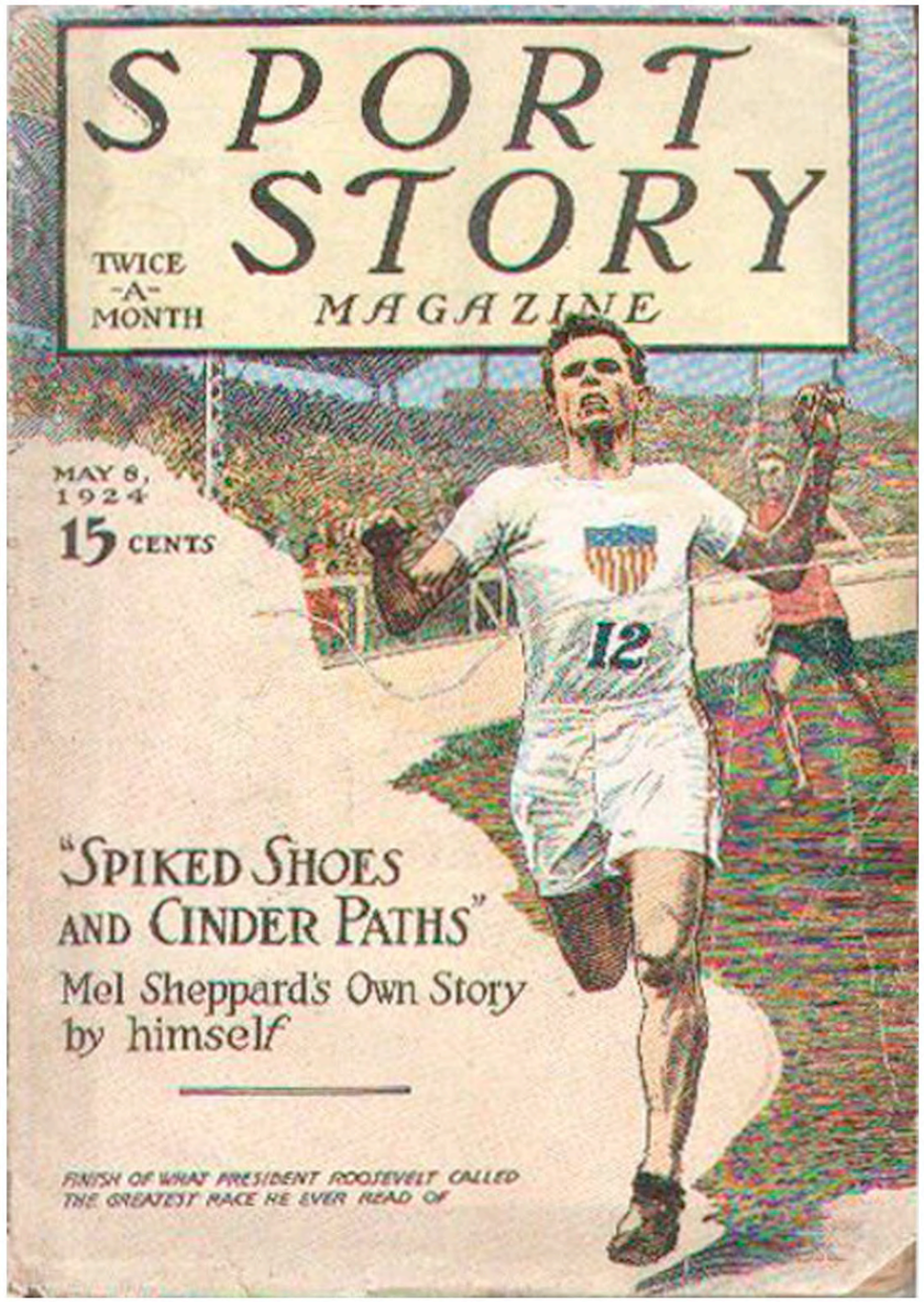
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"SPIKED SHOES AND CINDER PATHS"
Mel Sheppard's Own Story by himself
FINISH OF WHAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CALLED THE GREATEST RACE HE EVER READ OF

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RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

In the hall of fame of the oldest of all competitive athletic events, track running, the name of Mel Sheppard is indelibly graven for all time. He was the greatest middle-distance runner of his day, the first American who ever won a middle-distance championship in England.

