

Mr. Fitz Wonders

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Sunday*

'Why the Fuss?'

"I can't understand what the fuss is all about."

That's what Trainer ("Sunny Jim") Fitzsimmons kept repeating yesterday before he went through his final day as conditioner for the Phipps family horses.

"It doesn't seem any different than any other morning," said Mr. Fitz, "but Monday sure will feel different. I'm going to start sleeping late and won't get out here to the track until 8 a.m."

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FOLLOWING THE RUNNING of the fourth race at Aqueduct "Sunny Jim" who has spent all but 10 of his 88

Fitz' Filly Wins Stake

OCEANPORT, N. J. (AP) — Celebrating the final day of the long career of James E. Fitzsimmons as a trainer, Wheatley Stable's King's Story, trained by the veteran Mr. Fitz, won the 12th edition of the Miss Woodford Stakes at Monmouth Park yesterday.

Ridden by jockey Bill Zakoor, King's Story proved much the best in the bulky field of 16 three-year-old fillies, reaching the final line in the six furlong dash six lengths clear of J. H. Riedinger's Bonnie's Girl who nosed out John A. Grant's Lizzie Tish. The latter was a length in front of D. D. Smith's Hi Liz.

years around racing, was presented with a silver tray enumerating the 148 stakes winners he has saddled since he became a conditioner.

The presentation was jointly made by James Cox Brady, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the New York Racing Association, and Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, mistress of Wheatley Stable, one of Mr. Fitz' patrons.

He carefully watched each set of horses going to the track, discussing each animal with Bill Winfrey, his successor. He came back to his cottage, across from the barn, propped himself up on his bed and held court in a grand manner.

"Can't figure what all this fuss is about," he kept saying, "I'm just another old man getting ready to take it a little easier. Can you imagine being on the front page and the back page the same day? Guess they're trying to give me a swelled head."

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A CONSTANT STREAM of people kept filing into the 10 by 12 room, where he greeted everyone, photographers, newspapermen, horsemen, members of his family, and just plain friends came in to wish him well. Mr. Fitz has a word or two for each and everyone, as he always has had in the past, no matter how busy he was.

He sat there for an hour or so, twirling his reading glasses in his hand. He managed to touch on a great number of racing topics but always came back to the same thing:

"Can't understand what the fuss is all about."