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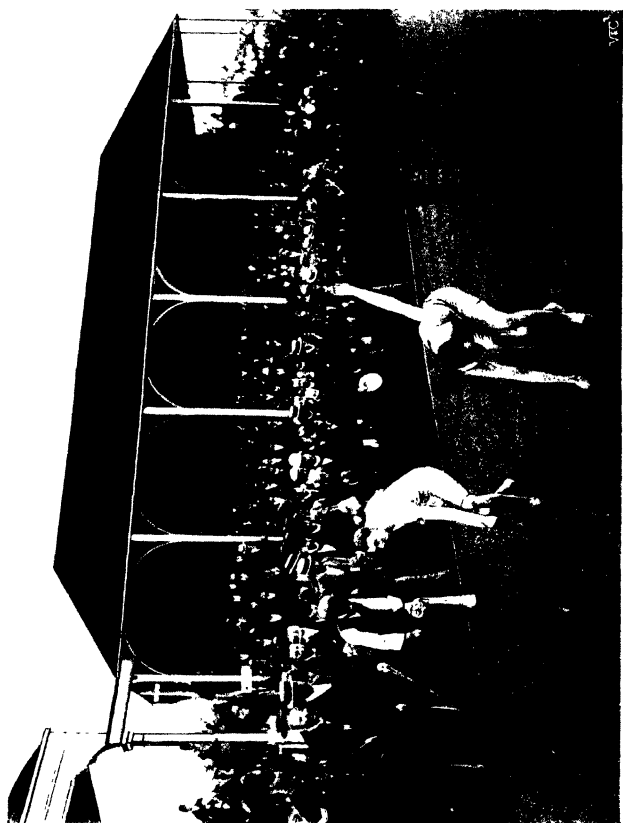


# ATHLETICS



W. BEACH THOMAS was President of Athletics at Oxford in 1890-1891 ; winner of the hundred yards, quarter-mile and half-mile at Oxford ; and second in the hundred yards and mile, and first in the quarter-mile in the inter-University sports.









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# **ATHLETICS**

BY

**W. BEACH THOMAS**

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB

*ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS*

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## PREFACE.

I OWE much to all my contributors—their several chapters will explain the extent of the debt ; but I would pay an additional meed of thanks to Mr. C. N. Jackson. He had unique knowledge, and has rescued from forgetfulness a real piece of history, which even to the serious student should have value and interest, as containing the first proof of that spirit of athletic enthusiasm which has altered the conditions of life within the last forty years as much as electricity, and more than anything else except the bacillus. Mr. Gray kindly consented to be the Cambridge historian ; and I have to thank another Cambridge man, Mr. R. R. Conway, for much to which he has not signed his name. Mr. Arthur Cook has given me valuable help in the chapter on statistics.



TO  
MY NEIGHBOUR  
R. R. C.  
THE KEENEST OF ATHLETES  
AND BEST OF FRIENDS.

# CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. ATHLETIC LITERATURE ... ..	9
II. MODERN ATHLETICS ... ..	18
III. COSMOPOLITAN ATHLETICS ... ..	29
IV. SOME NOTES ON THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY ATH- LETIC CLUB FROM ITS FOUNDATION. <i>By</i> C. N. JACKSON ... ..	39
V. THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB. <i>By</i> the REV. J. H. GRAY ... ..	99
VI. HOW TO RUN ... ..	139
VII. DISTANCE RUNNING. <i>By</i> DR. H. A. MUNRO	160
VIII. HOW TO WIN RACES ... ..	180
IX. GYMNASTICS AND JUMPING ... ..	191
X. HOW TO HURDLE. <i>By</i> A. C. M. CROOME ...	214
XI. DIET AND EXERCISE IN TRAINING. <i>By</i> W. COL- LIER, M.D., F.R.C.P. ... ..	232
XII. ATHLETICS IN AMERICA. <i>By</i> W. M. FLETCHER	248
XIII. LOCAL MEETINGS ... ..	275
XIV. CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING. <i>By</i> R. R. CONWAY	287
XV. PROFESSIONALISM ... ..	316
XVI. TIME <i>v.</i> DISTANCE ... ..	339



# ATHLETICS.



## CHAPTER I.

### *ATHLETIC LITERATURE.*

TOGETHER with the increasing popularity of games has grown up a new branch of literature. The word "literature" may perhaps sound a somewhat grandiloquent expression for books about games, but there is really no reason in the world why a game should not be capable of literary treatment. It is true that many great writers have failed conspicuously when they have come across an athletic subject. The cricket matches in "Pickwick" and "Evan Harrington" offend the specialist from a certain untechnical use of the true idiom. In the past, the sporting press has murdered the mother tongue with consistent and ruthless severity, and searched the dictionaries through for far-fetched synonyms to

conceal poverty of style. But in the last few years a change has been apparent. There are papers which write tastefully on every variety of game; there are a vast number of very taking song-writers on sports; Andrew Lang, Cochrane, Scott Gatty, Norman Gale, and many others have all a touch of the Pindaric skill; and lastly, there have been issued several books which in their less technical parts make as good reading as could be wished.

A book on a game must of course be partially didactic. It is written, in a measure at any rate, to teach the game to tiros; it has a mission also to knock down existing abuses, and neither text-books nor sermons make good reading to the general public. The reader will therefore come upon certain chapters which, if he is not a specialist, he will do well to skip. But, on the other hand, there are many items which should be worth the study of every one. Games are an important branch of history, signs of the times, and of influence upon national character. Again, less seriously, they have their humorous and anecdotal side, and ought to produce many readable reminiscences.

Still, a writer on athletics labours under several special disadvantages. The game has so many departments that no one man can boast to have a special knowledge of all. He is forced to have recourse to many other contributors, and the resulting volume either bears much the appearance of a patchwork or suffers from paucity of personal experience. From this dilemma an attempt to escape has been made. In all subjects outside the personal experience of the author the written or verbal experience of specialists has been taken; but the line of the contributions has been so directed as to fit in with the scheme of the book. In some cases a single chapter will contain the opinions of several writers; but it is hoped that the result will read rather as a collaboration than a fortuitous combination of similar theories. In this way there is a chance at any rate that the book may attain to some degree of unity, and that others besides "he who runs, may read." Many branches of sport, especially "runs" technically so-called, have met with literary treatment, and it would be a pity if the literary point of view were neglected in accounts of the runs of men. It may

not yet have been found, nor be easy to find; but there must be a point at which literature and athletics meet, as when, for instance, in the sports at Grasmere, the race of the Hounds Trail finds fitting conclusion before the windows of the cottage where the poet Wordsworth lived and wrote.

Athletics, of course, have a great past. The roots of their history strike down to pre-classical days, and if it were my purpose to trace them up to the present, there would be found no break in the continuity. There is no object in expatiating on the days of yore, or in digging deep into historical records. The work has already been well done once, and its repetition would be here both superfluous and beyond the scheme of the book. It will be enough to indicate the emergence of athletic enthusiasm at certain epoch-making periods, with the sole object of extracting the contrast to what has been named, with apologies, Modern Athletics.

As all the world knows, the word "athletics" carries on its face the country of its birth. Though men did records of speed, strength, and agility from the beginning of things, it was the

Greeks who first elevated—or depressed—the sport into a science. There is no modern parallel, nor likely to be, to the keenness displayed in the Olympic games. However overstrained at times is the popular worship of a successful athlete, we fortunately do not give him a permanent niche alongside our national heroes. A modern chronicler, in describing the popular reception of a great general, would scarcely find the climax he sought if, in imitation of the historian of the Peloponnesian War, he recorded that the people welcomed the hero almost “as an athlete.” Our athletes are not yet Olympic, nor are metaphors from their doings scattered abroad among our classics. They do not yet train for a full year for a single race, nor yet has the poet laureate written an ode on training, beginning with so technical a phrase as “water is best.” The attempt to revive the Olympic games in '96 has been fully treated below in the chapter on Cosmopolitan Athletics; but neither the performances there recorded nor their accompaniments could at all retrieve for us any real notion of the splendour of the original assemblage. It remains, however, that athletics to-day are in the true sense founded on Greek



tradition. History is again at her old game, of repeating herself, and, though it is our task rather to emphasize divergences than to posit similarities, it is true that the American meetings of to-day are more nearly Greek than any post-Olympic game in history.

It is a long leap in time and distance from decadent Greece to merry England, but there is no profit to be gained from a stop by the way at either Rome or the Paris of the Middle Ages. In England, from the time of Henry II. upward there are fitful accounts of athletic meetings, in which throwing "the barre," or stone, and leaping take the more prominent part. Some of our monarchs have themselves indulged in athletic competitions, and performances of Henry II., Edward III., and Henry VIII. are on record. The last-named was especially great at feats of strength, and in the intervals of matrimony had a particular fondness for throwing the hammer. In times of Elizabeth the sport seems to have lost its aristocratic flavour, and from that date to this—as perhaps also before—has been principally the sport of the people. There are, however, many brilliant exceptions; the pages of Pepys are full

of the athletic doings of such great personages as the Duke of Monmouth, and, until the last century, gentlemen of repute have from time to time run matches with all and sundry. Since the recovery from puritan strictness, which, however, never quite killed the athletic contests distinguishing the town and country fairs throughout England, perhaps the most conspicuous of athletes has been Captain Barclay Allardyce. His great walking and running feats in the last years of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth aroused so much popular enthusiasm, resulting in the fashion of set matches between gentlemen on Lord's Cricket Ground and elsewhere, that he may almost be regarded as the founder of latter-day athletics. The movement, however, soon collapsed, not to be taken up again till the famous meeting inaugurated by Exeter College in 1850. From this meeting the recrudescence of athletic fervour is generally dated—and rightly, though for stated reasons we have taken a yet later date for the commencement of the present epoch.

Of the past, Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes," written in the first year of the last century, is the standard book of reference for all games. His

researches were thorough, and resulted in the accumulation of many amusing extracts. But it is a witness of the growth of athletic interest that every game now needs special treatment. Books on cricket, football, golf, tennis, and other games have sprung up like mushrooms, and have been as eagerly devoured. Athletics have, on the whole, been dealt with less fully, though the number of handbooks could not be counted on one hand. But there is no need for excusing a more extended treatment. "Surely it is not possible to write a whole book only about athletics?" was asked of the writer; but the question should have been, "Surely it is not possible to put all athletics into one book?" There are many sports that come under the term "athletics" which must be perforce omitted, for their number is legion. Walking, pole-jumping, jumping from a stand or a spring-board, throwing the cricket ball, tossing the caber, running in a sack, are all omitted as not forming a regular part of the normal athletic meeting, but with others would supply material for a separate volume.

Again, if the history of athletics were fully treated, the resulting pages would be innumerable.

The reigns of athletic kings are as short and varied as those of the later Roman emperors, and would need at least a Gibbon to do justice to their rehearsal. A historical work of this nature would also become out of date almost as soon as written, for the present cares not much about any but present heroes. Consequently, a yet further limitation of scope has been necessary, and the present attempt at a book on athletics has been chiefly confined to the principles of movements, the consideration of undoubted epochs, and probable tendencies, together with some store of reminiscence that may throw light on the present state of the sport.

## CHAPTER II.

*MODERN ATHLETICS.*

**A**S a rule there is not overmuch meaning in the word "modern;" it has, perhaps, even less significance than similar phrases of relativity. Who is to say when the modern begins and the ancient ends? Who will be foolish enough to imply that time moves in jerks, like a stop-watch? The strands of past and passing periods must, of course, be spliced together in an indissoluble whole. Yet, at the risk of a logical blunder, it will in the present instance be convenient to select a definite year for the beginning of modern athletics, and to relegate to the limbo of ancient history all that occurred previously. The apology for the conscious crime must be that within the last five years or so athletics have reached a new plane. If in many cases the results are not new, a new tendency has

been brought into evidence. The athleticism of to-day and yesterday are different things.

In the year 1893, Keble College, Oxford, challenged Clare College, Cambridge, to an athletic match. The encounter scarcely looks on the face of it an epoch-making engagement, but if regarded in one light was the result of a very real change of opinion. From this date athletics become—in a sense not true of the past—a *game*. For some reason, fostered no doubt by the value of the prizes, athletes at school, at the Universities, in London, had got in the way of contracting their interest in athletics to the narrow limit of one or two days in the year. Previous training and lesser competitions were regarded as merely laborious means to the one end. The evil was greatest at the schools. Every one trained only for his own reputation, and for the sake of winning a prize at the school sports. The first day of training to the last of the sports covered a period of about three weeks, before and after which no one even thought of the pastime. Till the last few years it seems to have struck no one as anomalous that the season was so contracted, or as strange that the most natural of sports should

need the encouragement of bribery. At the Universities the fashion of the game was less harmful, as at worst the selected representatives formed a team, with interests other than personal, and medals were substituted for prizes. But here, again, nobody ever dreamt of running or jumping or weight-putting as an occupation to enjoy, like a half-hour at the nets, or a pick-up game. In London, again, the leading club has been waging a continuous fight with professionals and quasi-amateurs.

But the change is in progress. At the schools, running, especially across country, has begun to take its place as a game. Instead of just the school sports there are matches between forms, as at Dulwich, or between houses, or between sides. Training is a recognized amusement of the latter half of the Easter term. What still is wanting to give the game its final stimulus is the institution of matches between recognized opponents at other games. There are some who are ambitious of a general public school meeting ; but the notion is an enemy to true progress. Such a meeting, almost of necessity held in London, would foster all that is worst in athletics.

The publicity is greater than desirable, the hard, jarring cinder-track would supplant the harmless grass course on the school cricket-ground, and there would be no possibility of combining the representatives of any one school into a team. But it is this thing, combination, that mostly makes a game worth playing, and its delights can almost as well become the property of a body of athletes as of a football eleven. If once old antagonists, such as Charterhouse and Wellington, or Eton and Harrow, were yearly to meet each other at the game, selecting representatives as do the 'Varsities, they would soon find how immensely the pleasure of running is enhanced by the fact of coalition and the zest of corporate interest.

Again, at the Universities the growing frequency of matches is fast raising the game to the level of others. It was not till 1890 that Oxford first played any foreign team other than Cambridge. And a most successful meeting it was. The London Athletic Club was represented by two of the finest runners that have been seen on the path—Sid. Thomas, who ran away from Pollock-Hill, himself perhaps as thoroughly good a runner



as the 'Varsity has produced, and Bredin, a quarter-miler of the best, who has gone over to the professional class. Since then have arisen a host of matches. The L.A.C. and 'Varsities have annual matches ; the Hospitals have come to the front ; our Universities have exchanged meetings with the Americans.

Lastly, the L.A.C., after a very uphill fight, has practically won a victory over the professional spirit, and as much good fun and healthy amusement is to be had at the Stamford Bridge Grounds as at Ifley, Fenner's, and Queen's Club. The number of University men on the club increases yearly, and it is now possible for any athlete in the neighbourhood of London to keep up his athletic exercise and, if he wishes, to compete in a series of interesting matches.

The influence of the new world on the old creates another attribute of modernity ; but perhaps the imitation of American ways has been less apparent in athletics than in many other things. We have, however, a very great deal to learn from America. When in 1895 a representative team, both from the L.A.C. and the Cambridge University, went over to America,

each was most unmercifully thrashed. There were, indeed, some excuses. One or two men were upset by the heat, the voyage interfered a little with the training, no one is ever quite so good in a strange land as in his own, nor is the team absolutely at its strongest. But it remains that a number of the victors accomplished records; certainly an average of such excellence has never been approached at one meeting in England. The bare details of the defeat of the L.A.C. will speak for themselves.

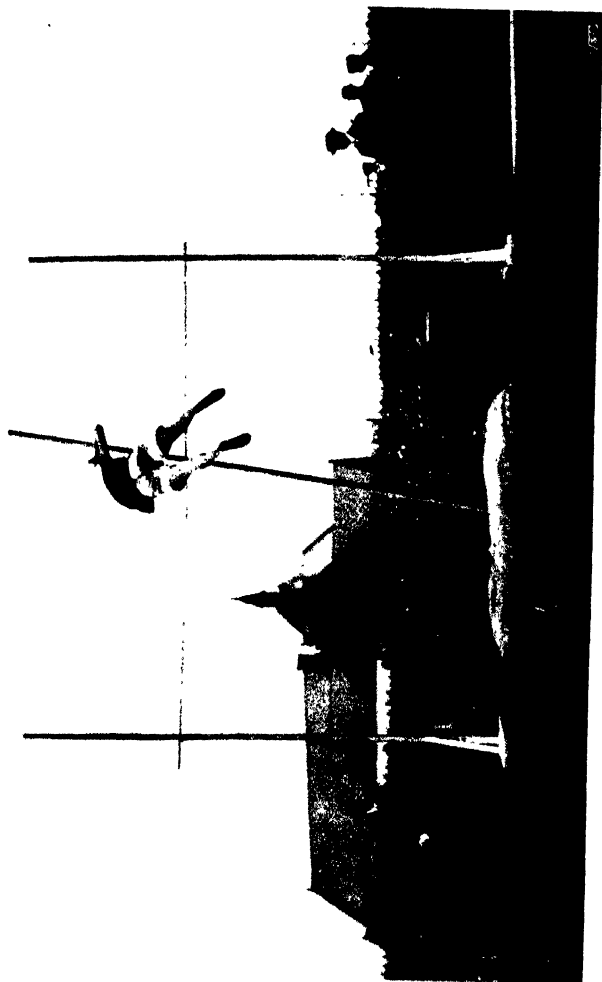
To begin with, no less than four of the eleven events produced world's records—Kilpatrick won the half-mile in 1 min. 53 $\frac{2}{3}$  secs., by ten yards from Horan; the hundred fell to Wefers in 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs., Bradly being beaten by a short foot; and the 220 yds. to the same runner in 21 $\frac{3}{4}$  secs.; and, lastly, Sweeney cleared 6 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  ins. in the high jump. With the exception of the three-mile, for which both Conneff and Horan had been incapacitated by a previous race, and the long jump, the rest of the events also reached an extraordinarily high level. Conneff won the mile in 4 min. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.; Chase the hurdles in 15 $\frac{3}{4}$  secs. (a time not allowed to stand as

record, since he overturned one hurdle); Burke the quarter-mile in 49 secs.; Mitchell the hammer, with a throw of 137 ft. 5½ ins.; Gray the weight, with a put of 43 ft. 3 ins.; Bliss the long jump, with a leap of 22 ft. 8 ins., and last and least Conneff, the three-mile in 15 mins. 36½ secs.

Certainly such a meeting is in itself enough to constitute an epoch. The level of the performances had never been approached before, and is hardly likely to be again equalled. If the English team had been at its strongest, and at the top of its form, it could not possibly have won more than four of the eleven events. The cause of American superiority was due, in our opinion, wholly to American methods, and these are discussed in detail in a later chapter.

In spite of the English defeat, in the year or so preceding these two meetings there had been noticeable a remarkable progress in the speed of certain races. It would be almost possible to gauge the degree of the increase of popularity from a mere study of comparative times, and again we must refer to a later chapter for a full review of these "records;" though in any such study it must be remembered that the average





"A FALLING STAR"—JOHNSON TOLE JUMPING

of performance through a whole programme is a better test of athletics than the record-making feats of one or two "stars." It is never well for an athletic or any other team to forget that it forms a combination, and that consequently the merit of victory is due in a great measure to "second strings" and pace-makers, and the acquaintance each has with the paces of his colleague. In this notion lies the gist of modern athletics.

There is, moreover, the necessary flavour of science about a modern meeting, and the inevitable consideration of the feelings of the "gate." Let the usual inter-'Varsity meeting at Queen's Club be taken as an instance. With a business-like certainty the athletes turn out of the rival changing-rooms three minutes before the advertised time, and amid fitful clappings of hands indulge in preliminary sprints on opposite straights of the path. As they arrange themselves on the line ready for the pistol of the professional starter all four are seen to be crouched up with hands on the ground, after the now recognized manner. Waiting for them at the finishing-post are two judges and a referee, standing well back, and

watching the worsted fixedly, for the judge who watches the progress of the race is lost. With them is a recognized timekeeper, probably Mr. Holman, the popular secretary of the L.A.C., with several informal "clockers" to support him ; for in this one respect the Universities are as yet behind the times, in that they do not appoint the trio of timekeepers, whose presence, according to American rules, is necessary for the establishment of any record. Directly the race is concluded and the judges' decision spoken, various officials rush off to their several tasks. One hauls the winning colour to the top of a flag-post, while the order of the rest is being indicated on a twin post, an elucidation that is rendered intelligible, as in addition to his "blue" each second string for the race wears a red, and the third a yellow, ribbon round his left arm. Another official pastes up the time of the race in brilliant figures on the black-board, while yet another swings round his megaphone, to impart the same news verbally.

The next events are probably the long jump and hammer, which, in deference to the disinterest of the crowd, are held simultaneously on different sides of the ground. As touching the hammer,

probably little science is to be witnessed, and the throwers will be less worth looking at than the jumpers. There was a time in this event when the judges here had a very unpleasant task in consequence of the frequent falling away of the earth behind the imprint of the jumper. We have seen the decision of two judges differ by as much as four inches. But all this is of the past, since old Watts of Fenner's fame has annually brought up to town, in a tub, a quantum of his famous composition. The mess has the undoubted virtue of cutting clean, if the word be allowed, like butter. Its drawbacks to the uninitiated are equally visible, for, in appearance and savour, it resembles nothing so much as pure fen mud, and it sticks with native affection to the shoes and ankles of the leapers. But, after all, what is such an æsthetic consideration to the benefit of complete accuracy!

At a later period the high jump and weight are also put in double harness, and the remaining events, the hurdles and the mile, fitted in as is most suitable. It is usual to finish with the three-mile race, which is preferred to the four miles of the championship programme. In one of



these races several competitors collapsed, and were promptly fetched in between two liveried officials, a cause of much offence to many onlooking veterans, who felt with pride that athletes were not thus pampered in *their* days. Perhaps a certain pampering is yet another sign of modernity ; but, in spite of all regrets for a past that is always "good " and "old," the game of athletics is improving every day, in arena, in *materiel*, and in the production of sportsmanlike amusement. The A.A.A. has practically settled the professional question still rampant in other games, and for their sensible rigour, the thanks of all good athletes are due. The future of athletics will be its testimonial.

## CHAPTER III.

*COSMOPOLITAN ATHLETICS.*

(Containing an account of the Olympic Games by G. S. Robertson.)

**L**IKE other games, athletics have begun to assume a cosmopolitan character in the last few years. The Anglo-Saxon (if the professors will allow the term) have carried their games with them to most corners of the globe. We have beaten the Boers (if not in other fields) on the Rugby ground at Johannesburg. In America, Australia, India, and the Pacific Islands cricket is of national importance. On the Thames at Henley, Dutch, French, Germans, and Canadians acquire the elements of the English swing, to carry back the same to their native haunts. The golf bag accompanied the leading troops across the frontier links of Chitral, and the Malakand field force made a famous charge

across their newly marked football ground. If further instances are needed, it is a fact that an officer lost an exciting match by getting his ball bunkered in a skull on the plains of Benin.

A similar, but less extensive movement, is taking place in athletics proper. The matches with America that have been already discussed, are worth especial emphasis as the first ostensible fact of the new tendency. Since their inauguration the ball has been kept rolling. The French, a nation, it is said, endowed with a natural quickness of foot, are beginning to show all the signs of athletic fervour. Several matches have already taken place between cross-country teams of the two nations, and though on each occasion our supremacy was proved indisputable, the increase of the popularity of the game across the water may soon produce worthy rivalry. The "sport," in fact as in name, has been successfully transplanted.

There are, indeed, runners all the world over. Native Indians are reported to have accomplished times that would make Western records look very foolish, and missionaries have reported similar wonders from both Africa and North America.

In Egypt, "the runners" who precede the carriages of the great form a separate class, and if ease of style is any test, they would often take a deal of beating over a four-mile course. But historically, of course, the true home of scientific athletics has been Greece. Considering their past, the re-establishment of the Olympic Games claims a notice to itself. However little the success of the meeting from one standpoint, it must remain conspicuous both as a promising revival and for the pleasant savour of antiquity about the events and the locality. The very mention of the race from Marathon to Athens—won, as was fit, by a Greek—brings back what not vague memories of the golden age of Greece, and of stories of patriot runners who ran from Sparta to Athens, dying sweetly with their end accomplished. The shades of Pindar, too, were recalled from their rest by the Greek Ode, the prize for which was awarded to an Englishman from the banks of the Isis—or rather the Iffley Running Ground—who is manifestly the right authority to tell now in prose the tale he successfully told the Greeks in their native verse.

## THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

*By G. S. Robertson.*

The Olympic Games, held at Athens in the spring of 1896, could not fail to be interesting as the first attempt to promote a really international athletic meeting. They were, in fact, extremely interesting. After their termination another feature of interest was added by the fact that no one could positively state whether they had been a success or a failure. To any one who was present, the superb effect produced by the whole affair had to be set off against the poor quality of the athletics; to any one who had not the good fortune to be present, and especially if he were an Englishman, the absolute lack of information concerning the Games, both before and after, seemed to imply that they were quite insignificant; to the Greek they were the greatest achievement of his supposed race since, say, the conquest of Babylon by Alexander the Great. Politically, the games undoubtedly did much to produce the subsequent war with Turkey. The Greek nation could only have embarked on such an impossible campaign from

blindness to the realities of things, and this blindness was based on the idea that the Greeks had once more taken up the position of the ancient inhabitants of their country, and that the eyes of Europe were upon them. This idea was primarily produced by the Olympic Games.

But we are, at present, principally concerned with the athletic performances. It must be admitted at once that the meeting, as it happened, was not international. It was settled, to use quasi-legal language, "for the benefit of the Greeks, remainder to the French, remainder (if any) to any one who chose to come." There were, of course, plenty of native competitors, plenty of Frenchmen, a team of Hungarians, a sprinkling of Germans, a Dane, a Swede, a Swiss, a fairly complete set of Americans from Boston and Princeton, and six Englishmen. The programme was of the most comprehensive kind, containing, as it did, besides the ordinary athletic events, bicycling, fencing, revolver-shooting, boat-racing, swimming, gymnastics, lawn-tennis, weight-lifting, and wrestling. The Hungarians won nothing but the swimming, the Frenchmen won nothing but the bicycling and fencing, the Greeks won nothing

but the race from Marathon and the rope-swarming, the Germans won nothing but the gymnastics and the wrestling ; the Dane, the Swede, and the Swiss won something or other ; the Englishmen won a couple of races, the lawn-tennis, and some weight-lifting, and concocted and spouted (in the person of the present writer) a Pindaric Greek Ode on things in general ; the Americans won mostly what they chose. The organization of athletics in America enabled the United States to send over a fairly complete team of capable athletes ; no other country was so fully represented except Greece. So little was known about the Games in England that no one can have felt inclined to go. A leading firm of tourist agents did much harm by advertising rooms in Athens at preposterous prices, and so frightening people away. I lived in luxury at Athens for a fortnight during the meeting for four pounds sterling.

The purely athletic events, the wrestling and the gymnastics, were held in the Stadium, originally built in the third century of our era, and splendidly restored by the patriotism of an individual. It is situated in a hollow surrounded by hills and accommodates over 60,000 spectators. The hill

offer space for 30,000 or 40,000 more, and there is room for an unlimited number outside the end of the Stadium, where they can see practically nothing. On two days during the Games there must have been 120,000 people present, say 119,000 Greeks and 1000 foreigners. The track is of the same shape, of course, as the building, a very attenuated ellipse of about a quarter of a mile. So sharp are the corners that runners have practically to stop when turning them. Allowance should be made of at least 3 secs. in the 400 mètres race, and 2 secs. per lap in the longer races. This throws some light on the fact that the time for the 400 mètres (437 yds.) was 54 secs., for the 800 mètres (875 yds.) 2 min. 11 secs., and for the 1500 mètres (1640 yds.) 4 min. 33½ secs., though Mr. Flack, a capital English runner, was the winner of the last two, and an American of the first. The track also was loose on the top and extremely hard underneath, as Charlie Perry, of the L.A.C., who made it, could get no proper materials, and, in particular, no supply of water, in spite of all his devoted efforts. Of the events which the Americans won, the triple jump, the pole-jump (10 ft. 9½ ins.), the high jump (5 ft.



11 $\frac{1}{4}$  ins.), the broad jump (20 ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$  ins., which would have been much more had not the committee had strange ideas about judging), the weight, and the hurdles were all excellent performances, and some of them quite first-class. The disc-throwing was extremely interesting, though it was difficult for any one who had never seen a disc before to grasp at once the proper method of throwing it. It is a sort of girdle-cake of wood, with a brass core, and bound with iron, and weighs about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. (2 kilogrammes). It is held horizontally, and thrown in that position with a circular sweep of the whole body from a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -mètre square. The celebrated statue of the Discobolus really represents a snap-shot of the middle of the action, a most noteworthy achievement. The American beat the Greek simply because he knew how to apply his weight and strength to any missile of whatever shape. Since then much better results than the 95 ft. then thrown have been obtained in America, and the sport is also known in France.

The race from Marathon (about 25 miles along a road) was the great event. Flack was leading easily at 6 kilomètres from the finish, and then

had to stop through want of training. Finally a Greek, one Loues, won. He had won none of the previous trial races, held to select the Greek competitors, and he ran, so far as could be seen, in no style at all, and without any turn of speed. Yet the time was quite good.

If I were to mention any of the outlying events, I should give a meed of praise to the Germans for their gymnastics, and to two American brothers for their revolver-shooting, and suggest that in future vaulting and rope-swarming should be omitted, though the latter gave the inhabitants of Patras an opportunity of receiving a victorious fellow-townsmen with a display of fireworks and a brass band.

The management of the sports left something to be desired, but it must always be remembered that the committee had never conducted a large athletic meeting before. The three eldest princes, in particular, were extraordinarily energetic. But time is of little importance in Greece, and every one was living for the Games and on the Games while they lasted, so it was of less importance than ever. The pole-jump lasted an hour and three-quarters by the clock.

It may be added that the victors (not to mention Loues, who was given almost all a grateful nation could bestow), besides their olive and laurel branches, their medals and their diplomas, received numerous offers of marriage, desirable and otherwise, and twelve neckties free of charge !

## CHAPTER IV.

### *SOME NOTES ON THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB FROM ITS FOUNDATION.*

BY C. N. JACKSON.

THE request that I should write some notes on the above club puts no light task on a busy man. The period of time which my recollection covers is one of thirty-five years, all of which have been spent in continuous connection with this club, its members, its achievements, its interests, its details, and in the active service which such a lifelong connection has involved. Any review of this past can be little more than a brief *résumé* of some of its most salient features and happiest memories. It is one which I would fain, for many reasons, leave to other hands. But my friend Mr. W. B. Thomas

was, in his day and generation, not only a distinguished athlete, but also a president of the O.U.A.C.; and if thirty-five years have taught me anything, they have at least taught me this—that presidents, past, present, or future, must be obeyed !

In such a review, then, it is possible only to sketch but broadly, and to touch but lightly upon deeds of merit and men of renown. It is impossible to recall much that one hoped would never have been crowded out of one's recollection, or to do justice to all those who are almost equally deserving. Their name is truly legion. The record of their exploits would fill many volumes—a tempting task, which would rekindle delightful memories of the many who are still alive to tell their own tale, and arouse tender regrets for the few who have gone.

To indulge now in this tempting task would be to do justice to a selected few, and consequent injustice to the majority unsung but not unhonoured. Let me prefer, then, to write as little as a *raconteur* may dare to write, upon the personal side of Oxford athletics, and to bring into public notice not so much men whom the public

have always gladly noticed, but points and marks of excellence in the club which have never, I think, attracted the attention they deserve either in or out of Oxford.

I propose, therefore, to lay stress shortly upon those matters which, during the better part of half a century of close observation and of careful reflection, have made up "the harvest of a quiet eye." They have been, to myself at least, matters of great gratification ; and it is to be hoped, when they have been set forth, even in barest outline, that others may think of them as I have thought, and accord to them a similar appreciation.

The following is the survey which I would fain present. The rise of the O.U.A.C. in the estimation of Oxford, England, America ; the counter-attractions which have impeded this rise ; the attitude of the O.U.A.C. towards her rivals in Oxford and the cause of sport in Oxford ; the bearing of the O.U.A.C. towards modern athletics in her relations to the C.U.A.C., the L.A.C., the A.A.A., American Universities, and Colonial organizations ; and *per contra* the relation of modern athletics to the O.U.A.C.

It would be well, then, to consider how the

O.U.A.C. rose to the position it now holds. Quite ten Oxford generations of Oxford's undergraduate sons have come and gone since the O.U.A.C. was first founded by a little knot of friends in 1863. Pocklington, Mordaunt, and other well-known men of that year, composed that tiny group—all alive and kicking to-day, I hope, and right proud to notice these main facts: that, the Athletic Club of Oxford University which could just toddle along when they left Oxford and was looked down upon by its elder brethren here, could not possibly stand higher than it now stands at Oxford in the estimation of its sister clubs and in the countless clubs throughout England; that, in the athletic councils of Great Britain it is held in public respect; that, leading athletes in South Africa, New Zealand, and New South Wales are glad of its advice, whilst American clubs and organizations—or at least the better element amongst them—are realizing and are not slow to acknowledge that the future welfare of athletics in America depends largely upon the extent to which the example and high standard of Oxford University are welcomed and imitated. Those who would fain think otherwise

have only to come to the office in which the affairs of all my clubs are regularly conducted. There they may see the mass of American correspondence which speaks for itself with fullest testimony.

That the O.U.A.C. should have risen with such rapid strides from its small beginnings to this unique position of esteem throughout Great Britain and her kingdoms of kith and kin is, after all, not so very wonderful. It would perhaps have been strange had the club fallen short of this high standard, when it had the "magic" of Oxford with which to conjure. Nevertheless, that the O.U.A.C. should have achieved so much, so well, and in a space of not full four decades, speaks volumes for the men who from year to year have been its representatives, and have guided its actions, interests, and policy. The element of wonder comes in more, perhaps, when one notices this rapid rise in the estimation, not of those across our borders and o'er distant lands and seas, but of those within our own precincts, where rival factions and antagonistic ideas are not unknown; where it was fashionable once to regard "sports" as bye-play and no part of the real



energy of legitimate amusement; where, since those dark days of ignorance, prejudice, and supercilious contempt, we have seen the steady growth of better feelings and of larger ideas.

To myself it has been a long-enduring marvel, not that athletics have risen superior to the *invidia damnosa*, but that they have held their own and more than held their own, amidst the enthralling enthusiasm of latter-day pastimes—endemic, pandemic, epidemic—such as football, lawn-tennis, golf, and new-born hockey, which, at the present time, offer so many and so formidable counter-attractions. In the later sixties, and in the early seventies, two clubs alone were fully recognized—the Boat Club and the Cricket Club. In the later nineties we have the Cricket Club lamenting sore that more members do not stream in, and the Boat Club—but yesterday—afraid to imitate the dates of the Summer Eights of Cambridge lest their old-time popularity should wane beyond recall. Side by side with its elder sisters, the Athletic Club has, in the teeth of all opposition, in the face of all competition, held its own in a University wherein new-fangled pursuits have asserted their sway. This really means that,

under the conditions which originally existed, athletics would have advanced, as athletics should, by leaps and bounds. That they have not gone back practically means, not that they have stood still, but that they have gone forward, and that they have kept level with the new sorts and conditions of men and men's amusements. Evidence of this satisfactory feature may be found in the regular rent-roll of O.U.A.C. membership, in the steadily increasing sources of club revenue, and in the annual apportionments of the Queen's Club receipts. Of these three witnesses, the first and the second testify to approval and sympathy at home, whilst the third indicates the permanent support of those who have left the old home and inspired others with some of their persistent enthusiasm.

Such being the rise in position which the O.U.A.C has gradually established for itself, notwithstanding counter-attractions which have unwittingly placed difficulties in the progress of that rise, let me next consider how the O.U.A.C. have behaved themselves when confronted with these difficulties—what, in fact, has been the attitude of the O.U.A.C. towards others of her own blood

and bone—the very children of some who in their day were her staunchest supporters and most capable exponents. To a certain extent—nay, to a large extent—hers has been a negative attitude before the pressure of contending forces ; but at the same time it has been no despairing attitude of a body of men who have ceased to believe in themselves or their cause. It has rather been a positive attitude of greater energy, of firmer faith, and it has been a bright example of generous bearing towards rivals young and old. For the O.U.A.C., recognizing the expansion of sport in all its branches, took the lead in instituting the Blues' Committee, a supreme body, a High Court of Appeal, which should harmonize all conflicting relations and adjudicate upon all difficulties and disputes ; whilst it has been ever foremost in raising its voice to award to clubs of junior rank or junior origin the coveted Blues, which in the aforesaid dark days had been denied to itself. Let one instance suffice. When Cambridge would not grant Blues to her football representatives against Oxford, the Blues' Committee, led by the O.U.A.C. officials, advocated and secured for the Oxford representatives the “colours” which their

services had so rightly earned. Nor has their advocacy been wanting to secure full Blues for princely racquets or for royal golf.

If the attitude of the Athletic Club within its University home and towards its University colleagues has been so generous, so dignified, and so energetic, one may well look further afield and observe what has been its attitude towards the other athletic clubs and organizations distributed throughout the length and breadth of England. What have been its relations towards that wonderfully widespread development of sports which constitutes those modern athletics whose range may be said to stretch from the simple games of school playing-fields to the complex organization of a championship meeting, in which British athletes from various quarters of Britain's empire keenly strive to wrest the highest honours from the picked men of Old England. To begin with a club, which metropolitan and suburban admirers are never tired of calling "the premier club"—the London Athletic Club. This club, in its historical foundation and earliest efforts as a society, preceded the O.U.A.C. The connection between two such important factors in true

athleticism has been almost exactly what it should have been, and, with due allowance for different circumstances, all, or nearly all, that it could have been. My own idea is that the Universities owe more to the London Athletic Club than has been generally understood or adequately recognized. I do not think that the first impulse of University sports was an aftermath of the multiform games of the school-field. Far more likely is it that men in the "sixties," sensible of the value and prowess of athletes like P. M. Thornton, Colbeck, and many another, became quickly keen to imitate their achievements in an arena better qualified to produce rivals of record and renown than the extemporized road or playground. And if the primeval pioneers of the Mincing Lane Club caused athletics to take firmer root and richer growth in the London Athletic Club and thereby caused Oxford and Cambridge to flourish and blossom in due season,—because Oxford and Cambridge loyally advanced the good example and higher type and standard which London had set—what University man will not further gladly recognize that the rise of such champions in

the metropolitan ranks as Colbeck, Chinnery, Slade, and Page-Phillips did but stimulate Oxford undergraduate brigades to match those athletes with athletes of their own, like Wilson, Thomas, Cross, and Pollock-Hill? So strong has been the example, so close the imitation, so keen the rivalry, and so sportsmanlike the brotherhood, that not a few of the most famous athletes of all time have been welcomed into the London club from the University clubs, and selected to doff for a while light blue or dark that they might don the "green and gold;" and of these, perhaps Montague Shearman, A. J. Munro, and Lenox Tindall stand out as most conspicuous examples.

Over a long stretch of time it is impossible that some incidents and feelings should not have arisen which those who desire to record the truth can only recall with regret. I well remember an epoch in which the O.U.A.C. gave great offence to the L.A.C. by not including that distinguished club in the small list of those to whom their Strangers' Races were open without any "introduction." Those were days when "pot-hunting" did exist with a vengeance. It was not unnatural that

some members of any club should have caught the fever of the times, and have pushed ambition beyond the limits of becoming sport. That not a few of the fever-stricken should have been L.A.C. men could not have come even to the L.A.C. itself as a surprise; and none more strongly than the better class of L.A.C. members could have regretted the active offenders and their noisy coterie, whilst powerless to disclaim them or to disown their deeds. However hard the University restriction may have appeared to the L.A.C. governing body in those days, in these days scarcely an L.A.C. man exists who would not recognize that the O.U.A.C. action was in self-defence and in the best interests of sport; whilst no Oxford athlete can ever recall the day when the best representatives of "the premier club" did not find hearty welcome as competitors, and heartier welcome as victors. This happy connection, dating now so far back, has borne happy fruits, not merely in the recurring meetings between the London and the University clubs, but in the wider and more serious duties of controlling the practice and, as I firmly believe, the destinies of amateur sports in England.