For the boy who encounters obstacles to successful athletic development, Mr. Sheppard's story is a stirring message of encouragement and inspiration. For all lovers of sport it is the thrilling life story of the athlete whom Theodore Roosevelt personally congratulated as the victor of the greatest race that he ever read of.

PART I.

I HAVE often envied those who, upon reaching a certain age, look back over the crowded years of their lives and find them sufficiently interesting to justify narration. It has always seemed that a person faced with a task of this sort must experience a certain feeling of elation and power, but now, faced with this very task myself, it is with some misgiving that I find the feeling to be discouragingly different from that which I had expected.

Inasmuch as the greater part of these reminiscences is to deal with athletics, I believe I may be pardoned for introducing a comparison so early in the race, which may give some idea of the predicament in which I now find myself.

Picture an indoor track meet. For convenience we suggest Madison Square Garden as the setting. The mile handicap has just been called, and innumerable ambitious starters are crowding around the officials and pestering them with foolish questions; starters, many of whom have never before competed in a real race, but who have been lured by the "limit" handicap to try for the medal, cup, or whatever the winner's trophy may be. They are finally scattered around the track at points suggested by their ability in past performances, and the "scratch man" takes his place behind them all. Theoretically the scratch man is the best miler in the race, so that all he has to do is to pass everybody and the race is his. This is what happens:

The gun is fired, and half a hundred more or less determined athletes lunge forward in a wild scramble around the track. The track is small, and the runners mass on the turns and fight for position. Some fall, but most of them survive to cause trouble for the scratch man when he begins to "pick 'em off." Finally they begin to string out, and the scratch runner's troubles begin. He starts to pass them singly and in groups. Some he has to elbow out of the way; others he has to outsprint; but at all times he must keep his head, conserve his "kick" for the finish, and maintain the general average of his pace.

A man's first experience from scratch is a nightmare, and it is to this first experience that I am taking the liberty of comparing this work which I have launched upon. The facts and incidents ahead of me represent runners crowded on the turns. Some have to be elbowed out of the way, some have to be outsprinted, and others, I fear, will give no end of trouble to the inexperienced "low-mark" man. A beginner in the game is apt to become panicky at the scrambling bunch ahead, and in order to avoid this I have always found it advisable in a handicap race to begin at the beginning and take 'em as they come. A principle which has served me so faithfully in the past I feel should not be deserted now.

I believe it is also customary to start out with the locality in which one was born, which is at least a suggestion, whether or not it conforms to the accepted manner of approaching this sort of thing.

Almonesson, New Jersey, is the name of the town which has long since forgotten that it bears the distinction of being my birthplace. This oversight does not seem to have impaired its growth, however, because it is now considered to be one of Philadelphia's most beautiful suburbs; lovely homes, excellent roads, fine—— There I go forcing the pace right at the start! We're only concerned with the place as it was.

As I remember, there were about a dozen homes grouped around the crossroads. We had the regulation country store which sold everything from postage stamps to threshing machines, and which served as the gentlemen's club in the winter. There the male inhabitants would gather, after their chores were done, to discuss the affairs of the world in general and to expectorate vast quantities on the red-hot portion of the stove. The blacksmith shop served as the social center in the warmer months, where the chief diversion was pitching horseshoes.

The grist mill represented the main industry of the town aside from farming. The farmers would haul their grain there from miles around and pay for the grinding by leaving a certain percentage of their grain with the mill owner.

Almonesson also boasted a church and a school. But to me the town's greatest attraction was the lake, Almonesson Lake, about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. It was only natural that it should play the leading rôle in my memory, inasmuch as the majority of my activities at the time were centered in, on, under, or about its waters. The swimming was just as it should be, and the fishing, both in summer and winter, was almost too good to be true. Unfortunately we didn't appreciate it half enough at the time. A beautiful grove of trees bordered one side of the lake, and the other side was fringed with a large vineyard, which, by the way, was the scene of my first cross-country run. I'll mention that later.

