award contender across town from Hollywood Park to Santa Anita.

Purvis sometimes used local trainers at distant venues, such as Cecil Jolly at the Northern California tracks and R. B. Lawler at Turf Paradise. He first hooked up with Bud Klokstad—the only trainer there at ever came close to filling the role Glen Williams had played for him—at Portland Meadows in the '70's. Those two were destined to share some adventures in the years to come.

In spite of the countless hours horsemen spend together in the course of breeding, raising, training, shipping and racing their horses, it seems that Purvis didn't say much to anyone about his years as a racecar driver. If they'd known that, it would've explained a lot of things to them. Ed Purvis was a man in a hurry, and nothing could slow him down.

"If you took a couple trips with him on the road, you would make it your last ones," Bud Klokstad says. "That guy would horrify you."

Equine artist Pam Parker, who helped care for the babies at Rainier Stables in the '80's, remembers well how chilling it was to ride with him. "Even pea-soup fog didn't slow him down," she says.

While it's unlikely anyone ever said it to his face, he was known on the backside as "Gas Cans." This was because of the elaborate system of interlinked gas cans that filled the back end of his dual-wheeled pickup.

"Heal ways had the reputation: 48 hours from Kentucky to Washington," Dewaine Moore recalls. "He'd buy gas cheap, fill up the back of that pickup, and go all the way to Kentucky and back."

He remembers one trip in particular, and it's a story he tells with particular relish:

"One time Purvis was bringing these mares out from Kentucky. Don McCall, the horseshoer, went with him, and when they got back to my place, McCall fell out of the pickup and kissed the ground. He said, 'I'll never ride with him again.' He called his wife to come and get him at my farm—and Don lived all the way up in Kirkland at that time."

According to another horseman, Purvis also had systems in place to make rest room stops unnecessary. He always timed his runs, and to the maximum extent possible they were non-stop flights. McCall made the round trip, but others often opted to buy a plane ticket home.

Years later, when they were campaigning Chinook Pass together in Southern California, Klokstad remembers how embarrassed he was at the way Purvis would barrel through small towns, barely slowing down at all. He'd get stopped all the time for speeding, but never got a ticket.

"He'd pack that police badge along and pull it out whenever he got stopped," Klokstad says, adding that, "He pulled that badge out so many times he wore the paint off of it. That was a code amongst those guys—them cops. They all did that. It wasn't just Ed."

"He got away with a lot of stuff he shouldn't have," Dewaine Moore mused, shaking his head as we sat talking on the deck of his peaceful home out behind a small mountain east of Enumclaw known as The Haystack. "Yeah, 'Gas Can' Purvis—that's for sure. Those old nicknames..."

During the remainder of the 1960's and into the early '70's, Ed Purvis continued to win his share of races, including the occasional stakes. But as all horsemen do, he dreamed of the "Big Horse." Soon he was to live that dream—not with Chinook Pass, but with a young colt that might well be called the "first Chinook Pass." Our next chapter begins with a tale of triumph and tragedy that took Ed Purvis to both the highest heights and the lowest lows he could ever have hoped to experience in horse racing. 4

John Loftus has been contributing stories and photos to Washington Thoroughbred since 2005. He has set up an informal "Friends of Chinook Pass" e-mail group for those who have memories to share about the great Eclipse Award-winning champion. E-mails received will be shared with Chinook and Jill. (Yes Chinook Pass has e-mail!) So let's hear from you! Join the Friends of Chinook Pass e-mail group by writing to: chinook.pass@earthlink.net.