When either dark blue or light, or both in their turn, compete annually against the green and gold, a rapid survey of the L.A.C. team will shew what becomes of University athletes when they settle down in London ; for in many cases these matches are competitions chiefly between past and present University men—between those who have joined and those who are yet to join the Stamford Bridge Club. When in the complex consideration—and maybe in the simple conflict—of grave athletic questions which vex the souls of the Southern, Northern, and Midland Leagues of the far-reaching Amateur Athletic Association, Oxford and Cambridge and London delegates form a solid phalanx under the leadership of Lord Jersey, or Lord Alverstoke, or the duplex Montague Shearman, things go hard with the wayward motion or the rebellious son of sport. Oxford most certainly can appreciate right cordially the loyal co-operation of the London Athletic Club in A.A.A. administration, whilst the L.A.C. acknowledges readily its debt of gratitude to Oxford for having, by originating the A.A.A., made athletics possible for gentlemen even in London and London's suburbs.



Pleasant though it be thus to write of this triple alliance on its sunny side, one must not fail to mention the seamy side as well. No truthful *raconteur*, no impartial *rapporteur* of the history of athletics, can omit all reference to an act in which the London Athletic Club, aided by Oxford men, played such a leading part, without feelings of bitter regret. If my pen must faithfully record three things in connection with athletics which did untold harm to so good a cause, it would have to record reluctantly the rowdyism at Oxford, in 1866, which made future inter-University meetings at Oxford and Cambridge quite impossible, and gave to University athletics a blow from which it took years to recover; the raid at Lillie Bridge in 1885; and the meeting in 1895 between the so-called London Athletic Club and the so-called New York Athletic Club. Of the first of this misbegotten triad I have already spoken. The second, in itself, was not concerned directly with amateur athletics, its occasion being a professional match between two well-known pedestrians, in which all the circumstances were inconceivably disgraceful—the furious “fake,” the rampant betting, and King

Mob in all the riot of his shame. But indirectly this fell fiasco did injure athletics seriously, and reacted upon those amateur clubs—amongst which were the Amateur Athletic Club (whose headquarters were Lillie Bridge), the O.U.A.C., the C.U.A.C., the Civil Service Club, and others of high standing and unsullied fame; for it gave the enemy his occasion to blaspheme, and the foe to triumph. It even aroused a comic paper to publish a cartoon defaming the athletic sports of the amateurs rather than the evil practices of pedestrians, and thereby to awaken in itself the hope that pages which had been dimmed by dismal dulness might be brightened by a dishonourable attack aimed at an honourable sport. Of the third and last I can only repeat now what I have always felt and always said.

International meetings of the All-England *v.* All-America descriptions, as held in September, 1895, and under the conditions then prevailing, do incalculable harm to amateur athletics. Quite apart from the competitive results, I should be very sorry to see another such meeting held forth to the world as an international contest, no matter under what auspices, between the best amateur

athletes in England and in America. On both sides of the Atlantic many a reform is needed before there could be arranged, beyond any shadow of doubt, an international meeting of athletes who were one and all in every respect *bond fide* amateurs. As to *bond fide* students, Oxford and Cambridge are not liable to difficulties which appear to beset most American universities ; but as long as those difficulties do remain, I should decline to advise Oxford and Cambridge students to join issue with rivals who were not legitimate students or even amateurs.

It is true some Oxonians (and some Cantabs too, I think) joined forces with the *soi-disant* London Athletic Club, which was to defend the honour of England across the Atlantic ; but, binding myself to what I know, so far as Oxford was concerned, the O.U.A.C. Committee would lend no official sanction to such a *mésalliance*. Powerless to control the choice of individuals, they could only lament that choice. It was easy enough for them to recognize that the fun of travel, the attractions of the Atlantic, the fascination of America, the spirit of international rivalry, composed a combination of temptations

which—like the opportunity that presented them—might never occur again to men who were none too advanced in years to temper keenness with judgment. That England may often meet America in “track athletics,” as the children of Jonathan term them, or on silvery Thames, or on the tented fields of Philadelphia, is much to be desired; but when next her athletic champions sally forth, may they go forth as Oxford and Cambridge each went out to battle against Yale, and not as quasi-London encountered quasi-New York. When the excitement of that international tournament had “fizzled out,” the temporary gratification of even the most ardent souls must have been chilled by the morrow’s reflection that such indiscriminate meetings of mingled “peds” and amateurs, of those who compete for love and those who “spin” for lucre, only tend to debase and not to exalt the status of the amateur athlete, alike in the eyes of England and America. Under such conditions victory is dearly bought, and defeat feels doubly sore. Let us trust that in its next international campaign the L.A.C. will be true to itself, will be the L.A.C. of old which has done so much

to promote athletics, and will not be a heterogeneous body, with a borrowed title, "engineering" into its ranks to-day the veiled pedestrians whom it must—for very shame—disown to-morrow. Naturally a mistake so fatal, a *contretemps* so catastrophic, left a warning behind it which none responsible for the direction and integrity of athletic sports could afford to ignore. From that day forth Oxford and Cambridge took up a firmer stand. Willing as both are and both have ever been to meet Yale and Harvard in double or single competition, they have set, and steadily will set, their faces against any proposals or any efforts which may be made to bring about any more international meetings into which professionals are smuggled under the guise either of students or of amateurs.

A few years ago the Sports' Club were anxious to bring to pass another meeting between English and American athletes, and the conferences at which this proposal was discussed distinguished themselves by almost perpetrating another mistake, which might have ruined for ever the prospects of international athletics. All O.U.A.C. men must feel proud that Oxford, single-handed,

raised its voice with eloquent emphasis and prevailing persistence against such an idea at such a time. The Oxonian delegates even went so far as to intimate that if this second mistake were to be perpetrated at the instance of the Sports' Club, and with the sanction of the Amateur Athletic Association, then their own club would withdraw from an Association which it had called into being for the very purpose that the amateur athlete might be kept pure and undefiled. And if any admirers of the O.U.A.C. may ask why their good old club were so decided in their words and their resolve, the answer is easy to find. That answer could be most readily supplied by those who had visited the cities and men of America, and had analyzed the real inwardness of the athletic censorship of both countries. Even those who had not visited America, but who had been in personal contact with the best types of American athleticism and in private and public correspondence with the moving spirits of the leading associations at home and abroad, must have joined with those who had visited and seen for themselves in one inevitable conclusion. Such unworthy meetings meant ruin to a worthy cause.

The standard of athleticism amongst Americans—regarding it merely as a pastime and apart from its personalities—is undoubtedly excellent—nay, it is extraordinarily high. English athletes—those of our cities as well as those of our Universities—who were sceptical of this at first, now to their cost know it to be true. The very knowledge does but fire their spirit of antagonism, and they yearn for the next struggle to come in which they say, or even swear, that Old England shall not again “come out underneath.” Antagonism is right, and sweet is revenge ; but we must possess our souls in patience. The time has not yet come ; the clear line of demarcation has not yet been drawn either in England or America, between love and lucre, between the open amateur and the veiled professional, or, in the leading American Universities, between the *bonâ fide* student and the imported article. Until that line is clear and fast, the policy of the O.U.A.C. will be what it has been—to hold her hand, or rather to hold out her hand across the sea only to Yale and to Harvard. And what right-minded man, what real lover of sports, will not say, “Well done, Oxford !”

Tidings have since reached England that America is beginning to recognize thoroughly the only true policy. The Universities of Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Princetown, and Columbia are confederating to pass stringent resolutions anent the status of their athletes, who are to be absolutely amateurs and absolutely students. No "importations" are to be sanctioned; no veiled professionalism to be tacitly ignored—in fact, almost all the essential conditions on which Oxford has so consistently insisted are to be announced and to be maintained. Advance Columbia!

In attempting to delineate the attitude of the O.U.A.C. towards other athletic societies in Oxford, in England and America, it would be discourteous to omit all mention of the attitude of the O.U.A.C. towards the C.U.A.C. There is no need to say much, or to lay extravagant stress on any special part of their relations to one another. That attitude may be summed up in the words "friendly rivalry," and an annual desire to win the odd event. As at Oxford, so at Cambridge. Men, keen though they be to win their Blue, would rather win once against Cambridge than win any amount



of Blues, or any amount of Championships in doubtful company; and when men have once beaten Cambridge, the desire asserts itself even more strongly next year to beat Cambridge again. The battle o'er, the victory won (or lost), everything and everybody revert to the aforesaid state of friendly rivalry so happily inaugurated and revived by the Annual Sports' Dinners; these, instituted at the old Willis' Rooms, have with catholic vagrancy roamed all over London and of late have been held at the Holborn Restaurant.

Only one point of difference has seriously arisen to endanger these natural relations between Dark Blue and Light Blue committees and competitors. Far too much, it seems to me, has been made of the friction which any such difference must for a time engender. In this case the cause has been divergent views as to the retention of the hammer and the weight in the Oxford and Cambridge programme—Cambridge wishing to retain these uninteresting events, whilst Oxford wishes to substitute for them two other events, one of which should be the half-mile. These divergent views are at last reconciled, and the days of these bones of contention—the hammer

and the weight—are fast being numbered. But the time of this conflict of opinion has been all too long—the flame of controversy has been kindled and rekindled during twenty years at least. When there have been signs of its dying out misguided paragraphs in a misinformed Press have taken pains to resuscitate the smouldering embers. That twenty years should have been spent in settling a matter which two level-headed, kindly hearted men (if left to themselves) could have settled in half as many hours, does not redound to the credit of the youthful legislators in University sports. Oxford has been to blame. She has had no thoroughly consistent view, no continuity of policy, and has been as bad in tactics as trades unionists who often strike at the inopportune time, at the wrong turn in the tide of trade. At least the opponents of Oxford allege that the Dark Blue objections have mainly been urged at a season when the best hammer-and-weight men have gone down from Oxford. Far from admitting this, I would rather contend that Oxford, quite regardless of the presence or absence of any best exponent, has urged her cause too intermittently; and consequently has lost

the ground this year which last year she had gained. Cambridge is to blame, I think, because she has rested content too much and too often with a blunt *non-possumus*. She has not cared to enter into the real merits and demerits of the contention. If Cantabs had been in earnest, they must, in twenty years, have found some more acceptable *modus vivendi*, and have been competent and courteous enough to make some suggestion which might have removed the cause of the complaint or at least have met the Oxonians half way. At last they have done so. The objectionable hammer-and-weight difficulty has been compromised by retaining both "bug-bears" and adding the half-mile as tenth event. The new arrangement has been accorded a fair trial for three years. The relations between the two University clubs—which have never been seriously disturbed—will become again what they were of old.

That the hammer and the weight should ever have been introduced into the Oxford and Cambridge programme on the suggestion of a Scotch professor of these arts was always to be deplored. Still more deplorable is it that they were not at once expunged, when one of the two parties

concerned viewed them with intense disfavour. Having seen them practised for thirty years or more in England, and having seen them in their most perfect development at the Blair Athole gathering, I may fairly state my view that they are not proper pastimes in an Oxford and Cambridge meeting before a London audience. They are not athletic contests in the strict sense of those sporting words, and are only a fitting delight for the strong men of the clans who toss the caber, or those Titans of the ring or stage who lift giant weights or else the throwers of the cricket ball. That they have found a place in the programmes of Oxford, of Cambridge, of the Amateur Athletic Club, the A.A.A. championships, the L.A.C., the sister Universities of Dublin and Edinburgh, and the rival arenas of American colleges, is not to the point. All these adopted them when once Oxford and Cambridge had adopted them—some of these clubs, like the Amateur Athletic Club and the London Athletic Club, in their eagerness to attract as competitors Oxford and Cambridge men. The real point is this—Are such events essentially athletic contests? Ought any sporting body

of athletes to have ever adopted them at all? My mind has long been made up that, as "events," they are devoid of any vestige or tittle of interest; they have no element of excitement or co-operation; their retention has done much to alienate the sympathies of those spectators without whose presence there would be no Oxford and Cambridge Sports at all—let Cantabs say what they will, and Cantab organs grind they never so wisely.

Having alluded to the attitude which the O.U.A.C. has maintained towards the sister clubs within her border, towards her mortal enemy and immortal friend—Cambridge, towards modern athletics as developed by the leading clubs of England and America, it now remains to notice what has been the attitude of modern athletics towards Oxford.

This has been very largely an attitude of ungrudging respect towards a club whose "platform" has always been of the highest, whose career has been beyond suspicion, and whose character has been without fear and without reproach. The condition, "University costume," has become a *sine quâ non* of every decent gathering; and as straws indicate the current of wind or stream, so this little simple requirement suggests that clubs

who make it *de rigueur* to imitate our garb may also make it their duty and their pleasure to imitate our ways. That those ways find favour in an appreciative world is evidenced by the fact that even championship meetings cannot command the "crowd" which would not miss an Oxford and Cambridge meeting or a meeting like that between Oxford and Yale in 1894, so gladdening to the heart of Mr. Bayard, the late American ambassador, when the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes floated side by side from the flag-staff at Queen's Club. Other evidence of the same appreciation may be found in the repeated offers from across the Atlantic that Oxford should accept or arrange international inter-University challenges; in the readiness with which the L.A.C. welcomes to membership "past masters" of University sports; in the eagerness with which University entrants are desired for championship meetings and University "patronage" for local tournaments.

And yet again comes proof in the grateful recognition which all English-speaking clubs pay to the large share which Oxford had in establishing the Amateur Athletic Association, whose principles now govern athletic sports throughout the world.

On the other hand, because of her good deeds and her good name, not a few minor clubs have felt towards Oxford feelings of jealousy, which it is easy to explain but not so easy to dissipate. In estimating these feelings and in attempting to assuage them, all the O.U.A.C. can do is to maintain steadfastly its dignity and its own high *métier*. At the same time it must remember that the lot of life has highly favoured them with every advantage, with every facility of time and opportunity to make sport a delight, and reputation not difficult to acquire; that others less favoured are none the less of the true sportsman type, and worthy at all times of considerate regard—are indeed worthier of more praise when they achieve distinction under conditions of real difficulty. If Oxford men will always meet jealousy, irritation, and disaffection in this spirit, they need not fear what others may say of them or how others may treat them. And yet it *is* hard to be liberal and generous at times when little country clubs and suburban harriers scorn our best deeds and cavil at our word.

Notwithstanding all that Oxford and Cambridge

have done for athletic sports, I suppose no clubs of decent dignities have been subjected to the tirade of scepticism which has been poured on the "returns" of University athletes. The evil spirit of this scepticism infects the Press, to which contribute too many of the sceptics who have never seen any sports at Oxford or at Cambridge! It has even tainted the august councils of the Southern Committee, who sit to examine "records" before passing them on for the approval of the Record Committee of the A.A.A.

## II.

During the epoch under review—in round numbers from 1860–1900—the O.U.A.C. have had many changes of home. They have never been evicted by one of those hard-hearted College Corporations which have no soul to be damned and no body to be kicked: but they have migrated from place to place, both in Oxford and (with the C.U.A.C.) in London, in search of a better resting-place for the soles of their feet. Men play golf now on Cowley Marsh, during the Michaelmas



and Lent Terms, where once upon a time College sports were held around rings roped as for a prize-fight. Christ Church used to hold their sports on the more aristocratic heights of the old Bullingdon Field, where erstwhile the Lancers and Hussars to be of the Oxford Military College learnt the rudiments of warfare *à grand cheval*. Even in the sacred Parks—dedicated now to the nurse-maid, the unemployed, and the Senior Hockey Club of baldest pates and boldest stomachs, (together with unimportant societies like the O.U. Cricket, Rugby, and Association Clubs)—meetings have been held and races decided over courses little better than stubble-fields. Where now we tread delicately on the greensward of Club-lands, there used to be fields of georgic fallow and bucolic swede. Coveys of partridges have risen to greet me as I took my training walks abroad round the regulation pathway beneath the hawthorn trees—some few of whose sturdy band still defy the elements, the boy-brigade, and the Curators; and keen athletes have run many a race here in which victory was sure to go to the child of fortune who had the inside berth in a zigzag tortuous course.

But the arena of the elect was the Christ Church cricket-field on the Iffley Road. There the University held its annual sports, and Christ Church followed suit; there Oxford met Cambridge in that awful strife of 1886—the sounds of which, dinning into the midnight, I can still hear—when Laing the Oxonian, who an hour previously had won the mile, and Long the Cantab ran their dead-heat in the two miles, outstripping Lawes, who “between the acts” (tradition said) had been laved in warm baths and spoon-fed with jelly. No wonder he was beaten off!—great sculler though he was, and great sculptor to be. Whatever the merits of the Christ Church Ground may be in these days when it is in strong request for cricket, football, tennis, and archery, in those days it was sodden and clayey bog; and on the afar side, over against the pavilion, after an average downpour the competitors were “up to their hocks” in mud and slush.

Of course this sort of thing could not go on if athletics were to prosper. Under the guiding influence of Lord Jersey, Laing, Arthur Johnson, Knight, and others, a move was made—not back to Cowley Marsh, a dwelling-place fit only for

the plover and the stork—but to another out-lying Oxford parish, called Marston. It might have been called Marston Moor, so piercing was its cold. Still, it had these advantages: the roped ring was discarded for an oaken fenced circuit, the course was on a fairly laid ash path, the hurdles were over newly turfed ridge and furrow, and there was a shanty in which to undress. To get to it from the Colleges by the shortest route one had to take the Cherwell in one's stride, until Mr. "Toovey" Hopkins, Fellow, Bursar, and Tutor of Magdalen College—that home of many and many an athlete—devised means less perilous to life. No club ever had a better patron saint than dear old "Toovey," who, in a measure, came to his death-bed before his time by rowing in icy weather, with some of his Magdalen "boys," to see the Trial Eights. In the very heart of his beloved Mesopotamia, the rise and fall of whose flood-waters he would gauge every day, Rev. T. H. T. Hopkins rigged up a ferry and Harris stood at the pole. Charon's craft was a Noah's Ark to that vehicle of watery death. But its hazards, and the flooded meadows which we had to traverse, the rushy wastes we

had to skirt, and the chilling comforts (when we got there) of our "Pavvy"—half embryo, half skeleton—made men of us, and we went forth to a cruel world, one and all, far harder and more enduring athletes than the "tenderfeet" of the new athletic ground.

Marston Moor bred good blood and bone in Oxford's champions for ten long years. It has many memories on which I must not dilate. But I never can forget some of its incidents. There it was that "Minnie" Brooks high-jumped 6 ft.—ne'er topped by mortal man before ; there Toswell long-jumped 22 ft., and went into the clay-pit with such impetus that we had to dig him out, hurry him into the shanty and wash him under the pump ; there Upcher, in his eccentric energies, threw the hammer and broke his own scout's arm ; there "Johnnie" Morgan sobbed and sighed in my private ear, that he could never get fit in time for his third successive three-miles victory over Cambridge ; there Abner Savage, faithful unto death, kept watch and ward—ex-chief constable of the old University Police, a sterling warrior with a touch of Cerberus ; there Robert Benson, Tom Christie, and Cromwell Bush, best of all friends, learnt side

by side the true art of co-operation in race-running, the while their garments iced upon the nearest snow-heaps, and came forth from all their trials in truest spirit of Mark Tapley, a team of milers I have only once seen matched in Dark Blue colours ; and there your humble servant, just at his best, brought to untimely end a promising career by spiking a hidden oyster shell when going "full bat" in a hurdle handicap after the seven-leagued legs of W. G. Grace. From that day forth I have never run again, never tasted an oyster, never spoken to W. G. the Great !

But, after all, Marston Moor was too far afield. Had the O.U.A.C. renewed the lease they would have stood a bad chance in the competition of modern amusements, which must be brought to one's very door to be made attractive ; and they might have gone bankrupt had they continued to pay £10 per acre for the privilege of ridge and furrow land. So the camp was struck, the shanty demolished, and everything that could be removed was transported to the New Running-Ground on the Iffley Road, in the field next to the Christ Church Cricket-Ground — the old scene — and

adjoining the New Football Ground, which has been opened by the Oxford "Rugby" and "Association" Clubs conjointly in October, 1899. All this property belongs to Christ Church, who have the treble satisfaction of seeing their rough arable land, with gradients and falls of almost twenty feet, made into level greensward at others' expense; of knowing that their Dean and Chapter could not have taken a wiser step than by their action in securing these suitable and handy open spaces for the exercise and pastime of a large body of University students; and in protecting thereby a pleasant and valuable frontage from the very small mercies of the speculative builder.

It was in 1876, if I remember rightly, that the O.U.A.C. resorted to the Iffley Road and took possession of the centre field which, flanked by a cricket-ground and football-ground, forms their present home. The lover of athletics in all its modes could scarcely wish to find a better or more convenient site for the three branches of sport—running, cricket, football—than these three continuous fields afford. In the summer term all three give ample scope for cricket and lawn-tennis, and a merry scene they make. So satisfied

are the O.U.A.C. with the manifold and manifest advantages of the Iffley Road ground that they have renewed their lease, and have expended a large sum of money upon enlarging the old pavilion, and adding to it up-to-date dressing-rooms and bath-rooms—a luxury to which the O.U.C.C. pavilion in The Parks (notwithstanding it cost £2000) has never yet aspired. The path itself is considered to be slow; so it is, compared with the paths at Queen's Club and Stamford Bridge—certainly it is slow compared with Fenner's path at Cambridge which is preternaturally fast, and not seldom by its reported times, frightens too credulous Oxonians out of their athletic wits. The O.U.A.C. course has the advantage of no corners: it has easy bends at both ends—like the ends of an egg—but none of those rectangular side-splitting corners, which at Lillie Bridge were the despair of the amateur and the heart's delight of the tricky "ped." It has also disadvantages, the chief being that the lap is of necessity so laid out that runners must face over three-quarters of its distance the strength of the most prevalent winds, from south-west and from north-west.

Its hurdle-course is on the up-hill incline ; its 100 yards has a fall of 3 ins. ; its long-jump pit, on sports days, is made up to a dead level, or falls at most 1 in. in 25 ft. Its courses are duly measured 1 ft. out from the edge of the inner grass, and all courses and circuit alike, are tested and rectified each year. Its watch is a steady-going instrument, a chronograph of newest design, with no amateur stride, but with the *imprimatur* of Benson's workmanship and the A1 certificate of the Kew Gardens. It seems superfluous to mention these regulation details, which have been loyally observed for years ; but it is just necessary for one who can vouch for all this, to do so in days when the rampant "harrier" and the suburban sceptic (with their command of the London and provincial sporting Press) try to question the *bona fides* of an honourable club, and invalidate the racing deeds of exceeding merit which Dark Blue athletes have accomplished on a course in which sports are conducted under the strictest supervision and with order and impartiality. It may also be worth while to refer to those conditions and comforts (not to say luxuries) which prevail



in a club and on a ground of this rank, if only to contrast them with the sorry makeshift arrangements and the apologies for a proper course, with which the earliest generations of athletes had to put up, both here and in London. I sometimes hear men grumble about this or that minor detail at Queen's Club—sumptuous and superlative when compared with the poverty-stricken grounds which have had to be used *faute de mieux*. I should like to be able to set back the hands of time to the dark days—I might say nights, for men ran then in the late afternoons, when lamps had long been lit; *e.g.* when E. B. Michell, of Magdalen College, Oxford, long-distance runner and winner of the Diamond and Wingfield Sculls, chased "Friday" Thornton round the select purlieus of the old "Star" grounds at Fulham. Or fain would I place the grumblers on the rough grass of Beaufort House, where the hurdle-course was dotted at refreshing intervals with the distance-flagstones of the rifle-butts, and hurdles were about four feet high or more—so high, at any rate, were they that I can well remember her Majesty's present Lord Chief Justice and others hacking away with hatchets to reduce their height with

an energy which would gain them a certain living in a Church Army home, should such celebrities ever come to that. I can remember courses of loose ashes, un-roped "sprints," five or six men crammed into dimensions made for four and compelled to draw lots as to who should get the rough outside berths. I can remember the back stretch by the small-pox hospital at Lillie Bridge, rough-hewn long-jump pits, with no level run and a vile "take-off" where the performances would have done no discredit to Stamford Bridge, or even primitive Fenner's; and last, but not least, the death-blow given to the ever-increasing stream of fashionable society with whom the Oxford and Cambridge sports had "caught on" amazingly, by the inroad of painted beauties from the soiled dove-cotes of the adjoining *chaussées* of Fulham, Brompton, and Chelsea. The small-pox, the red-rouge glare, wrought sad havoc to O.U.A.C. and C.U.A.C. interests alike. In these latter days, our athletes hardly know the meaning of drawback, difficulty, or disadvantage. They will soon be timed by electricity, run by machinery, judged by automatic instruments, and (Heaven forbid!) trained to the hour by resident professors of

pedestrian precepts and pranks. Even as it is, in these latter days, their college dons think change of air is absolutely essential for the poor men. They forbid them to reside when term has been kept. They drive the unwilling victims to the refreshing resorts of Brighton or Eastbourne! The tale of such abundant comforts, to be complete, lacks only the hospital beds and thick tennis coats which the Yale athletes used whilst waiting in their dressing-room at Queen's Club until their "turn" came, on that eventful afternoon, July 16, 1894, when Oxford won.

Throughout all these migrations and changes the O.U.A.C. career has not been chequered. It has been consistent in its tone and in its triumphs; it has met its defeats and difficulties in the same temperate spirit in which it has enjoyed its records and its comforts. It was a common saying amongst Oxford athletes in the earlier half of the period 1860-1900, that one could not find a nicer set of men, on the average, than amongst each year's contingent of O.U.A.C. Blues. My own experience agrees with this estimate. At the same time I think that in this very delicate respect the earlier half of the period has had the advantage over the

later half. This is no discredit to the later half. It signifies little more than this—that the earlier period, under the diminished stress of conflicting interests, had advantages which the athletic club cannot now secure. Individual excellence there has always been and always will be, let the years come and go ; on the general average there may possibly have been in the later half some decrease in the *timbre* and *genre*, some diminution in quality and style. But be this as it may, the main characteristics have been well passed on and well maintained. Amongst these leading traits are the independence and the resolution which have ever marked the leading members year by year. The athletic club in the election of its officers and committee is the most independent of all our Oxford clubs. It follows no tradition, it serves no ambition, it heeds no dictates : it goes honestly for the best man. However humble that man's origin may be, however poor his means, however small his college, however quiet his set or studious his academic life, so long as his achievements earn for him any rank this rank he gets—the special rank of President, or the general rank of an Oxford Blue. It may have been suggested in bygone

days that this man or that should not be President, or member of Committee, or a first or even a second "string" in the Oxford team ; but such suggestions have been squashed and hushed with a due and rigid promptitude. Wherein the O.U.A.C. have done wisely and done well.

In the private character of all O.U.A.C. athletes the trait of independence must ever have been clearly marked. The very nature of their favourite pastime, the conditions under which they pursue it, attest this ; and it is at once the strong and the weak point in athletic sports. In rowing, the contestants aspire to uniformity of swing and stroke ; in football (Association) to combination, and in football (Rugby) to cohesion of the pack and the "clock-work machinery" of the four three-quarter line ; in cricket there is "backing-up" in fielding and in run-getting. In all these contests the teams through their individuals co-operate, combine, cohere. But in athletic sports, for the most part, the team appears to succeed or fail through the action of individuals who have too often to rely on themselves alone and in competitions where they have ever most at stake. Yet it is true that in the longer-distance races

runners can help each other much by "making the running," securing the inside place at certain corners, and by pressing a rival at moments when he would give worlds for an "easy;" but in all else there is less collectivism than in other games. If a runner or a jumper had to depend upon his own unaided unattended efforts alone, in practice and in training, his career would be dismal indeed, unless, as old England's enemies say of her, it were "splendid in its isolation." Luckily men who compete apart prepare together, practise side by side, and learn from each other to imitate good example and study the *technique* of their particular sport. This combination produces a good stride, good start, good action, good take-off, and the good manners which makes the man athlete.

From the point of view, however, of comparative co-operation, which is the essence of much competition and most games, athletics suffer, and the individuals suffer with their cause. To stand alone as the hope of your side, to struggle alone, sometimes to go up to the running-ground alone, and to leave it alone for the lonely walk—all this deflects men from the athletic career, and to a certain extent makes their sport

less popular. It also makes men fussy and dissatisfied, anxious about little pains and strains, conscious that on their particular health too much depends—as, indeed, is the case. For in a mile race between, say, a Cross and a Lutyens, a quarter-mile between a Fitzherbert and a Jordan, there are not eight or ten or fourteen comrades to go on, to row on, to play on, when individual effort fails; and athletes, who know this, give signs that they know it more and more each year. Still, the nervousness of the individual does not extend to his colleagues with the raging rapidity with which a panic seizes a football team at Queen's, or a "rot" consumes an eleven at Lord's; but it exists fatally, and is no small factor in those otherwise unaccountable reverses which in athletics, as in all Oxford and Cambridge contests, have too frequently of late years caused University representatives to perform in London some fifty per cent. below their best home form. On the other hand, the consciousness that the athlete stands alone, and that his side depends upon him for this or for that, does certainly stimulate the best men to their best deeds, both in the race itself and in the preparation for that race. Thus

self-reliance is braced up, and the independent spirit which readily recognizes that there is no one to fall back on save one's self. Such situations arise not seldom on all running-grounds, and they tend to mould strong energies in modest lives. Those who succeed under conditions like these are not the men to fail hereafter, when so much will depend upon character ; and even those who have not succeeded whilst doing their best, have but intensified the lesson of self-reliance and determination.

But it must not be supposed that the O.U.A.C. leaves its athletes entirely to themselves. So far as they can the Committee, and those who have earned Blues and Half-Blues, are willing to give beginners the benefit of their advice and companionship on the path. Here, too, *cædit sua quemque Juventus*. Many a junior has risen superior to his senior, and snatched the medal from his mentor. There is no lack of advice unstinted to those who care to seek it or accept it ; but modesty or nervousness restrain many who should ask and would receive willing help from the right quarter. It was a good rule of the O.U.A.C. committee that one of their number should attend the running-ground each day when



practice or training was going on. My own services are chiefly occupied with the care of those who have been or are likely to be Blues against Cambridge, though I am glad to remember that I have often found time to instruct and encourage candidates whose chances of a Blue were exceedingly remote. In her own annual sports, and in the Oxford *v.* Cambridge Sports, the O.U.A.C. has done well and held her own, and has ever relied upon individual energy and mutual help.

A glance at the two programmes now before me—the one of March 18, 1865, with its 194 entries for the O.U.A.C. Sports, and the other of November, 1898, with its two entries for a Strangers' Race—would give striking evidence of the play of concurrent forces upon the maintenance of athletic sports in a University entirely given over to some new doctrine, some latest form of amusement. Having already noted how these forces have been counteracted, and how athletics as a whole have held their own with steady, level strength, I will now call attention to another danger which produces the reduced competition and the emasculated programme. Athletics would have made long strides ahead from the point of view of

competition, if men had not shirked all further thoughts of entering and competing whenever some one of acknowledged prowess held the field. Frequently have I pointed out in our magazine, and on the running-path, the fatal fault of this selfishness which throws too great a burden upon the few best competitors. If others leave all to Cross, Pollock-Hill, Nicolls, Urmson, Portal, Wise, or Garnier, the O.U.A.C. suffers a double loss; these athletes have no support, and are unable to bring on a direct line of successors. Those who cannot win this year may surely learn the art of race-running, and so may win next year, or in the future. Still not a few turn back from the right path instead of boldly challenging and bravely competing, and enlist in the great army of "loafers." Times without number have I declared to all whom it may concern that it would be possible to find men physically as qualified to excel on the river, the path, and the field, as some of those who go forth to compete and get their reward. Whole teams of good men—lazy and listless—lie *perdu* in Oxford each year. And yet pious persons say, "We have much too much athletics"! To remedy certain defects which have been too glaring—in Michaelmas

Terms more especially—the O.U.A.C. have passed a rule that first prizes for Strangers' Races shall not be given unless there be five competitors at least, nor second prizes unless ten contestants. This to encourage sport and to discourage "pot-hunting." They further stimulate interest with every legitimate and honourable inducement short of actual money and "payment for expenses," which are fatally attractive nowadays to too many so-called amateurs outside the pale of the University Clubs and their better-class *confrères*. The O.U.A.C. give medals of gold, silver, and bronze. Gold medals reward the breakers of records; silver the winners in the University Sports; whilst bronze medals console in the Oxford and Cambridge Sports athletes whose "seconds" are more honourable occasionally than others' "firsts." What every one wants to see abolished is the lukewarm looker-on — not the interested sight-seer who "spectates" on big occasions—but the "loafer" (as I term him) who goes the rounds to see and be seen, who dawdles away afternoons when Nature and Providence have blessed him with muscles and elasticity above his fellows, and have left it to himself to apply the necessary energy.

If such as these could be galvanized out of their apathy and inspired to try and climb and reckon not of their fear to fall, then the skinny programme of November, 1898, would put on flesh apace and might be transformed into the abundant proportions of the card of March, 1865. The Football Clubs of both kinds could lend a welcome hand if they reverted to the custom of footballers of yore. In the days of Montague Shearman, Blair, Grant-Asher, Lindsay, Ingram, Fry, Oakley, G. Vassall, and their peers, the leading men of the football fields frequented the path, enter for races, compete, win, and earn their double Blue. Footballers to-day, of both teams, need far more training than they are pleased to consider necessary. The path and running-shoes would give the "backs" and "wings" the necessary speed, and would make better thews and thighs and *feet* than an hour's saunter or "punting" in the Parks, or the wearing of evening "pumps" the lazy morning through.

Putting aside all deficiencies, difficulties, and drawbacks, which in a critical retrospect of past years cannot be neglected, there remains for net product the most gratifying fact that the quality

of the club's athletes, generally and particularly, has been and is of a high order. As æsthetes of old exhorted one another to live up to the standard of their pet blue china, so their anti-thesis, the athletes, have in their generations lived up to the standard of their beloved Blue colours. Those who come after seem to have caught the spirit and tone of those who have gone before, and in their turn to have preserved and handed on the traditions. It may be each year's athletics have had their truant child ; but it would puzzle me in, say, forty years to recall forty prodigals, or forty "wild" specimens, or even four who have gone utterly to the bad out of a long roll of membership. This standard has marked the O.U.A.C. athletes as a body ; it has certainly hall-marked the members of the various Committees, of whom it may be fairly said *Magistratus ostendit virum*. And the result is that athletes of this type on leaving Oxford have always been in demand.

There is of course fashion in the estimate of their value for professional purposes, as in all else. But whilst fashion has been inconstant, the value has been constant. Head-masters have keenly

competed to secure them in the great public schools; and our colleges—in all things slaves of the public schools—have been too sensible or too servile to repudiate them. In the private schools, athletes of all kinds have simply been the making of such schools and the creators of their fortunes. That the demand was pushed too fast, that the bidding was too furious, I quite admit; but the demand remains, because the value is permanent, and the service effective. It has been the custom of some critics to rush to the opposite extreme and say that the demand has died out, that athletes ruin any school or any profession; that athletics are a great mistake. That verily is not the testimony of India and South Africa, of the Home Civil Service, of Foreign Warfare, of the Law Courts, and the Church, the Schools, and the Tripos. That is not the voice of Earl Rosebery and of Mr. Balfour speaking to the students of Edinburgh University; of Sir Richard Webster to students of Oxford and Cambridge; of Dr. Welldon's parting blessing to the boys at Harrow; or of Mr. Edward Lyttleton's daily utterances to the outer world who sit in outer darkness. It is the *vox clamantis*: the voice of those who have tried to revive the contrast

between the "damned intellectuals" and the "barbarous athlete," and wish to exalt the puny in mind and body and apotheosize the prig. It is the voice of the anxious parent who judges University athletics by the correspondents of the clerical papers. It is the voice of the despairing "humbug" who is jealous of the fact that athletes are useful, practical, and intellectual; that they are amongst masses of men, and especially young men, a moral force making for good of mind and body; and that learned professions and even wise colleges and schools—whatever may be said to the contrary—do covet them and do not contemn. Speaking within the limits of my own profession, I can safely say that I cannot recall a college or a school which does not include amongst those in authority some well-known athletes, or some well-known friends of athletics; and I venture to say that those colleges and schools know their own business best, and are the better for those athletes, and those friends of athletics.

Thirty years of genuine athleticism have been an incalculable blessing to Oxford undergraduate life. Oxford "dons" have had the sense to see this, though not always the taste or the tact to own it

with thanks. The sound mind has accompanied the sound body. In the prizes of learning and the distinctions of mental excellence, the "barbarous athlete" of Mark Pattison can do as well as the damned-est of the "damned intellectuals," who share much of the athlete's ability though little of his modesty. But, apart from prize lists and "schools" lists, this spirit of genuine athleticism has leavened the whole mass of our students; it has ameliorated their amusements, purified their habits, invigorated their tone; above all, it has taught them that the practice of sports need not interfere with the pursuits of study, research, and genuine pleasure. There may be the casual "loafing" which I have deplored above, but there is now no systematic lounging in the High, no Town and Gown Riots, no very serious Proctorial offences. The temperance of athletics has taught self-denial; drinking is no longer fashionable for drinking's sake; and more and more men each year look down with scorn upon the grosser sins. When exercise is over and the games are done, the men return to afternoon tea and tutors, and not to a bout of sherry and scandal. Recreation relieves and regulates their work, renders



possible systematic hours of evening study, and sends them to their rest better in soul and body. Amongst heads of colleges who testify to this are two not generally allowed to have been athletes in their youth, or unduly biassed in the athletic cause—the Warden of Merton, and the President of Corpus. Both have I heard volunteer, as I strolled with them through the various grounds, the expression of their unfeigned delight that undergraduates should spend their afternoons in invigorating sport and manly antagonism; and that by so doing a change for the better should have come over the aspect of an Oxford afternoon since they were boys together. It is a daily fact that athletics have no greater admirers than those who, as heads of colleges or as seniors in authority, have to guide and control the trend and *telos* of undergraduate thought and action.

Let me mention a few names, and begin with some Vice-Chancellors of the University. Of the last six vice-chancellors, four at least have been conspicuous in their approval. Dr. Evans, the late Master of Pembroke—himself in the Oxford Eleven—was a patron saint of every pastime, a regular attendant at every match and every game.