To begin at the beginning is quite impossible, except to say that I was born September 5, 1883. My earliest recollections picture myself as a tow-headed kid with an impediment in my speech which twisted words hopelessly. I was almost five years old then, although still

in dresses—an admission which is apt to bring forth a snort of mirth, but it must be remembered that in those days we had to submit to that indignity for a greater length of time than the youngsters of the present generation. Strange to say, it is the transition from dresses to pants from which my memory seems to date.

We went to Philadelphia before the change was made to pose for a family group. With my three elder brothers we made an imposing photograph. I unearthed the picture the other day, and found myself on my father's knee watching for the birdie with my mouth wide open.

Then they bought me a pair of pants—pockets, of course, or they wouldn't have been pants—with a real jacket and a real shirt. But best of all I was outfitted with a pair of rubber-soled shoes with canvas tops, my first pair of athletic shoes, and it is doubtful if I ever possessed anything of which I was prouder. It was a red-letter day for me and I could hardly wait to get home to try them out. We arrived at last, however, and I jumped out of the buggy and headed for the back of the house as fast as I could go.

It was my first sprint, and it ended in disaster, for, before I had traveled more than a few yards, I tripped over the root of a tree and piled myself in a heap. I was only scratched up a bit, but I never think of that experience without associating it with the end of my running career, which occurred years later in a similar manner when my foot broke through a loose board in the track at Madison Square Garden. But that is a yarn in itself which I will cover in more detail later.

My first cross-country run, which I referred to above, occurred shortly after this, but as it is rather closely associated with swimming, it might be of interest to mention how I learned to swim.

It consisted of one brief lesson at a time shortly before I reached my sixth birthday. I was out on the lake in a boat with a couple of men, one a very close friend of the family, for whom I had been named. We were well out from the shore when it was decided that I was old enough to swim. I think it is unnecessary to add that I had no part in the decision. Various methods were discussed, and finally, to test the theory that a person really doesn't have to learn to swim because he is naturally born with that ability, it was resolved that I should be the means of imparting this bit of information to posterity. So in the interests of science I was tossed overboard.

What happened from then on is more or less of a blank in my mind, but it seems that I set about to do the only possible thing under the circumstances. I was later informed that when fished out of the water I was making good headway toward shore after the fashion of a puppy. At any rate, whether their version of the matter was authentic or not, the next time I went in the water I found that the art of swimming had suddenly come to me, and I had the distinction of learning to swim long before any of my friends. I do not suggest this method of instruction, however, because it seems to have its weak points.

The fact that I learned to swim at such an early age recalls another incident which I may forget if I don't tell it now.

The house in which we lived was a two-family house. The family in the other half had a son about my own age, and if the two of us weren't fighting it was a pretty safe bet that we were in some other trouble. When employed in the former pastime, the choice of weapons was always a spontaneous affair and depended for the most part upon the intensity of our wrath and whatever article of manslaughter happened to be most convenient. I am still carrying a scar on my head inflicted

with a shovel as the climax of one of our arguments.

But one day my friendly enemy located, in a mattress, I believe, some money that his father had evidently been saving. The coins were in gold and very attractive, much too attractive to be allowed to remain unappreciated in the mattress. So he transferred some to his pocket and came down to the lake where I was swimming. I helped him admire the coins, which we both vaguely believed possessed some purchasing power, and in a burst of generosity he informed me that he would toss the coins in the water one at a time and all those I recovered by diving after them would be mine for keeps. Well, we had a great time while the coins lasted. He was unable to swim yet and evidently admired this accomplishment in me.

Unfortunately I was unable to recover them all, but that was a minor item. When we had exhausted his supply we decided to test our theory that the things were real cash, and after I had dressed we set out for the one and only store to buy a lemon and a couple of pieces of stick candy to insert in the lemon to suck the juice through.

