

Hi Robbie,

I am Bill Tanton writing to you on behalf of the late Emil A. "Buzzy" Budnitz Jr., in regard to the Turnbull Award he received in 1953. Coach Scott has briefed me on your relationship with Jack's family! Coach Scott, Buzzy, and I were teammates at Johns Hopkins.

Let me begin by saying that Buzzy Budnitz was a great lacrosse player. There's no doubt about that. That's why he's in the Lacrosse Hall of Fame. At the same time, he was one of the most unusual players I've ever seen in more than a half century in lacrosse. In fact, I can't think of a single player in any decade to compare with Buzzy—and I played with him on the Johns Hopkins teams in the early 1950's. What made him unique was that, while he was a great attackman all his career, at Baltimore City College, at Hopkins and then for a decade with the mighty Mt. Washington Club teams, he was deceiving. He was not big. He was basically slim, he was knock-kneed, and he was not fast afoot. But he was a masterful stick handler and when he had the ball in his stick—and he loved to carry the ball—something magic happened. He may have been the most accurate passer I've ever seen. I never saw him make a bad pass. And he obviously saw the field extraordinarily well.

I still remember one moment at practice, the team scrimmaging, Budnitz with ball behind the goal, me at crease attack, and Buzzy saw me open—he was uncanny at seeing things like that—and he fed the ball to me—a perfect pass into the sweet spot of my stick—and because I was slow at getting the shot off, a defenseman named Brooke Sheehan checked my stick, sending the ball to the ground. There was no goal—and this was just practice, remember—because I could not get the shot off. I remember this mere instant to this day because I remember saying to myself at the time, I'll never get a more perfect feed in my life than that one and I still couldn't do anything with it.

I know Buzzy as a competitor so well that I even played intramural basketball against him at Hopkins—and often guarded him in those games. Buzzy was an outstanding soccer player at Hopkins but in the winter he played basketball. I had been a high school basketball player. I don't think Budnitz played that sport at City and when we went head-to-head in the Homewood gym in December and January, I thought I could eat him up. Hey, he was only this skinny, knock kneed guy who hadn't played basketball in high school. To my shock and annoyance, he got the better of me more often than the reverse. I guess you'd say he was sneaky quick as an athlete, because he excelled at taking the ball away from you. And when he drove to the basket he was past his opponent before the guy knew it. Basket by Budnitz.

I've often thought Buzzy's lacrosse opponents may have underrated him because he didn't look like a great athlete. But he sure was one. A lot of actual great athletes were surprised when they paid a price when they made the mistake of underrating the attackman behind the goal at Hopkins and at the Mount in those days.

I hope you will enjoy playing the game as much—and as well and for as long—as Buzzy did and that you will be able to have a similar effect on it after it is all said and done. My very best wishes, Robbie.

Bill Tanton

JHU '53

[RHS Note: Bill has been a sportswriter for over sixty years—about forty at the Baltimore *Evening Sun* and more recently as a columnist for *Lacrosse Magazine*, published by US Lacrosse.]