Men loved to look upon his kindly face and snow-white hair of this most genial of men and best of sportsmen. Having served as Senior Proctor under him, I can speak of my "chief" with veneration. By his side have I stood to witness many a keen contest and many a tough battle; and when his enemy, the gout, would not let him walk, I have helped to wheel him in his chair to a cosy corner by the ropes or rails. Dr. Boyd, the Principal of Hertford—my own college—is another "chief" under whom it has been my good fortune to serve. He is a worthy companion to Dr. Evans in his love of a good race or a good match; he believes from the bottom of a generous heart, that training makes discipline and trial makes character. And Hertford College has rewarded him by turning out some first-rate athletes to do him honour in the "lists" of the schools and of sport alike. Dr. Magrath, Provost of Queen's, is not perhaps so ardent as his colleagues of Pembroke and Hertford, but he is keenly fond of aquatics, and has demonstrated his interest in rowing by coaching his college crews when he was Dean, and by taking his place amongst the veteran oars of the Ancient Mariners. The

present vice-chancellor, the Warden of All Souls, is addicted to pheasants and cricket, and hardly misses a good game, and spares time to audit the accounts of the O.U. Cricket Club. Amongst others, the President of Magdalen and the Master of University have done much to resuscitate their colleges as homes of athletes of public school renown. "Dons," draconic in discipline will relax their hardest rule to help "one of ours" from losing his chance of a Blue. Colleges have been known to select for exhibitions deserving men who have captained a public school team, without being troubled with too many brains, and have frankly owned that the policy is good; ay, colleges more purist and more prudish, whilst openly condemning the policy, have secretly taken advantage of it and their rivals. Lastly, the strongest testimony of all is to be found in the fact that the busiest, most energetic, practical, level-headed "dons" in Oxford find time to foster the welfare of athletics in every way. The debt of gratitude is very great from seniors and juniors alike, to Professor Henry Pelham, President of Trinity, one of the pioneers of Oxford football, and now auditor of the Association Football Club; to Sir

William Anson, auditor of the Cricket Club ; to Rev. Arthur Bulter, erst Head of Haileybury, another enthusiastic veteran and patron saint, still keen on the saddle and the rod ; in his Rugby days himself captain of the school team, and in his old age kind enough to act as auditor of the Oxford Rugby Club. To these must be added another generation of benefactors in the Rev. Arthur Johnson, an athlete of the middle "sixties," the practical founder of the Modern History School at Oxford, a hard man to follow after the hounds, or to imitate him in his art on the ice ; Mr. Arthur Hassall, of Christ Church, another old Blue, who has succeeded the Rev. Octavus Ogle as auditor of the Oxford Athletic Club, and has managed to hold Christ Church together when the bonds of discipline and loyalty have burst asunder—a keen sportsman, a first-rate judge of *les hommes et les affaires*, the busiest of the busy ; the treasurer of the Boat Club, Rev. W. E. Sherwood, headmaster of the Magdalen College School, an old double Blue, who represented Oxford at Putney and at Lillie Bridge ; the Rev. H. M. Burge, treasurer of the Cricket Club, who succeeded in this capacity Dr. Mogle, the Bursar

of New College, and Professor Thomas Case, of Corpus and Magdalen, himself in the Oxford Eleven; in the days when Kenney and poor Fellowes bowled fast, did this gallant Professor-Designate of Moral Philosophy longstop their lightning deliveries and faced the fire of the Cantabs' artillery without pads! To everybody's joy his son in 1893 also found his place in the Oxford Eleven—an example of heredity which was almost copied by his younger brother. Mr. Burge has revived his old college, University College, from its ashes, very largely by his foresight in taking from our public schools the type of athlete who would bring credit to his college, distinction to his university, and plenty of comrades in his wake.

Athletics are not one of the lost ideals in Oxford, the home of lost ideals; they are a living reality, with plenty of life in them, when the busiest and best of our seniors can yet find time to give them countenance and support, and take real pleasure in so doing. So general is the recognition of athletics by the "dons," that in each college one of their number assumes the labour and responsibility of acting as senior

treasurer of the college combined clubs, thereby organizing and controlling the revenue and expenditure of all the athletic pursuits of his college. This means that all extravagance is checked, all accounts promptly settled, and that every advantage of every pastime is put within the reach of the poorest student at a minimum of expense and a maximum of comfort.

That such universal admiration of athletics should tend to make young men think and talk too much of their rowing, running, football, cricket, golf, and racquets, I quite admit. Fond as I am of sport of all kinds, I sometimes wish I heard less about it. But even this side of athleticism has its redeeming point so well emphasized by Canon King, now Bishop of Lincoln. Perhaps the Canon spoke of his own personal knowledge, for he had at Hertford College two nephews, each in his year captain of the Oxford Association team—two sturdy stalwarts of the thorough type, most excellent of men in every action and in every speech. "At least," said the Canon, "athletics have this good point, that they create an infinite fund of innocent conversation amongst the young." No Oxford "don" was ever more beloved of

undergraduates than Dr. King. His words were ever words of gentle wisdom ; and his tribute to the value of athletics touched upon a side of athletics which must be of gravest import, if Aristotle's advice was right when he said, "To speak lightly of what is bad is but a step from doing what is bad ;" and if Ruskin was right in his Sheldonian exhortation to the young students of Oxford, "to do their quiet best in their own way for the love of their art, for the love of their neighbours, and whatever better love may be than these : by their lives to leave a sure record of some kindly thing done for others ; and so from day to day and strength to strength, to build up an Ecclesia of England of which it shall not be said, 'See what manner of stones are here,' but, 'See what manner of men.' "

## CHAPTER V.

*THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY  
ATHLETIC CLUB.*

BY THE REV. J. H. GRAY (HON. TREASURER).

**I**T is probably a surprise to many persons, who have been accustomed to regard University and inter-University sports as events which come round as regularly as Christmas and the income-tax, to learn how very modern they really are. The inter-University sports date back only to 1864, and to the University sports at Cambridge and the C.U.A.C. an earlier origin than 1859 can scarcely be assigned. The first meeting recorded in the annals of the club is that of 1859. The sports, as we call them, were then entitled "Cambridge University Foot Races," and the programme consisted of 100 yds., hurdle race of 250 yds. with 12 flights, quarter-mile, half-mile, mile, high jump,



long jump, putting the weight (14 lbs.), throwing cricket-balls, and sack race. It may be interesting to compare the times then done with recent performances. The time for the hundred is not recorded: there is only the safe general statement, that the pace in the semi-final and final heats "was exceedingly good." The time for the 250 yds. hurdle race was 36 secs.; for the quarter, 58 secs.; for the half-mile, 2 mins. 24 secs.; for the mile, 5 mins. 14 secs. The high jump was 5 ft. 6 ins., the long jump 19 ft. 6 ins., the weight was put 37 ft. 3 ins., the "cricket-balls" thrown 98 yds. 5 ins. The title of this event, "throwing cricket-balls," is curious, and suggests that every one brought and used his own ball. But in the following year the contest is less ambiguously described as "throwing the cricket-ball." The last item on the programme, the sack race, so little consists with the dignity of the modern University athletic meeting that the historian would perhaps have thought it wise to suppress all mention of it, were it not for the saving clause "winners in the other races barred," which shows it to have been a consolation race. This meeting was held on Fenner's Ground, now the University Cricket

and Athletic Ground, "Mr. Fenner acted as judge on the occasion, and gave universal satisfaction." Herein Mr. Fenner was perhaps more fortunate than his successors in that responsible office have sometimes been.

It will always be a disputed question how far the athletes of to-day are better than their predecessors of forty years ago. The times and distances then accomplished are no doubt vastly inferior. The high jump is the one event of this meeting which would not now be considered as "below University form." Nevertheless it is probably true that the difference between then and now is mainly due to the better grounds of the present day, and, in a less degree, to more careful training. Given the same track and the same preparation, I venture to believe, with my eyes fully open to the risk of being branded as *laudator temporis acti*, that the best men then would have proved pretty tough opponents for the best men now. But perhaps that is only a pious belief.

The succeeding meetings may be dismissed more summarily. In 1860 the title given to the meeting is "University Athletic Games." There are three new events—two miles, a standing high jump (as

well as the running high jump), and a pole jump. The 100 yds. was run in  $10\frac{1}{2}$  secs., the quarter in 57 secs., the mile in 5 mins. 4 secs., and two miles in 11 mins. 4 secs., the winner of both the long-distance races being Mr. Stephen of Trinity Hall. Can this be Mr. Leslie Stephen? Mr. Leslie Stephen took his degree in 1854, but he appeared as a pedestrian as late as 1863, when he undertook "to walk two miles while Mr. H. G. Kennedy ran three," and won his match by 230 yds., in 16 mins. 45 secs. In 1860 there was no rule to debar a man of such long standing from competing.

In 1861 the Prince of Wales was in residence at Cambridge, and showed his interest in the sports by presenting, in conjunction with others, challenge cups for the two (now the three) miles and the 100 yds. A challenge cup for the mile has been presented by two well-known athletes, Messrs. C. B. Lawes and P. M. Thornton; a challenge cup for the hurdles by another famous "Old Blue," Mr. R. E. Webster (Lord Alverstone). In 1861 the time for the 100 yds. is returned as 10 secs. Has that record ever been allowed? The two miles, again won by "Stephen of Trinity Hall," was done in 10 mins. 54 secs.

And in 1861 College sports were beginning and several Colleges held meetings of their own.

In 1862 there was a pole jump (long), in which 19 ft. 6 ins. was done, as well as a pole jump (high), in which the height cleared was 8 ft. 10 ins., and there was a walking match against time for one hour, in which Mr. Leslie Stephen covered  $6\frac{3}{4}$  miles less 75 yds. In these sports Mr. P. M. Thornton won the hundred, the quarter-mile and the half-mile, and was second in the 200 yds. hurdle race. And the sack race was no longer a consolation race, for Mr. Thornton the *victor ludorum* is returned as the winner! In 1863 the pole jump (long) disappears, but the pole jump (high) is retained, also the sack race, again won by Mr. Thornton, and there is a second comic event in the shape of a "trowser race" (120 yds.). This, which seems to have been a species of three-legged race, was won by two of the best athletes competing—Messrs. Daniel and Wayne, the winners of the hurdles and 100 yds. respectively. Mr. Thornton won the quarter-mile in 56 secs., the half-mile in 2 mins. 8 secs., and the mile in the greatly improved time of 4 mins. 41 secs., but was beaten in the two miles by Mr. Cadman in 10 mins.

25 secs. "The Consolation Stakes (200 yds.)" introduce the name of Mr. T. Milvain, who afterwards showed himself an accomplished hurdler. A meeting with Oxford had now been arranged, for, in praising the running of Mr. Garnett of Trinity, the report continues, "we hope to see more of his performances in the contest forthcoming between the sister Universities." The same account sings quite a pæan of triumph over the increased excellence and the increased popularity of the sports, in words which make the ordinary reports of the present day seem dull and colourless.

In 1864 the first athletic contest between the two Universities took place on the Christ Church Cricket Ground on Saturday, March 5th. It was not inappropriate that on this historic occasion the honours should be divided, each University securing four events, though, as Cambridge had seven seconds, a Cantab may be pardoned for thinking that Cambridge really won. The programme contained seven of the present nine events, save that the long distance was a steeplechase of two miles, the eighth event being a hurdle race of 200 yds. in addition to the hurdle race of 120 yds. The same Cambridge pair won

both these races, but in different order, for Mr. Daniel was first in the 120 yds. and second in the 200 yds., Mr. Wynne Finch second in the 120 and first in the 200 yds. However, we must not discourse of inter-University athletics, but, merely noting that the winner of the mile was Mr. C. B. Lawes, that Mr. Garnett justified the confidence of his admirers by winning the steeplechase and that Mr. R. E. Webster was second, must return to the C.U.A.C. proper. In preparation for this great event the sports had been held earlier than usual, viz. February 25th, 26th, and 27th. The best performances were Mr. C. B. Lawes' mile (4 mins. 32 secs.) and Mr. Harrison's quarter (54 secs.). Mr. C. Booth, the well-known Cambridge cricketer, appropriately won throwing the cricket-ball with 108 yds. 23 ins., as well as the long jump, the weight and the sack race. It is difficult to imagine Mr. Booth and Mr. P. M. Thornton disporting themselves in sacks, but the record remains that they did so well and successfully!

In 1865 the hammer (15½ lbs.) appears for the first time: the weight has now reached the regulation size of 16 lbs. The sports were a

triumph for Mr. R. E. Webster, who won the mile in 4 mins.  $36\frac{1}{2}$  secs., the half-mile in 2 mins.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  secs., and the two miles in 10 min.  $7\frac{1}{2}$  secs., and for the Hon. F. G. Pelham, who scored the hundred and the quarter. This year the inter-University sports were held at Fenner's, and Cambridge won with six firsts and six seconds, to three firsts and three seconds. It is delightful to read of this contest, "as to the mile and the two mile races, the fact that 3 to 1 on Mr. R. E. Webster, the Cambridge champion and the energetic hon. sec. of the University Athletic Club, was refused, shows in how great favour he was held." Needless to say Mr. Webster justified the confidence reposed in him by winning the two races. But did the future Lord Chief Justice know that he was the cause and the subject of betting, and that on the University Ground?

In 1866, for the first time, a University handicap appears, no doubt the precursor of the present handicaps. The race was a quarter-mile for a cup presented by Messrs. C. B. Lawes and Moncrief. The Hon. F. G. Pelham was scratch, and finished second to Lord Aberdour, who had 57 yds. start. Mr. Pelham, Mr. Lawes, and Mr.

(afterwards Sir) G. W. Elliott were the most prominent winners in the University sports, and the year is memorable as being the first in which the nine events, which have until three years ago been contested between the two Universities, appeared upon the programme, with the one difference that in 1866 the long-distance race was still two miles. This was the famous race in which Mr. C. H. Long, Trinity, Cambridge, and Mr. T. W. Laing, Christ Church, Oxford, ran their dead heat in 10 mins. 20 secs.

1867 brings to the front Mr. C. A. Absolom the cricketer, as winner of the long jump; that excellent sprinter and quarter-miler Mr. E. A. B. Pitman, and the redoubtable weight-putter Mr. R. Waltham. Mr. Pitman won the 100 yds. in  $10\frac{2}{5}$  secs., the quarter in 52 secs., and Mr. Absolom the long jump with 20 ft. 2 ins. It may be noted that in the inter-University sports of 1867 Mr. T. G. Little, Peterhouse, won the high jump with 5 ft. 9 ins., a height unbeaten till the time of the incomparable Mr. M. J. Brooks, and that the hurdles were won by the gentleman to whom University athletics, no less than the O.U.A.C., owe so much, Mr. C. N. Jackson.



In 1868 come two athletes whose times are a great improvement on earlier years, Mr. W. C. Gibbs, who won the mile in 4 mins. 28½ secs., and Mr. J. H. Ridley, who won the quarter in 51 secs. In 1867 and 1868 Sir R. FitzHerbert gained his Blue, but the father of the quarter-mile champion appeared not in the quarter, but in the hurdles, and won the amateur championship in the long jump. *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis*, but excellence in the son does not necessarily take exactly the same direction as in the father. Mr. W. FitzHerbert runs the hundred and puts the weight only less well than he runs the quarter. But I do not remember to have seen him attempt either the hurdles or the long jump.

Cambridge in 1869 had another quarter-miler, as good as Mr. Ridley, in the person of Mr. A. R. Upcher, and was represented in the long jump and weight by Mr. E. Phelps, the oarsman and one of a doughty band of brothers.

In 1870 there occurs, for the first time, the name of one of the finest athletes the C.U.A.C. has ever produced, Mr. E. J. Davies. On this occasion Mr. Davies appears modestly as second

string in the hurdles: he does not shine in the full blaze of his splendour until 1873. Mr. J. H. Gurney, who won the high jump in 1870, repeated his victory in the three succeeding years. Against Oxford he tied the first year, and then won outright three times. Curiously enough his record was exactly equalled by Mr. W. P. Montgomery, Merton, Oxford, 1885-1888.

In 1871 Mr. R. Philpot was first in the hundred and quarter: the latter event he won against Oxford in the fast time of  $50\frac{1}{2}$  secs. Mr. Davies gained his "full Blue" in the hurdles this year. Mr. Davies appeared in 1872 for the first time in the event with which his name is most commonly connected, viz. the long jump, and a well-known weight-putter, Mr. W. Y. Winthrop, made his first appearance in the team. It is curious, in the light of Mr. Winthrop's subsequent performances, to find that he never gained his "full Blue," being second for three years to Mr. N. J. Littleton; it is still more curious to find that Oxford won the event during the whole of his time with distances, which, though respectable enough, would have given Mr. Winthrop little trouble when he became amateur champion

in 1878. Mr. Davies, in 1873, was first string in the hundred, the hurdles and the long jump; Mr. G. A. Templar, who won the quarter for the first time in 1873, repeated his victory, beat Oxford and won the championship in 1874. 1874 was Mr. Davies' last year; he won the hundred and the long jump at Cambridge, and repeated both victories in the inter-University sports. Altogether he was perhaps the most accomplished and versatile athlete who ever wore light blue. He was long-jump champion 1871-1874, and 100 yds. champion in 1874. We should like a few more athletes of the calibre of Mr. E. J. Davies!

Mr. Davies' last year was the first year of three performers, all first-rate in their several lines—Mr. G. H. Hales in the hammer, Mr. W. C. R. Bedford in the hurdles, and Mr. A. R. Lewis in the quarter—while 1875 brings up Mr. A. R. Loder, who holds, with Mr. W. R. Pollock, the record for the inter-University hurdles, viz. 16 secs., and who was probably the most graceful performer who ever “topped timber.” In 1876 Mr. L. Knowles, than whom no man has worked harder or accomplished more for the C.U.A.C.,

first represented Cambridge, and with him there appeared, also for the first time, Mr. W. Cunliffe, a beautiful miler, and Mr. G. W. Blathwayt, whose clever high jumping won him, in 1877, the amateur championship with a jump of 6 ft., a marvellous jump for a man of Mr. Blathwayt's physique. Mr. Lees Knowles won his first laurels in the three miles, but he also won the mile and the half-mile at Cambridge, and the last distance, in which his amateur championship was won, was probably the race in which he showed to the greatest advantage. In 1876, also, that glorious cricketer, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, represented Cambridge in the hammer, and threw 112 ft., a distance usually sufficient to secure an easy victory, but which, in 1876, was rather an inferior second, as Mr. Hales won with the inter-University record of 138 ft. 3 in.

In 1877 the pick of the new men were Mr. W. H. Churchill, one of the many fine quarter-milers of whom the C.U.A.C. can boast, and Mr. S. Palmer, who won the 100 yds., but found his true vocation in 1878 when he won the hurdles. He held the championship in that event 1878, 1879, 1882, 1883. Two mighty men

came to the front in 1878, Mr. A. H. East, the weight-putter and hammer-thrower, and Mr. E. Baddeley, long-jumper and hammer-thrower. Mr. East won the championship with the weight in 1879; Mr. E. Baddeley pulled off two championships, the hammer and the long jump, in 1878. Mr. W. W. Bolton, who was second in the Cambridge mile, was half-mile champion in 1879. The third string in the Cambridge mile was Mr. H. Whitfield, the cricketer; and Mr. R. H. Macaulay gathered his first laurels in the high jump. His triumphs in the quarter-mile belong to the three following years. 1880 will be remembered as the first year of Mr. W. W. Hough, who shares with Mr. Horan and Mr. Workman the honour of being the only Cantabs who have three times won the inter-University three miles. In this year, also, Mr. E. L. Lucas, who was a "flyer" on his day, won the 100 yds. in level time. In 1881 Mr. E. Storey, a fine but not a very consistent performer, appeared in the 100 yds., the weight and the long jump. Mr. Storey in 1879 had won the quarter-mile championship, though, oddly enough, he never represented Cambridge at that distance.

Mr. G. L. Colbourne the high-jumper may be selected from the men of 1882, and no one will question Mr. H. C. Lenox Tindall's right to be picked out in 1883, although he was then only second in the quarter-mile. Mr. Tindall was at the time very young and wanted time to get strength and stamina. His best year was 1886, when he won both the hundred and the quarter against Oxford, but he was not amateur champion in the quarter until 1888; his record championship time,  $48\frac{1}{2}$  secs., was done in 1889, and in that year he also broke the 600 yds. record at Cambridge. This last record has been lowered by E. C. Bredin, but Mr. Tindall still holds the amateur records for 400 and 440 yds.

Mr. W. R. Pollock was the great light of 1884, when he tied Mr. A. B. Loder's record for the hurdles. Mr. Loder was the more graceful hurdler of the two; but Mr. Pollock's speed and power are unquestionable, and had he been able to continue on the track for a few years more, there can be little doubt that he would have established records in the hurdles that would have stood for many years. In 1885 Mr. E. O'F. Kelly showed how

well a slight well-knit man could put the weight. Mr. Kelly was a refutation of the theory that the weight is a mere matter of "beef;" no one who saw him put could doubt his knack and skill.

The elder of a *par nobile fratrum*, J. and H. Le Fleming, came to the front in 1886, and in 1887 Mr. H. M. Fletcher first showed his speedy turn in the 100 yds. and quarter. Mr. J. L. Greig's name is entered on the roll of the Cambridge Blues for the first time in 1888. Mr. Greig started modestly by being second in the hurdles and long jump. But he soon developed into a first-rate performer, and all who remember his four fine jumps at Queen's Club, when he was president, will agree in regarding him as one of the most consistent and graceful of long-jumpers.

The fastest men in 1889 were Mr. R. W. Turner and Mr. A. W. Charles. They hailed from the same college, Trinity Hall, and generally are found together. Mr. Turner at first was the speedier, but Mr. Charles was an improving and persevering runner, and later on sometimes turned the tables on his friendly rival. Mr. C. J. B. Monypenny and Mr. H. Le Fleming are among the athletes of 1890. Mr. Monypenny

was the greyhound among runners, with all the speed but also the delicacy of the dog. When he was fit (*e.g.* when he did the 120 yds. record, March, 1892), Mr. Monypenny was a splendid runner, but he had to take great care of himself. Not seldom his health prevented him from doing himself justice, and it will be remembered that when he was president of the C.U.A.C. he was unable to compete at all. Had he been a little stronger, Mr. Monypenny would indeed have done wonders in the hundred and the quarter. Mr. H. Le Fleming worthily continued the traditions of his family and his college (Clare) in the hurdles and the high jump. If the palm for graceful long-jumping belongs to Mr. J. L. Greig, Mr. H. Le Fleming may justly claim the award for grace in the high jump.

The most remarkable point about 1891 is the fact that no less than four men did double duty for Cambridge that year—Mr. Monypenny and Mr. Charles in the hundred and quarter, Mr. H. Le Fleming in the hurdles and high jump, Mr. T. Jennings in the long jump, high jump and hammer. The whole team against Oxford consisted of only fourteen men. Yet Cambridge won by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ !



However, it would be rash to draw the inference that it is safe to put double duty on so many men. No doubt it may be done safely, when there are four men of the merit of Mr. Monypenny, Mr. Le Fleming, Mr. Jennings, and Mr. Charles.

Each of the next two years is signalized by the appearance of one of the bright particular stars of the C.U.A.C.—1892, by the appearance of Mr. Lutyens; 1893, by the appearance of Mr. Horan. I believe them to be the two best long-distance runners Cambridge has ever had. And they were both as good at a half-mile as at a longer distance. Mr. Horan never was the same runner after his visit to America, and seems to have retired from the track; not so Mr. Lutyens. Far from being content with his four successive victories in the inter-University mile, he has hardly yet ceased to gather fresh laurels, and has never run better than in recent years, when, besides running many brilliant miles, he made a record for the 1000 yds. Mr. Lutyens is a runner, who could yet, if he had the time, win both mile and half-mile championships.

In the next year, 1894, comes Mr. Fitz-Herbert, another of our quarter-milers, who, like Mr.

Lutyens and unlike the majority, still went on with his running after he had left the University. His continued success appears from the fact that after he had gone down he again won the amateur-championship quarter in level time. In 1894 Mr. A. B. Johnston first gained his Blue. Mr. Johnston, hurdler, high-jumper, hammer-thrower, was an excellent all-round athlete, who somehow never made the mark he certainly deserved to make. In 1895 Mr. Mendelson was unearthed for the long jump. In 1896 Mr. Batchelor in the long jump, Mr. Howard in the mile, and Mr. J. H. Bulloch in the weight were all valuable recruits. Mr. F. L. Carter, a fine quarter-miler, who also ran a sensational dead heat in the inter-University hundred, was the find of 1897; and Mr. Hunter, a miler with a beautifully easy style, was the star of 1898. But there were other good men: Mr. W. H. Maundrell was on Fenner's an invincible hurdler; Mr. C. G. Davison must be added to the long list of great Cambridge quarter-milers.

In 1899 Mr. W. G. Paget-Tomlinson, who won the hurdle championship, was very conspicuously successful. Mr. H. W. Workman, half-miler and three-miler, Mr. F. G. Cockshott, miler, Mr. A. E.

Hind, sprinter, are prominent among the men still in residence.

The constitution of the C.U.A.C. has altered considerably since the first years of the club's history. The original arrangement was to have only one officer, who, under the title of Honorary Secretary, was expected to manage all the business required. The gentlemen who discharged the duties of this onerous position were Messrs. H. G. Kennedy, Trinity Hall, hon. sec. 1863; P. M. Thornton, Jesus, hon. sec. 1864; R. E. Webster, Trinity, hon. sec. 1864-1865; C. B. Lawes, Trinity, hon. sec. 1865-1866; and F. H. Cheetham, Trinity Hall, hon. sec. 1866-1867. The first development was a change only in name, designed no doubt to shed a lustre upon the position. There was still only one officer, but he was now called President and Honorary Secretary. This double office was filled by Messrs. W. C. Gibbs, Jesus, 1867-1868; C. C. Corfe, Jesus, 1868-1869; A. W. Lambert, St. John's, 1869-1870; A. R. Upcher, Trinity, 1870-1871. Then the work was divided between two persons, and the club was managed by a president, who was also treasurer, and a secretary. The first pair were Mr. Philpot, Trinity, president,

and Mr. E. Hawtrey, St. John's, hon. sec., 1871-1872.

The next reform was one of the many services rendered to the C.U.A.C. by Mr. Lees Knowles. Mr. Knowles was elected president and hon. treasurer in 1877. He retained the post of president but resigned the office of treasurer, and induced the Rev. E. H. Morgan, M.A., Dean of Jesus College, to become hon. treasurer of the club. An account of the meeting, which adopted this reform, continues: "the connexion of the Dean of Jesus with the Club as Treasurer, and therefore a member of the Committee, cannot be other than advantageous, as under the old system Presidents have year after year come fresh to the office, bringing with them little or no knowledge of the course of conduct pursued by previous officers, and so there has been no uniform management, which it may be hoped will be obtained under the guidance of the Rev. E. H. Morgan, who has ever been a most ardent supporter of University athletics." The appointment of Mr. Morgan practically brought the constitution of the club to its present condition, which is sufficiently explained by the

first five rules about the committee of the club. They are :

1. That the Committee consist of eight members, viz. President, Treasurer, Secretary, and five others, to be elected at the General Meeting in the May Term.

2. That this Committee be summoned by the Secretary, and that three shall form a quorum.

3. That a Graduate of the University be elected Treasurer, who shall be responsible for the finances of the Club, and shall produce his accounts annually for audit before the meeting in the October Term.

4. That two Graduate Members of the University be appointed by the Committee to audit the accounts of the Club before the General Meeting in the October Term.

5. That the President of the C.U.B.C. and the Captain of the C.U.C.C. be *ex-officio* (additional) members of the Committee.

The expectations formed of the effect of Mr. Morgan's election as treasurer were amply justified by the result. The club was worked on more systematic lines, its position improved and its finances prospered greatly in his hands. He gave

confidence, and he initiated the policy which has won for the club a home of its own. In conjunction with the University Cricket Club, the ground known as Fenner's has been secured by the C.U.A.C. The two clubs bought the ground and then added to it some four acres on the south side, which have been made available for cricket practice and for throwing the hammer, etc. This splendid ground, certainly the fastest cricket-ground and one of the best running-tracks in the country, cost the two clubs £17,500. Of this sum £10,000 was paid, the rest remained on mortgage, but is being gradually paid off. For instance, £500 of the mortgage was redeemed recently. The interest on the mortgage is at present rather a heavy drag on the funds of the clubs, but once the debt is extinguished, or even considerably reduced, the clubs will be in a most enviable position. The expenses of the ground are borne by the C.U.A.C. from Michaelmas to Easter, by the C.U.C.C. from Easter to Michaelmas; rates, taxes and the like are shared equally by the two clubs. The successful carrying through of this scheme is due to Mr. E. H. Morgan and to the treasurer of the C.U.C.C.,

Dr. Porter, the late Master of Peterhouse. Their names deserve grateful memory from all Cambridge athletes for the invaluable services they rendered in this matter. Nor was this Mr. Morgan's only service to the club. The negotiations with Queen's Club, arrangements for the sports and the inter-University meeting, were proofs of his energy and skill. For eighteen years Mr. Morgan guided the club, and few who were familiar with his burly figure, his strong voice and commanding presence, even as late as the beginning of 1895, could have suspected that his sands of life had so nearly run out. He was ill in the May Term of that year, and could not personally look after the club ; in the summer, while the team was in America for the match against Yale, he died. Consequently, in the October Term of 1895, the C.U.A.C. had to find a new treasurer, and the difficult task of succeeding Mr. Morgan fell upon my shoulders.

It is not necessary to prolong the tale of inter-University contests. Here it will suffice to say that, up to the present, Cambridge has won the sports nineteen times and Oxford seventeen times. The first meeting was a tie, and if on that

occasion the sports had been decided by seconds, Cambridge would have won. But though Cambridge has thus, happily for the present generation, still a lead in the matter of victories, it is only fair to say that the number of events won by each University is almost identical. Indeed, it is as curious as it is fortunate that the two Universities have shown themselves so evenly matched. And they have been even more nearly matched than appears from the figures. Four years ago Oxford won by 7 to 2, which appears to be a crushing defeat ; but when it is remembered that, at the utmost, the mile and hurdles were won by inches, and that in both the judges' verdicts might quite easily have gone the other way, it will be seen that, after all, there "was not much in it." And all friends of both clubs will desire that they may continue to be as well-matched with one another and as friendly as they happily are now.

But besides its own sports and the annual meeting with Oxford, the C.U.A.C. has had other contests from time to time. Such were the matches with the United Hospitals in 1890 and 1895. The match with Yale belongs to 1895,



when the Cambridge men were beaten by 8 to 3. In the memorable meeting of Oxford and Cambridge with Harvard and Yale in 1899, the C.U.A.C. contributed four wins to the victory of the English Universities. The matches with the L.A.C. began in 1891, and may now be regarded as annual events. The contests have been close, and if the C.U.A.C. has slightly the better of the total up to the present, it must be borne in mind that the meeting usually takes place when the Cambridge men are wound up, while the London men are short of practice. The meeting is most valuable as giving the Cambridge men a good trial before they meet Oxford, and the officers of the C.U.A.C. are very grateful to Mr. S. K. Holman and the other authorities of the L.A.C. for the kindness which prompts them to arrange the contest at a date so much more convenient to their opponents than to themselves.

The winners in these contests and in the University and inter-University sports, with a list of Blues, past presidents, etc., will be found in a convenient form in the little book of records published for the C.U.A.C. by Messrs. Metcalfe, Trinity Street, Cambridge.

There is an opinion somewhat common among non-athletic men, that the average athlete is not an intellectual person. This view became crystallized among certain literary circles in the expression, "a mere athlete." Happily the view is, in the main, mistaken, and can be confuted by cases far too numerous to be explained away as only exceptions to the rule. A rule that has so many exceptions is no rule at all, but the hasty generalization of some partially informed observer. The history of the C.U.A.C. presents any number of instances of that happiest of combinations—*mens sana in corpore sano*. The club may claim to be represented in the highest sphere of literature by Mr. Leslie Stephen (Wrangler and Fellow of Trinity Hall, 1854) ; in the highest circles of law and government, by the present Lord Chief Justice (Wrangler and 3rd Class Classics, 1865). There are at least four old athletic Blues in the Houses of Parliament—Lord Alverstone, Hon. A. Lyttelton, Mr. P. M. Thornton, and Mr. Lees Knowles. And if, as the subject is Cambridge athletes, we take the most academic of tests, the Tripos examinations, there is quite a long list of Blues who have won the highest academic distinction,

viz. a first class in the Tripos lists. Such are Mr. H. P. Gurney (mile, 1868 and 1869), 14th Wrangler and Fellow of Clare, now Principal of the Science College at Newcastle ; Mr. G. C. Macaulay (long jump, 1874), 4th Classic and Fellow of Trinity ; Mr. H. O. D. Davidson (weight, 1875-1877), 9th in Classical Tripos ; Mr. H. P. Hodson (quarter-mile, 1880), 1st Class Classics ; Mr. J. G. Bradshaw (mile, 1880 and 1881), 20th Wrangler ; Mr. T. H. Easterfield (mile, 1887 and 1888), 1st Class Natural Science ; Mr. J. R. Orford (hurdles, weight, hammer, 1884-1886), 1st Class Classics ; Mr. B. Pollock (quarter-mile, 1886), 1st Class Classics, Headmaster of Wellington College ; Mr. A. W. Charles (quarter-mile and 100 yds., 1889-1892), 6th Wrangler, Fellow of Trinity Hall ; Mr. R. H. Macaulay (high jump and quarter-mile, 1879-1882), 1st Class Classics ; Mr. S. G. Lubbock (high jump, 1893-1896), 1st Class Classics ; Mr. R. Carr Bosanquet (hammer, 1894), 1st Class Classics ; Mr. W. M. Fletcher (hurdles, 1895), 1st Class Natural Science, Walsingham Medal, Fellow of Trinity ; Mr. H. F. Howard (mile, 1896 and 1897), 1st Class Classics ; Mr. W. W. Gibberd (three miles, 1896 and 1897), 6th Wrangler ; Mr.

L. R. Bevan (long jump), 1st Class Law; Mr. P. V. Bevan (weight), 4th Wrangler. This is not a complete list, but it is at least sufficiently long to show that there is no divorce between mind and muscle in the case of Cambridge athletes.

It may be noted, too, that many of the athletes were double Blues. Mr. Phelps and Mr. Orford rowed in the University boat. Football and athletics were successfully combined by Messrs. E. Storey, R. H. Macaulay, A. R. Don Wauchope, B. W. Spilsbury, E. B. Brutton, T. H. Marsh, J. Le Fleming, W. E. Michell, C. B. Nicholl, L. E. Pilkington, F. Mitchell, W. N. Pilkington, A. E. Hind and B. C. Hartley. Cricket and athletics have been a favourite combination, as is shown by Messrs. C. Booth, C. E. Green, C. A. Absolom, A. Lyttelton, L. K. Jarvis, H. Whitfield, W. McG. Hemingway, C. E. M. Wilson, F. Mitchell and A. E. Hind—the last two triple Blues. And there cannot be much amiss with athletics, if they go so well as they have done with two things of such superlative excellence as classics and cricket.

A string of names such as has been given is never quite satisfactory. Selection is always difficult, and no doubt names have been omitted

which have strong claims to be included in any account of the C.U.A.C. Yet, to those who are familiar with and have followed the history of the club, the names will recall many of the struggles and triumphs of the past. But it needs the touch of memory to clothe the names with flesh and blood. To the earlier years of the club my memory does not extend. I know only by hearsay the history of such races as those between Mr. P. M. Thornton and Mr. Guy Pym. It was never my happiness to witness "the sensational spurt" of Mr. R. E. Webster, which, about 300 yds. from the finish, struck dismay into his opponents, and almost invariably brought the spurter an easy winner to the post. And the Lord Chief Justice's contemporaries tell the story how, after an inter-University contest at Oxford, his legal greatness was disclosed to them, and perhaps, to himself, by the consummate advocacy with which he appeased the wrath of an angry butcher, and rescued from the irate tradesman some of his late opponents in the sports. And there are doubtless many memories of those early days—memories of the feats of Mr. Pelham, Mr. E. J. Davies and the rest—which should, by rights, find a place here,

but which, alas! are beyond the recollection of the writer, whose memories of the club begin when Mr. G. H. Hales was president. How eagerly and admiringly we used to watch "Hammer" Hales as he brought his weapon across Fenner's to the old Orchard, where such competitions then took place! To the onlookers he seemed to fondle the hammer as if it were a child. And then he hurled it straight across the Orchard, and if he managed to compass a few feet more than usual, the hammer fell crashing upon the palings on the other side. Mr. Hales was a cricketer as well as an athlete, and there was a story, *ben trovato* though perhaps no more, that, when he had been reproached for not throwing in the ball from the long field as well as he might have done, he was heard to say, "If it had been a hammer, I could have thrown the thing better!" The beautiful style in which Mr. Loder took his hurdles was a thing which once seen will never be forgotten. The struggles of Mr. Lees Knowles and Mr. H. J. L. Evans—dear old Jim Evans!—are familiar to the writer, because the competitors were his friends. And in the memory live things like Mr. Cunliffe's brilliant finish in the mile; the running of men

like Mr. A. R. Lewis, Mr. W. H. Churchill and Mr. R. H. Macaulay in the quarter ; the high-jumping of Mr. E. W. Blathwayt ; the long-jumping of Mr. Baddeley ; the weight-putting of Mr. A. H. East. Mr. R. H. Macaulay is no less prominent in the memory as a high-jumper, and formed a curious contrast with his partner, Mr. R. H. Cooke. Mr. Macaulay big, broad and powerful, Mr. Cooke slight, almost frail in appearance ; yet Mr. Cooke jumped so well, that probably many people were glad that he was a year junior to his powerful partner and so was enabled to win outright once himself. The feats of Mr. J. L. Greig, Mr. H. Le Fleming, and their compeers, are happily within the memory of most ; and there are still fewer who have not seen for themselves what fine runners men like Mr. Lutyens and Mr. Horan are. Not less familiar to the lovers of athletics are the figures of Mr. H. C. Lenox Tindall and Mr. W. FitzHerbert. No one who saw him run can have forgotten Tindall's pace and determination, nor FitzHerbert's raking stride and his characteristic "roll," often most effective just when it is needed most, as in his great race with Mr. G. Jordan, in 1896, which made a record (49½ secs.)

for the quarter-mile in the inter-University sports. Few things are more delightful than to recall such historic moments, and fight again the battles of the past. And one thought which such memories inevitably suggest is that the C.U.A.C. will do well, if the athletes who are called upon to represent the club succeed in maintaining the high standard which many of their predecessors have set them.

### THE LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB.

The London Athletic Club can boast a peculiar pre-eminence. In connection with the Amateur Athletic Association, to which it stands almost as an executive branch, it may be said to be the M.C.C. of amateur athletics. Still, even at this date, its position is not quite so certain and so pre-eminent as might be wished, chiefly because the paucity of athletic clubs does not allow of the system of affiliation, which gives to other London clubs their steadfast supremacy. However, there is no other club that can claim to be national as well as local, and, as was shown on the occasion of the challenge of the New



York Club, it is in the L.A.C. that the nucleus of a national team is centred. On that occasion it was laid down in the preliminaries that either of the two clubs might bring any foreign recruits to the scratch, but in the case of the London Club it was only found necessary to go beyond the limits of the club as far as the inclusion of a few University athletes who in a year's time would probably have become members in the ordinary course. It is a pity that yet more University men do not join. The subscription is small, and to those who are within reach of the Fulham Road and have kept any of their keenness the benefits to club and member are considerable.

The history of the club externally is neither long nor chequered. For the original idea, as well as the early organizing of the club, the two brothers W. M. and H. J. Chinnery are mainly responsible. The date is synchronous with the somewhat sudden emergence of athletic enthusiasm through England in the early sixties. The first meeting was held in 1864, the year following the foundation of the club, and the site was Lord's Cricket Ground. In the next year the

original name of Mincing Lane Athletic Club was altered to the present more comprehensive title. For a little while the meetings were held at haphazard in both time and place, though the Old Deer Park at Richmond was the favourite arena. But subsequently, as the importance of the club increased, a definite home was found at Lillie Bridge. This famous ground was only retained until 1876, when the inevitable dispute broke out between executive and ground proprietor. The result was that the club bought the lease of eight and a half acres of market garden ground abutting on the Fulham Road, which was rapidly converted into the present grounds, now known through the world as Stamford Bridge. Of the whole space only about four acres were employed for the track and the buildings ; the rest was left to its pristine beauty and covering of pear, apple, mulberry, and walnut trees. But the glimpse of rusticity had to give way to the onset of the "iron horse," when the underground railway was extended to Putney. The tunnel between West Brompton and Waltham Green cut right through the site, which has since been turfed for lawn tennis courts,

though the savour of the market garden is still retained in the title of "the orchard."