Imagine our delight to learn that we were in a financial position to buy all the lemons and candy in the store. But our elation suffered a sudden and awful relapse when the curiosity of the store owner had to be satisfied. Thus the mystery was solved. Our pleasure in the incident ceased at this point, and further detail would only serve to arouse painful memories. It was interesting to note, however, that the swimming hole became suddenly popular to men of all ages, and that several of the more inexperienced divers had to be pulled to shore.

The incident affected my immediate future in that my father forbade me to swim any more for a certain length of time—I forget how long he specified. But that really makes no difference, inasmuch as the lure of the water proved too strong long before the time was up.

My father sent me to the store one day for some tobacco, and as I was passing the swimming hole on my way home I decided I would have time for a brief plunge. So I shed my clothes, what there were of them, and proceeded to enjoy myself with a more or less guilty conscience.

I must have lost track of the time for I was splashing around with the boys when suddenly all splashing ceased and a group of scared kids, in various degrees of submersion, stared pop-eyed at the shore, and began to sympathize with me. It was my father. And it took only one glance to see that he had not come for the purpose of sitting on the bank and proudly watching his youngest son enjoy himself in the cool waters of the lake.

He ordered me ashore, but I was strangely reluctant to come for a couple of reasons. In the first place I had no desire to furnish my friends the entertainment of watching me pay the penalty for my disobedience, and in the second place I was improperly dressed to pay the penalty. In fact, I wasn't dressed at all, and without even the protection of a thin pair of trousers my punishment promised to be a painful affair.

My father was losing patience as I pondered this matter, and finally, as I refused to be influenced by his cheerful promises of what would happen when he did get me, he went up the beach to where our clothes were piled, selected mine, and proceeded to gather them under his arm. I must have lost my head at this point, or else the prospect of going home *au naturel* weakened my resistance. At any rate I ventured forth, but whatever plans I may have had for surrendering vanished into thin air as I noted the eagerness with which my father made for me. My uppermost

thought at that time was home and mother, and with these objectives in mind, I started my first cross-country run with a remarkable burst of speed.

The course led through the vineyard which bordered the lake. At many places the vines touched in the center and acted as splendid whips as I sped through them without taking the time to part them. There were also sand burs in abundance, and nettles, which lashed at my legs unnoticed in the panic of my flight. It was about a half mile to our house, and a few hundred yards of this distance, impossible to avoid, lay along the public road. I was fortunate to pass only one wagon on this stretch, but the occupants seemed to enjoy the situation while it lasted.

My father didn't have a chance from the start. He arrived some time later to find me pretty much the worse for wear, and my condition and general appearance must have led him to believe that I had had punishment enough.

I started school at the age of six. The school building was a two-story, two-room, frame affair, which, I regret to say, was not painted red. That may have been the day before the little red ones, but at any rate the color of this was a discouraged yellow. I regret also to admit that my school days at this time represented one continuous adventure, consisting for the most part in making the life of the teacher as miserable as possible.

As I look back I am convinced that there was nothing malicious about some of the outrageous things we used to do. We weren't impelled by any desire to do harm to others, but merely the perfectly natural, heedless, and selfish instinct of the growing youngster to amuse himself. It was unfortunate that the form this amusement took was too often at the expense of others, usually the teacher.

I'm sure it must have been due to the teaching methods of the time that the teacher was considered the natural enemy of all the boys. We naturally had a surplus of energy that had to be worked off in some manner, and if the present-day methods had been employed at that time, whereby our spare moments could have been devoted to organized athletics, I am sure we would not have utilized the time for trouble making.

One of our favorite stunts was to collect field mice. This was a simple matter in the fall because the mice go into winter quarters at that time and can be found in large numbers under corn shocks. We would tip over the shock, pick up the mice, which were in a more or less dormant condition, and place them within the lining of our coats, which we had ripped open for that purpose. We would then take them to school and distribute them where we thought they would cause the most excitement.

Of course the drawer of the teacher's desk always received its quota, and I am unable to recall a single teacher who ever became entirely accustomed to having the little fellows jump out at her. It was also worthy of note that few teachers were possessed of a sense of humor in a situation of this sort, and it was not always possible to conceal the identity of the criminal or criminals. Fish and snakes also played their parts in these little surprise parties.