In the early days of the club the members were chiefly recruited from the stock exchange, and bank clerks, and the busy denizens of the city, but latterly the athletic fervour of these classes has somewhat waned, and the gaps have been filled from the Universities, public schools, and medical students, though the old recruiting grounds just now show some signs of revived value. The membership is large, but might reasonably be much larger. The "active" members at present amount only to two hundred, but the "inactive" members, who are mostly retired athletes, bring the whole numbers up to rather more than four hundred.

The chief difficulties which the club has had to overcome have been financial. Owing mainly to the very disadvantageous manner of raising the money for the initial outlay, the club has been rather heavily handicapped, for though the £3000 originally raised has practically been paid three times over, not even yet has the liability been altogether cleared off. But in spite of this drawback, the energetic and very capable management

of the club's officers has annually produced a small balance on the right side. The financial position would have been scarcely worth considering here if it were not for its close connection with professionalism. Over and over again it has been possible for the L.A.C. to draw immense "gates" and insure financial prosperity by providing races between the "cracks" who are the household darlings of the metropolitan crowds. But as a rule the "crack" who knows his "drawing" powers, will stand out for "compensation" or some such euphonious benefit. There are numerous methods of allowing compensation, by which the spirit of the law may be evaded and the legal reputation of the club maintained. But the L.A.C. has earned the thanks of all good sportsmen by refusing the slightest encouragement to any amateur who has not a full title to the name. Neither directly nor indirectly has a penny piece been made over to any of even the greatest runners. The value of this firm stand taken by the leading club against the attack of the pseudo-amateur has been of incalculable benefit to the reputation of the sport.

There is another point of pre-eminence that

is sufficiently wonderful. At one time or another the records for every distance from 100 yds. to 50 miles have been held by members of the L.A.C., and a similar set of records stand, or have stood, to the credit of the club track. This also holds good, though the point is of minor importance, as regards cycling records on "ordinary" machines.

Inter-club matches do not become frequent till the nineties, though a few were held many years earlier. The first of all was against Dublin in 1876, of which the return match took place in 1877, the year when the Lady Mayoress opened the Stamford Bridge Ground. The first meeting with either University, which is mentioned in more detail elsewhere, was held at Oxford in 1890, a year which also saw the first match against the Hospitals and also the institution of the Public Schools Challenge Cup for a quarter-mile. In the following year Cambridge were met, and since that date such contests have formed a regular feature of the season. In regard to the matches with Oxford and Cambridge the L.A.C. have always shown great courtesy in modelling the programme exactly on that of the inter-University

meeting. In a competition with Oxford the club went even so far as to drop the weight and the hammer, as the O.U.A.C. were at that time formulating a fresh protest against these two events. Within the club itself it has become the custom to hold five regular meetings, known as the First, Second, and Third Spring Meetings, and the Autumn and Summer Meetings.

An additional word is necessary on the make of the actual path at Stamford Bridge. The track is in itself small, being four laps to the mile, but it boasts a most valuable straight of 220 yds. In this, as in many ways, it will shine by comparison with many of the larger tracks. For not only is the natural subsoil of sand and gravel, but, thanks to most scientific draining, and a foundation of broken brick, the path recovers from heavy rain more quickly than any other in the kingdom. For winter work the Iffley ground comes nearest to it, thanks mainly to the excellent work of Burrin and the original use of a more than usually gritty ash. In perfect weather both these are inferior to Fenner's in respect of speed, but those who have known the Cambridge ground in time of frost (a device of the weather that

no cinders are proof against) will be willing to allow superiority to the more porous surface. The worst of the four great grounds is perhaps Queen's Club, which is neither exceptionally fast in fine weather nor firm in bad. However, under careful treatment it is improving with every year's use. What a good thing it would be if athletes on leaving the Universities or Hospitals joined the L.A.C. as a matter of course, just as racquet and tennis players go on to become members of the Queen's Club. An athletic interest is not a thing to be dropped when the immediate exercise of the game is become impossible.

## CHAPTER VI.

*HOW TO RUN.*

**I**T has been said that running, especially cross-country running, is the sport of the people. No paraphernalia, no expenditure to talk of, no coaching, and little leisure is needed. A man puts his legs to the ground and takes them off with all the speed he is capable of, and, lo! he is a great athlete. It cannot be said of running that "it has no damned merit about it," like the Order of the Garter, for running is all downright personal, unprivileged, directly natural merit. There is something in this view, and it is a fact that the greatest charm of the sport lies in its unqualified naturalness and democratic evenness. There is, however, as always, much truth in the contrary statement that an athlete is made as well as born, though birth is—as usual, perhaps—a necessary precursor. Certainly not



enough attention has been paid to the merely mechanical management of the leg.

The present writer, as a freshman at Oxford, was training one day on the Iffley Ground, and at the end spurted up the straight not displeased with his form. At the post was standing a quarter-miler of some fame and much directness. "You would be ill," he said, "if you could see yourself run." Then followed a talented imitation, after which the great runner paced a few yards in the truly artistic manner. There was something not quite pleasing about the way the knowledge was imparted, but the gist of the advice was undeniably true and useful. A man may be taught to run as he may be taught anything else under the sun. To begin with, running with longish spikes on a hard track is in itself not absolutely natural to man. The style in some degree has to be adapted to the surroundings; you cannot run over a heavy plough as you can sprint along the boundary at the Oval, nor even at Iffley as on Fenner's.

Indeed, the two Universities have developed quite distinctive styles, and it may be of use to describe in bare detail the divergences between

the two, though this screed will be of interest to the practical athlete alone. Now, the track at Fenner's is so hard and fast that very short spikes are needed, while the Iffley Ground, which was laid down with coarser ash, with a view to draining off the winter rains, encourages the use of a much more aggressive sole. The result is that the Oxford athlete has developed in the course of time, by personal experience and imitation, a peculiar high-stepping gait, marking a distinct school of running. There have been naturally a few Oxford runners without the native style, and a few Cambridge with it. Cross, for instance, who for a while held the half-mile record, was unaffected by the Oxford peculiarity, and Tindall, the best quarter-miler that Cambridge has produced, was in style excessively Oxonian.

It is not possible to hold the scales for the two styles. They will be recognized, and may be imitated from a description. In all running there are two motions which make and increase a stride. The first is a sort of sideways swing, for which the hips especially and the whole body are used, the two sides of the body being almost jerked

forward in time with the moving leg. A considerable stride may be made in this way without any appreciable bend of the knee. In its unqualified form a practical parallel may be drawn from the anomalous action of a young cart-horse gambolling in the fields in his "salad days." The impetus appears to come from a kind of sideways push from one leg to the other, almost after the manner of a skater, who progresses without lifting either leg at all from the ice. The second motion, on the other hand, comes entirely from the isolated action of the leg, and the knee plays a considerable part. The front muscles of the thigh are used to lift the leg as high as may be in front, and when the knee is at its highest point, the whole leg is straightened, it appears, almost with a kick.

This action, again, is very similar to the movements of the forelegs of good trotting horses, which come up directly in front, and are always absolutely straight before the hoof touches the ground. It must, of course, be understood that no single runner follows exclusively the one method or the other; a combination of the swing and the lift is necessary and natural to every one, but the

difference of the degrees in which the two styles are mingled constitutes a true attribute of two schools, of which Cambridge and Oxford (as in other schools) afford opposing types.

It would be impossible to find a more exaggerated example of what we may call for convenience the Oxford or lifting style than Le Maître, who won the inter-'Varsity quarter in '87 and kept one or two tame records of his own. His stride was colossal and appeared forced. His knees seemed to come up almost on a level with his chin before they were reached forward with a laborious formality, so that not an inch of the longest possible stride might be sacrificed. The style if not properly carried out is somewhat ridiculous in appearance; but there can be no doubt of its effectiveness even in the exaggerated form practised by Le Maître. He had the reputation, and it was well deserved, of finishing a quarter faster than any one up to that date. He was, however, a very slow beginner, and from this weakness of his may be gathered the objection to his mode of motion. It cannot be practised until a considerable degree of speed has been attained. It is therefore bad for sprinters.

It is also bad for distance runners, because the effort is too wearing and forced to be maintained for more than a lap or so. It is not therefore to be rejected. For, with apologies to the established dichotomy of runners into sprinters and not-sprinters, the division should be more accurately tripartite. A quarter-mile, for instance, is neither a sprint nor a not-sprint, and the quarter-miler will need a style that is different in essence as well as degree from the runner of a hundred yards or a mile.

There will, then, be three quite distinct modes of motion, that will best suit respectively the runners of sprints, middle distances, and long races. There are points at which the styles combine and shade off into each other, just as there are certain debateable distances that cannot claim any exclusive title. A man possibly may learn to sprint as far as three hundred and fifty yards, just as a distance runner can learn to cover a half-mile in good time without materially altering his own style, but it remains that each distance ideally has its appropriate style strongly differentiated from the others, and it is for this reason that distance running and sprinting are accomplishments

so very rarely united in one person. The one is inimical to the other, is contradictory as well as contrary.

### SPRINTING.

In no race is practice and instruction of so much effect as in a sprint, for primarily a sprint is just a *tour de force*, a violent muscular effort like lifting a weight. But the acquirement of the force is attended by this special difficulty that the muscles must be both lissome and large. A Sandow can make a practical certainty of increasing the girth of any set of muscles in the body ; but he cannot train the runner, because he is continually handicapped by the danger of damaging the litheness and adaptability of the muscles. In the end, naturally, an athlete can only learn to run by running, but he must not make the mistake of thinking that he can only learn to run a hundred yards by running continual distances of a hundred yards. His first object at the beginning of training must be just to increase the working strength of the muscles in leg, back, and shoulders. He will not do this efficiently under six months, if he limits his

exercise to sprinting, and in practise he will need a shorter cut to efficiency. For the acquirement of strength, then, he will do well at the beginning of training to walk as much as possible, to run distances even up to a half-mile, and to use light dumb-bells. There are people who advise using heavy boots in the early stages of training, by way of bringing on the muscles more quickly ; but the benefit is apt to be more than counter-balanced by the danger of acquiring a heavy style. It must be remembered that in no racing is there any exercise of effort at all comparable to the first ten or twenty yards of a sprint. It is over this part that the amateur loses his time, and the reason is principally that he neglects a great number of necessary muscles. Roughly speaking, there is no part of the body not violently exerted ; a runner is one piece, not a congeries of members accidentally attached to each other.

With a view to discovering the exact methods by which a professional sprinter develops his powers, I once induced a winner of the Sheffield Handicap to give me the details of his theory and practise. Their recapitulation may be of interest and value ; there is a difference between

unwinding an amateur theory and detailing the practical steps which led to an actual success. He began with the arms, by using one or two pound dumb-bells every morning and evening, and imitated in his exercise the action of the arms in racing. The arm should be stiffened and but slightly bent at the elbow, and so jerked backwards and forwards that the movement has a felt effect on the whole side and even the leg. The forepart of the arm will pass quickly across, not alongside the body, and if the proper stiffness of the whole be maintained, the effect of the quickness of step will be found quite surprising. It is useful, besides, that the muscles of the ribs and shoulder should be developed for their own sake. They are exercised more than is credible to the inexperienced ; the writer, for instance, after a race up wind has found himself the next morning sore and stiff along the ribs to an extraordinary degree, but without any felt effect in what are usually considered the running members.

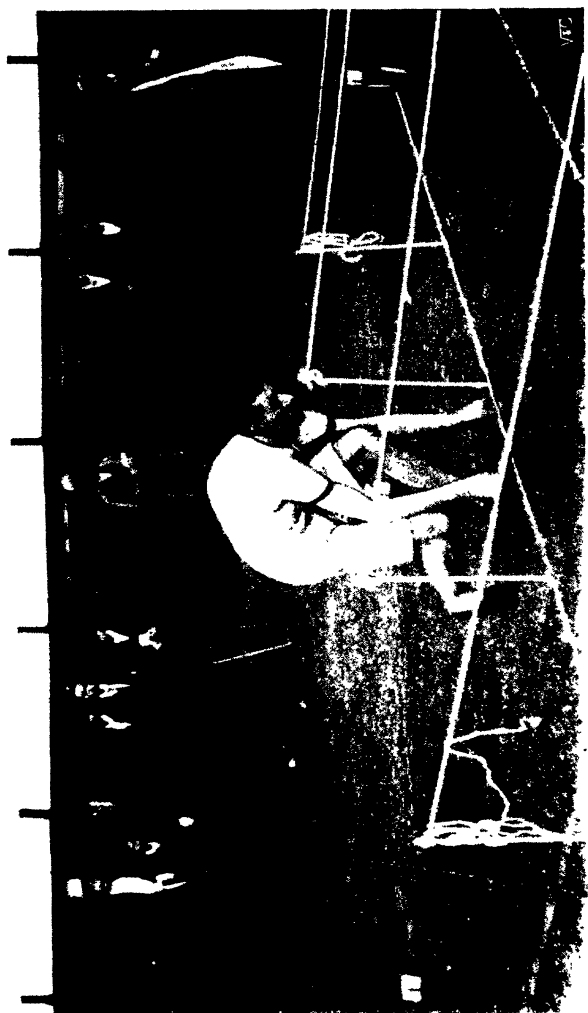
No two people will agree about the best sort of way of moving the legs. There have been sprinters who have run in bandy-legged fashion, sprinters who moved almost flat-footed, sprinters



who have heaved along with a lame action, and sprinters of the ideal straight-stepping type. Runners, like other people, have their idiosyncrasies, and would suffer if their genius was curtailed by rules. But through all the differences there remain one or two steadfast predicates. It is an advantage—peculiar to this form of race—to step low and short. The chief object of the professional quoted above was to keep himself near the ground, and he used to try to increase his weight in order to effect the purpose. In his eyes, six feet was far enough for any sprinter to stride ; but it will be found a practical impossibility not to increase this towards the end of a hundred yards. A professional sprinter over the first ten yards or so appears almost to be walking ; there is little apparent lift from the knee, the feet seem to slip over the surface, and the arm and shoulder are jerked abruptly to and fro, though otherwise the whole process has no particular semblance of hurry.

With regard to the actual pose on the line, the “ stance ” inaugurated by Pelling has been almost universally adopted. That it is *not* the ideally best position is almost certain ; it is safe, certainly,





but not brilliant ; the athlete who adopts it will not be left at the post, he will not suffer so much as others from nervous tremors, he will not jump backwards instead of forwards when the pistol goes ; therefore, if he will, let him adopt the style, remembering the while that he is making some sacrifice for the sake of safety. It will be necessary to describe both positions. In the one usually adopted the fingers of the two hands rest on the line, the fore foot (right or left, according to choice) will be a few inches withdrawn, the knee well bent, and the *whole* foot on the ground ; the other foot will rest between one and two feet further back and a little to one side, with the ball of the toe firmly pressed against the ground. It is a common device to scratch up the cinders a little so that the hinder foot may have something definite to press against. The weight should be thrown just so far forward as is comfortable with giving a firm shove off with the toe of the hind foot. There should, of course, be very little weight on the fingers. The manifest advantage of this position is that the runner can remain steady for a long period, and will not suffer from being kept on the mark. The drawback

is that a certain time is wasted in assuming a sufficiently upright position for moving quickly.

The other pose for starting, which we hold to be the better for an experienced runner, is not very different except for the uprightness. The foremost foot must be flat on the ground, and the knee just enough bent for ease. The other foot will be—for a tall man—nearly two feet further back, turned a little sideways, with the ball of the big toe firmly pressing against the ground. The first step is made with the *front* foot, and should not be more than six inches or so. This may sound foolish at first hearing, but experience shows that, if the other foot begins the game, first, an immense and dangerous strain is put on the foremost leg; secondly, that the initial stride, if longer, is extraordinarily slow; and, thirdly, that it is often an insuperable difficulty to learn to move this foot first. As the pistol is shot, at least nine people out of ten move the foremost foot with a little jerk several inches *backwards* and the two feet change places before the line is crossed. It has therefore been found best to take advantage of this instinct, with the difference that the little jump is made forwards, not backwards. You may

watch starts without number of crowded handicaps, in which the runners are not experienced, without seeing a single runner step forwards ; but even if the retrograde movement is adopted the first few yards will be covered in quicker time than if the back leg is first moved. Somehow, it does not matter how, the runner gets more quickly into his running with the help of this little preliminary pat, than if the more ideally perfect stride is preferred.

But starting is a term that covers more than one stride. A good starter is one who covers the first five or ten yards in the best time, and it is over this part of the race that practice and training produce the most effect. Until the body has attained a considerable impetus, running is nothing less than a violent wrestle in which every conceivable muscle is wracked. The feet are driven against the ground with all the pace and power possible, and there is no time to lift or straighten the leg. The first requisite is sheer unmitigated strength, and in training this fact must not be forgotten.

The most remarkable feature of some of the fastest starters, as shown officially and in

photographs, is the extreme lowness of the action. The feet seem to almost slip over the ground, more in the manner of a scurrying walk than of a runner. The stride is short, and the whole frame bent very far forward. Most professional runners, as stated, advise that the stride should be kept as short as may be all through, and have put down six feet as an outside limit. It is true that a long stride is impossible without a very considerable lift of the leg, and that this part of the action wastes valuable time. But for a tall man the difficulty of checking the stride is too great. A runner of over six feet in height will have a natural step, when he is going fast, of about nine feet, and most runners of even under the average height will reach eight feet at least. Though over the first struggle of the race the step can scarcely be too quick and short, the amateur runner will not as a rule find it of advantage to check his stride when fairly off, but will do best to trust to natural instinct. Now and again, when he is in the pink of training, and things go exactly right, he will then be liable to experience the absolutely most delightful sensation in athletics. At the end of a hundred-yards race you will sometimes

see a runner without warning shoot away from the rest and gain several feet in the last few yards. This is generally known in sporting language as "a lift" or "a burst." This comes of a sudden and inexplicable capacity for a supreme effort, and the final space is covered in a series of bounds rather than strides. The writer (not a great sprinter) only once experienced the joy of the sensation, and on that occasion the last leap measured exactly twelve feet !

The length and nature of the strides of various runners makes an interesting branch of statistics. To take an instance or two from the inter-'Varsity sports. Paine, a very tall, loosely-built athlete, strode ten feet right through the quarter, and his opponent of the same year strode but a few inches shorter. For an opposite example, Ramsbotham, one of the prettiest and most successful of sprinters, when running in the hundred was noticed at one point to turn his head, and a later examination of the stride revealed the fact that his normal stride, of between seven and eight feet, fell suddenly as much as six inches from the spot where the turn of the head had been noticed. People vary, again, considerably in the pattern of their steps. Some



run with their legs, comparatively speaking, far apart, so that if a line were drawn through all prints of the left foot and through those of the right, the two lines would be parallel, and as much as six inches apart. Others, again, so run that all the footprints are as nearly as possible in a straight line. Though it is ridiculous to circumscribe genius by rule, without doubt this latter style is the one to imitate. No time is lost by allowing the body to roll, and no power by expending a part of the effort on a sideways shove. Also—and this practical fact is of more import than mere theory—the greatest sprinters have almost invariably “run straight.” It was a special feature of Bradley’s sprinting, as also of the American, Wefers, who alone has beaten him, that the hips were swung, as it were, alternately forward, thus bringing the feet right across in front of the body, which looked to have no lateral sway of any kind.

A sprinter, again, may be of any build, though, as a rule, the best are neither very big nor very small. The first essential is great strength at the hips, combined with some litheness, and if these two qualities are possessed in full, nothing

else seems much to matter. There are those who run crouching, with knees bowed ; some stride long and straight, some short. A great sprinter, by name Cowie, champion for three consecutive years, used to run lame, as if one leg did all the work ; while a certain black professional, invincible in his time, by name Wharton, did level time by heaving along on a flat foot.

#### QUARTER-MILE RUNNING.

It has been laid down above that quarter-mile running forms a species distinct from sprinting and distance running. The distinction may sound fine-drawn, and it is granted that divisions so dovetail into one another that abrupt severances are impossible. But divisions labelled with titles and nominally separated are not therefore either unnecessary or, in the main, untrue.

If any distance has its type of athlete and its style of movement it is a quarter-mile. Unlike both a sprint and a three-mile, a long stride is absolutely imperative. Except that every rule has its exceptions, quarter-milers are big, long-limbed men with a natural raking stride. As the

440 yds. must be covered in approximately 50 secs.—that is, at the rate of 100 yds. in  $11\frac{2}{3}$  secs.—it is clear that the quarter-miler must be at least a fair sprinter, and, consequently, in University athletics, where the sprinting is generally indifferent, and the quarter-milers first-class, the two races, rather more often than not, are run by the same man. But, at the same time, they are quite distinct in essence.

In no race has the general improvement in speed been so conspicuous. It is only of late years that runners seem to have awaked to the fact that a quarter-mile cannot be run as a waiting race, but requires a nearly constant rate of speed. The lesson was first taught by Myers, the American, who came over in '81, and, by running a quarter under 49 secs., began completely to alter English views on the subject. Myers himself was a man of abnormal build, not very big, but of enormous length of leg in proportion to body, and things were possible to him which could not be imitated by others. But he made two things clear: that the race should be started as quickly as a hundred, and that it is not necessary to slow down in the middle. Myers, however, was not a

great sprinter, but owed his fame to the natural possession of the ideal style for his particular race. Everything must be sacrificed to length of stride, when the runner is once fairly off. No runner has strength to keep up for 440 yds. at the orthodox sprinting style without a fatal rest about halfway, or an equally fatal collapse up the straight. The fact is that, with a flying start, it is possible to run 100 yds. in about 11 secs., without sprinting. What exactly constitutes the difference between the two styles, will be best seen by a diagnosis of some of the more famous performers.

In inter-'Varsity athletics the finest races of all time were the four duels between Jordan and Fitz-Herbert from 1893 to 1897, of which each won two. The two runners are distinct in style. Fitz-Herbert boasts a stride that the sporting papers with one voice describe as "raking." It is in reality almost a lurch, in which all the power comes from a fine swing of the hips, that enables him to cover an immense piece of ground without ever lifting the knees any considerable height from the ground. Though taking to watch, there is something almost laborious about the style, and

the same may be said of many other great quarter-milers, even of Bredin. Jordan's running affords a violent contrast; his pace seems to come from the quickness and lightness with which the feet are picked up from the ground; there is no apparent sideways swing, but the knees are lifted straight and rather high in front, and the whole style is rather lively than laborious. Jordan approaches more nearly the sprinter, and lost his races from an inevitable pause before entering the straight; while Fitz-Herbert, for whom the distance if anything was too short, failed now and again for want of speed. A yet further study of the two reveals one common attribute; in both cases the leg is lengthened out with a sort of reaching effort, and becomes perfectly straight just at the moment the foot touches the ground. This is the point that every instructor must first lay down. It is as important as playing straight at cricket, and it also needs great practice. As will be seen "on paper," if the stride is long and the leg straightened a long way in front of the body, two actions are necessary to the quick propulsion of the body—one a shove from the hinder leg, and the other a sort of pull with the one in

advance. If this stride is practised slowly, this second effort will be very apparently felt, and will put a great strain on the back muscles of the leg. But it is not absent when the runner is moving fast, though hardly perceptible, and, perhaps for this reason, no exercise is more valuable in training than a slow stride along the path, as much as possible on the toes, and with very much effort to straighten the leg as far as possible in advance of the body. No one will ever run a quarter without a long stride; the few who have conquered the handicap of short legs, have compensated for their deficiency by an extreme springiness, and have advanced rather by leaps and bounds than by *bonâ fide* strides.

## CHAPTER VII.

*DISTANCE RUNNING.*

BY DR. H. A. MUNRO,

Amateur Four-mile Champion.

THE scope of the present chapter is confined to style, or the principles of movement. But before beginning on the subject it will be necessary to give some more precise information as to what is exactly meant by "distance running," inasmuch as it differs in essence as well as logic from other departments of running. It has a style peculiar to itself.

By distance running we mean that species of running which is adapted to distances of a mile and upwards. It may be practised on a track, when it is known as path or flat running, or else across country, when it constitutes cross-country running or steeplechasing. In the former case,

of course, "the going" is easier, and the pace consequently is usually faster, but there is no essential difference in the methods of movement in the two cases. Most modern amateur distance runners take their exercise upon the path in summer and across country in the winter months, and by so doing I believe both forms of running are benefited. However, it has been maintained by many that path-running is ruined by cross-country exercise, which is supposed to destroy at once form and pace. This proposition has been maintained especially at Oxford and Cambridge, which, however, partly perhaps for this very cause, have given but few instances of extraordinary long-distance ability, although they have furnished champion after champion at the shorter distances. Any one who can recall the performances of George, Cross, Bacon, S. Thomas, Wade, and Welsh, who have all shown ability across country, and can recollect the fact that for the last ten or twelve years, at any rate, every amateur athletic champion at 1, 4, or 10 miles has been a cross-country runner also, ought, I think, to admit that path-running is not seriously upset by steeple-chasing. But, although the two kinds of running



are practically identical *in method*, it often happens that a runner is considerably better at one form of running than at the other. Thus H. B. Heath and F. D. Randal, who were first and second in the National C.C. Championship in 1892, were both of them much inferior to Sid. Thomas on the path at the same distance. Indeed, in the 10 miles championship, Randal was absolutely outpaced from the start. In his case, as is generally so with good cross-countrymen who cannot do well in flat-racing, it was chiefly lack of pace which prevented his excelling on the flat, though I confess I think his form was about as bad as any I have seen among successful runners. Heath's defeat by Thomas is more difficult to explain, inasmuch as at that time he could certainly have beaten him on the path at a shorter distance. So far as form went Thomas certainly had the pull over him, and that, with his superiority in lightness, probably gave him the victory; whilst at shorter distances and across country Heath's great strength made him the better man.

Now, although long-distance running is essentially the same, whether practised across country or on

the flat, it is absolutely distinct from short-distance running or sprinting.

I was taught at school in my arithmetic book that because A. could give B. 10 yds. in a 100-yds. race he ought to allow him 176 yds. in a mile. Such an idea is now generally held to be ridiculous. I do not think it would be taught even in schools. But there are still a great many people who think it *ought* to be so, and cannot understand why it is not. It is *not* "only a question of wind and stamina," but at the two different distances the two men meet at two perfectly distinct arts, and there is hardly more reason to suppose A. will beat B. at a mile than there is for supposing he will beat him at a walking match or a game of golf. It is true that, especially at school sports, the same individual *does* often prove victor at both the sprint and long races, but this is merely an evidence of all-round athletic attainment, and no more points to any similarity between the two forms of running than his presence in both the football and cricket teams indicates any similarity between these two forms of sport. In higher athletics pre-eminence at both long and short distances is practically unknown.

I cannot recall a single instance, and inasmuch as I regard the two forms of running as not only different but practically antagonistic, I should be exceedingly surprised to meet with one. An approximation to this condition was, however, seen in Bacon, who won his races by two absolutely distinct processes. The first, which constituted his long-distance method, was a gentle trot, in which he rose a considerable distance in the air with each step, and alighted upon the opposite *flat-foot*; whilst the second, which was reserved for the last hundred or two hundred yards, was a veritable "sprint," in which his body hardly rose at all, and his heels never touched the ground. Bacon's "lightning finishes" were always celebrated, and I do not think I ever saw him beaten if he were within ten yards of his opponents two hundred yards from home, although I did once see Crossland race him to the last yard. But to my mind the extraordinary thing about him was not so much his pace, which was probably slight compared with that of any half good sprinter, as the extraordinary mastery which he attained over two totally distinct methods of running.

But Bacon was not a perfect model of either

method. For the most perfect contrast between sprinting and distance racing I would like to carry the reader back to the A.A.A. Championships of 1889, which saw H. Pelling win the 100 yds. and Sid. Thomas victorious at the 4 and 10 miles. It was a wonderful thing to see the way in which Pelling's legs shot forward from under him; and, although his stride was long, his body hardly rose at all at each step, the whole energy of which was expended in the production of a forward movement.

Now look at Thomas. He has a springy stride of about 6 ft.—not bad for so short a runner—and rises high to rest for a moment in mid-air before he descends upon the opposite foot. When going fairly fast his heels do not touch the ground, and the elasticity of the foot and ankle help to make the following step. A very great deal of the work is done by the calf muscles, although, of course, most of it is performed by the muscles on the front and outside of the thighs, and there is a straight push from the great toe just as he leaves the ground. There is the utmost regularity in his movements, and his stride is practically of the same length at the finish as it was at the start.

When going slowly he allows his heel to touch the track.

We see here a great difference in methods. Each runner, a model at *his own* way of running, would be useless at the other's distance, even though he had every other qualification except style. No man with a style like Pelling's ever won a 10 miles championship, and no man with Thomas's action was ever a great sprinter. The main difference between them is the *height* above the ground to which they rise at each step. Sprinters run close to the ground, whereas distance runners rise high at every step. The object of sprinting is pace alone, and in a 100-yds. race one cannot afford to spend much time in the air. A long stride is a good thing, but the next step must be taken quickly. Had they started level Pelling would have put in a stride and a half before Thomas had properly regained the ground from his first stride. But in distance running ease is an important matter, and, *cæteris paribus*, that style is best which is the least exhausting. Thomas's high action secures him the longest possible stride for the effort which produces it.

There is a mathematical point largely recognized

in long jumping and weight throwing, but curiously neglected in the case of running. If we want to throw a body as far as we possibly can, it should be cast upwards at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ . If the force remains the same, it will go farther when thrown at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  than when it is thrown at any other angle. Now, in distance running we *can* afford to wait for our body to fall to the ground when it is projected upwards at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ , and this is therefore the right angle at which to leave the ground every step we take. Of course our body is not simply projected upwards as from a gun. A man bounds from the track, at each step, by a complicated arrangement of foot and leg, and it is very difficult to tell the exact angle at which he is jumping. This is especially so when his stride is short, in which case he does not appear to jump high enough. When I first saw Bacon run he seemed to me to have a very low action, but I believe he was really rather exact in this matter. Of course, the longer one's stride the higher it must be if it is made at the proper angle. If we consider the case of races between a 100 yds. and, say, 4 miles, the height of one's step should gradually increase until we reach

this angle of  $45^{\circ}$ . Of course, the distance at which we cease trying to keep close to the ground and the distance at which we adopt the full angle, will vary with our pace and *length* of stride, but with most *good* runners this easiest method of running cannot be utilized for races less than a mile, perhaps even two miles long.

To revert, then, to long distance style, the first point we notice is that most of the best runners step moderately high, or, if they have very long strides, very high. George, whose stride was enormous for a distance runner, had a very high action. Comparing them with inferior performers they have, on the whole, a long stride—or at any rate a long stride for their size. The longer the stride, of course, the better, but I cannot too carefully impress upon the readers the principle that distance running is the running of ease, and it is better to go a little short than over-exert one's self. This is one of the points in which improvement in form is often most attainable, and if, by taking care, you can add a fraction of an inch to your stride *without* increasing the effort, it will make a great difference at the end of 10 miles.

Second only in importance to the angle at which one leaves the ground is the amount of work one gets out of the calf muscles. That all good runners run on their toes is true only for shorter distances. I have never seen a 10-mile race run straight through without the heel touching the track. For lesser distances—say at 3 or 4 miles—it is generally convenient to start off on the toes and let the heel down after the first rush is over, reserving the toe action for the final burst or any increase of pace. There is no doubt that for rapid movement one *must* go on the toes. I have run 3 and 4 miles—once over 5 miles—on the toes, but I think it pays best to rest the calf muscles by a little flat-footed running in the middle of the race. This seems a little revolutionary ; at any rate I was always taught, myself, that the first essential in running was to go on one's toes, but I am perfectly convinced that none of the best runners do so when the distance exceeds 3 or 4 miles. On the other hand, there is no good runner who does not do a great deal of work with his calf muscles. Most men will find that their stride may be a good deal increased and the thigh muscles saved some work, by a little practice with this object in view.



Fast walking, with a very long stride, will teach a man how to use his calf muscles even better than running. The shove from the calf at the end of each step, just before the opposite heel touches the ground, is exactly the same as is wanted at the end of each stride in running.

Raising the knee in running lengthens the stride both directly, by drawing forward the foot, and also by the forward impetus which is imparted to the body by the rapid forward and upward movement of the limb. Of course it delays the descent of the body, and so the commencement of the next step, but this, as before explained, is of little moment in distance running, and is partly counteracted by the displacement forward of the centre of gravity of the body. I have never quite decided how far it is useful to raise the knee. Of course anything beyond a right angle would be ridiculous, but I think it may with advantage be raised nearly to that amount, as was always done by George, S. Thomas, and Sydenham.

It is necessary that the body should be inclined a little forwards at the commencement of each step. I have often seen men running with the body sloping backwards. The result is that the

forward and upward thrust of each step is expended in raising the legs without the body. A prancing action is thus established, which, though not ugly, is very wasteful of energy, and such waste is the unpardonable sin of distance running. The balance of the body so that it slopes neither too much forward nor too far backwards is a really difficult thing to maintain, except if one is tall and has a long stride.

The toes should be directed straight forward. I remember W. H. Coad telling me many years ago that he had never seen a good runner who turned his toes out. They might turn in, but never out. Now, I have never seen a really good athlete who turned his toes out *much* when he runs, but certainly Hugh Welsh, the present mile champion, does point his toes outwards. He turns them out a good deal when he walks, and very much less so when he runs, but the action is unmistakable. A man who turns his toes *very much* outwards could not well be good. If he can run at all the final push *must* come from the outstretched toe. This will make his course a diagonal one, and necessitate his wasting several inches at every step; but, besides this, I believe

it is impossible to get a vigorous "take-off" from a foot which deviates much from the straight line of the leg, as such a deviation interferes with the proper action of both ankle and knee.

Whilst I am on this subject I may mention that it has been suggested that in runners the feet are so formed that the distance from the centre of the instep in front to the back of the heel is longer than in other men, but I have not made many observations on this point.

The arms should swing by the sides, moving directly backwards and forwards, and not outwards, *i.e.* not *across* the chest. The latter movement is the correct one in walking, where a twist is imparted to the body, so as to add a part of the transverse measurement of the pelvis to each stride. In running no such twisting can be advantageously utilized, and any inward movement of the arms would only produce a wasteful wobbling from side to side, whereas the straight backward and forward movement assists the forward movement of the whole body. This point is, however, only of slight moment, and many good runners, notably Welsh and Horan, allow their arms to go more or less across the chest. It

will be observed that in distance running the arms hang low, so that the hand is about on a level with the top of the thigh, whereas in sprinting they are drawn up by bending the elbow.

I do not think there is much to be said about the position of the head, except that it should be bent forwards when running against a wind, and never allowed to go *too* far backwards, as a backward slope of the trunk is certain to follow, and that is one of the worst faults possible, as I have already indicated. The question of style is necessarily wrapped up with that part of training which goes under the heading of exercise. Experienced runners will have stereotyped their own theories, but in speaking to novices a few definite suggestions may be valuable. On the first day of training about a third of a mile will be enough, slowly run, but let it be done in the best style possible. Leave the ground at the proper angle, raise the knees, do all you can with the calf muscles, see that the body does not slope backwards, do not let the toes point outwards, swing the arms backwards and forwards and not across the chest, maintain a long stride to the

finish. Remember that it is above all things important that you should acquire a good action from the first. Running is a series of steps, any one of which may be well or ill made. Take infinite trouble over every one of them.

That will be enough for one day, but if you feel very fresh after it you may take a short walk. Walking is a most excellent means of getting "fit." Whilst it avoids the violent strain of running, it exercises the same muscles and develops the staying powers. Across country I have often got into very good condition simply by walking and a single race or run every week on Saturdays; and Heath told me, after winning the Southern Counties C.C. Championship in 1893, that it was almost all done on walking. I think he had only been running about twice a week before the race. For path work more running will be required. Perhaps the best rough-and-ready rule is Mr. C. N. Jackson's: "Walk and run on alternate days;" but it is extraordinary how idiosyncrasy comes into the matter. Sid. Thomas assured me that he had been running two miles regularly morning and evening almost every day for the month before he won his last 10-mile championship.

No man can have gone *very* far wrong in his preparation if he can do 51.37 for 10 miles, but I do not think there are many other men who could have endured so severe a preparation.

With regard to the walking, it should be done in an ordinary pair of walking *shoes*. Boots support the ankle too much, and render it, from want of exercise, less powerful to bear the shocks of running, whilst they also interfere somewhat with free-ankle movement. It should be fast—at least  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour—and with as long a stride as possible. I think both these points are important. Without pace walking fails properly to exercise one's chest and breathing apparatus, and without a long stride the calf muscles are not sufficiently called into action. If the walking be uphill—not too steep—so much the better. Four or five miles' fast walking is enough for one day, but if you have time to *stroll* on afterwards you may.

On awaking next morning, if not earlier, after that little spin of a third of a mile or so, my novice will probably find he is rather stiff, perhaps even sore, in the calf muscles. If so, it is a good sign, as it shows you have been using those muscles properly. If the stiffness is severe, continue the

walking exercise for the next few days—even a week if need be. As a general rule it is best to keep up the walking, even if the stiffness increases—and it frequently does not reach its acme till the third day—and to revert to running only when it has gone. At your next run you may go two-thirds of a mile, still very slowly, and with the greatest effort after accuracy of movement. Gradually the stiffness will disappear, and by the time you have learnt to run two miles slowly without stiffness, or at any rate, severe stiffness, you may consider yourself well on the way to condition, and start practising for the particular distance you intend to race over.

Let us suppose that distance to be three miles. How ought you to start? The most important rule I can give you on training is this, “Always train for pace, never for distance.” Do not argue thus, “It is a three-mile race, so I shall have to run three miles if I am to do anything.” If you approach the problem in *that* way the probable sequence of events will be as follows. On a given day you will go down to the track, and, starting with the fixed resolution that you *will* finish, you will probably manage to complete the distance

at a *miserable* pace. You will probably start off *very* slowly, "in case you get winded," and perhaps you may finish full of running—in which case you have most likely been absolutely crawling until the end—or perhaps you may only just manage to reach home. In any case you will be delighted that you "*can* go three miles, although possibly not very fast." In another few days you may repeat the operation, trying to go a little faster, and at the end, even if you get there, you will be less satisfied with your ability and progress. If you make a third or fourth attempt you will be less and less contented with yourself. Now comes the day of the race. Your first idea is, "They are going off rather fast." Then you begin to find you are being left behind, then you try to pick up a little because they are still leaving you. Eventually you find you are quite unable to go the pace anyhow, and you retire—very likely before you have gone a mile. I have known a good many men who have gone through just this experience, and several of them have given up trying to run, although they might otherwise have done well. But what ought you to have done? You ought to have ascertained the time



that would be required of you in the race, and tried to run—say, a mile, at that rate—then you might have lengthened the distance a little, and, I think, a few days before the race even run about half a mile a little faster than would be necessary. You could then have started confident of being able to go, at least, half the distance without being out-classed, and of having a “little reserve of pace up your sleeve.” If you had also done a little walking exercise you would probably have been able to come through at the end, and get placed, although possibly you might have failed a little in the last mile ; but at the worst you would have had a good long run among the others, instead of a scramble to keep up with them for only a lap or two.

Running three miles at a slow rate does not help a man to run it *faster* next time. It teaches him to run *slowly*, and by spoiling his pace may actually make him less fitted for the effort than before. By practising at any pace we gain increased power of movement *at that pace*, so that each time we run we can go *further* than before.

A word or two more about racing, and I have done. The best performances at long distances

are not done by running at one uniform pace throughout. One ought to go faster than the average at first, slowly in the middle, and fast again at the finish. This seems a little strange at first, but living beings are not like most other machines, and a partial rest in the mid-effort seems to be needed for their most effective action. Mr. Val Hunter, who was the first clearly to point this out to me, gave me numerous examples. Perhaps the most striking instance is the running of Tincler, who, in a  $4.16\frac{2}{3}$  mile, completed the first and last quarters in 62 and 61 secs., leaving 2.13 for the central half-mile.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*HOW TO WIN RACES.*

RACING is not quite the same thing as running. The fact of competition brings in a new attribute, the practical bearing of which may be gathered from the constant failures of paper prophets. A good runner is often a machine with a limited control over himself when once off; while a good racer is the athlete who can adapt his paces to the vagaries of different opponents. It is as much the duty of a runner to learn to spurt to order, or act as pacemaker, or change his distance, as it is to learn to stride and to train. It may sound paradoxical, but there are quite a number of athletes altogether unable to adapt their paces to anything. They see a man sprinting away from them, say, in the middle of a mile race, and though perfectly aware of the folly of letting him get a long lead,

will yet cling disastrously to their steadfast custom of leaving their effort till the last 150 yds. It is not good for any one to let custom get hold of him overmuch, and it is part of the business of training to get rid of the danger.

A recognized department of racing is the art of the pacemaker. To some he seems a useless appendage and, perhaps, to smack a little of professionalism. The uncomely use of "the pacer" in bicycling has possibly affected the reputation of the athletic pacemaker. The art on wheels has been overdone; quintets and sextets not only set the record-maker his pace, but even sometimes, equipped with screens, protect him from the winds that blow, and lessen for him the air resistance. Such devices are too elaborate and artificial to recommend themselves, but in athletics the pacemaker is something very different. His duties want a good deal of learning. In the first place he must learn to run each of his laps in a definite fixed time, and not till he has done that is the question of his own place in the race to be considered. The difficulty is not very great if any trouble is taken in preliminary training to time the laps, and if the pacemaker and his first string

run much together. Of course, the pacemaker must put up with, if he cannot enjoy, a certain amount of self-renunciation ; he is running for the sake of his side, with the express object of making some one other than himself win. For this reason the pacemaker has all the delights of competing without the accompanying pains, the full excitement without the undue responsibility. To quote a personal experience, I can myself recall nothing in athletics more thoroughly enjoyable than, as a freshman at Oxford, making the pace for F. J. K. Cross, at that time perhaps the finest miler in England. We trained together for a fortnight, running and taking long country walks on alternate days. By the end of the period my own speed over the distance had increased by twelve seconds, at the smallest estimate, partly owing to increasing fitness, but chiefly because I had unconsciously picked up something of the swing and length of stride that distinguished Cross. But the combination was not intended primarily to confer benefit on me, but on Cross, and he presumably felt the influence of the pacemaker in several ways. First, I had learnt to run the first lap pretty steadily in about 1 min. 22 secs.,

which he looked on as the ideal time for the leaders; secondly, he found it easier to follow some one without the irritating need of thinking about the pace; and thirdly, it is always stimulating to have some one in front to catch up. It is true that in the actual race at Queen's Club the rehearsal was not quite strictly adhered to. What with the excitement and a break-neck race for the first corner with a rival pacemaker the time for the first lap was 1 min. 19 secs., but the extra pace did not much matter, as it had all been put in over the first 150 yds. It was my task to keep the lead for at least two laps, and to maintain a long stride, for of all abominations a short-stepping pacemaker is the worst. This was successfully accomplished, but, on entering the last lap, hearing approaching footsteps, and looking round to make quite sure that friend not foe was just behind, I gave Cross the inside, and then wrestled home after him as well as possible, with the full intention of not letting any one else have the benefit of a place inside.

On some such lines the duties of a pacemaker lie, and the longer the race the greater the value. In University athletics there have been runners who

won their "blue" year after year without ever finishing a race, mainly because the first strings were so convinced of their value. But to be first class a pacemaker ought to be also a finisher. For there are occasions when his tactics are also offensive, when he is running not only to help his own side, but to upset the calculations of the other. For instance, there are runners who are useless if they start the race at too great a pace; it follows, therefore, that if a rival pacemaker can induce one of these to follow him precipitately round the first lap he has done a valuable piece of work for his side. But he is not the least likely to succeed in the device unless his previous performances have inspired the fear that he is a dangerous man to be trusted with a long lead.

Racing involves a certain amount of tactics, and self-knowledge comes first in consideration. Every man ought first of all to know exactly how he best runs in his own race—where he should begin to sprint, how fast he should start, what is his ideal time for each lap. It happens frequently that either prejudice or foreign advice go to spoil personal knowledge. It does not follow that because one race has been won by a violent spurt

at the end that it is therefore best to leave the effort late. It does not follow that of two runners the one who is faster over 100 yds. will also be faster over the last piece of a mile ; as likely as not he may be wise to use his extra speed to establish a lead in the early part of the race. It is each runner's task, and an elemental part of training, to find out exactly along what line his genius is most conveniently displayed.

After self-knowledge comes the consideration of the opponent's peculiarities. Roughly speaking, runners may be divided into two classes ; they are either men or machines. The definition of a man in this connection is one who can summon up a spurt at will, even in the last stage of bodily collapse. A machine, on the other hand, is a running implement of which when once fairly started the pace of every motion can be prophesied with approximate accuracy. It is clear that the methods of tackling men and machines should differ. The "man," if possible, must not be allowed a chance of "a rush on the post," "a dying effort," or the stimulus of a something to catch. It will be the wiser plan to break his capacity earlier in the race, and to take the heart out of him by gaining



as long a lead as may be over the initial laps. There are times when a very great deal should be sacrificed to the disheartening of an opponent, even if the ultimate time of the race be a little damaged. There cannot be any doubt that to run 50 yds. or so behind an opponent who is apparently going strong is a most depressing position ; the difficulty of making up the gaps looms excessively large, and the disquietude of the thought puts a brake on the paces. It is a common occurrence to find the winner of a race run to a standstill, but the *runner-up finish as fresh as paint*. In 1898 the winner of the inter-'Varsity 3-mile (though doubtless far the finest runner competing) could not have run an additional twenty yards to save his life ; while the third to finish completed the last straight at a good round pace, and could have continued the spurt indefinitely. In the mile race at the same meeting, Hunter, incalculably the best performer, was passed a yard from the post by Danson, who improved his last previous time by five or six seconds. Hunter, however, was comparatively speaking fresh, and Danson on his last legs. An exactly similar race was run in 1885, when Pratt of St. John's, Oxford, rushed the famous La Touche on

the post. The failure of the fresher man and finer runner was due on both occasions to the same act of folly in needlessly allowing a plucky runner with a native power of spurting the opportunity of a final rush. In Hunter's case the defeat was partly due, perhaps, to a certain carelessness in slowing up before the worsted was touched and an inability to realize the nearness of his opponent ; but the same maxim holds good that *the power of a final spurt does not only depend on the relative freshness of the combatants*. The conclusion is obvious that the superior runner in a race, unless quite confident also of superior spurting power, should establish an early lead, and keep it at all costs.

The converse and its corollaries, of course, hold true. A runner whose peculiar virtue is ability to extract a spurt from himself at will would be wrong to force the pace or take the lead. He may be wise even to fall back a good many yards behind the leader in order to give the notion that he has been shaken off. For to run immediately behind is often the very surest method of spurring on the speed of the leader who, if left untroubled by an irritating follower, will at once drop into the desired tardiness. The exact extent of the interval

allowed and the estimate of the duration and speed of the relative spurts of the rivals must naturally be left to private calculation and the intuitive inspiration that the race itself produces.

After the completion of the first few yards of a race the nervous state of the athlete makes little difference. Jumpers, on the other hand, are not so fortunate. There is no sport which seems to more affect the nerves than a jump. Long jumpers especially suffer. It is on record that a long jumper who repeatedly cleared over 22 ft. at Oxford, could not beat 18 ft. 6 ins. at Queen's Club. Indeed, Oxford athletes have a bad reputation in this way, and the cause is a nervous one. On the Iffley ground there is quite an enormous pit between the take-off and the landing-place, which both gives the appearance of a drop in the ground and offers the stimulus of a definite something to clear. Both the Fenner's and Queen's Club grounds look flat in comparison, and the semblance has a definite effect on the nerves of the jumpers. The moral is clear; every leaper ought to accustom himself to jump on different grounds and in different directions. A similar truth applies to the high jump. Some people find they

cannot jump if a mattress is placed on the far side instead of the more orthodox pit, some need a clear background, some lose nerve if any unfortunate judge or spectator moves a finger. In fact, jumpers are full of fads, like other people, and fads are a violent handicap to the aspirant for victory. Conditions cannot always be perfect; a very broad top bar is advisable, and a great help to jumpers, but as an over-thin lath is often used, it is a competitor's business to take to it kindly and to prepare by practice for all possibilities.

But perhaps the surest cure for nervousness is method. A jumper should first of all know to an inch how long a run he likes and exactly what distance off the bar it is best to take off. When C. B. Fry jumped the then record distance of 23 ft. 6½ ins., he measured off with his feet from the starting end the exact number of yards which would reduce the available run to the distance which he had found to suit him at Oxford, and as the length of a man's strides do not differ materially from day to day, he took off practically on the board each jump. The same methodical self-treatment would be wise for every one, and do more than anything else to do away with "the

needles." It is uncertainty that produces nervousness, therefore it is a chief part of the art of training to reduce all available preliminaries, such as run and take-off, to absolute uniformity.

As a rule, of course, the ideally best runner and best jumper will most often win. But it is also true that the race is not always to the strong. There is an art of winning as well as of running. The worse runner, if he be something of a tactician, a student of special circumstances, and of opponents, and endowed with a rough-and-ready pluck, may hope in his time to turn the tables on many a "paper" performer not granted by fortune the fair weather his soul desires.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *GYMNASTICS AND JUMPING.*

(With an article on Hammer-throwing by G. S. Robertson.)

**T**HERE are two curious pastimes that an accident has included in the normal programme of an athletic meeting. It would tax any advocate's ingenuity to give any adequate reasons why both a hammer-throwing and weight-putting exhibition should be included in preference, for instance, to pole-jumping, throwing the cricket ball, or even walking. It will be scarcely necessary to treat seriously the history of the subject, nor to point out the intimate connection between the throwing of the discus, tossing the caber, the weight-lifting feats of a Sandow, and these two hurling accomplishments.

Both are events not unattended with danger. We have seen a leg broken at school by the weight, a don knocked head over heels at Oxford

by the hammer, and two officials at Queen's Club cowering vainly beneath umbrellas for defence against an oblique cast of the same implement. Mr. Robertson details a similar experience below. Too often, it is to be feared, the degenerate triumph of matter over mind is typified in the pastime. At the same time, we hold that one such event ought certainly to figure in the programme. Even throwing the hammer may be made pretty and scientific, and the remembrance of the physique of a series of throwers and putters creates a prejudice in favour of their sport. Hammer Hales, who threw 138 ft. 3 ins. in 1876, was several inches over 6 ft., and "made according;" J. H. Ware, of Oxford fame; Dr. Barry, the invincible of the L.A.C., are but three instances of a very troop of giants, and even their physique is surpassed by the American Hickoch, and the two Irishmen who were first and second in a late championship.

The fact that athletics and gymnastics have been allowed to merge at this point has been the cause of frequent altercations. At the head of the abolitionists stands the University of Oxford. For a great many years it has issued annual







A WRIGGLE.—BAXTER JUMPING 6 FEET 1 INCH

*Athletics.*

protests against the inclusion of both a hammer-throwing and weight-putting event in the inter-'Varsity sports. The history of the question was accurately enough summed up in a printed document sent by the O.U.A.C. to the C.U.A.C. in 1896. It is worth quotation both as a piece of history and a clear delineation of the reformer's point of view. The document was indited first as an answer to a request from Cambridge that the rules governing the University sports should be identical with those of the A.A.A. The request was on the face of it most reasonable, for the existing anomaly is most outrageous. In the weight, for instance, the Universities put from a ten-foot square, and with a leaden weight, while at every other meeting the square is narrowed to seven feet and the weight must be of iron. Oxford, however, refused to permit the alteration, as they felt that they would be giving encouragement to a sport of which they thoroughly disapproved. After some preliminaries the document proceeds as follows:—

“ . . . To put our own views beyond all doubt, we desire to convey to you that we are and have been for many years opposed to the hammer and the weight, on the following grounds:—

"(a) As being 'events' unsuitable to such a programme and scarcely recognized in English athletics and only imported into the Oxford and Cambridge sports on the recommendation of a Scotch professional (the hammer and weight were originally introduced into the championship sports merely because these sports then immediately followed the Oxford and Cambridge sports, and it was deemed desirable by the A.A.A. to enlist in them as many University competitors as possible).

"(b) As not being equivalent in merit to the other events, and therefore as having thus a share they do not rightly deserve in the decision of the 'odd event.'

"(c) As being so unpopular and therefore so little practised at the college and University sports as to make the selection of adequate O. and C. representatives in these events always difficult and sometimes impossible.

"(d) As having become now objectionable to the 'old Blues' of both Universities.

"(e) As being so objectionable in themselves that their retention under any rules is most undesirable."

The document contained other objections, and

went a little into the results of previous discussions on the subject. Some of the arguments are rather overstated, but, on the whole, the Oxonian opinion is well represented.

There is no place with more conservative instincts than a University, and until the events fall out of the list of championship events, the hammer and weight will probably remain on the programme of the inter-'Varsity sports. But the hammer seems to have revived as a sport. The schools neglect it ; at Oxford, though medals were offered and the event was made compulsory in college sports, men for some time refused to throw, until the great skill of the Americans infused some new enthusiasm. But it is essentially a pastime for men whose muscles are set, and not unnaturally finds its most steadfast home among the stalwart Scotch. Quite lately the Irish, as in many branches of sport, have come to the fore. The championship of 1898 was carried off by an immense Irishman with a throw of 140 ft., and another was second with a throw a few feet shorter, in itself a more than usually fine performance.

The Americans, too, who throw with only one

revolution of the body, have, as is their custom, made some records, and have certainly acquired a very taking style. But in England the exercise is dead ; no body of athletes, no single spectator feels interest in the game, and it long remained an anomaly, as unaccountable as the English constitution, that the weight was preferred by the Universities to the best race in the world—a half-mile.

The first athlete to break the long series of degenerate throws that extended from the adoption of the present rules was G. S. Robertson, who is further remarkable for having continued his career with marked success for the L.A.C. It will be enough to give in his own words his theories and historical summary.

### THROWING THE HAMMER.

*By G. S. Robertson.*

The origin of throwing the hammer is buried, like most other things, in the fog of antiquity. Probably it was invented by Tubal Cain. But, however this may be, it has always suffered from a diversity of rules, designed to convert what

would otherwise be merely a dangerous joke into a systematic branch of athletic sport. Within living memory five sets of rules have been adopted, and four of them are still in use.

(1) An unlimited run and an unlimited length of hammer were allowed. This was not so much a set of rules as the negation of rules, and was rapidly discarded as farcical.

(2) The Universities then adopted a circle thirty feet in diameter, and limited the length of hammer to three feet six inches. These regulations are still in force, but find favour nowhere else, except at one or two public schools. They will probably soon vanish, and we need not describe the proper method of throwing under them, especially as it is the most difficult of any.

(3) The Scotch, as might be expected, have rules of Calvinistic strictness. The hammer must be thrown absolutely without follow, that is to say, the feet must be kept firmly planted in the same spot and not moved at all. Consequently, the hammer has to be whirled round the head only, and thrown backwards over the shoulder.

(4) The Americans throw from a circle seven feet in diameter, round which, with due consideration

for the feelings of the performer, they place a metal hoop some three inches high, in order that he may not inadvertently place his toe over the line and lose his throw.

(5) The English championship rules prescribe a nine-foot circle, originally, it is said, on the prayer of some stalwart, who found his feet were too large to permit him to keep inside a seven-foot ring.

These last two modes are alone of real importance. In both a total length of four feet is allowed to the hammer, which may be of any metal. Till a few years ago, a wooden shaft was prescribed in England, a perilous provision, owing to which the present writer as nearly as possible murdered the Lord Chief Justice, to mention one case out of many.

It will be found that very thin Bessemer steel is the best material for the shaft. Further, it is very important to have a firm grip, and some sticky substance may be wound round the wooden handle of the shaft for this purpose. Many throwers smear their hands with Canada balsam (resin is not adhesive enough), and in this case it is advisable to have an antidote handy, unless you

wish your hands to act as extempore fly-papers for some time afterwards. The object to be aimed at is to get the whole force of the body on to the hammer at the moment of expulsion. For this purpose the thrower should stand as near the back edge of the circle as possible, facing away from the direction of throwing and resting the head of his hammer on the ground outside, and then get the necessary impetus by swinging the hammer round his head, keeping his feet firmly fixed and being careful not to overbalance himself in the least. Then he swings round body and hammer together once, or twice, if he can do so in the small space at his disposal, and lets go. The body must be turned in advance of the hammer, and the art consists in doing this, and yet turning the body at lightning speed. It will be found that the more pliable the shaft is the easier will this be accomplished, as its pliability causes the hammer to hang back a little behind the swing of the body, and enables the thrower to put the whole of his weight and strength into the final effort by which he brings the hammer to the end of its gyration and hurls it forth.

Great hammer-throwers like Flanagan, Kiely,



Mitchell, or Barry could throw almost as well out of a barrel ; they rotate on their own axis. The less expert a thrower is the more room he requires for turning, and the slower he does it. The two golden maxims for the hammer-thrower are to rotate with the greatest conceivable rapidity, and not to let the hammer throw him instead. The consoling and somewhat brutal thought which should nerve his efforts is this—that, whoever else may get hurt on the field, he cannot possibly be.

#### PUTTING THE WEIGHT.

Heaving the stone, for which the Universities have substituted lead, and other people iron, is not to the sightseer a stimulating sport. The distance thrown is in itself meagre, the preliminary “tuning” is unattractive, and the endless measuring tedious. Still, like everything else, from pea-shooting to whist, it affords capacity for skill, though skill is often as powerless against bulk as against trumps. All the really great putters have been enormous men ; speaking roughly, it requires a colossus, like Ware, to reach, say, forty feet. Still, many men of moderate physique have

become good enough to win the event, for instance, in the inter-'Varsity sports, in which the standard for the most part is low to a degree. It is also from these winners that will be best gathered the ideal style, though a few lessons from Sandow would teach more than all the advice in the world.

Most of those who have seen him, confess that the absolutely finest putter that has been seen was Kelly, who won at Queen's Club from 1886-88. His furthest put was only thirty-seven feet odd, a distance only remarkable in contrast with the build of the putter. The majority of people would find it impossible to imitate his style; but ideally, on *à priori* grounds, nothing could be more perfect. Just before delivery he was crouched up in one ball, almost touching the line, and would then unfold himself with one easy movement, so that it seemed every muscle in the body went to the work. The difficulties of the feat are enormous; not only must leg and body and arm be opened out with simultaneous evenness, but both the tying up and unravelling processes have to be performed without checking the run up to the line.

For the majority of people it will be best to make no attempt to crouch to this ideal extent, as the effort will result in a fatal reduction of impetus. There is still, however, a great deal to learn. First with regard to the arm, it is imperative that the elbow be bent to its utmost possible extent, thus bringing the two parts of the arm as close together as the muscles will allow. Further, the whole arm should be held rather close to the side, and it will be found, both practically and on mechanical principles, that the least effort possible is expended on the support of the weight. As to the legs, it is well (for a right-handed putter) that all the weight be put on the right leg, most people preferring to stand entirely on this leg, the other being raised in the air, as most convenient for balancing purposes. The supporting knee will be well bent. So much for mere preliminary pose, which should be practised till the balance is perfectly steady. For delivery, advance is made by a series of hops, though until the last hop it is indifferent whether the left leg touch the ground lightly or no. At the last the chief difficulty lies in getting within an inch or two of the line and avoiding the risk of a

follow on. The distance of the put will greatly depend on how much leg work can be brought to bear, and herein lies the especial need for long practise ; the rest may be learnt in a day. As said above, the parts of the arm must be closed together, and in order to make the body also do its share of the work the left shoulder should be brought well forward, as far as may be with the back facing the direction of the put, and the whole swung round synchronously with the final straightening of the arm.

The rule regulating the action is a little vague. The weight must be put "from the shoulder," a phrase capable of various interpretations, and, negatively, it must not be bowled. Some little sensation was made at Fenner's, in 1896, by Bullock, the Cambridge putter, being "no-balled" by Montague Shearman. What happened in his case was that the arm originally was straightened to a greater degree than usual, and at the delivery the usual upward jerk was associated with some sort of forward swing in which the wrist and forearm did more than their share of the work. There was something dubious about the action though the ball was put in a sense from the

shoulder, and was certainly not bowled in the ordinary sense of the word. But some such combination of the two actions would be a great help to some men. The writer, for instance, though of no particular skill at the game, could bowl the weight nearly two feet further than he could put it, and the more dubious his action the greater the distance of the put. Such questions, however, could never arise but for the conservative folly of the Universities. If, according to the rules of the A.A.A., the weight were made of iron, no one could put it otherwise than fairly, as the extra size utterly prevents even the greatest grip from attempting to use either wrist or fingers.

So much for the skill of the pastime, so called, but with a few days' practice any stalwart gym sergeant would put the skilled performer to the shame.

### JUMPING.

There is no ultimate theory of high-jumping. A study of the style of the seven or eight jumpers who have cleared 6 ft. odd will scarcely find a common

attribute. All the great leapers, as Sweeney, Conroy, Byrd Page, Brooks, must of course have peculiar muscles well developed ; in build, though Byrd Page is a prominent exception, jumpers for the most part resemble each other. There is an orthodox type. If a man is rather tall and very straight-legged and slimly figured we say he looks like a high-jumper. The pre-eminent among University jumpers, Brooks, Macaulay, Glazebrook, Montgomery, Swanwick, have all approached this type ; but when we come to the method of clearing obstacles the points of similarity vanish. Some, like Montgomery, go slowly to the bar and take off almost underneath it ; some, like Swanwick, move a little faster, and approach the jump sideways ; a few, of whom Byrd Page and Macaulay are cited as instances, make their effort something of a long-jump as well. Both theoretically and æsthetically it is best to advance at right angles to the bar and to rise as straight as possible, as not only neatness, but economy of power, are assured by the method.

But it is not only men of surpassing excellence that jump and want to jump. What is sauce for the swan does not necessarily suit the palate

of inferior poultry. Before going into a description of how the finest jump in the world was accomplished, it is a duty to state how the normal athlete will best exhibit his quality. An immense percentage of jumpers approach the bar at a very obtuse angle ; if they take off from the right foot they advance from the left, and keep the left side fronting the line of the obstacle from start to finish. The legs are raised alternately over the lath, and are for a moment practically astride of it. The method is employed to compensate for a deficiency in spring or litheness. The reasons are clear enough. Any one can step over a 3-ft. fence if he throws his legs over one after the other, while a considerable exercise of the spring muscles is required if the legs cross the top together. The combination of the first style with a spring does not alter the truth of the parallel. Almost any long-limbed and moderately nimble man can learn to clear, say, 5 ft. in this style, who would never clear 4 ft. 8 ins. in the more beautiful and comely manner ; so that for the man who is not endowed with sufficient natural qualifications to reach championship form, it may be laid down that the practice of the oblique style in the majority of cases will

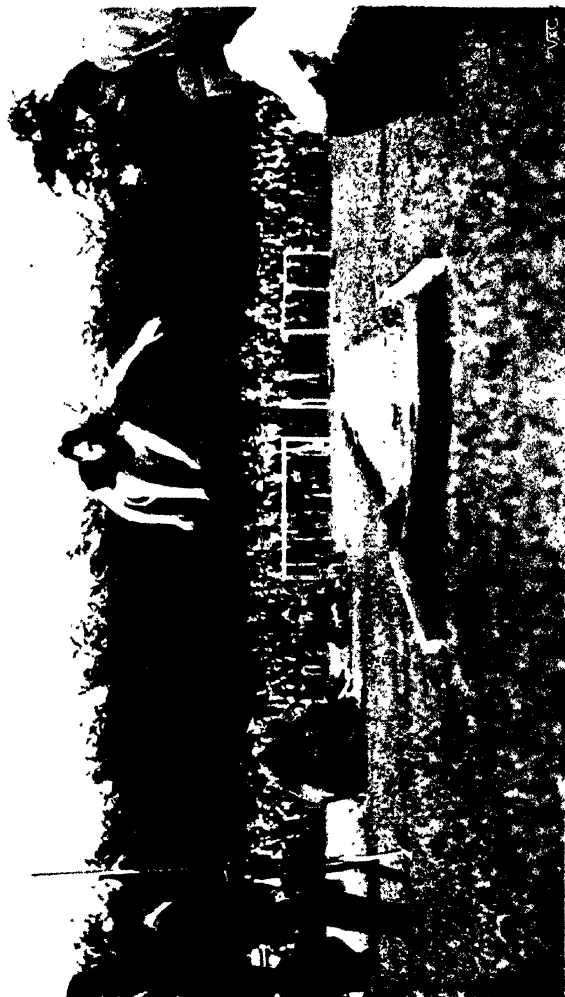
produce more lofty results. When we come to discuss the deeds of genius, how they were wrought and how they should be imitated, the task is beyond the power both of letterpress and of illustration : genius knows no rules, or, rather, makes its own, and the rules of this genius and that will seldom be found on all-fours. There may, however, be some hints to be picked up from a description of the highest jump ever recorded. As is well known, the marvellous height of 6 ft.  $5\frac{5}{8}$  ins. was cleared by Sweeney competing for the New York Club against the L.A.C. in 1895. The leap was a triumph of the acrobat's as well as of the leaper's art. When he had really reached his highest point it yet appeared as if no power in the world could make him clear the bar. "His system is," as Montague Shearman wrote in a magazine description of the sports, "to get the legs over first, and at the time he is shooting them over the bar he is practically in the same attitude as is a pole-jumper. He then raises his body in the air by jerking or twisting himself round in towards the right." The effect was as if he were lying down in the air and rolling over, timing the effort to the exact moment when his body was poised at its absolute zenith. It goes without



saying that such a display of neatness, litheness, and spring was the result of endless work both in and out of the gymnasium.

A jumper's requisites are not numerous, but must possess quality. The shoes must be of the tightest and also the lightest, with, in addition, decided spikes in the heel. A leaper begins with transference of the weight from the heel to the toe, and the slightest "give" of shoe or cinder will ruin the effort. The obstacle is in many meetings much mismanaged. In the first place, the bar should be as thick as may be so that it droops and shakes as little as possible, and also offers a very definite line for the eye. Then the posts must be very far apart and the pegs supporting the bar should be specially made with a rectangular arrangement on the lower side of the protruding portion, to prevent the gradient or length of the peg from either helping or hindering the jumper who grazes the bar. There should, besides, be sufficient room in front and on both sides to accommodate all varieties of straight-forwardness or obliquity. With the single addition of a mattress or pit for softness of falling, the high-jumper has now every necessity for the practice of his art, and will only need endless





KRAENZLIN LONG JUMPING.

training (especially in the gymnasium) and the strength of nerve that training and practice produce.

### LONG-JUMPING.

It is not too much to say that long-jumping requires every athletic capacity. The jumper cannot do without pace, power, pluck, and spring. At the same time, however, every one is more or less of a long-jumper. We have all, up to a certain age, cleared ditches and brooks with enjoyment, and afterwards remembered with emphasis the width of the obstacles. But leaving the natural crossing of country ditches for the scientific pits of the running-ground, long-jumping in its proficiency will appear the most modern of feats. Quite a short time back 20 ft. was looked upon as a great leap, and it would have been considered an absolute impossibility to reach 23 ft. But not only has this distance been cleared several times in the past year or two, but at last even 24 ft. has been well passed by a more than usually gigantic Irishman. Can the force of nature further go? Judging from present form, this leap and the

high jump of Sweeney look more like ultimate records than any other branch of athletics can boast. There does not seem to be any typical build for the game, unless it be a combination of strength and lightness, which are not wont to be found together. C. B. Fry, who in the inter-<sup>'</sup>Varsity sports astounded the world by clearing 23½ ft., is perhaps as perfectly adapted as possible for the effort. A fair high-jumper, a great sprinter, with immense power at the hips and plenty of nerve, neither very tall nor short, he possessed all the "paper" requisites, and, besides, learned the knack of taking off on the board. Davies, on the other hand, the first of University athletes to reach 22 ft., was short and thick, not altogether unlike Vassall, who has lately imitated his performance with strange accuracy. Both these athletes reached the distance by "plumping" for pace. Davies fairly rushed at the jump, and, gathering himself into a ball, simply let the impetus do its work. He had learned perfectly one-half of the jumper's duties. Grieg, who inaugurated the new era, had learned the other half. He was of a long, light build, and before all other things a high-jumper. Lithe, rather than strong or fast, he trusted mainly to a

definite spring. The great secret he disclosed was the value of rising high in the air. It is not possible to calculate exactly the pitch he reached, or which it is desirable to reach, but it is certain that almost every jumper rises too little. Fry learned both the lessons imparted by his predecessor, that is, he ran to the jump at full speed and yet managed, as the illustration will make clear, a great height from the ground. When he has acquired these two great essentials, height and pace, there will not be much left to learn.

Some few details, of course, there will be. It is a grand help to take off actually on the board, which enables the final shove to be both "upward and onward;" but this is an accomplishment only attained by great practice and the most careful measurements of steps. The art of landing is even more important, and requires more skill and muscle than is usually considered. Really the legs should be thrust out straight in front, so that they are at right angles to the body and the heel touches the ground at its full distance from the following bulk. The position is in itself difficult, and requires great strength of the stomach muscles, which are generally neglected in training. Also,

if the ideal position is attained, it is not easy to prevent falling backwards ; but this difficulty, too, can be overcome by development of the same muscles and the acquirement of a neat wriggle. It has been sometimes urged that a jerk in mid-air increases the distance carried, but of this possibility it is not easy to convince even the least bigoted theorist. With regard to the *propædæutics* of the pastime, it will be found of great assistance to beginners to have some definite obstacle to clear. This should not be of great height, but placed as near as may be to the take-off, in order to further the habit of rising upward at once. Great care, too, should be taken that the pit is absolutely on the same level as the take-off. The paralyzing effect of a level jump after practice on even an apparent slope is incredible, and has, for instance, lost Oxford the event on several occasions at the Queen's Club. It is the more important to begin long-jumping young, as no skill is more rapidly lost than that of long-jumping. It is on record (though we suspect a wind and a gradient) that a boy at school has cleared 23 ft., and undoubtedly boys make very fine jumpers, though a little lacking in strength. They will probably be at

their best from twenty to twenty-two, after which, in the majority of cases, the power of the limbs is apt to be too much for the required litheness. Begin young, after which advice there could be no more valuable instruction than to look at the illustration of Fry in mid-air and to flatter by imitation.



## CHAPTER X.

*HOW TO HURDLE.*

BY A. C. M. CROOME.

**I**T is rather a curious thing that comparatively few men take up hurdle-racing; for a hurdle-race is most exciting to the competitors, and as a spectacle is second only to the quarter. I suppose the reason is that it takes a good deal of time and trouble to become even a moderately good hurdle-racer, whereas a man who has a fair turn of speed or good staying power can at once do something like justice to his capabilities on the flat, and so follows the line of least resistance. At any rate, whatever the reason may be, I am sure that many a man who might have been a flier over hurdles wastes his time sprinting. I remember once going down to the Oxford Running Ground to run with Oakley when he was training for the inter-'Varsity hurdles. It was a lovely

spring day, one of those days when one feels an irresistible impulse to kick up one's heels for sheer delight at being alive. While we were practising, Fry, most versatile of modern athletes, having done his bit of sprinting, but feeling no doubt that it would be a sin to waste such weather, came out and did a start or two with us. He invariably gained a yard or more in the run up to the first hurdle, and, though he hung on the top of each fence as if some one were pulling him back with a string, he went so fast in between that it took us three or four hurdles to catch him. I have no doubt that, with a certain amount of practice and schooling, Fry could have cut all hurdle records easily; but he was committed to sprinting and long-jumping, and had to dree his weird; besides, he had already gained quite enough distinctions for one man.

Other runners, with more ambition, if less natural capacity, than Fry possessed, are no doubt deterred from hurdle-racing by the difficulty of getting instruction. Of course the best instruction which can be procured is that furnished by example; at any rate, it is certain that when there arises a good hurdler in a district he finds imitators. Ten

years ago the programme of every good athletic meeting in the West of England and in the Nottingham district contained a hurdle race, because the disciples of A. J. Gould and C. F. Daft were sufficiently numerous to be worth catering for; and in earlier days Dr. W. G. Grace found many to follow him, though few to lead him, in hurdle-racing. There is yet one more reason, and that the most powerful of all, to account for the paucity of hurdle-racers, which is that it is necessary for a man to possess certain physical characteristics if he is to excel at the game, whereas there are and have been sprinters and long-distance runners of all shapes and sizes. The first thing necessary is length of limb, without which the "three-stride" is impossible; secondly, a hurdler-racer must be loose in the hip-joint, in order that he may get his legs out of the way in taking his fences; thirdly, he must have a good enough eye to judge his distance from his fences accurately when going at top speed; and finally, he must have a delicate sense of balance to enable him so to poise his weight when jumping, as to eliminate the "hang," which makes for slowness.

Hurdle-racing is something like skating. If the

shoulders and body are in the right position the feet and legs will follow instantaneously. Now, the right position of the body in flying the hurdle is unnatural. The natural impulse of a man when going at a jump is to run up to it with his body leaning slightly forward, and at the moment of taking off to straighten himself up, thereby throwing his weight back. If a hurdle-racer does this he will spend a long time in the air, and so lose at least a yard at each flight. He must keep his weight well in front of him all the time he is off the ground. Personally, I have noticed that when I am taking my hurdles with satisfaction to myself my left, or leading, knee touches either my left shoulder or my chin. That is to say, my body bends forward and downward to meet the leading leg as the latter rises. But if this forward and downward motion of the body is exaggerated the result is a stumble on landing, and to preserve the just mean between bending too far forward, and holding one's self too straight up, the sense of balance, which I mentioned above, is necessary.

A beginner would, I think, do well to acquire some idea of the proper position of body and leading leg relatively to one another before ever

he goes at a hurdle. Let him stand on the left leg (I will give later my reason for selecting the left), raise the right knee as near to the chin as possible, at the same time turning his body from the hips upwards to the left, and thrusting down the right shoulder, so that the right arm is outside the right leg. He will find that if he sticks his left arm out like a railway signal it will aid him in keeping his balance. After remaining in this position long enough to take a mental note of what it feels like, let him shoot the right leg down to the ground again, taking care not to let the right heel touch, and repeat the motions rapidly till he has had enough of it. It is better that he should go through this preliminary practice in a bedroom or other private place, lest he provoke the ill-timed laughter of his friends.

When our beginner has got some idea of what fencing feels like he may begin to go at a real hurdle. I should recommend him to procure one not higher than 3 ft. 3 ins., with a movable top bar, and to have only one up to start with. He should run at it at a good pace, but without exerting all his powers, and endeavour to get over it without experiencing the sensation of jumping

at it. To do this he will have to go through something like the motions I have described above, and in addition he must let his left leg trail behind him. As soon as his right leg is over the hurdle he must shoot it out and get the toe to the ground as quickly as possible. In doing this he will find that his body will try to straighten itself up, and to a certain extent he must allow it free play, but he must still keep his weight sufficiently far forward to prevent his right heel from touching ground. He will, of course, have provided himself with a proper pair of shoes with heel-spikes, and, as he walks back to go at the hurdle again, he should see that his heel-spikes have not made a mark where he landed. As the right foot approaches the ground the left leg, which has been trailing behind, must be brought past the right like lightning, and the runner should sprint ten or fifteen yards as hard as possible, in order to accustom himself from the very first to get away with all possible smartness from the place where he has landed. This practice may be repeated *ad libitum*, provided that the runner takes a rest whenever he finds that his heel touches on landing.

I have supposed our beginner to take off from

his left foot and land on his right, because one who does this finds it easier in a race to manage his run up to the first hurdle. One who starts, as nearly all do, with his left toe on the scratch, will find that it takes eight ordinary strides to bring his left foot to the take-off; whereas, to get his right foot there, he has to take either seven, which means over-striding, or nine, which make him patter. It is of course possible to get to the take-off in eight steps by jumping off the right foot after starting with the right toe on the scratch. I have also recommended him to begin with a hurdle having a movable top bar, because I am sure that it is of the first importance that he should learn from the beginning to try to clear his hurdles as much as possible without jumping, and a fixed top bar would make him jump to avoid a fall or a bruised knee. Now, it is impossible for a man of ordinary physique to get over a 3 ft. 6 in. hurdle without any jump whatsoever—Newburne, amateur champion broad jumper as I write, might do it—but a man 6 ft. high ought to be able to almost eliminate the jump. His legs should be about 3 ft. long, and if he practises till his hip-joints are properly

lissom he ought to get over a height of 3 ft. without jumping. He can add some three or four inches to that by twisting his body from the waist downwards to the left, if he leads with his right foot. Everybody who has watched a hurdle race from behind the runners knows the peculiar wriggle of the loins and hams with which a first-class fencer "oils" over each flight. Godfrey Shaw, the best English performer of our generation, had developed this trick of style more than any other runner I can remember. But to return to our beginner: when he has learnt to skim over one hurdle with as little jump as possible, and to get away smartly on landing, he may begin to practise the three-stride. Let him notice how far from his hurdle he takes off, and put a mark on the ground 10 yds. less that distance, on the far side of the hurdle from his starting-point, and try to reach that mark in three strides from the place where he lands. Now, here comes an important point. The first two strides must be long enough to enable him to make the third without the least particle of extra exertion, because when he comes to put a second hurdle up he will need some reserve of power after he



has made his three strides to enable him to take the necessary jump at it. Unless our beginner is tall and strong, with a naturally long stride, he will probably find it advantageous to make his second fence quite low—say, 2 ft. high—to begin with, and to gradually raise the height of it as he acquires confidence. Let me here impress upon him again that he must never let his heel touch ground, except when he is taking off at a fence, and that whether he runs over one, two, five, or ten hurdles he must always sprint a few yards after clearing the last. When he has got the three-stride he should measure off 15 yds. the proper run up to the first hurdle, and always start off the proper mark. I believe that it is not advisable to go over more than five hurdles in practice, and that one should never run over hurdles except at racing pace. I say “run” advisedly, because I think that very valuable practice may be obtained by *walking* down them. I have found that by walking as fast as possible one gets up enough pace to enable one to “flick” over the fences very quickly, and at the same time five strides walking bring one comfortably up to the next flight. One great advantage of

this walking practice is that it enables one to get a good deal of help in training from a runner not so good as one's self. I used to find that I could walk the "120 yds.—ten flights" in about 21 secs., and that if the ordinary man, who never runs over hurdles except in his college sports, let me come up to the first hurdle with a lead of a yard or so I could make a very good race of it till we came to the run in, and that training by means of informal races of this sort I got a lot of practice at fencing without getting stale or bruising the knee and ankle of my back leg, which used to get badly damaged by rapping the hurdles when I was going at racing pace. Besides, if one is always trying to go one's best pace at hurdles one has a tendency to get sluggish, unless one is fortunate enough to find some one who can take the lead and keep it.

I do not think it is a good thing for a hurdler to run much on the cinder-path, as it is liable to take the spring out of his legs ; but I believe that he can get a lot of good by tackling a punching-ball for five minutes after running. This will strengthen his loins and the muscles at the back of his legs, and so help him if he has to run a

race, in which, if he is to win, he has to take each of the last four hurdles as if it were the tenth. While I am on the subject of training for a hurdle race, I may mention two pieces of advice which I received from an old Oxford hurdler. He recommended me occasionally to trot down the whole ten flights, jumping big at each fence; and in running a race to clear the first hurdle by several inches, because, as he said, the tendency of the natural man was to get lower at each succeeding flight. The first piece of advice I soon ceased to follow, because I did not want to do anything to encourage the natural desire to jump. I was always too excited at the start of a race to remember the second, except on one occasion, when I nearly lost a handicap race by jumping big at the first hurdle, and trying to start running for the second before I had touched ground. It was a horrible sensation, just like finding that a chair in which one proposes to sit is some inches lower than one had imagined it to be. Still, though I think my mentor's views on these two points were unsound, I reproduce his advice here because no advice given by such a performer as he had shown himself to be should be condemned

without trial. Few have seen more or know more of athletics than he.