I remember one instance, however, where the surprise was a bit premature. I had come upon a sand snake, a little larger than the average, which I decided contained great possibilities and would make a fine addition to my collection, which was rather low at the time. I was wearing a pair of low leather boots with red tops and a brass plate on the toe—they were quite the rage among the boys then—and when I had chased the snake out in the open I put my foot on it.

Now the boots fitted loosely around the top, and the snake, feeling the pres-

sure of my foot, began to thrash about and in some strange manner got his head in the top of my boot. Before I knew what had happened, he had wiggled his whole body in.

It was one of the most awful sensations I have ever had. I knew, of course, that the snake was harmless, but I lost all track of this in my wild efforts to remove my boot and relieve myself of the squirming thing inside. As far as my feelings were concerned it might as well have been a rattlesnake, and when I finally managed to get the boot off, I decided to postpone my snake collection for a day or so at least.

Although in those days organized athletics were practically a thing unknown to us, there were plenty of games, mostly running games, in which we unconsciously developed our legs. There were "crack the whip," "red rover come over," "duck on the rock," and a lot of games like those which kept us on our toes most of the time. As I remember now, a natural speed and endurance enabled me to more than hold my own, but that, of course, held no significance at the time.

About the only races we had were to and from the lake. It was always an advantage to be the first one in the swimming hole after school because the last one in was generally due for a good ducking, which was not only degrading but decidedly unpleasant. And of course before school we would stay in till the last minute and then race for school to keep from being late. It was the same way in winter with skating, so it seems that the greater part of my life at that time was spent on the run.

II.

When I was nine years old my family moved from Almonesson to Clayton, New Jersey. Clayton, at that time, was but slightly larger than Almonesson, but the environment was somewhat different, in that the inhabitants were of the industrial rather than the farming type.

The town was practically made up of the employees of a glass factory, and the glass factory itself controlled the town to such an extent that the community almost resembled a small monarchy. Most of the homes were owned by the glass company, which also operated the general store. It was understood that all the employees were expected to buy all their supplies at this store. Their coal in winter was also to be purchased from the company. In the latter instance it quite often happened that a family had laid in a supply of wood for winter consumption, but this made no difference in the matter; the coal had to be bought just the same.

There were a large number of children employed in the factory, and it was a difficult matter for a man to secure work there if he didn't have at least one son. If he was blessed with several his own chances improved in proportion.

It was here that I "broke my novice" in the field of industry and started upon my first million. I was set to work rolling jars at the attractive salary of nine dollars a month. The hours were long and the work unusually hard for a lad of that age, so I felt more than once that the wages were just a bit low.

The jars, fruit jars, were first blown by the blower and then placed on the rolling buck, a table high on the ends and hollow in the center so that the jars could be rolled back and forth to cool. My job was to keep these jars moving by means of a couple of wooden paddles, and as there were often several jars on the buck at the same time it is evident that we didn't have much time to loaf. There were other rollers, of course, beside myself, and another factor that added excitement and, one might say, incentive to the work was that all the blowers worked on percentage. Therefore, when one of the

jars ceased to roll before it had cooled sufficiently to become rigid, and flattened out on the bucks, it was just so much money out of the pockets of the blowers. Their method of reducing these accidents to the minimum was unique and effective.

They all chewed tobacco—I've often thought it would interfere with their blowing, but it didn't seem to—and one of the most disagreeable features of this habit is that the juice cannot be swallowed with any degree of comfort. Users of the weed in this form become excellent marksmen. That is where the rollers came in, because if a jar were allowed to flatten, the roller responsible for the outrage became at once a legitimate target for the blower thus aggrieved. Not pleasant or pretty, but, as I suggested before, effective.

I didn't last long on that job because I reached the conclusion before many days that there were some things even worse than school. So I returned to school, and after the usual number of scraps and rough-houses which are required of a newcomer, settled down to very much the same series of adventures I had enjoyed in Almonesson, except that, for some strange reason or other, I had taken a decided fancy to my teacher. I suppose every youngster, at some time or other, finds in one of his teachers a thrilling resemblance to his feminine ideal, even though he had rather lose a leg than admit as much. I believe, however, that my brief romance ended with a harder bump than that of most pupils.