In trying to describe the proper way to take a hurdle I have purposely refrained from saying anything about the proper position of the back leg in fencing, because any one who takes up hurdling will find that, if he gets his body into the right position, his back leg will take care of itself. No two runners have exactly the same action with the back leg; some keep it nearly straight, and some tuck it under them. By the way, it is not always safe to criticize the back-leg action of another runner, as I found at Lillie Bridge in 1886. MacNeill, who won the inter-'Varsity hurdles in 1885, had kindly come there to run with Bowlby and myself, who were going to run against Cambridge in a few days. I was watching him as he went over the first five with Bowlby, and remarked to the Cambridge hurdlers, who were standing near, that he was running extraordinarily well, but seemed to have an ugly action with his back leg. In reply I was told that they had just been noticing that his back-leg action exactly resembled mine. One point in connection with the position of the back leg is

perhaps worth noting: that is, that the foot must be parallel to the top bar of the hurdle as it passes over it, or the toe will catch and the runner fall. When the foot is thus parallel to the bar the ankle-bone is very likely to get a nasty knock, and should be protected by a pad of wash-leather. Some hurdle racers are not satisfied unless they rap some four or five hurdles with the knee or ankle of the back leg; but in that I think they are wrong. To hit your hurdles does not necessarily mean going low at them. It is quite possible for a man to hit because he has not got his body bent forward enough to enable him to raise his back leg, and he may be jumping more than a man who does not touch at all. The ideal thing is to just miss the hurdle with the seat of one's shorts.

But, if the back leg may be left to itself, the front leg needs watching. Most men bend it too much at the knee, some so much that when they are on the top of the hurdle the foot is further back than the head and shoulders. Now, a hurdler is slower when he is coming down from his fences than at any other period of the race, and this excessive bending of the knee prevents him from

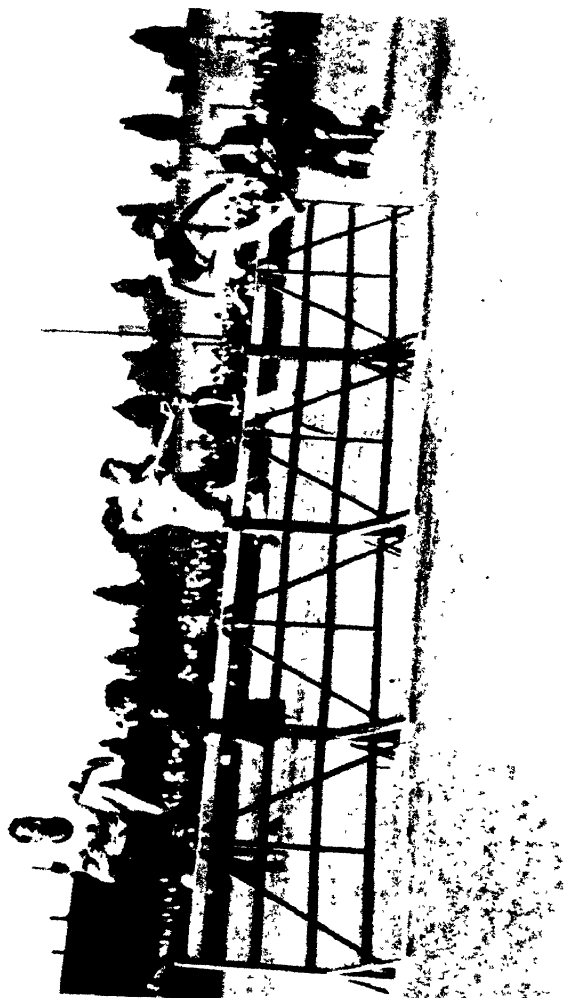
coming straight down, and so makes the slow period longer. The beginner should therefore try to land as close to his hurdles as possible, and it will help him to do this if he has his leading foot in such a position that he can see it when he is on the top of his hurdle, for he will then find that he can shoot it down to the ground most rapidly. The bent-knee style is more graceful, but not so fast. The best fencer I have ever seen was, I think, T. G. Scott, who ran second string to Oakley for Oxford, and he kept his front leg comparatively straight, and he landed extraordinarily close to his hurdles. Unfortunately, he was by no means fast on the flat; in fact, it would be hardly hyperbolic to say that his time for 120 yds. on the flat would be about the same as his time for 120 yds. over hurdles.

The times done over hurdles by men who never could beat 13 secs. for 120 yds. flat are most extraordinary. It may well be that many men run in better style, and therefore faster, between their hurdles than they do on the flat. Personally, I am inclined to think that flat-runners think too much of length of stride, and

lose pace in sprinting by throwing their bodies back to get their legs out. Now, in hurdling, the length of stride is settled for the runner by the position of the hurdles. Supposing that he covers 13 ft. in taking each hurdle, he has got 17 ft. left for three strides, and if he is a tall man he can stride well within himself to cover the distance. I am confirmed in my belief by the fact that many men who look to be running easily and fast between hurdles, labour and are slow on the cinder-track. I can remember a piece of running by Godfrey Shaw which, I think, proves my point. In the championships of, I think, 1893, Shaw met in the final of the hurdles, Bulger, the Irishman who either won or nearly won the Hundred Yards' Championship that year. Bulger led him over the first hurdle, but Shaw held him for pace between the hurdles, and, by superior fencing, got at least level, and was only beaten by inches on the run in. The time was 16 dead, so it cannot be argued that Bulger was prevented by the hurdles from putting on pretty well his best pace, and the only other explanation is that Shaw ran between the hurdles faster than he could have run if the hurdles had not been







there, *Q.E.D.* Shaw proved himself the best English hurdler of recent years, and he was also the prettiest, with the exception of Le Fleming. But Le Fleming was a wonderful athlete. His hammer-throwing and his Rugby football were as graceful as his hurdling and his batting. Shaw's great merits were that he went very low at his hurdles, and was a model of steadiness, never guilty of clearing one fence by several inches and hitting the next hard. His one fault was that he was too long in the air, and so was not relatively so good against wind, or on heavy ground, as when the conditions were favourable. It is a pity that we did not have the opportunity of seeing Chace, who beat him so decisively in America. We have, however, seen this year a hurdler of even greater merit—indeed, the hurdler of the century. Kraenzlein has made all old records look foolish. The special virtue of his style is that he does not seem to raise his body at all at the hurdles. He possesses a looseness of limb and a power of jumping altogether abnormal, and his record of  $15\frac{2}{5}$  secs. stands out as the most wonderful of all athletic performances. Among English hurdlers it is remarkable that Oakley, like Le Fleming

and J. R. Orford, was no mean hammer-thrower. This fact suggests that strength of loin and thigh is almost as valuable to a hurdler as to a hammer-thrower. But a large proportion of hurdle-racers have excelled in some other branch of athletics. If we take the names of those who have run in the inter-'Varsity hurdle race of recent years, we find J. L. Greig, a magnificent broad jumper and a useful cricketer; Le Fleming and Oakley, international footballers; Orford, a rowing blue; Parkes, a cricketer good enough to have been thought of for a place in the Surrey Eleven; MacNeill, who played in the inter-'Varsity Rugby match; while Maundrell and Garnier, who have played the most prominent parts in the race during the last three years, are both useful cricketers. The three Garniers afford a good instance of inherited talent, for their father, the Rev. E. S. Garnier, was, in his day, the best man in England over hurdles. I well remember standing next the Rev. E. S. on the top of the pavilion at the Queen's Club, to watch E. T. win the 1897 race. I had been assisting E. T. in his training, and the five minutes allotted to the race and its preliminaries were the most nerve-trying five I have

ever gone through. At the best of times a hurdle race is a nervous thing. Anything may happen ; three square inches of indifferent turf may decide the race. Yet it is to my mind the only race to train for which it is worth while to give up a fortnight's cricket or football. For in the space of about a quarter of a minute one sees eleven little races, with the excitement increasing as each successive landmark is passed ; and if the runner comes to the post really fit, feeling, as a hurdler-racer should, a bit above himself, with legs full of life and spring, as if they could carry a stone more than they are called upon to bear ; then, if only the race goes rightly—a level start ; all four over the first hurdle together ; two dead level draw out at the third or fourth flight ; at the eighth the exquisite pleasure of gaining six inches' lead, to be increased to a foot at the tenth, and two feet at the winning post ! Then the athlete has enjoyed the highest zest that any athletic emulation has to offer, and will relapse into tea, cake, and pipes, with a well-earned sense of merit.

## CHAPTER XI.

*DIET AND EXERCISE IN TRAINING.*

BY WM. COLLIER, M.D., F.R.C.P.,

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**I**N the earlier days of training it was considered necessary to begin the bodily preparation with the free use of strong aperients and emetics, the idea being that such treatment would drive out all the evil humours which had accumulated in the system. The unfortunate athlete had, in addition, to subject himself to numerous severe artificial sweatings, for the purpose of getting rid, as his trainer assured him, of his internal fat.

For a period extending over several weeks he was compelled to submit to an extremely strict code of diet, from which many harmless articles of food were rigidly excluded, while he was encouraged, much against his own inclination, to

partake freely of others, which, in the opinion of trainers, were of great value in the formation of muscle.

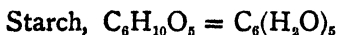
Fortunately, our ideas on training have undergone a great change in recent years; we have given up the physicking and artificial sweatings at its commencement, and have greatly modified the diet code during its course, to the immense benefit of all athletes.

Chemical analysis proves that the greater bulk of our bodies—about 97 per cent.—is composed of four of the elementary bodies, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in various combinations; while other elements, such as potassium, sodium, calcium, phosphorus, and iron are widely distributed throughout the tissues in smaller quantities. We infer that, in order to make good the wear and tear of the body, the various kinds of foods would be largely composed of these four elements, and this is the case.

Foods may be placed in one of three classes—

1. *Albuminous or nitrogenous foods*, i.e. foods which contain nitrogen in addition to carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, such as meat and eggs, or peas and beans.

2. *Carbo-hydrate foods*, i.e. foods made up of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, in which hydrogen and oxygen occur in the proportion to form water, such as—



The carbo-hydrates are largely found in bread, pastry, potatoes.

3. *Fats or hydro-carbons*. Composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, in which oxygen occurs in smaller proportions than is found in water. These are represented by the ordinary fats and oils.

### THE SOURCE OF MUSCULAR ENERGY.

Liebig and physiologists of the past taught that inasmuch as the muscular tissues of the body contained a large amount of nitrogen, the foods necessary to make good the wear and tear of these tissues were exclusively nitrogenous foods. In other words, they believed that the source of muscular energy was derived from the destruction of those substances which form the main constituents of muscles; and hence they argued

that meat, which is particularly rich in nitrogen, was *par excellence* the food for those who engaged in great muscular exertion of any kind. No doubt this belief has helped to sustain the tradition that meat in large quantities is the diet for training.

More recent investigation has completely upset this theory. The destruction of the nitrogenous tissues of the body can be measured by the excretion of nitrogenous substances in the urine, and careful experiments have shown that the increased excretion of these nitrogenous bodies, during and after great exertion, is in no way proportionate to that exertion. It is agreed that the non-nitrogenous constituents of the body must also be utilized as sources of muscular energy.

On the other hand, it has been ascertained that glycogen ( $C_6H_{10}O_5$ ), or animal starch, one of the chief carbo-hydrates, is always found stored up in muscular tissue, and that the amount of glycogen in the muscle is always diminished during work, hence there can be no doubt that carbo-hydrates serve as a source of muscular energy.

Further, it has been found that a fasting dog,



when made to work, consumes the store of glycogen in its muscles on the first day, and that if still continuing work without food, the amount of nitrogenous excretion is not greatly increased, which would seem to show that its store of fat has been drawn upon to carry on its muscular work.

These facts would lead us to the conclusion that muscle draws its energy from all three main classes of food, and not from the nitrogenous alone, as was once supposed. But it would appear that whatever the source of energy, the start is given by the nitrogenous elements; for every structure in the body in which any form of energy is manifested is nitrogenous; and when the supply of nitrogen is cut off to these structures their functions languish, while, on the contrary, when the supply of nitrogen is increased their functions are performed with greater vigour. Such being the case, it is believed that the nitrogenous foods are mainly used up in making good the wear and tear of the various nitrogenous tissues, and that any excess is split up into nitrogenous bodies which are thrown off by the kidneys, and into fat which is stored up.

Of the carbo-hydrate foods any excess is converted into fat, or stored up in the form of glycogen for future use. Excess of fatty foods leads to the accumulation of fat in the tissues.

The tendency of the two last classes of food to produce obesity when taken in excess is so well recognized that there is not much danger of athletes over-indulging themselves in this direction. It is worth remembering that the fats are believed to especially administer to the nutrition of the nervous system, and that the too strict avoidance of fat is often a great mistake.

As a rule, the thin, wiry, highly-strung, nervous athlete will find his general health much benefited by taking his share of fat, in the form of butter, milk, and the fat of meat. When muscular effort is continued over long periods, foods rich in starch and sugar are now recognized to be of great value.

With regard to the nitrogenous foods, there is a real danger of indulging to excess, and there can be no doubt that many athletes do so. We have already pointed out that the chief function of the nitrogenous foods is in making good the wear and tear of the tissues. When this function

is fulfilled, the excess is split up into nitrogenous bodies and fats, the former of which are, or ought to be, excreted by the kidneys, while the latter accumulate in the tissues ; but these nitrogenous bodies may be, and often are, formed in quantities too great for the kidneys to throw off, and then they remain and poison the blood.

Many athletes, especially rowing men, are encouraged to take large quantities of meat at each meal, under the mistaken impression that meat means strength. The wear and tear of the tissues involved in rowing three or four miles daily is not very great ; it is true that the exertion is great while it lasts, but it does not last long. The amount of nitrogen introduced is far in excess of the requirements of the body, the kidneys are unable to throw off the excess, the blood becomes poisoned, and the athlete suffers from headache, sleeplessness, restlessness, and great mental irritability. Or the excess may prove too much for the powers of digestion, and it may remain in the intestinal canal, where, after a time, it may undergo putrefaction, and some of the morbid products gain an entrance to the blood, giving rise to mild symptoms of blood

poisoning, headaches, feverishness, diarrhœa, eruptions of the skin, especially boils; symptoms which are of frequent occurrence among athletes. The escape of the majority who indulge in large quantities of meat is probably due to the fact that the excess passes rapidly through the intestinal track without being digested or assimilated.

One other important constituent of the body must not be overlooked—water. When we remember that every tissue of the body is largely composed of water, and that exercise immensely increases its loss, both by the air expired by the lungs and by the skin in the form of perspiration, the need of a free supply of fluid is obvious. Water carries out another important function; by its action as a solvent it enables the kidneys to throw off much of the dead or refuse materials of the body, and as these are largely increased by exercise, the demand for water is also increased. When the supply is insufficient, the materials are not eliminated, but remain and poison the blood.

There is still a tendency to limit the supply of fluid too much, under the impression that fluids increase weight and tend to produce fat.

The attempt to put each member of the crew on the same regulation amount is absurd. Each individual differs as to the amount he requires. A twelve-stone man, other things being equal, will require more than a ten-stone man. A man who perspires very freely more than one who perspires hardly at all. Without advocating an unlimited amount of fluid to satisfy the thirst which often follows hard exercise, we may insist that no man in training should be encouraged to put up with a constant feeling of thirst, and that a good draught of water on going to bed often makes the difference between a quiet and restless night. It is well to remember that a raging thirst may be alleviated by slowly washing out the mouth with water and freely sponging the skin. When muscular exercise is long continued, as it is in mountaineering, shooting, cycle or walking tours, etc., we may with advantage take large quantities of fluid, as by so doing we help the kidneys to get rid of the waste products, which are so enormously increased by continued muscular effort:

With regard to stimulants, the amount generally recommended in training is so moderate that no

fault can be found. It is certain that many men get on quite well without any. Occasionally, after severe work, a little stimulant in the evening, one or two glasses of port after dinner, is beneficial, and seems to have a good action on the nervous system, while, in cases of over-training, when a man becomes jaded and run down, champagne judiciously administered cannot be improved upon. The practice of taking a stimulant immediately before a race, to ward off nervousness or with the idea of giving strength, is to be thoroughly condemned.

### EXERCISE.

Success in athletic exercises, such as rowing, running, cycling, depends largely on the possession of a good wind and a sound heart. It will be interesting to trace the influence of training on the respiration.

Roughly stated, the lungs may be said to be made up of a large number of minute elastic bags, suspended in a semi-distended state in an airtight cavity (the thorax), communicating with the outside air by means of a tube (trachea). This cavity, having movable walls (the ribs), can be

enlarged by their upward movement, which movement is brought about by the contraction of certain muscles, known as the inspiratory muscles. When so enlarged, air rushes in and distends the air sacs (inspiration), and is in turn driven out, partly by the recoil of the elastic walls of the sacs, partly by the recoil of the walls of the cavity, and partly by the action of certain muscles, known as the expiratory muscles in drawing down the ribs.

Spread over the walls of the air sacs are an enormous number of minute blood-vessels and nerve fibres. The nerve fibres are collected into two main bundles, which can be traced to a spot in the brain known as the respiratory centre. Their function is to carry messages to the brain, and they are known as the sensory fibres. Running from the respiratory centre are other nerve fibres, which can be traced to the respiratory muscles, and are known as the motor fibres, their function being to transmit orders from this centre to these muscles.

We must now consider what the conditions are which bring about stimulation of the sensory fibres, and as a result orders from the brain to the respiratory muscles to carry out their work.

An examination of air before and after leaving the lungs shows that during its passage it loses about 4 per cent. of its oxygen, and gains about 4 per cent. of carbonic acid gas. This change is due to the fact that, as the blood circulates through the small vessels scattered over the walls of the air sacs, it absorbs oxygen from the air in these sacs, and in return gives up carbonic acid gas. It is this carbonic acid gas which constantly, as long as life continues, stimulates the sensory nerves, and keeps the respiratory muscles at their work. Further, any increase of carbonic acid gas in the blood is attended with increased stimulation of the respiratory centre, and more vigorous action of the respiratory muscles (breathlessness). Now, when a muscle contracts, its contraction is attended with the formation of carbonic acid gas, which at once enters the blood and is carried to the lungs, the quantity being in direct proportion to the amount of muscular contraction. Hence, exercises which necessitate the contraction of a large number of muscles more quickly produce breathlessness than those which require but few. It is a well-recognized fact that the amount of force we expend in



carrying out any new exercise is much greater than necessary, and that it is only after long-continued practice that we reduce it to a minimum, the reason being that the particular muscles engaged have to be taught to work together. If one unaccustomed to row attempts to cover half a mile at best speed, his breathing very quickly suffers, but after a few weeks' practice he finds he can cover the distance in the time he originally took without his breath being much affected. This result is due to the fact that his muscles have learnt to work together, and that in consequence the muscular effort necessary for the work has been greatly reduced, and therefore the amount of carbonic acid gas proportionately reduced.

One of the chief aims in practising any exercise is to acquire and maintain a good style. By a good style we understand the use of the muscles engaged in such a manner as to entail a minimum amount of effort. The man who runs with an unnecessarily short stride, or lifts his legs too high, or makes an unnecessary use of his arms and shoulders, increases very considerably the total amount of muscular effort, and, in consequence, the production of carbonic acid gas, with

the more rapid and more urgent onset of breathlessness as a result. The immense importance of a good coach in correcting style is well recognized as far as rowing is concerned. In running, the athlete has often to depend on himself, and perhaps his best course is to select the most successful athlete of his acquaintance, of or about the same height and build as himself, who has an admittedly good style, and observe it closely, and try to imitate it. In long-distance running the length and ease of the stride is of more importance than in shorter distances. It is a great mistake in training to run often behind a man with a short, bad stride ; while the style may certainly be improved by running behind or by the side of a man with a long, easy stride.

The constant vigorous stimulation of the muscles of respiration, induced by active exercise in the way we have indicated, develops and strengthens them, with the result that, with their more powerful contraction, the range of upward movement of the thoracic walls is markedly increased, and the cavity in which the lungs are contained proportionately enlarged, enabling more air to enter and leave the lungs during respiration.

*The Heart.*—We have already learnt that when a muscle contracts carbonic acid gas is formed ( $\text{CO}_2$ ). The carbon is supplied to the muscle by the food, the oxygen taken from the air is carried to the muscle by the blood. Increased muscular contraction demands an increased supply of oxygen, or, in other words, increased supply of blood to the muscles; this can only be met by more powerful and more frequent action of the heart. A greater quantity of blood is required to pass through the lungs in order that it may absorb a greater quantity of oxygen, and to circulate more quickly through the muscular tissue in order to supply the necessary oxygen to the muscles. A good wind implies a strong, powerful heart. Now, the muscular tissue of the heart, like all other muscular tissue, develops in bulk and strength with exercise—athletic exercises give the heart more than its usual amount of work to do; in other words, throw a certain amount of strain on it. If the strain is gradually thrown on the heart as it is in training, its muscle increases in size and strength, and is prepared and ready to meet the strain, and no harm is done; but if the strain is too sudden and too great—as it may be

by attempting some athletic feat in an untrained condition—there is a very real danger that the walls of the heart may give way a little and become stretched and its cavities dilated, leading to a more or less permanent weakening of the whole organ. We thus see that one of the main objects of training is to prepare the heart and lungs to do their work and to withstand the very great strain that must of necessity be thrown on them when one attempts any athletic feat entailing great muscular effort.

## CHAPTER XII.

*ATHLETICS IN AMERICA.*

BY W. M. FLETCHER.

**I**T is nearly a third of a century since the limited system of exercises we group in England as athletics took root in the United States. In this country the scheme of athletics received its shape in the early sixties through a curious mixture of accident and deliberation, and its scope, which was then rapidly defined, has remained to the present time unchanged except in detail. It would be natural to expect in the history of American athletics the same divergence from the original British forms as the transatlantic growth has shown in the case of other varieties of sport. In the modern American game of football, for instance, the only likeness to the ancestral type of Rugby is found in the reassuring outlines of the

goal-posts and the familiar ring of a few technical terms. But in athletics the generation which has passed has effected only the most superficial reforms in the original body of methods, and as a result, their practice in the United States differs so slightly from our own as to remove perhaps all justification for the present chapter. While, however, the particular contests decided at the "Games" of an American university or an athletic club are in general exactly those making up a programme of sports in England, there still remain between us certain fundamental differences upon what may be called the theory of athletics, which are likely soon to have a more practical interest and certainly now deserve recognition.

In the first place, some of the details of American athletics may be contrasted with our own. To begin with the tests of running, the favourite distances in the States are, as with us, the 100 yds. and 220 yds., the quarter-mile, half-mile, and mile ; the intermediate distances of 300, 600, and 1000 yds. are less usual and appear to be less popular. Beyond the limits mentioned, the whole series of flat-race distances tends to expansion in opposite directions in the two countries. In England,

distances below 100 yds. are practically unknown for competition, and, at the other extreme, we do not consider the mile as a typical long-distance race, since very few athletic meetings take place without the decision of a race over two, three, or more miles. But in America this tendency is reversed ; and while races for distances longer than a mile are decidedly unpopular, and the performances recorded for such as have occurred are below the usually high American standard, it is quite common to find on a Games programme in the States a 50 yds. or 80 yds. race set down for competition. A short race of this kind, or indeed any for a distance less than the quarter-mile, may be described as a "dash," while the longer efforts only are dignified as "runs." The methods of starting and judging all races are, in essentials, the same as ours, and call for no discussion.

With regard to the jumping events, we find the Americans again in almost complete agreement with ourselves. The chief exception is in the case of the pole-jump. This method of jumping is not more common in the States than with us, but in both countries it figures in the Amateur Championship Meeting. According to

the American rules, no shifting of the hands is allowed upon the pole after the leap is taken, and this restriction must be taken into consideration when performances in the two countries are compared. The present writer holds as a pious opinion, that our practice is at once more natural and defensible. The artificial aid of a jumping-pole is only invoked under natural conditions, for the express purpose of employing other muscles than those of the legs, in performing a leap. It appears unreasonable, therefore, arbitrarily to limit the very functions which the use of the pole was devised to call into play, and, of the whole artifice, to condemn only the shifting of the hands as a trick.

Hurdle races are, perhaps, more popular even than in England. Indeed, it seems that wherever hurdle racing has been imported from England it has been the subject of a good deal of expansion and modification. In addition to the original sprint race, as we know it here, over ten hurdles  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ft. high, for 120 yds., we find a quarter-mile race over hurdles well established in Australia, and a 220 yds. race in America. This longer American hurdle race occurs almost as universally



as the original form ; ten flights of hurdles are employed, each 30 ins. high. The 120 yds. hurdle race, like the longer one, is run upon the cinder path, over movable hurdles, which stand upon feet broad enough to secure considerable stability.

There are certain sentiments connected with green level turf which appeal strongly to English minds, and perhaps an American hurdle race, upon the cinder path, has lost some of the beauty and interest belonging to its original environment. But the change has been due, not to choice, but to necessity. A turf course during an American summer would rapidly become sun-baked and brown, as hard and naked as the track, with the additional drawback of being liable to instant damage from rain. Beyond a doubt, moreover, the cinder path is, at any time, better than a bad turf course, and allows a uniformity of conditions unknown to grass under the English climate. From the point of view of safety, however, the balance swings in the other direction, for a fall in a race upon the path may inflict very ugly and dangerous wounds.

And the fact that falls are not more uncommon in American hurdle races than upon good courses

in this country, should remove the impression that the American movable hurdle is a less formidable obstacle than the fixed English variety. Each hurdle there stands upon the cinder track on transverse feet, so broad that the hurdle remains in stable equilibrium within wide limits of excursion. The hurdle is usually strongly built and heavy. Now, so long as a hurdle is adequate to make progression through its substance slower than flight over it, it is not additional strength which renders it a more embarrassing obstacle. It is in the attempt to make his descent upon the far side of the hurdle as rapid as possible, that the hurdler in a race risks the entanglement of one of his legs with the top bar, and the tripping action of the latter would be as successful, in the case of a clumsy runner, were it only represented by a tightly-stretched wire. As a matter of fact, the majority of hurdle courses in England are probably more lenient to the competitors than a typical American one. Our hurdles are rarely fixed as tightly in the turf as they should be, and the chances of the runner are generally aided by a certain "give" upon impact. It is very common, indeed, even

in important races in this country, for the winner, as much as the losers, to leave a trail of tottering or prostrate hurdles behind him. In America the same is true, but to a smaller degree, for upon the cinder track the most daring are unwilling to take any unnecessary risks of falling, while, at the same time, public opinion happens to insist that the upsetting of a hurdle detracts in some measure from the merits even of a brilliant victory. When Chase beat Godfrey Shaw in 1895 at New York, in the wonderful time of  $15\frac{2}{5}$  secs., he was unlucky enough to upset one hurdle, although evading an imminent fall. The judges awarded him the race, but, in accordance with the American rules, refused to allow him to take the credit for a "world's record" performance. If it be admitted that to spill a hurdle is to take an unfair advantage, it would have been more intelligible had the race been given to Shaw. And, as it is, Shaw, who was beaten by a short yard, and had not upset a hurdle at all, possibly labours under the misfortune of having been the first man to make the world's record time fairly, according to the strictness of the American rules, without being credited with such a distinction.

It is this now historic race which gives the only available clue for a fair comparison of English and American times in this event. Shaw may be said certainly to have run the standard course in America in  $15\frac{3}{8}$  secs. In the same summer he had established the then English record of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  secs. over a grass course. Probably, then, a track course is not more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  sec. faster than a course over good dry turf in England, but indefinitely faster than a grass course uneven or sodden.

Turning now to the events in which the arts of throwing are represented, there is nothing to be said in general description which does not apply equally to the English systems. The American rules of hammer-throwing and weight-putting are not, however, uniform with ours in their details. The hammer, which, like ours, is of any material, 4 ft. in total length, and weighs 16 lbs., is thrown without "follow" from a circle only 7 ft. in diameter. Here, again, in the comparison of records, the use of a circle less than ours in diameter by 2 ft. must be borne in mind. But in this case it is probable that the reduced circle is not so great a handicap as would appear at first sight. The hammer is best propelled, not

by a movement of translation, but of rotation; and as the hammer-thrower improves the pace of his revolution the area of ground invaded by his feet diminishes. For one who has watched the movements of Kiely or of Barry, before the delivery of the hammer, it is difficult to believe that the diminution of the circle to a 7-ft. diameter would materially affect their performances. Indeed it is notorious, that so far as Dr. Barry is concerned, the circle might be reduced to a diameter of 4 ft., without disturbing the genial equanimity of that graceful giant during a competition.

The weight is put, not from a 7-ft. square, but from a circle with a diameter of 7 ft. This difference in itself is nothing, but another peculiarity is introduced at the same time, which greatly modifies the conditions of competition. A block of wood is firmly fixed to the ground, superimposed upon the line at that part of the circle from which the weight is to be delivered. The competitor's foot may not pass beyond this low bulwark in a fair "put," but it may be pressed closely against it, or even rest actually upon it. The weight-putter, accordingly, is able

to indulge in a preliminary forward movement much more impetuous than would be possible under English conditions; and yet, by making use of the wooden foot-piece, can, at the last moment, prevent an otherwise inevitable "follow," and its consequent "no put." This arrangement clearly tends to diminish the value of American performances as compared with British standards.

Here, then, the description of the technical differences between the American methods and our own must end. It will be seen that they are few, and, for the most part, unimportant. More might be made of them, perhaps, by a reference to some events which from time to time have appeared in the programme of important championship and club meetings in the States, in addition to the classics which have been examined. Such are throwing the 56 lbs. weight with two hands, horizontally, or vertically over a bar arranged as in the high-jump; pole-jumping over breadth; and, lastly, the hop, step, and jump, which has gained private affection but public neglect in England. These, however, and other unconventional competitions, have not really become incorporated within the body of athletics in America.

A visitor from England, accordingly, will find in an American "games" little in the character of the competitions themselves, or in the details of their management, to remind him of his absence from home. A general view of the field might strike him, on such an occasion, as unfamiliar, simply because of the crowded appearance of the general arena. Within the space enclosed by the track are usually gathered, in addition to the immediate competitors, a collection of persons large enough to be called a crowd, greatly too large for the convenience of any spectator, and too varied in dress and behaviour to be explained by the necessities of management or the demands of the American Press. In the grass enclosure, at a representative "games," will be recognized, in the first place, a large body of *bonâ fide* officials—larger, perhaps, than the similar body found essential in England—attending to the necessary judicial duties. But to these, unfortunately, there must be added, not only a host of industrious, if self-appointed assistants, but also many perfectly inactive friends of the officials, volunteer or regular, who have entered the ring on pretext, if not by bribery. The whole assemblage is

augmented, as a rule, by the presence of many competitors who have completed their trials or are waiting to begin them. It is enough to say that these intruders cause an annoyance grossly disproportionate to the effort which would finally abolish it.

We have not yet gained, through American experience and ingenuity, any improvement upon our present unsatisfactory methods of timekeeping. In England we get over our difficulties by placing a chronometer in the hands of a practised timekeeper. The instrument is admittedly unequal to the refinement of measurement required from it, but we confidently rely upon the experience of the timekeeper to make fair shots at the real time of a race in spite of his weapon's coarseness of aim. Probably many of our best known timekeepers, in nine attempts out of ten, do succeed in recording the time of a race to the nearest fifth of a second. The Americans, on important occasions, usually attempt to eliminate error by the employment of several watch-holders, the time officially accepted being that nearest to the mean of all the observations. When this is the practice, a mutual accommodation by the



timekeepers in private may lead to the eventual announcement of a unanimous verdict. At the American championship sports of 1895, an arrangement was introduced, for the first time, by which each timekeeper recorded his results without previous communication with any other, and it may be remembered what disclosures of human frailty were made on that occasion. For no fewer than six races, four different times in each case were suggested; and concerning three others, including two final heats—one of them being the quarter-mile—no two of the five watch-holders agreed. Such a divergence proves, of course, that more than half the timekeepers were incompetent; but, so long as it remains true that even in the hands of a perfectly accurate observer, our stop-watches cannot distinguish between the times of two men who are separated by 6 ft. at the end of a 100 yds. race, it is ridiculous that we should continue to compute records and estimate reputations upon such untrustworthy evidence.

It is, perhaps, this very fallibility of timekeepers and watches that must be held responsible for the general scepticism which greeted in former years the announcements in England of American

records. It is well to admit at once that, before the year 1895, Englishmen had not been awakened to the fact that, in the United States, athletic performances were being achieved fully equal to any we can boast of. Up to that time the newspapers had been the only medium through which these were brought to our knowledge; and the visits of American athletes to this country, famous as some of those visitors have been, were too rare to give an adequate impression of the general American standard. On September 21, 1895, however, a meeting between the New York and London Athletic Clubs took place at Manhattan Field, New York, which came very near being an avowedly international match, and for the first time it was possible to judge directly of the merits of American performers, and of their general athletic discipline. On that occasion the strongest team of athletes the United States could supply overwhelmingly defeated the Englishmen by winning every one of eleven events, of which the bare, but telling list of details has been given above, in the account of "Modern Athletics." It is true that it was only in the two sprint races and the hurdle race that the best performers in

Great Britain at that time took part, and that for the hammer and weight events no serious competitors crossed the Atlantic; but it is quite certain that the failure of so strong a team as eventually represented the London Athletic Club to score a single success, came as a crushing surprise to most Englishmen at that time. The surprise very soon gave way to a cordial recognition of the extraordinary merit shown by the American performers. They had to help them, no doubt, a fast track, a warm, breathless afternoon, and the inspiration of a great occasion; yet, even with these, it has never before been given to a team of athletes to make on one day four new world's records.

Owing to a strain which prevented Downer from running in the 220 yds. race, Wefers the American had no dangerous opponent, but nevertheless broke all records for the distance. It was in the 100 yds. that he met C. A. Bradley of Huddersfield, and made a match of the greatest interest. In build Wefers is of the lean wiry type common also in a striking degree to other famous American athletes—to Kilpatrick and Chase, for instance. He ran in the most graceful style, and by means of an

effective inward swing of the hips placed all his footsteps upon the same straight line. Bradley's action gave an impression of greater effort, and it may be noted that his steps fell on two parallel straight lines to the right and left, with no overlapping movement. In the actual race the two men seemed to have an equal turn of speed during the middle 50 yds. It was at the start that Wefers gained half a yard and Bradley again fell slightly back at the finish, losing the race by 4 ft.

Actual American and English champions met again in the hurdle race, run under American conditions, in the persons of Chase and Godfrey Shaw. The methods of the two were very dissimilar. Chase, who is long-legged, took his hurdles with a long raking stride, which gave him the appearance of gliding over them without rising ; Shaw, on the other hand, rose and fell much more perpendicularly, clearing the top bar always with a margin of two or three inches to spare. This method had been wonderfully successful upon English turf, for by diminishing the distance covered by each stride over a hurdle, Shaw was able to make more use of his great pace on the flat. It seemed to his rivals in England that by some unknown means he could

drop to the ground again when clear of his hurdle faster than the acceleration due to gravity in the case of other people generally permits. The start of the race was watched with the keenest interest. Chase was known to be a fine starter, while Shaw in this country has had no equal in the art of being first over the first hurdle. On this occasion, however, he rose just perceptibly later than Chase, and a great race ensued, punctuated at every hurdle by the jerk of Shaw and the long glide of Chase. Chase very slowly gained ground and won by a short yard.

Of the rest, the most conspicuous men were Kilpatrick and Sweeney. Kilpatrick gave an exhibition of the most perfect and effective style of running in the half-mile, and established the present world's record. In the high jump, too, Sweeney's magnificent leap of 6 ft. 5½ ins. stands well above any other so far recorded. Ireland has long been famous for her breed of great jumpers, and now, indeed, has set another almost inaccessible standard in the recent record long jump of Newburn. Sweeney's fellow-countryman Ryan was the only man worthy to jump against him on that day, but had not found it possible at the

last moment to accompany the English team. In all the other events the triumph of the Americans was equally complete.

This meeting will always have an important place in the history of athletics. Sweeping away at a blow all the jealousy and distrust with which each nation had formally watched the other's performances, it has led to the new period of honourable rivalry between the two athletic worlds which were then for the first time directly brought into contact. But there can be no doubt that the match took place at an inopportune moment. From beginning to end it was conceived as a meeting between representatives of two nations considered as political entities ; and however true it be that the British team was not fully representative, the match appeared to the public as a contest between John Bull and Uncle Jonathan ; it immediately followed a conspicuous international yacht race, and both occurred at a time when England and America, for political reasons, were in a state of mutual distrust. The success of the home team was allowed by a part of the press to appeal to that unpleasant kind of jingoism in whose language the American Eagle is represented

as screaming and flapping her wings at every successful stage in her favourite pastime of "twisting the British Lion's tail."

At a quieter time, less confused by other rivalries, and under more friendly political relations, the real interest of the athletic meeting would have found discovery. In this, as in so many other contests with Americans, we were competing, after all, against men for the most part of our own race, bred of the same bone and muscle as ourselves. Indeed, upon the particular occasion referred to the London Athletic Club met two or three men who were foreigners to us not by birth but by adoption, who in their new home had enrolled themselves as members of the New York Club, and but for domestic arrangements would more naturally have joined the visiting team.

Had no other interest attached to the meeting it would remain one among a large number of encounters arranged for the amusement of the multitude between men separated by arbitrary distinctions, geographical but not ethnological, into opposing ranks. Without appealing to political pride as a match between England and Russia might, it would have had the same interest and

cordiality as those attaching to an inter-University or inter-club meeting in Great Britain, and it would have ended in providing pleasures of pursuit for the competitors and a spectacle for the onlookers. A great deal more than this, however, can be claimed for the meeting in 1895. It was not merely a match between the New York winged foot and the dark green of London, but a match between a set of men trained in one climate and another set, virtually of the same breed, trained elsewhere. Further, and lastly, it represented a match between one system of training and another wholly distinct. Differences of climate and differences of athletic discipline were put in rivalry on that day rather than differences in racial development. The sports, if they had any save a spectacular interest, provided a physiological experiment rather than an anatomical demonstration.

With regard to climate differences, very few positive statements can be made at present. It is fair to say that the climate of the States apparently aids the quality of brief efforts while discouraging tests of endurance. It is believed also to produce the restlessness and rapid reflexes characteristic of the "nervy" American: and



perhaps this is worth bearing in mind in connection with the facts that first-class sprints are more common in the States than here, if we judge from recorded times, and that in rapidity of starting they are ahead of us. It was very instructive to notice that neither Bradley nor Shaw, Jordan nor Downer were able to take the lead at the crack of the pistol in their races in Manhattan Field, although all were considered fine starters in England. Lastly, the heat of the American summer must infallibly aid both sprinting and jumping in all cases in which it does not lead secondarily to ill-health. It may easily be believed that Sweeney himself would find few days in an English year on which he could approach his best performances.

From this uncertain ground we may pass to the divergences in the training methods and athletic discipline of the two teams, as representative of the two countries; and these will be found to be most strikingly opposed. In England the amateur athlete, in nine cases out of ten, is thrown entirely upon his own resources when, having discovered his strength in a given direction, he proceeds to develop his powers by

dint of practice. He is often helped by the advice of friends and of rivals ; but the advice, as much as his performances, is strictly amateur, and from the variety of its sources is not always uniform. It results, then, that until he has earned his own experience, and has the power of will to apply its results unrelentingly to himself, the English amateur conducts his athletic training either according to a body of vague tradition, or entirely as fancy prompts. And these remarks apply, not only to the athlete working alone for his own ends, but to the members of athletic teams who may have the glory of some community to enrich, and might, therefore, be expected to follow a more definite plan of preparation.

It is exactly upon such points of athletic discipline as these that the real character of American athletics depends. Every member of an athletic team in the States considers himself bound to devote his best energies to secure success, even at great personal cost, with, perhaps, the forlorn hope that duty may "lead to pleasure by the way." He places himself to that end under the orders of a professional trainer, who becomes as autocratic within the circle of the team

as his counterpart in a stable of English race-horses. The training of the team is a serious and lengthy business, and in the smallest detail of it the athletes are subject to their trainer's supervision. His professional advice, given often literally in the form of command, regulates their exercise and diet, and has even an influence upon their clothing and behaviour. Success, if they meet it, is rewarded by praise suitably divided between the trainer and his charges. The most prominent of athletic trainers during recent years has been Murphy, who was responsible for the fitness of the American team in 1895, and whose knowledge of men and genius for managing them heavily contributed to the completeness of our defeat. Before the match took place the newspaper phrase "Mike Murphy's men" was a regular synonym for the New York Athletic Club team, and Murphy himself was the central figure of the photographic group taken of the team just after their victory. It was he, also, who trained the Yale University team which defeated the Cambridge representatives a fortnight later.

In the case of this match the two systems of training, English and American, were brought into

the sharpest contrast. At Newhaven, months before the match was decided, a team was being selected and organized, and met daily at exercise and at a common training-table. We may be certain that the quarter-mile representative, to take an example, would not go to the Yale field for exercise as his future Cambridge opponent might walk to Fenner's, when the afternoon proved inviting, and his feelings suggested hard work ; he would go there, not from inclination, but under orders, and when upon the track, would do precisely what the trainer had dictated. This submission to discipline is the ruling spirit in athletics of all kinds in America, and should always be recognized as it stands in opposition to the relative laxity and individualism of English athletics.

Although the amateur athlete in this country may, for want of skilled advice, fail habitually to find himself at his best, and may perhaps in many cases never realize his best potential performances, it will not be denied that in his athletics he finds more interest and amusement than would be possible under the American system. A man is said to be "a fool or a

physician at forty ;" it certainly results from our methods that in most classes of English society a man is a thick-head or a trainer at twenty-two. Nevertheless, however improbable it be that our athletes will ever give up the privileges of self-training, there is one respect in which we have probably a great deal to learn from the American system. It is a curious fact that in athletics alone of almost all other pursuits, we cease to be firm believers in the value of coaching. The beginner in cricket, rowing, or golf invariably forms his style according to the precept and example of a practical instructor ; and in the case of rowing, indeed, it seems that a man may never advance beyond the stage of tutelage, for the hoariest veteran remains meek before his coach upon the river bank. It is only in learning to run or jump that Englishmen scorn instruction, and in these arts he adopts any style which suggests itself at the beginning. It is easier, of course, to run than to bat or row, but it may be doubted whether one man in twenty is lucky enough to adopt spontaneously those movements by which his running may be least fatiguing and most effective. The subject of style in running

has not, as a matter of fact, been studied in this country, and neither at the public schools nor the universities is instruction in it available at present. It is difficult to speak on the point without hesitation; but it seems clear, from the experience of the Americans, and of professional runners in England, that careful attention to the correct posture and movements of running may cause as great an improvement in the individual as systematic coaching is known to bring about in the case of oarsmen.

This subject has been more fully discussed elsewhere, in the chapter "How to Run," and the words of Dr. H. A. Munro, the first of our stylists, are especially emphatic. It has been again raised here, not for the purpose of arousing the Public Schools to a sense of the importance in the education of youth, of correction in the exercise of the most primitive bodily functions, though that would be a happy result, but in order to illustrate the kind of benefit we may hope to receive in the future from acquaintance with other systems of athletics than our own. Circumstances forced us six years ago to abandon the well-worn notion that we were invincible in the

athletic world, and have since led, let us hope, to a frank recognition of the strength of our rivals in America. Although it is probable that we shall be unwilling to part with many of our traditional methods, it will be odd if the two countries do not greatly gain by attention to what is best in the practice of either. It seems to be a natural law that the love of physical development and an enlightened practice of athletic exercises accompany very closely the course of empire in its westward march. The law may at least be recognized sufficiently for us to believe that it would amount to a grave political indiscretion to be more explicit in awarding the palm of athletic supremacy.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*LOCAL MEETINGS.*

**L**OCAL cricket and local football are as full of sport and amusement as any first-class match of county or club fame. The ground and accompaniments of the game level super-excellences; the village blacksmith bowls "the Blue" or knocks him head over heels, to the amusement of both. The same may not be said of local athletic meetings. They are morally and socially an impossibility, ruined by the fact and value of prizes and the dubious champions by these attracted.

They are not without their amusing side; they form an entertaining corner of Vanity Fair to be laughed at and to arouse ridicule. The local athlete likes to get himself up in attire more striking than comely; his shirt is brilliant and his "unders" flimsy. In the obstacle race, which forms a fitting



climax to the proceedings, we have seen him emerge from an earth-pinned tarpaulin and a swinging tub *minus* important pieces of vesture, and from time to time ominous crackings issue from sundry jumpers. But a local meeting is dangerous from other than sartorial reasons. Almost invariably "the bookie" and betting man make themselves heard and the acquisitive instincts in an odd runner or two oust the legitimate zest of competition.

Most athletes have competed in one or two local meetings, by request, and have gathered an amusing experience or two, but they seldom feel disposed to repeat the experiment. The dressing-room is mostly very limited, very crowded, and ill provided with ablutionary requisites. Sometimes it had been better if there had been none at all. A freshman from Cambridge was once competing in the same sports with the great George in his amateur days. A small hut served for dressing-room, equipped with one basin and a can of water. At the conclusion the great man returned to the hut, stripped, and standing in the middle filled the basin and emptied it over his person. The result on the floor, and the feelings and general cleanliness of the greater number, may be imagined. He himself had

no doubt run at local meetings before, and knew when to take his chance.

Monypenny, who will be known as the first of inter-'Varsity athletes to run the quarter under 50 secs., once gave the present writer an account of the only two local meetings in which he ever competed, and the story may be worth repeating as typical of the class of meeting. He had been fortunate in winning all his preliminary heats in a 440 yds. handicap, and the final was to come off in a few minutes. There were five runners left, one of whom was a venerable and bearded veteran who was receiving the respectable start of 40 yds. In the interval, the wily Odysseus, having spotted Monypenny as probable winner, came up to him and made a confidential suggestion that he should square the race for ten shillings. The Cambridge athlete made a most categorical reply. "Sir," he said, "in the first place, if you will take the trouble to look at your card, you will see that the value of the prize is five pounds, and if you think I am going to sell a five-pound chance for ten shillings, you don't know a Scotchman; secondly, I very much fancy my chance of coming in several yards in front of you; and thirdly, you seem to be

labouring under the very mistaken idea that I am a professional. I shall consider the question," he added, "of reporting you to the committee." The veteran soon afterwards justified his own proposal by finishing last of the five in the final.

The second experience, which happened at the same place, was even more suggestive of the dangers to be encountered. Monypenny, who had won two previous races, and had been approached by several bookies as to his chance in the mile, was selected as favourite, since he was receiving 120 yds. from Kibblewhite. When the race started a man who happened to be on the same mark with Monypenny went off at full speed, and for three laps led the field. Monypenny, who was second, turned out at this point, seeing there was no chance of catching the leader. He was presently astonished to find himself the centre of considerable abuse. The winner turned out to be a professional running under false colours, and Kibblewhite, who finished 90 yds. behind him, was returned winner. The only pleasing result was that the bookmakers for the third time that afternoon lost their money.

My own experience of local meetings is confined

to a single instance. In most ways the meeting was pleasant enough. There was a small grass track, *eight* laps to the mile, I know, as I nearly lost a race by miscounting. The changing-tent was unusually roomy, and the crowd were less ostensibly interested in the money question than is common. The competitors were of all sorts and sizes. On the limit mark was a good-natured farmer, who ran in thick grey stockings, without shoes, and continued his course for fun after the race was over, naïvely confessing that he could run like that for ever, but could *not* manage the pace. Most of the others came from the locality, though there were one or two "pot-hunters" near the scratch mark. The handicappers, however, had treated them with marked success, and they were not a little annoyed. After the first race, which was 1000 yds., I was resting from my labours in the tent when a florid gentleman, in a bright waistcoat with bulging pockets, burst in and congratulated me fulsomely. He seemed overjoyed at my success and very anxious as to my chances in the half-mile race that was approaching. I assured him that one race in an afternoon was enough for any man, and that my

chances of finishing in the half-mile were remote. I hope he, too, lost his money ; it is not pleasant to be a subject for bets and cause of either gain or loss to the enemies of the sporting element in the game. But, somehow, the betting-book seems inevitable, as inevitable as in horse-racing.

There is, however, or could be, a cure for these maladies. Any one who has taken trouble to get up little meetings, local in fact as well as name, knows the keenness they arouse and the good fun that results to crowd and competitors. All open events must be rigidly excluded, and only those runners admitted who reside within a certain circuit. The majority of the races must be handicap, and some one who knows and will take trouble must do the work. It will be well if many varieties of races are included—races for different ages, flat races, races over hurdles placed regularly or at random, impromptu steeplechases, throwing of a weight or the cricket-ball, and one of the follies of athletics for the sake of the unathletic. But above all, the prizes must not be of too great a value. The ruin of athletics has been the establishment of the theory that the game is not good enough in itself without a

substantial bribe. If once this foolish expenditure were banished, there is every reason to think that little meetings would become more instead of less frequent, and we might look forward to a time when adjacent villages would challenge each other at athletics, as they do at football, and become equally keen over the matches. But, in any case, we should be rid of this crime of pot-hunting, to the accusation of which every one is now liable. It happens not seldom, as things now are, that an athlete refrains from competing in races which would give him a good fight and much amusement, merely because he is afraid of gaining the title of a "pot-hunter." Winning races is very pleasant, winning "pots" may be much the reverse. If a prize is handed you with a grace on the spot, the giving of the emblem of success, however little in value, may reasonably help the delight of winning and the memento will be pleasant to keep. But too often the prizes are given in a business-like manner that is very far from pleasant. Even at Oxford or Cambridge a winner may be excused for feeling a positive disgust at the method of acquiring the pot. After several successes he walks into a jeweller's shop

and asks in cold blood how much is owing. The writer has had to lay out at a swoop £20, and after much labour got through the business without an atom of gratification to himself or benefit to the various clubs he had robbed.

Maybe the time is too far advanced for people to be content with the laurel wreath or any other selected foliage. They may, however, yet be willing to run without that usual pecuniary heading, expressed with business-like boldness at the head of each race: "First prize, value £5; second, £2; third, £1." Why in athletics add a conspicuous label to gifts from which on other occasions custom takes care to erase the tell-tale ticket?

A peculiar charm of local meetings is the inclusion of events such as are only possible to the locality in question. Among several meetings with distinct claims to individuality the Grasmere sports take first place in fame and fact. The executive committee is composed exclusively of the country gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who take great and successful pains to keep in their original quaintness the chief events of the programme.

.At these sports meet the kindred amusements of hunting and running. The two do well together, and give mutual help. Running with beagles is a legitimate and popular form of athletics, if less exciting than the mounted chase which has arrogated to itself the technical term of "run." "A good run," it is well to remember, is possible though no fox or even hare is expected at the far end. The terms of "hunting," "racing," and "running" are delightfully mixed up in the local language employed at Shrewsbury to describe the details of the cross-country runs in vogue at the school. The man in authority, who runs in scarlet, is the huntsman, and he is accompanied by a senior and junior whip, each armed with the implement suggested. The accompanying crowd is "the pack," or, separately, "the hounds," who by excellence of running are eventually promoted to be "gentlemen" of the hunt. The pack is coupled up and counted at the school gate before starting on the "run," the course of which is laid down in the school archives, and not left to the mercy of any fox or hare, nor is the pack dependent on any paper-scent. The same smack of horsy parlance is affected also in the accounts of the



school steeplechases ; in the entries, for instance, on the printed card each "horse" is given owner, nickname, and description, in full Newmarket style.

All this by way of digression on an event in the Grasmere sports known as the Hound's Trail. The race has been directly produced by the nature of the neighbourhood. The roughness of the lake country, the stone walls, and affection of the foxes for craggy corners, make it necessary for all fox-hunting to be done on foot, and even the build of the hounds has been developed to suit the nature of the going. The Hound's Trail is in reality a drag-hunt, and as the skin, soaked in aniseed, is taken over the course just before the hounds are slipped, the competition is one of pace and power rather than of nose. The distance of the trail is usually about seven miles or rather more, making a circuit of the valley. A prettier sight could scarcely be witnessed. The pack, thirty to forty in number, is slipped at the fall of a flag, and runs for a short burst at full speed with nose in the air, but presently the difficulties both of scent and ground make the pack tail off quickly, and the spectators watch the

circling line constantly lengthen out till the circuit home is completed. An average time for the winner is rather less than forty minutes.

Another feature of the sports is the enormous number of entries for the Westmoreland and Cumberland wrestling; on the last occasion they amounted to as many as 148. In respect of pure athletics, however, it is the Guides' Race that has given the meeting its chief claim to distinction. The following account, quoted from the *Times*, will give a good idea of the race and the mettle of the runners. "The Guides' Race . . . is as stiff a test of special courage and endurance as an athlete would willingly undergo. The course starts from the Valley of Grasmere and by an insidious route leads the guide over stone-built walls, through woods, and across moors and bouldered craggy ground to the point of the Silver How, 1000 ft. above the level of the sea, and home again to the sports' field. For this terrible race 17 competitors faced the starter yesterday beneath a boiling sun, and in the extraordinary time of 14 min. 39 secs. Taylor of Skelwith returned into the field closely pursued by half a dozen of his fellow-competitors. It

would be no exaggeration to say that for the actual distance travelled the Guides' Race at Grasmere is the stiffest and most trying run in our island, and it would be equally safe to affirm that any winner of this contest must possess a constitution a good deal stronger than that of most men. It is just a question whether the task set is not too severe on the whole." It is indeed a wonderful race, and the latter part, the helter-skelter down the steep, the leaping from boulder to boulder, the inevitable "cropper" that never comes, make certainly the finest athletic feat to be seen this side of the Alps. It seems, after all, that sometimes local meetings are not less excellent in present fact than in prophetic vision.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING.*

BY R. R. CONWAY.

**C**ROSS-COUNTRY running may be defined as that branch of athletics which is followed outside the sphere of enclosed tracks. The term "cross-country" certainly admits of a very wide interpretation ; much of the sport only deserves its name by courtesy, mazes of market gardens, new roads, and untenanted swamps awaiting the ubiquitous builder, form the courses of many of our clubs. The sport only flourishes in the neighbourhood of large towns, as its votaries are mainly those who are pledged to a sedentary life ; many of them, if they could command hours of ease, would doubtless devote themselves to the senior sports, but for them

paperchasing has been evolved as an excellent safety-valve for their superfluous energies.

Times are changed, and the sport, which has grown up through many generations of public school paperchasers, and which sprang into fresh being thirty-three years ago with Mr. Walter Rye as its foster-father, is very different now from what it was then. In that Saturnian age our cracks were content to pursue the hares through brake and bush, exulting with pristine glee in the woodcraft that enabled them to hunt a patchy trail or detect a "false," and gallantly overcoming every obstacle, jumpable or otherwise, that they encountered in the course of their wanderings. But now the case is very different ; with championships of every kind in view, much of the season is taken up in assiduous preparation and training. The result is that the weaker vessels, who, after all, form the majority and contribute a proportionally large amount to the coffers of the club, have to be considered, and temptation provided for them in the shape of handicaps, slow packs, etc., or else they are driven to confine their energies to drearily perambulating the unexciting roads that surround their headquarters. Mr. F. Reed, the





HARE AND HOUNDS: THE WAY OVER.

untiring president of the Blackheath Harriers, has some pertinent remarks to make on this topic. He writes as follows :—

“Cross-country running in the early days of the sport was carried on in a totally different manner to the present. It used, in my opinion, to be genuine sport—that is, *hunting*. A proper trail was laid with numerous ‘falses,’ and the pack used really to *hunt*, with the object of catching the hares. The great advantage of false trails was that they enabled slow men to stand a fair chance of holding their own in a pack, because many times the leaders would overrun the trail, or on to a ‘false,’ and a slow man at the rear would pick up the proper line and obtain a good lead of the other hounds, thus not only giving him a chance of being well to the fore, but also encouragement in running. All this has changed now ; packs have to be divided into fast, medium, and slow, and do their best to follow the trail, but if they miss it they do not care, but go for a run on their own account under guidance of a pacemaker. In old days if a trail were lost, through a ‘false’ or otherwise, the hounds scattered and hunted properly until they found, all tending to



make the sport more enjoyable than, in my opinion, it is now. Men *used* to be content with the ordinary runs and paperchases week after week, with perhaps a couple of handicaps for medium-value prizes during the season ; *now* they want handicaps and prizes every three or four weeks. Although the number of runners has enormously increased, I consider the sport has not by any means improved. The Middlesex Steeplechase, promoted by F. V. Rainsford, and run in the Hampstead district, was one of the annual fixtures of the good old days. On one occasion it was won by the now veteran walker, C. M. Callow, I taking second prize."

As a contrast to this old-world picture of the past, let us take a look at the present. It is a February afternoon at Wembley Park, the day of the "Southern," which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, may be more fully expressed as the Championship Race of the Southern Counties' Cross-country Association. There are, in addition to this, three big annual races—the "National," "Northern," and "Midland"—but the Southern is to a large number of athletes *the* race of the year. Wembley is in every respect but one an

ideal spot, but the one exception is the "going." Nowhere, I imagine, can mud of a more slimy, loathsome, and generally gelatinous consistency be found. Otherwise the course is really good, plenty of grass, some genuine country, start and finish in enclosed ground, and a view of the race every half-hour. When we add to this the fact that well over one hundred may be seen competing, it will at once be realized that the most insatiable spectator will have his money's worth to the last penny. The crowd gradually roll up, mostly consisting of the followers of each team, eagerly discussing the chances of their favourites; a good sprinkling of old timers are to be seen, recalling past triumphs, criticizing the present decadent age, and otherwise playing the congenial part of *laudatores temporis acti*. Here, there, and everywhere is the mainspring of the whole affair, Mr. Arthur Cook, who is in every way the right man in the right place. The competitors "prepare for the fray," to quote the apposite phrase of our sporting scribes, in a spacious hall, built apparently for a far different purpose, each team having its own loose box, redolent with the combined effluvia of straw and

Elliman. The field consists of the picked champions of the leading clubs, practically all from the Metropolitan district, though occasionally a team turns up from remote regions. It is a pity that such visits are angelic in their infrequency, as the advent of an invading host always adds a healthy impetus to local competition. The race is decided by points, the scoring being luckily much simpler than that employed in the County Cricket Championship. Each club enters twenty men, and starts not more than twelve or less than six; the places of the leading six in each team are added together, and the smallest total wins. We often find that a club possessing a man of exceptional calibre will enter with no chance of ultimate success in order to display the prowess of their champion; on the other hand, no team of merely average excellence need despair of success; witness the triumph of the Finchley on one occasion when they did not even score a place in the first ten. To a good judge of the game a big cross-country race is full of interest; not only will he see individual skill, but the instructive and delightful sight of good team combination; as the field at first speeds past, and, in the later

stages, plods its weary way, the kaleidoscopic changes caused by the many coloured jerseys declare to the cognoscenti the varying fortunes of the day. To score a high place a man must use his head as well as his legs, and time his effort with the utmost nicety, as the sudden changes in the ground traversed, from pasty plough or sticky swamp to firm grass, or the "'ard 'igh road" give a chance to runners of every capacity. The tremendous pace, too, set at the beginning of the race chokes off a large percentage of the field, and the gaps soon become painfully frequent. Excitement runs higher and higher as the last lap is reached, and the judges have no light task. They are, luckily for themselves, told off in pairs, one calling the numbers of the men as they pour in and the other taking them down, often with uncomfortable rapidity. The result is thus arrived at far sooner than might be expected, and is announced amid the plaudits of the mob. So keen is the struggle that often two or three yards only will decide the place of a team and the fate of the championship, and dead heats are by no means unknown. It is really astonishing to see how many men succeed in running right

through—no mean performance in itself, when we consider that ten miles of stiff country have to be crossed at racing pace, the winner doing his sixty-five minutes or thereabouts, a time that quite precludes any loitering by the way.

To my mind the best and most sporting contests are those in which club meets club, such, for instance, as the races between the University teams and the London clubs, when nothing but honour is at stake. These races take place over genuine open country, and the comparatively small number of competitors leaves far less opportunity for confusion or accident. Some of my pleasantest memories are connected with the struggles that have taken place over the "Gogs," which, as all the world may not be aware, are a mountain range of eminence in Cambridgeshire. The vulgar may scoff at the dead level of the eastern plains, but let them struggle up to the Reservoir on a nice fresh plough, or strive to race up Wort's Causeway, once the scene of a record performance of Hereward and his mare Swallow, and they will be forced to admit that we have *some* hills even in Cambridgeshire.

One of the very best courses is that used by the

Thames H. and H. at Roehampton, now the scene of the inter-'Varsity race. There is very little road, plenty of good stiff slope, plough of the heaviest, a brook of fearsome depth (it nearly drowned the Cambridge crack some years ago), and a glorious two miles to finish up with over Wimbledon Common. The only fault to be found in the course is that the finish itself is not sufficiently marked to enable a stranger to calculate his last effort. Racing over this course for the first time many years ago, I nearly charged down the judges under the assumption that they were merely wandering spectators who had encroached on the track. Many of our best London courses are rapidly becoming ruined by the spread of Greater London. Blackheath possesses two historic courses, both damaged by the presence of too much road ; South London, driven out to Croydon, are at present unmolested, but it is very doubtful how long they will continue so ; the Lea, one of the few happy instances where good fellowship and pleasant runs are not interfered with by the anxieties of championship competition, once revelled in the security of Epping Forest. In the north and north-western districts

Finchley, Highgate, and the Polytechnic show good sport over pretty country ; the Ranelagh, to come south again, are lucky enough to intersect the territories of the Thames, and in the far east reigns a club, perhaps as strong as any, the Essex Beagles, who, alike in numbers and skill, maintain the prestige of the defunct Spartan Harriers.

The desiderata of a really good course are many. In the first place there should be a fair start and finish, 300 yds. or so of road at the beginning and at least a quarter of a mile at the end, otherwise there is sure to be a scrimmage on entering and leaving the country, with the accompanying chances of spiking and other disasters. The country itself should be as varied as possible, with a good average share of grass to benefit the speedy, and plough to give the "pluggers" a chance. There are many who maintain that plough is altogether a foul blot on the landscape ; but I totally disagree with them. To run well over plough requires not only strength and pluck, but also skill, for it is quite a fine art so to change one's step as to take a regular number of ridges in a stride, and by artfully contrived

kicks to rid the shoe of adhering clay. Plough is a necessary concomitant of any real bit of country, and it is illogical to avoid it. You may certainly have too much of a good thing; two or three seasons ago, for instance, we boasted 19 ploughed fields in the short seven miles which compose the Cambridge course, and many have been the upsets of London form in consequence. Jumping is rapidly becoming a lost art; it is all very good fun when no racing is on, but few men care to imperil their chances in a match by a tumble. Most hedges can be negotiated in a less glorious manner, and gates, rails, etc., may be more advantageously vaulted or surmounted by a process familiar to many under the title of "belly-hedging." Water is a fine natural hazard, and often provides an unpremeditated and desirable bath. Many men make a great mistake in running too lightly clad; a chilling rain or driving sleet is often responsible for serious danger; and I have most unpleasant memories connected with a blizzard and a lost paperchaser, who may thank his stars that the nomadic habits of professors have led them to build their houses on the heights environing Cambridge. While on the subject of



apparel let me strongly insist on every one wearing properly spiked and plated cross-country shoes and avoiding the cheap and nasty abominations of "sand shoes," which not only give no footing but produce a hopelessly slovenly style as soon as they have worked loose, which they invariably do. After a hard run hot liquid applied externally and internally is desirable ; for the former purpose water is good, for the latter water judiciously fortified.

In the good old days adventures by flood and field were of frequent occurrence, and no wonder, when we consider the distances run. In the long and eventful history of the Thames H. and H. many moving tales may be read, none of which, fortunately, have had a tragic termination, though many have been dangerously near it. In those days any distance under 12 miles was considered shameful, 20 were frequently covered, and on one occasion  $24\frac{1}{2}$ , the longest *authenticated* run on record. However, such toils were amply repaid by the comforts of the "King's Head," and the Gargantuan repasts there partaken of. An eminent financier would not now be alive to convulse the markets were it not for the good

offices of his fellow-hounds. He was found one bitter winter evening frozen and half asleep in a ditch seven miles from home. His rescuers picked him out, ran him to Wimbledon, wrapped him in a sack, dosed him with boiling spirits, and cabbied it home, where he was at once put to bed. Soon afterwards, however, he appeared at dinner, and completely proved his restoration to health. One Christmas late in the sixties the Thames held their first outlying run from Jack Straw's Castle at Hampstead. All arrived safely save one, who was hopelessly lost, and appeared about 10 p.m., apparently in a dying condition. The next morning, however, on some of the others, who had passed a night sleepless with anxiety, walking over from Chelsea to view the corpse, they found that it had got up, breakfasted both wisely and well, and walked home! There is a fine yarn, too, of the once far-famed "Choppy" Warburton, then long-distance amateur champion, who unexpectedly turned up for a run at Roehampton. His company was not as appreciated as it might have been, and many unsuccessful efforts were made to lose him or run him off his legs, naturally without result. Accordingly, in the faint hope of

drowning him, the trail was taken over a very wide and deep part of the ancient Hog Mill river, near Malden. Unfortunately, however, Choppy was the best swimmer of the lot, and left his comrades struggling in the waves.

One trembles to think of the loads of paper these runs must have involved for the hapless hares, especially as they were the genuine hunted article, and not the modern "trail layer." It is strange to note how few men find it easy to lay a really good trail, simple though the task seems. Harold Wade, in the "Encyclopædia of Sport," plaintively alludes to the "patchy" style obtaining at the Universities, but on this count I think we may plead not guilty. The requisites for a good trail are two only—big bags, and plenty of paper, which should be cut, and not torn. The strips known as "bookbinder's waste" are the best—they pack well, and lie well. The one point to be remembered in laying is that the material must be *dribbled*, and not *dumped*. The bags must be sausage-shaped, worn like a soldier's rolled great coat.

A disputed point with regard to cross-country running touches on its relation to path work, and

its effect thereon. No one will for a moment assert that five miles over plough one day will produce a fast mile on the next ; but there is no doubt that to run across country in the winter not only does not spoil a man for the path in the summer, but actually improves him. A glance at the list of our distance champions, at one, four, and ten miles, proves this statement. With hardly any exceptions they will be found to be regular cross-country men. I am well aware that many of the highest authorities hold a diametrically opposite view, but they prefer to regard the sport from the distance of theory, and do not venture to risk contamination by any closer contact. It must not be forgotten that staying power is the *sine quâ non* in all distance-running, and that is the quality which is gained over grass and plough.

I have been often asked what make of man is the best for getting well over a course. As a rule the thick-set man of medium height will be the best to back ; your "big uns" go to pieces, and the midgets are liable to stick fast. But there are exceptions to every rule. In the Cambridge team of 1897, for instance, the biggest measured

6 ft. 5 ins., and the smallest 5 ft. 6 in., yet there were not many more seconds than inches between them. The best "big un" I have seen is C. S. Sydenham; the sight of him in '97 with a fifty yards' lead at the end of two miles in the championship was simply magnificent, style and power alike being displayed to perfection.

It is a difficult and thankless task in any way to classify our cross-country cracks. That they are the best in the world no one can doubt, and it is unfortunate that a representative team was not sent for the "Marathon" race two years ago. On that occasion the Anglo-Australian, Flack, was a good favourite, but it must be remembered that in no sense could he be called, on that season's form, representative. In these notes it must not be imagined that I profess to give a comprehensive list, or in any way venture to stray beyond personal reminiscence. Path runners may be differentiated by means of the records they have accomplished, but in cross-country running records are worse than useless, they are absolutely misleading, inasmuch as the nature of a course varies from one season to another, and the fact of an extra

plough or heavy rain will add seconds to a time.

Our great runners may be divided into two classes: men whose surpassing excellence enabled them to shine alike over cinders and plough, as contrasted with those who may be styled cross-country runners pure and simple. Pre-eminent in the former class, deserving indeed of a bracket to himself, is the champion of champions, W. G. George. We have seen men like Slade, Snook, Conneff, Bacon, Welsh, and Bennett, but George stands alone, a marvel not only from the performances he accomplished, but also from the manner in which he achieved them. Never shall I forget my first meeting with the champion; it was early in 1884, George's *annus mirabilis*, which witnessed his successful onsets on the one, two, four, and ten-mile records. Blackheath came up for their first meeting with Cambridge, and rumour had it that George was to lead the massacre. The visitors arrived, but no George! However, we waited an hour or two, and then a cab arrived which had served the turn of a dressing-room, out of which emerged a lathy form clad in the familiar blue and brown. The desperate idea had

inspired L. W. Reed and myself that perchance this might be an off-day with the distinguished stranger, and so undying fame might be won by landing him in difficulties. Alas for our hopes ! After going six miles or so we fancied that they were near realization, as we three were the only objects on the landscape, and all else was fading in the rear. On we struggled, one on each side of the enemy ; at what we fondly thought would prove to be the psychological moment of his collapse a placid voice remarked that "it was a warm day ; he had never expected to find any hills in these parts." We breathlessly assented, and were injudicious enough to remark that there was only another mile, whereat he was immediately lost to sight. Another yarn anent George is worth telling. When he first appeared as a competitor for the "National," a certain high authority strongly stated his opinion in print that George, though a great runner, would never stay the course, the old championship eleven miles at Roehampton. On the day of the race the critic in question was posted near the time-honoured landmark of the "Crooked Billet," some two miles from home. 'Ere long George appeared, leading the field by

a quarter of a mile. He pulled up, remarked, "*Now*, Mr. R——, do you think I can stay?" and quietly trotted home.

It is a thousand pities that the old course had to be discontinued; it was a long, tough job, and brought out the good points of a good man. More than that, it witnessed the triumphs of the incomparable Stenning. Stenning was a shortish, thick-set man, with marvellous staying power. When running at his side in the early part of a race it seemed that one might go away and leave him at pleasure, but after a bit the pace that had been so easy began to seem uncomfortably fast, and then there would be only one in it. It would be very interesting to pit Stenning against runners of the stamp of the present champion S. J. Robinson, C. Bennett, or George Martin. On the light fast courses which distinguish a decadent age the modern style would probably pay, but over a genuine old-fashioned course I fancy that the old story would be repeated, and P. H. S. once more run all his foes to a standstill. Certainly he would have done so had his peculiar system of training been compulsory. It is interesting to note how our great



distance runners in so many cases set all rules at defiance. Munro and George, for instance, have done some of their greatest performances under circumstances that would kill an ordinary mortal.

A very fine runner, eleven or twelve years ago, was W. H. Coad of the South London Harriers. A mere boy in appearance, with no physique visible to the naked eye, the way he could go over the heavy stuff was a caution. My only meeting with him in a race was not a pleasant experience. We had to make our way for miles over, or rather through, some inches of snow; Coad seemed to skim over the top, and it was hopeless to try to hold him when all one's efforts were confined to keeping a footing of any sort on the icy slush.

Another instance of a good "little un" was the late A. R. Cooper, one of the many good men and true that have worn the entwined squares of Blackheath. Cooper was a beautiful runner and a good sportsman; a few more like him would be heartily welcome at the Green Man.

H. A. Heath, of the S.L.H., Southern and National Champion in 1892 and 1893, was a great contrast to the two last-named runners

and was a splendid specimen of a genuine cross-country man, though his performances upon the path were quite first-class and proved him no mere bog-trotter. He was a big, broad-shouldered man, and went through the dirt with a tremendously powerful, lurching stride, and for two years his supremacy was unchallenged. His club still speak of him with bated breath, and rightly, for he was as good a man as we have seen, with one exception, and to be second to George is an honour. Now, unfortunately for South London, the Golden East claims him, though a flutter of apprehension in the bosoms of rival teams was for some seasons caused by the sportive G. C. Innes, who enters his name for the Southern as though bodily present.

Another great flyer in his day was S. Thomas, whose beautiful, machine-like stride was long the pride of the Ranelagh. Probably no man has ever been able to keep up such a regular fast pace for a distance, a faculty which has won him many a triumph on the path. Thomas has done a great service to our sport; he has proved again and again that winter work does not incapacitate a man for the summer. My

old friend, Harold Wade, will pardon me when I say that he has never fully used his opportunities as a cross-country runner. His first appearance in a championship gave promise that has never been realized, but he did not seem to improve. His great triumphs were won at the Universities, where he was always a more formidable opponent than many whose reputations were greater. However, in 1892, when his star seemed almost set, he flashed forth as the miler of a generation, and accomplished a series of performances that have quite put his earlier achievements in the shade.

There is one name to conjure with when we make any mention of our Southern runners, and that is H. A. Munro. Many people are not aware of what a truly magnificent runner he is across country, possessing a marvellous faculty of keeping his form under any conditions; and the same matchless style that has so often called forth the applause of the critics lining the enclosure at Stamford Bridge may be seen just as well over the most gluey plough that agricultural science has devised.

Lastly, I must mention two men whose names

must not be left to rust in obscurity, and they are the two of the finest performers that have been seen in the inter-'Varsity race, W. H. Whitelaw, and his rival, twice defeated yet not disgraced, W. W. Gibberd. Two finer duels have never been seen than the races between the pair in 1894 and 1895; had they met again in 1896 Whitelaw would have gone under, but in that year and in 1897 Gibberd has had matters all his own way. Whitelaw is quite my ideal of a cross-country runner, his build, style, and judgment being beyond reproach. Gibberd presented a model of determination packed in a small compass; could he only lengthen out his stride and throw his knees up he would have been quite first class. Whitelaw, on his present running, has quite got back to his best Oxford form, and his performances at Roehampton have been quite remarkable, one of them, his match with Flack, showing him to be a consummate tactician as well as a fine runner.

The rivalry in the early nineties between Whitelaw and Gibberd is now reproduced by another doughty pair, Dawson and Pumphrey. Dawson but for one fatal defect would be first class, but he

is, alas! unsound, and I question whether he will ever really recover the bad strain which has for the last two seasons rendered his performances problematical. What shall I say of Pumphrey? He is, with the exception of H. W. Workman, the most versatile runner that Cambridge has produced. It would, indeed, be difficult to find a man who can run his hundred inside 11 secs., and a fortnight afterwards cover the Roehampton 7½ miles *on a sticky day* in 43 mins. 39 secs. When I add to this that he can jump anything and everything, and can produce a finish that will run any man off his legs, I think I am justified in claiming for him the first place among all 'Varsity cross-country runners. He is fit to run anywhere and in any company.

It may be well to say a word or two on the subject of cross-country running at schools. There is a pernicious practice in vogue of allowing boys to take part in so-called "runs" of inordinate length, the result being that they wander aimlessly by the hour, fool about on the pretext of picking up the trail, which has probably been disgracefully scamped, and acquire a slovenly style that will never leave them. School runs should not be

too long, averaging six or seven miles and never exceeding ten ; the courses should be well known and carefully chosen, and boys divided into sets. In my time at Haileybury the system was well worked ; for about eight weeks of the Lent term (in those days all football ceased at Christmas) the runs went on. House runs (compulsory) of about five miles on Tuesday ; second set (boys under 16), of the same length on Thursday, and first set on Saturday. Any one might "follow" the second set, provided he encumbered himself with a coat. No boy was allowed to start without the sanction of his house master, and genuine interest was taken in the results. O. H.'s will agree with me when I wax enthusiastic over the charms of the "Brickendon," most delightful of runs, and "Hertingfordbury," or recall the glories of the "Berkhampstead." The good effects of the system may be seen from the fact that many of us were fortunate enough to represent our Universities on the running path ; *e.g.* in 1884 we supplied four men to the C.U.A.C., and I shall not be far wrong in claiming for our paperchasing system a large share in our athletic education.

I do not intend to write at any length on the subject of training for cross-country work, the system and methods of which in no way differ from those employed for long-distance events on the track, but two points must be insisted on: firstly, the necessity of plenty of *fast* work on the cinders combined with walking; and, secondly, the absolute importance of a team training together, and thus acquiring that mutual confidence which is the secret of combination, as important here as on the football field. I have already quoted the *locus classicus* of the Finchley; let me take two examples from my own Cambridge team. In 1887 we ran and won three matches, our *aggregate* winning balance being only *seven* points; in 1897, running the inter-'Varsity race over a strange seven-mile course, our team of five finished all within forty-five seconds; the result being a highest, or rather, lowest, possible. No team must lose heart at the presence of a star in the ranks of the opposition; the unfailing rule is to cut him off from his colleagues, who will be lost without him, and bring up the rear disconsolate. On the other hand, a good man, with a head on his shoulders, may so break up







UP THE SLUICE — FINISH OF THE STEEPLECHASE AT BRADFELD.

his opponents that his own team will work themselves into a winning position at the finish. In a match run at Croydon, a few years ago, between Cambridge and the S.L.H., the home team relied largely on that fine old veteran J. E. W. Sanders; he accordingly made the pace very hot, the guileless youths opposed to him, who knew him not, regarding him without apprehension as a mere pacemaker. However, as mile after mile passed, and still he urged on his wild career, the Cantabs began to get anxious. One of them thus described the incident to me: "He ran on and on, till I was the only one near him; so, after six miles, I said, 'Are you Sanders?' And the beggar said 'Yes,' and ran away!"

A very false impression is often to be met with as to "packing." A team to combine well must be able to pack whatever may be the pace set, and, above all, to pack their men in a winning position. There is no generalship, for instance, in trotting comfortably together when there is no one to bustle up the rear. Consider, for instance, two instances from the inter-'Varsity race :—

1898.	Oxford	1	1898.	Cambridge	2
"	"	3	"	"	5
"	"	4	"	"	6
"	"	8	"	"	7
"	"	9	"	"	10
		<hr/>			<hr/>
		25			30

A clever pack in the first five.

A pack, certainly, but too low down.

1900.	Cambridge	1	1900.	Oxford	2
"	"	4	"	"	3
"	"	5	"	"	7
"	"	6	"	"	8
"	"	9	"	"	10
		<hr/>			<hr/>
		25			30

Having the winner it was only necessary to choke off the opposition tail.

Here the break down under pressure spoilt a very promising opening.

In concluding these disjointed remarks, I must first apologize to the many fine athletes whose names I have been compelled to pass over, with so many of whom I have had such pleasant meetings; and, secondly, put forward two or three reasons which particularly commend this sport. In the first place it is eminently natural, no artificial track is required, and no allurements of gate-money and pots need be, though sometimes they are, necessary. Again, it is a sport which can be followed at the very slightest cost,

and is, in a degree, independent of the short hours of daylight which so curtail the working man's winter recreations. To run well across country needs condition, skill, and pluck, and any sport which calls forth these qualities is a good one.

## CHAPTER XV.

## PROFESSIONALISM.

(With an account of some professional runners by R. R. Conway.)

MOST games are in process of laboriously solving the professional question. In athletics, the solution, at any rate on paper, is complete. A gulf impassable lies between amateurs and professionals. There is no misunderstanding of the rule drawn up by that down-right body, the A.A.A. "An amateur is one who has never competed for a money prize or staked bet, *or with or against a professional* for any prize, or who has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises as a means of obtaining a livelihood."

The necessity of the rule is, of course, beyond question. Running is not cricket, nor even football. The cricket professional is a good product.

His game is to him at once an amusement and a profession, for the exercise of which he is paid a more or less regular salary, like other professional men. On the whole, it would be hard to find a better means of livelihood, or a better class of men. Without wishing to say anything against professional runners, many of whom are as good sportsmen and as pleasant to meet as any class, it remains that the occupation is, in its essence, destructive of sport. The athlete's prime object is to make money—a very different thing to earning a livelihood. His races are nothing more nor less than a gamble. He runs, not for a club, county, or country, but for his own fist and pocket. It is his interest not to display, but to conceal—often by devious tricks—his real merit. It is, therefore, impossible for Gentlemen and Players (if the objectionable dichotomy is allowable) to have any direct competition.

On the other hand, there are a certain number of men who have been driven into professionalism by the very stringency of the rule. An amateur like George, or Bredin, who has been carrying all before him, must have an overmastering desire to try conclusions with a rival who has been equally

triumphant in the other sphere. Both very likely came from the same class. There are "backers" here, there, and everywhere, offering to "put up purses" and defray expenses ; there is the English desire to see which is the better man. So, by a natural compulsion, George eventually meets Cummings, and Bredin Bacon. There is no cause, perhaps, to feel regret, but, be it remembered, running has ceased to be a game. There is another class which begins life as a professional. The writer once, not without difficulty, induced one of this class to relate the cause of his first step on the road to fame. He had better be his own spokesman. "My governor," he said, "mostly had his right eye open about most things, and often did a bit about horse-racing. Well, one day we had a few races at school, and I came out number one, and afterwards the gov. handed me half a crown. 'I've just won that over you, young man,' he said ; 'and I'll win a bit more before we're done.'" The steps in the runner's progress followed in due course. A stop-watch was invested in and paid for by instalments ; and it will surprise those not acquainted with the worth of a perfect machine, to know it cost £70.

The son was most carefully trained, and as carefully timed, with most pleasing results. At last he was allowed a public appearance, not in a race, but on the training-ground, where many Argus-eyed backers clicked their watches unseen. Curiously the new colt did not create a favourable impression. He clearly ran his hardest and style was good, but somehow the time was always bad, so that, on the approach of the Sheffield Handicap, it was possible to get any length of odds against the new man. The odds dropped steadily as heat after heat was won, but the father had already made a large enough book, and had no need to take the mere five-to-one chances offered for the final. A spike breaking in the middle of the race nearly spoiled the good thing, but, fortunately, only reduced the anticipated yard to a lead of a few inches. Father and son divided the proceeds, which paid for the stop-watch over and over again. Further inquiries as to the actual means by which the hostile band of timekeepers were inveigled, elicited a most ingenuous confession. While practising in public the son had run with a thin strip of *lead* in each shoe, a fact we disclose with full apologies for giving away the



device. There was all through no suggestion of any immorality in the proceedings, and when compared with all the numberless tricks of the trade, of "roping," of betting against self, of downright cheating, a little layer of lead is of no weight.

Though such are the ways of some professional athletes, a good deal of vaporous sentimentalism has been expended on the subject, because the C.U.A.C. a few years ago engaged a professional runner as permanent groundman and coach at Fenner's. It is difficult to see the minutest objection. The athlete requires some one on the spot to look after the many little details of training; and if a man is procurable who has a special knowledge of the subject, so much the better. That he has in the past run races for money can afford no *bonâ fide* objection, unless there is a likelihood that he introduces the more questionable tactics of professionalism into a University! As a mere matter of history the innovation came from Oxford, where first a professional runner was engaged for the Easter term of 1890, to teach the elements of sprinting. The only drawback that resulted was a sudden increase in the speed of the sprinters. And surely the sporting element

in a game is not endangered by an increase in the excellence of its methods.

The chief energies of the professionals, as well as their chief excellence, lie in sprinting. As a general rule the amateur, even if the A.A.A. allowed him to run, would have no chance in any race that can be described as a sprint. The bare fact is in itself a proof that running can be learnt. Every race is from one point of view a great muscular effort. Of course a light body and loose limbs lessen the muscular effort required, but, other things being equal, the best developed muscles, as in gymnastics, will win most races. Almost without exception, the amateurs who have turned professionals have within a few months lowered their previous records. Training—for a professional—is a long, serious, scientific business. The Greeks used to train for a year, and having regard only to the speed of the final performance the period is not excessively long. Muscle is not made in a day, nor developed to efficiency in a month.

A great professional sprinter once explained to me his usual practice. He looked upon thirteen weeks as the ideal period for preparation for a

hundred yards, and theories were based on accurate experiments with the stop-watch. For a week or so he found his pace *decrease*, if anything, and it was not until the end of the sixth week of continuous practice that a quite distinct improvement on his initial form would be apparent. It is this point of improvement that the amateur reaches if he is lucky, and thinks that he is perfectly trained. The professional knew better. He continued training, or more accurately exercising, and at the end of another solid six weeks or more suddenly, as it seemed, found himself a yard or so faster still over the course. This is no theory, but just a bare fact of experience to be noted, indicating the reason why a professional sprinter will always surpass an amateur.

Touching the future of professionalism, it is to be hoped that the number of professionals increases rather than the reverse. The making of money over games is in the present state of civilization a recognized pursuit for the lower middle classes. It involves a certain contradiction in terms, and offends, perhaps, some of the nicer instincts. Moreover, as stated above, the professional athlete in present circumstances has less

chance than his brothers in other departments of keeping his sporting instincts intact. But his case need not be thus perilous. If the public will pay to see him run, if he will keep honest and learn the subject-matter of his business, how to make a path, how to teach training, how to make athletic requisites, it is open to him, as well as to the cricketer, to earn a steady livelihood without selling races or amassing bets.

But whatever the status of the professional, he is better product than the amateur who is no amateur, the quasi-amateur, the surface sportsman and actual money-grubber, the professional *loser* of races, or disciple of the melting-pot. It is this creature that destroys the heart of athleticism. The history of the L.A.C. and of other similar clubs is an unending fight against the spread of the disease. It is, however, very insidious. The only treatment is extreme carefulness about the introduction of members, the lessening of the value of prizes, or substitution of medals, and drastic measures with the slightest offence.

## SOME PROFESSIONAL RUNNERS.

In treating of the greater professional runners, their ways, and their chequered history it is hard to take up a purely impartial attitude. If ever the historian arises who may think it worth while to present to the world a record of pedestrianism, his pages will contain tale after tale of chicanery and fraud, relieved here and there by the mention of a brilliant performance or desperate struggle. Yet we must remember that it is to pedestrianism, to use the technical term, we owe our modern athletics. In the past, when even cricket between amateur elevens was played for a money stake, it was only natural that man-racing should depend on a similar consideration ; either the pro.'s presented a brighter example of integrity, or the public taste was less squeamish than at the present day, probably the latter ; at any rate, pedestrianism flourished, and flourished amain, and money matches on the road between amateurs were common. It was inevitable, however, that the system could not last ; the old maxim of "never back anything that can talk" was so often proved true, sometimes even in the case of those who

should have known much better, that people grew tired of the uncongenial game of burning their own fingers, and the sport sank to the depths from which it has again and again, and perhaps never more than at the present time, striven to extricate itself.

The reason for all this may be summed up in one word—betting. Now, without saying anything for or against the practice of investing money on sporting events, to use a term that can hurt no one's feelings, it must be allowed that the moment an intelligent being is made the subject of a wager, there is strong probability that from that time his corruption will begin, more especially when we consider that the being in question is almost invariably drawn from a class whose moral sense is not developed in the most desirable degree. The pro. in so many cases does not run "on his own;" he is entered and trained at the expense of a "gaffer," who backs him according to his estimate of his man's abilities, and his private interest in the race is probably confined to a small sum in the case of his success. When, therefore, hopes of a substantial profit are held out to him should he allow himself to be defeated

by an inferior opponent, can we wonder at his corruption? Those who have not studied the ins and outs of pedestrianism may be surprised to hear that occasionally the judge in a big handicap has to deal with runners in a trial heat who with one consent refrain from winning, the contest resolving itself into a "tortoise race." A few interesting sidelights on this branch of the subject may be considered in Sir John Astley's amusing autobiography, from which we can see that occasionally the pro.'s found an amateur smart enough to take them on at their own game. Almost equally degrading to sport are, in my mind, the "exhibition" races which are a feature at certain outdoor entertainments, when we see two cracks racing in a leisurely manner over a distance of ground, and finishing a yard apart in time that either of them ought to do "on his head."

It is a melancholy task to look back on the many generations of pro.'s, and reflect how few of them, even among the best, have left anything like an enduring name. Professionals in other sports achieve a position and a mundane immortality; but what can we say of these? The few whose

names are still remembered only serve to throw into darker relief the obscurity of the rest, and no wonder. How could those who were known by such endearing *noms de guerre* as the "Flying Tailor," the "Norwich Mouse," or the "Suffolk Stag," hope to live on the lips of men? Why, even in the case of that deservedly popular and respected veteran Jack White we have constantly to be reminded that in his palmy days he was known to an admiring world as the "Gateshead Clipper." Deerfoot certainly is continually quoted, but still sceptics are found to utter dark sayings, not only as to the genuineness of his nationality, but even of his performances. Of course one great reason for this state of things lies in the fact that there is practically no employment in his own line for the ex-pedestrian; athletic clubs do not follow cricket clubs in maintaining an army of professionals, only the largest can rise to the dignity of a groundman, and the fact of a man having been speedy over the cinders is by no means a guarantee of his ability to keep them in order. It is, too, a melancholy fact that after a man has been through the continued excitement of a pedestrian career, and, during his periods of training, enjoyed uninterrupted



leisure combined with creature comforts to which he has not been born, he finds it next to impossible to settle down and earn his living in any less sensational manner. The only opportunity for a display of his peculiar talents lies in the task of preparing his juniors for like struggles or officiating as the trainer of one of the schools of gladiators fostered by the Football League, when he may perchance figure, bedecked with a bath towel on arm as his badge of office in the "group" which the photographic artist presents to an eager crowd of gazers.

There has, of course, always been somewhat of a vexed question as to the relative abilities of pro.'s and amateurs, and from their performances the former certainly seem to have it, though it is certain that we can hold up one or two stars who have shone far above any professional rival. No one has yet equalled in England, or probably ever will, that double championship of Tindall's in 1889, or the all-round performances of Walter George while he was an amateur. We must remember that the record-making pro.'s compose a very exceptional class, for no man will find a backer for any big race unless he can show extraordinary natural ability. He is

trained for a long time with the utmost care solely for this particular event, and no time or trouble is spared, the result being that he is brought to the mark in a condition of absolute fitness. Moreover, we do not find pro.'s, as is the case with so many amateurs, damaging either their speed or endurance by racing outside their proper distance. The genuine amateur has practically to race himself into condition, and from the press of necessary engagements cannot give himself that due attention which will not only ensure his being quite at his best, but also prevent that dreaded foe, staleness. Three years ago we had a class of amateur champions at all distances who could, without much anxiety, have ventured to challenge their professional brethren. Bradley, Downer, Fitzherbert, Bredin, Bacon, and Munro formed a wonderful galaxy of talent; but, alas! three of them now adorn the ranks of the opposition. This fact goes far to prove the foregoing statements. The general suspensions of 1896 which expatriated so many amateur cracks are now a matter of history; Bredin, for his own purposes, went over, and hence has arisen the "New Professionalism." Now, these men, excepting Fitzherbert and Munro, who both

had the advantage of University training, would never have attained the eminence they did had they not devoted themselves so entirely to athletics as to make almost a business of them. When, therefore, they encountered the pro's on their own ground they proved themselves to be not only their equals but even their superiors, and accomplished performances which proved their amateur records to be no fluke. One reads, however, with a slight pang, of ex-champions and cup-holders of the L.A.C. "undergoing a capital preparation" at some sporting public-house, "indulging in the customary walk round," and stimulating their energies at the start with nips from the same bottle.

In former days, before we were blessed with the presence of associations, unions, affiliated centres, *et hoc genus omne*, the line of demarcation between the amateurs and pro's was but faintly drawn. At the various training-grounds, which were all that our predecessors had to represent the luxuries of Stamford Bridge or Queen's Club, the two classes dwelt together in millennial harmony, divided only by the use of separate changing-rooms. For instance, at Coborn Road Grounds a sometime

amateur champion would offer the pro.'s present the substantial inducement of sixpence if they could catch him in a hundred! But all this has been changed by the rule of the A.A.A. quoted at the beginning of the chapter. Under the old state of things it was generally found more profitable to run as an amateur, with many more chances of competition, valuable prizes to be realized, many small trifles in the way of bets to be picked up here and there, and in the event of surpassing excellence liberal "expenses" in return for the favour of one's assistance in gracing the programme of some enterprising club. Small wonder, then, that many of our cracks preferred this primrose path to the more rugged road of declared professionalism. But now the bolt has fallen and the Augean stables cleansed. We have to-day, as a result, the "New Professionalism," which has certainly given us some fine racing, and, I really believe, fair contests. The matches between Bredin and Downer, Bacon and Tincler, Bredin and Kilpatrick have all been genuine and of interest. Tincler, who when an amateur owned the name of Craig, seems quite likely, if any one is to succeed, to shake the ever-memorable mile record

by George, which has stood for fifteen years. When we consider some of the professional records we are inclined, at first sight, to feel slight pangs of incredulity, not so much from the nature of the performances themselves, but from their mouldering antiquity. It is, for instance, a far cry to 1847, when G. Seward ran 200 yds. in  $19\frac{1}{2}$  secs.; but though many records have almost certainly been "faked," we must, on the other hand, set the character of the tracks then in use. Jack White has often told me of the old Hackney Wick Ground whereon he made some marvellous times, the number of laps to the mile was something fabulous. Jack, in his golden youth, must have been good to watch, standing very little over 5 ft., weighing only 7.10, he bounded along with an 8-foot stride, and certainly was the best of his day for anything like a long distance. For the shorter distances, up to two miles, Bill Lang was a flyer, and his  $9.11\frac{1}{2}$  is nothing less than wonderful. Lang, too, is said to have done 4.2 for a mile in the neighbourhood of Newmarket! Often have I scoured the roads in that district for the scene of this historic exploit, but I have never succeeded in discovering it. At any rate, one may be positive that the mile in

question was almost certainly on a very liberal slope.

The most marvellous of professional performances will be gathered from the chapter below entitled "Time *v.* Distance;" but of all, perhaps, the sprinting feat of Hutchens there discussed stands out pre-eminent, and proves him to be the most wonderful sprinter that ever put on a shoe. Almost while these lines were being written he was showing form that would put to the blush most men of half his age. In a match with Downer over 200 yds., receiving 7 yds. start, he was beaten a foot in a yard outside evens. Not bad this for a man of 42! The name of Hutchens will always be associated with Sheffield Handicaps, which are a form of race peculiar to pedestrianism. In a Sheffield Handicap one is somewhat puzzled by observing some such announcement as the following: "202 yds. hcp.," and then a list of starts, with the scratch man on, perhaps, the 78 yds. mark. It will easily be seen by any one who has reached the second rule in arithmetic, that the said scratch man has to cover 124 yds.; in other words, he is handicapped to run 4 yds. inside evens, and the rest

of the field in proportion. Such is, I believe, the main feature of the system, which certainly possesses the merit of scientific accuracy. The men are, in fact, exactly informed of the handicapper's estimate of their abilities; they know, therefore, that if they can only squeeze out a few more inches they will be worth backing. When we remember that a big pedestrian event will often have as much money on it as one of the great betting races on the turf, we can hardly feel surprised at the fact of occasional, or ought I to say frequent, foul play. As an instance of what foul play means in this connection, I may be allowed to tell the following story.

Not long ago a mile handicap was to be run at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh. It was well known that one of the entrants, a man equal to 4.23, was well in. The "office" was given to two other competitors to look after him. They did so, and with such good effect that he was spiked and lamed for life.

In concluding this chapter I must mention two of the greatest matches of modern times, George *v.* Cummings and Hutchens *v.* Gent. At the time of George's supremacy as an amateur Cummings

enjoyed equal fame as a pro. George, who intended to retire, after running his last race as an amateur, challenged Cummings in 1885 to a series of races at 1, 4, and 10 miles. Excitement over the events was intense, but the result was disappointing. George won the mile, and was hotly backed for the remaining events; but in the 4 miles, run at Powderhall, he was crushed. Rumour had it that he was poisoned, and it is probable that for once in a way she was right. At any rate, a few hours before the race he wired to London to say that he never felt better, and then in the afternoon was hopelessly left. The 10 miles was not a much more cheerful proceeding; Cummings won in a canter, doing 51.6 $\frac{3}{4}$ , time which is still a world's record.

Next year, however, George, undaunted, again threw down the gauntlet for a similar encounter. On this occasion he ran for the mile self-trained, a fact which will suggest some thought to those who may remember his peculiar system of looking after himself. His trial spins at Surbiton attracted huge interest, every window overlooking the ground held its clocker, but no line could be gained. George employed various devices to



frustrate them, running yards outside the supposed distance. Once he did 1770 yds. in 4.14 ! Certainly professional training never suited him, accustomed as he had been to the ordinary comforts of civilization. The pro., we must remember, is trained very low ; he has probably not been too familiar with the taste of meat and similar dainties, and is, therefore, satisfied with a somewhat meagre allowance. The effect on George naturally was that he was weakened and dispirited, and merely a shadow of himself. The mile, run on the old quarter-mile cycle path at Lillie Bridge, drew thousands. I should not care to say how many of the audience were more interested in their neighbour's pockets than in a memorable contest, but, at any rate, there they were. It was a glorious struggle, each trying to cut the other down all the way ; Cummings ran nobly, but was clean licked in the last lap, and one of the fairest and squarest races ever run was fittingly crowned by a record. The strategic movements to the rear performed by sundry "bookies" were, in their way, quite as masterly as the race itself. Once more, however, a brilliant beginning was not followed up, the 4 miles

resulted in a second disaster to George, and Cummings virtually broke down before the decision of the last race.

A year afterwards Hutchens *v.* Gent was the match of the season. Gent was "a real flyer," and his performance of 122 yds. in 11 $\frac{3}{8}$  is quite up to Hutchens' best. In writing of this race, made so memorable by its sensational termination, it is somewhat hard to speak without saying too much. The interest in it was extreme, and many supporters of pedestrianism began to hope that its palmy days were coming once more ; but they were doomed to disappointment. As a matter of fact, the plan of campaign followed by both sides quite broke down, and the complex situation was arrived at that both men must lose ! As a result, neither of them was allowed to leave his dressing-room, one was forcibly abducted, and then the murder was out. The British public, or at least that section of it which has no reverence for old institutions, turned merrily on the time-honoured structure of Lillie Bridge, and in a short time it was burnt to ashes. I have often been amused by the adventures of various respectable citizens on that afternoon. Three,

who have given me their various versions of the day, all claim the honour of having been first out of the ground. One journalist of generous bulk asked another of similar build whether he could run. "No," was the reply. "Then you had better start at once; there is going to be the biggest row ever seen; I am an old man, so the 'boys' have given me the office." "Then," said my informant, "I did evens all the way to the station!" This scandal was the death-blow to the old school of Professionalism; it has never recovered, and we can hardly feel sorry.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*TIME V. DISTANCE.*

## RECORDS (PREFACE AND STATISTICS).

THERE is something not quite sporting about "records"—a preparedness, a formality, an absence of the battling instinct that is somehow contradictory of sport. The maker of a record is not necessarily the best racer; some of the records have not been made in races at all, but with the help of series of pacemakers got ready at intervals, some day when all circumstances were favourable. The very word—in its latter-day misuse—has become tedious and offensive, while the outrageous desire to make a record has produced—in bicycle-racing, for instance—many spectacles at once puerile and disgusting, witness the famous five-days' race in New York. In athletics it is almost proverbial how little trust can be put in previous times to prophesy a future winner. We have seen a long-

jumper leap three feet short of his best performance, and a putter lose two feet merely because the occasion was critical. A most extraordinary instance of this divergence between promise and performance was in the inter-University sports of 1884, when every single event went contrary to the paper prophets. The mile (as also in 1898) was the most typical example of the difference between a runner and a racer. La Touche, the Cambridge miler, was quite first class ; he had won the previous year ; he had done some fine times at Cambridge, and on each occasion had finished as fresh as paint. But he suffered from being a machine. He had not cultivated the art of sprinting at will ; he would run all through a race with the same swing and regularity with which he started, and if by mistake he ran the first lap too slowly he was a beaten man ; he was like a professional bowler with a natural length, which is the best thing in the world until it is collared, and then it is the worst. The consequence was that in this case the finer runner, who finished with but little exhaustion, was beaten on the post by a man who could not for his life have run twenty yards farther.

There is evil in records, but, at the same time, if not made into an essence instead of an accident, they form as interesting an appendage to athletics as medal to match-play in golf. Having won a race, it is pleasant to know the time, and make comparison with the past as well as the present. It is not, of course, possible to put implicit faith in all the records of the past. There are times and times. Boys at school, with the help of abridged courses and anticipatory timekeepers, have run (to quote from personal knowledge) a hundred yards in  $9\frac{1}{2}$  secs., ten miles in 53 mins., a quarter in 50 secs., and have jumped over 23 ft. on a gradient. Again, justly or unjustly, people are wont to believe the repeated record of level time in the early days of inter-'Varsity sports. It is, however, imperative to credit all the records that have been passed by the A.A.A. through the last ten or fifteen years. In every case the tracks have been carefully measured, the circumstances fully considered, and strict regulations laid down about the quality and quantity of the timekeepers. It is well that they should be three in number and duly qualified, and in case of divergence, the mean time between

the three taken. To those who have not studied the modern watches, it will seem almost incredible that the fifths of seconds can be taken with any accuracy. Disbelief will, however, vanish if the time be put in terms of distance; one second, for example, at the end of a hundred yards represents rather more than ten yards, or one-fifth second two yards. And surely it does not require a very perfect mechanism to express such a piece of space in terms of time! There was a not unfamous timekeeper at Cambridge, who was fond of summing up the time as "a yard better" than some fifth or other, but we are afraid the finesse was not justified in fact. On the usual chronograph, says an expert specially consulted, the long hand is released by vibrations of the escapement and should fly to its mark instantaneously, and if it is arrested half-way, a flaw in the mechanism is the only time deduction. But however accurately fingered a chronograph, as the same expert points out, is always liable to err on the fast side. Say, for instance, that a man has occupied  $10\frac{1}{2}$  secs. in running 99 yds., the same time would be returned to him for 100 yds., as the hand would not be released again until  $10\frac{2}{2}$  secs. was arrived

at. There are, of course, "continuous running" chronographs used for scientific purposes, but they do not appear often on the running-ground.

There are, perhaps, three tables of "records" which may be of particular interest—University records; amateur records in England and America; and professional records.

### UNIVERSITY RECORDS.

In the inter-University sports, development of late years has been very rapid in many events, but in a few a retrograde movement is conspicuous. To begin with the flat races. The sprinters of the early days appear, on paper, to have altogether outclassed their successors. Level time is recorded no less than three times before 1873; but it is not safe to put down any of the three athletes as record-holders, for neither were the watches then so first class as now, nor was the same trouble taken to find certified time-keepers. Still, there was a long period over the years succeeding 1874 when University sprinters fell much below first-class form, and never since that time have the Universities compared favourably with the winners of the Amateur Championships.



In the quarter-mile the most conspicuous improvement has been made. In early days, 52 secs. or so was considered a fast quarter; and when Macaulay, in 1873, reduced the record to something under 51 secs., the world was astounded. Without doubt Macaulay was in the front rank of quarter-milers, and had in himself the capacity for doing a great time, but he was hampered by the then superstition that a quarter-mile was a waiting race, and, moreover, he seldom met an opponent of quite the same class as himself. The new notion of the race came into vogue about 1887. Since that date an extraordinary improvement in the average time is apparent. At Oxford, both F. J. K. Cross and W. B. Thomas beat level time, and Monypenny, Fitz-Herbert, and Jordan have done the same at Queen's Club. And for each of the last nine years the time has been well below 51 secs. For a very long period the quarter-mile has had an especial home at the Universities, and there has scarcely a year elapsed in which the winner at Queen's Club would not have been in the running for the Amateur Championship.

A rapid improvement took place also in the

pace of the mile from about the same date. Cross approached the record in 1886, and which both he and Harrison, his second string, lowered in the following years. Pollock-Hill further reduced this in 1890, and also won the three-mile on the same afternoon. He, in turn, was succeeded by Lutyens, who, in imitation of Cross, won for four successive years, and reduced the time to its lowest point.

The three-mile has varied on no particular principle. Horan's time stands conspicuously alone, but there have been many fine runners, notably Pollock-Hill, who have only failed to establish a time-reputation from want of opposition. This race at Queen's Club is almost always a runaway victory.

Hurdle-racing has been almost a monopoly of the Universities. For many years the rivals hailed from Nottingham, where, for unknown reasons, the pastime flourished. The number of first-class hurdlers is too great to mention, even the losers in the inter-'Varsity race have been again and again up to first-class form. For instance, the championship two years ago was won by Parkes, who, a day or two previously, had finished third at

Queen's Club. The reputation of accomplishing level time is shared by A. B. Loder and W. R. Pollock, and the same time was also recorded of C. N. Jackson.

The long jump is another event in which progress has been very rapid. Before the nineties 22 ft. had only once been cleared, by Davies, a jumper remarkable for the speed with which he rushed at the leap. The first to begin the era was Greig, one of the most consistent of jumpers, who cleared 22 ft. at every one of his four attempts. He again was eclipsed by Fry, and Vassall, his successor, approached Greig's consistency, though he never quite reached his length.

There is little in the statistics of the high jump worth recording. Brooks' leap stands out pre-eminent. Besides, Montgomery and Swanwick have been in danger of reaching 6 ft. G. Howard Smith won at Queen's Club this year at 5 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  ins., and reached actually the 6 ft. at Montreal, September 14 last.

Both the strong-man competitions have been degenerate since the days of Hales, and the best performances have been meagre in comparison with the championship level. J. H. Ware did one

good put, but even this is of less value than appears, as the rules governing the event are not in line with those of the A.A.A. "Hammer" Hales' throw, too, sounds fairly good, but cannot be put down as record, since at that date his antics were limited by no rule or circle.

The following table may be taken as authentic for University sports up to 1899 :—

Event.	Time or distance.	Name.	University.	Date.
100 yards ...	10 secs.	{ J. P. Tennant J. G. Wilson G. H. Urmson C. R. Thomson	Oxford " " "	1868 1870 1873 1899
$\frac{1}{4}$ mile ...	49 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	W. Fitzherbert	Cambridge	1896
" ...	49 $\frac{3}{4}$ † "	C. G. Davison	"	1899
* $\frac{1}{2}$ " ...	1 min. 54 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs. §	F. J. K. Cross	Oxford	1888
1 " ...	4 " 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	W. E. Lutyens	Cambridge	1894
3 miles ...	14 " 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	F. S. Horan	"	1893
		{ A. B. Loder W. R. Pollock W. G. Paget- Tomlinson	" " " "	1876 1884 1899
High jump	6 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.	M. J. Brooks	Oxford	1876
Long " ...	23 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.	C. B. Fry	"	1893
Putting the weight	39 ft. 1 in.	J. H. Ware	"	1886
Throwing the hammer	138 ft. 3 in.†	G. H. Hales	Cambridge	1876

\* Run at Oxford. The event not included in inter-'Varsity programme until 1899.

† Not thrown from a circle.

‡ At Oxford.

§ At Yale and Harvard.

## AMERICAN AMATEUR RECORDS.

It is beyond question that the greater number of what are called world's records belong to America. At one time there was a tendency to treat with disbelief tales from America, which had a way of always going one better whenever a great performance was recorded in England. Fortunately for our sense of justice, a vast number of even American records were eclipsed at a meeting between the New York and London Athletic Clubs in 1895. It is not difficult to point out from what causes their superiority was due. Like ourselves, the Americans are born athletes, but, unlike ourselves, they have subjected their natural quality to a scientific treatment. For instance, the aspiring members of the New York Club, many enrolled from most remote corners of the continent, are put into the hands of skilled instructors and provided by the Club with all necessities and luxuries. They are taught and trained on the best possible system and, for the time being, devote themselves solely to the game. When it comes to the final performance everything

is still in their favour. The heat promotes lithe-ness, the track is of such consistency and shape that it is said to be a second faster over one lap than even Fenner's. Again, the track is measured 1 ft. 6 ins. instead of 1 ft. from the edge, which would make a considerable difference in the longer races. It is not, therefore, unnatural that our amateurish amateurs should have to acknowledge inferiority. In one event—the hurdles—no comparison is possible, as the Americans run over cinders in place of grass and over hurdles that fall if touched. Though a time is not considered if an obstacle is felled, the absence of danger to the runner promotes a lower style of jumping, and in this indirect way increases the average speed.

In the hammer-throwing competition the Americans throw from only a 7-foot circle, and indulge in but one turn of the body, a limitation that must be counted to their credit in a comparison of their record with ours.

TABLE OF AMERICAN AMATEUR RECORDS.

Events.	Time or distance.	Name.	Date.
100 yards ... ..	9½ secs.	J. Owen, jun. B. J. Wefers J. H. Maybury J. H. Rush A. F. Duffy	1890 1895 1897 1898 1901
220 " ... ..	21½ "	B. J. Wefers	1896
440 " ... ..	47½* "	W. M. Baker	1886
" " ... ..	47½† "	M. W. Long	1900
880 " ... ..	1 min. 53½ secs.	C. J. Kilpatrick	1895
1 mile... ..	4 " 15½ "	T. P. Conneff	"
2 miles ... ..	9 " 32½ "	W. D. Day	1890
3 " ... ..	14 " 39 "	"	"
4 " ... ..	20 " 15½ "	"	1889
10 " ... ..	52 " 38½ "	"	"
Hurdle races (120 yds.)	15½ secs.	A. C. Kraenzlein	1898
Putting the weight (16 lbs.) ... ..	47 ft.	G. R. Gray	1893
Throwing the hammer (16 lbs.) ... ..	169 ft. 4 ins.	J. Flanagan	1900
High jump ... ..	6 ft. 5½ ins.	M. F. Sweeney	1895
Long " ... ..	24 ft. 4½ ins.	A. C. Kraenzlein	1899

\* Run on a straight track.

† Run on a circular track.

## BRITISH AMATEUR RECORDS.

It is almost a certainty on *a priori* grounds that in athletics the amateur should yield to the professional. Training, to be perfect, must be all-absorbing. The amateur records will therefore be inferior to the professional for much the same reason that the English records succumb to the American. If any doubts are entertained on the

subject they would soon be dispelled by a comparison of the times accomplished by great runners, such as George and Bredin, before and after they crossed the Rubicon. Moreover, professionals have centred their interest on a smaller number of events than amateurs. The bulk of professionals are runners of flat races, pure and simple. They do not jump, high or far, nor hurdle, nor play games with weights and hammers. From this habit of specializing may be gathered at once the cause of the relative excellences of the two classes. However, in the intermediate distances, the quarter and half-mile, amateurs hold their own, for some unexplained reason, though they at once fall below both at sprinting and distance-running. The most astounding record of all to our view is the long jump. At one time it was believed impossible to clear 23 ft. When this at last was reached and believed to be a maximum, both Fry and an American athlete Reber, cleared  $23\frac{1}{2}$  ft., and then in 1895 this stood as the record until P. O'Connor, Waterford, cleared 24 ft. 9 ins. in the Irish championship of 1901. He has since done 24 ft.  $11\frac{1}{2}$  ins., but this has not yet been authenticated.



## RUNNING RECORDS.

Distance.	Name.	Time.	Date.	Club of which a Member.
Yards.		H. M. S.		
	A. Wharton ...		July 3, 1886	Darlington College.
	C. A. Bradley ...		July 1, 1893	Huddersfield C. & A.C.
	A. R. Downer ...		May 4, 1895	London A.C.
100	R. W. Wadsley ...	10	July 2, 1898	Goldsmiths Inst. A.C.
	F. W. Cooper ...		July 2, 1898	Bradford C. & F.C.
	C. R. Thomas ...		Mar. 8, 1899	Oxford U.A.C.
	A. F. Duffy ...		July 7, 1900	Georgetown U.T., U.S.A.
	C. H. Jupp ...		June 13, 1900	London A.C.
120	W. P. Phillips ...		Mar. 25, 1882	London A.C.
	C. A. Bradley ...	11½	April 28, 1894	Huddersfield C. & A.C.
	A. R. Downer ...		May 11, 1895	London A.C.
*120 Hur.	A. C. Kraenzlein ...	15½	June 29, 1901	Pennsylvania Univ.
150	C. G. Wood ...		July 21, 1887	Blackheath H.
	C. J. Monypenny ...	14½	Feb. 27, 1892	Cambridge U.A.C.
	E. H. Pelling ...		Sept. 28, 1889	Ranelagh H.
200	A. R. Downer ...	19½	May 11, 1895	London A.C.
	G. Jordan ...		Mar. 16, 1896	Oxford U.A.C.
220	C. G. Wood ...	21½	June 25, 1887	Blackheath H.
300	"	31½	July 21, 1887	"
440	H. C. L. Tindall ...	48½	June 29, 1889	Cambridge U.A.C.
	E. C. Bredin ...		June 22, 1895	London A.C.
†440 Hur.	T. M. Donovan ...	57½	June 13, 1896	Queen's Coll., Cork.
600	E. C. Bredin ...	1 11½	June 10, 1893	London A.C.
880	F. J. K. Cross ...	1 54½	March 9, 1888	Oxford U.A.C.
1000	W. E. Lutyens ...	2 14½	July 5, 1898	Cambridge U.A.C.
1320	C. Bennett ...	3 10½	August, 1900	Finchley H.
Miles.				[A.C.]
1	F. E. Bacon ...	4 17	July 6, 1895	Ashton H. & Reading
1½	C. Bennett ...	6 51	June 24, 1899	Finchley H.
2	W. G. George ...	9 17½	April 26, 1884	Moseley H.
3	S. Thomas ...	14 24	June 3, 1893	Ranelagh H. & L.A.C.
4	C. E. Willers ...	19 33½	June 10, 1893	Essex Beagles.
5	S. Thomas ...	24 53½	Sept. 24, 1893	Ranelagh H. & L.A.C.
6	"	30 17½	Oct. 22, 1892	" "
7	"	35 36½		" "
8	W. G. George ...	40 57½	July 28, 1884	Moseley H.
9	"	46 12	April 7, 1884	"
10	"	51 20		"
12	S. Thomas ...	1 2 43	Oct. 22, 1892	Ranelagh H. & L.A.C.
15	"	1 22 15½		"
20	G. Crossland ...	1 51 54	Sept. 22, 1894	Salford H.
25	G. A. Dunning ...	2 33 44	Dec. 26, 1881	Clapton Beagles.
30	J. A. Squires ...	3 17 36½	May 2, 1885	London A.C.
40	G. A. Dunning ...	4 50 12	Dec. 26, 1879	Clapton Beagles.
50	J. E. Dixon ...	6 18 26½	April 11, 1885	L.A.C. & Spartans.
100	No Records.			

\* On grass.

† Hurdle race on grass, over ten three-foot hurdles not less than thirty yards apart.

## ODD EVENTS.

Event.	Name.	Distance.	Date.	Club of which a Member.
High jump ... ..	P. H. Leahy ...	FT. IN. 6 4½	Sept. 6, 1898	Irish A.A.A.
Pole „ ... ..	R. D. Dickenson	11 9	July 4, 1891	Windermere.
Long „ ... ..	P. O'Connor ...	24 9	May 27, 1901	Waterford.
Putting the shot ...	D. Horgan ...	46 5½	Aug. 15, 1894	Bauteer.
(16 lbs.) Throwing the hammer	J. J. Flanagan	163 4	July 7, 1900	N.Y.A.C.
(16 lbs.)				

## WORLD'S RECORDS.

The difficulty of settling the claims to record performances is very considerable, especially over the shorter distances. In the 100 yds., for instance, the claims to have beaten 10 secs., or level time, are innumerable; but so far the English A.A.A. has not allowed any Englishman the distinction. The American A.A.U. has passed five claims and New Zealand two, and these seven names may be taken as authentic. They are again quoted from Mr. Morgan Browne's "Sporting Records." Among the many interesting items in the book, the calculation of "the fastest bit of running ever done by a human being" comes first in interest. The note is quoted with his leave:—

"At a Sheffield Handicap Hutchens had

71½ yds. start in a 203 yds. race. Assuming that Hutchens ran the last 31½ yds. at the rate of 10½ yds. a second, this would mean that he ran the hundred yards in 9 $\frac{2}{5}$  secs."

The calculation is more than just. A runner such as Hutchens, at the end of the race, would almost certainly cover considerably more than 10½ yds.; but even at Mr. Morgan Browne's modest estimate the time is still  $\frac{2}{5}$  sec. (or a good four yards) quicker than any established record.

TABLE OF WORLD'S RECORDS.

Distance.	Time or distance.	Name.	Nationality.	Date.
100 yards * ...	9 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.	{ J. Owen, Jun. (am.) W. T. Macpherson (am.) J. H. Hempton (am.) B. J. Wefers (am.) H. M. Johnson (pro.)	America New Zealand " America "	1890 1891 1892 1895 1886
220 " ...	21 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	B. J. Wefers (am.)	"	1896
440 " ...	47 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	W. M. Baker (am.)	America	1886
880 " ...	1 min. 53 secs.	C. J. Kilpatrick (am.)	America	1895
1 mile ...	4 " 12 "	W. G. George (pro.)	England	1886
2 miles ...	9 " 21 "	W. Lang (pro.)	"	1863
3 " ...	14 " 19 "	P. Cannon (pro.)	"	1888
4 " ...	19 " 25 "	"	"	"
10 " ...	51 " 6 "	W. Cummings (pro.)	"	1885
Hurdles (120 yards)	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.	A. C. Kraenzlein (am.)	America	1898
Long jump ...	24 ft. 9 ins.	P. O'Connor (am.)	Ireland	1901
High " ...	6 " 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	M. F. Sweeney (am.)	"	1895
Putting the weight	47 "	G. R. Gray (am.)	Canada	1893
Throwing the hammer	169 " 4 "	J. Flanagan (am.)	Irish-Am'can	1900

\* Maybury, Rush, Duffy (see American list).

There exist records for almost every intermediate distance up to a mile, and after that for every mile up to 50, all the longer distances being held by Englishmen. There have only been quoted in the above tables such distances as occur at athletic meetings in England or America. Another method of taking records is by making time, instead of distance, the unit of measurement. One or two of these records are sufficiently astounding. In one hour W. G. George covered 11 miles 932½ yds. W. C. Davies, running at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in 1882, travelled 81 miles in the day of 12 hrs., and J. Saunders, running under cover at New York, accomplished 120 miles 275 yds. in the full day of 24 hrs.

There are, perhaps, one or two isolated achievements that are also worth recording.

As regards walking records, most of which are held by Englishmen, one mile was compassed by Perkins, a professional, in 1874, in the extraordinary time of 6 min. 23 secs. The greatest distance covered in one hour was 8 miles 302 yds. by J. Meagher, at New York, in 1882. Ten miles have been covered in 1 hr. 14 min. 45 secs. (by J. W. Raby, a British professional), and 100 miles

in 18 hrs. 8 min. 15 secs. (by W. Howes, also a British professional).

As to jumping, R. C. Clapp, New York A.C., cleared 11 ft. 10½ ins. at Chicago, June 18, 1898. Jumping from a stand, R. C. Ewry, an American, cleared 5 ft. 3½ ins. in height ; while for a standing long jump, 12 ft. 2½ ins. is the record, jumped by J. Darby, a British professional, in 1896.

Many attempts have been made to find a *bond fide* record for throwing the cricket-ball. There are dubious accounts of throws measuring even as much as 140 yds., but the questions of wind and measurement have never been enough considered. Perhaps the highest properly authenticated throws, with no help of wind, are 128 yds. 10½ ins. by E. A. Crane, an American, and 127 yds. 1 ft. 3 ins. by the Oxford cricketer, G. H. Game.

THE END.