It seems that about that time I acquired the collection fever, and, casting about for something to collect, decided that birds' eggs offered the greatest possibilities from the standpoint of variety and excitement. I started with the customary energy and earnestness with which a youngster always attacks a new project, and in time was the proud possessor of a really formidable collection. And in the collecting I had unknowingly acquired an education in natural history concerning birds and their habits which has been of value to me all my life.

I have climbed the inside of chimneys for chimney swifts and learned how their nests are made of loose sticks glued firmly in one corner. I have climbed the girders of bridges for bridge swallows to find their nests fashioned of mud, and I have studied the peculiarities of the bank swallow, which, like some animal, burrows a hole in a clay bank and conceals its nest within. I mention these few as examples of the possibility of acquiring knowledge from a single family of birds, so that it may be easy to understand that a day-after-day search for eggs reveals numbers of domestic birds that the average person does not know exist.

I learned through experience how some birds depend for the protection of their eggs on the canny concealment of their nests, how others depend upon protective coloration, and how still others, such as the robin, build their nests in plain sight and depend frankly upon the protection of man. I learned that the cuckoo is too lazy to build a nest of its own and lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. I also learned with surprise that the flicker, unlike other birds, would return to its nest and lay eggs after the nest had been robbed several consecutive times.

It was in the acquisition of this latter bit of knowledge that I had one of my most exciting experiences in collecting birds' eggs.

Some other boys and I had located the nest of a flicker—which, by the way, is a species of woodpecker—in a hollow cedar tree. We decided to add to our collection at the expense of Mrs. Flicker, so after school one day we set out for the tree. I volunteered to climb to the hole, which was about six inches in diameter. I braced myself in the

crotch of a limb, thrust in my arm, and closed my hand around the squirming body of a good-sized snake.

It's a wonder I didn't fall out of the tree, but I was too paralyzed with fright even to let go of the snake. I jerked my arm out and the snake with it before my fingers would loosen sufficiently to let the thing go. It turned out to be a big black snake about three feet in length which had evidently preceded us to the nest in search of eggs. Needless to say, that was the last nest I ever searched into without first assuring myself that no visitors were there before me.

My collection also contained a good many snake and turtle eggs, and in this connection I'll never forget the first time I ever saw a turtle parade.

The turtle always lays its eggs some distance from the water in an open, sandy spot, and covers the eggs with a thin layer of sand so that the heat of the sun will hatch them. The mother then proceeds to go about her business and depends upon the elements to do the rest. There are usually about thirty or forty eggs in a nest, and when they hatch out, practically all at the same time, the little turtles, each about the size of a nickel and beautifully marked, start their parade to the water, single file in the trail left by their mother. The little devils seem to take themselves and their parade so seriously that it would take a hard heart indeed to interrupt their march.

I had no intention of becoming sidetracked into a discussion of natural history, the main object of mentioning my collection at all being to emphasize the trouble I had taken to acquire it, and to admit that my sentiment overbalanced my good judgment and caused me to present the whole thing to my teacher as a token of my affection. This would perhaps have caused me a warm glow of righteousness in after years if it hadn't been for the fact that several days later I was kicked out of school. The direct cause, I believe, was a fight in which my opponent used a club, and in which I came out second best, minus a couple of front teeth.

It was during this period that I entered upon a form of exercise which I believe was largely responsible for the development of my running ability. The boys at this time adopted the hoop-rolling fad.

We would each provide ourselves with an iron barrel hoop and a stick with a curved crosspiece fastened to one end, and run for miles on the Cape May turnpike. It was not ususual for some of us with greater endurance to run to another town and back, pushing our hoops along beside us. In such instances it was considered quite a disgrace to allow the hoop to stop rolling, so, without realizing it at the time, I acquired a tremendous amount of early training which I believe was invaluable to me later on. And acquired, as it was, unconsciously and in the spirit of play, it was of more value than the running condition acquired by the deliberate grind of training, a factor which I shall discuss a little later along.

I remember another running incident which occurred during the winter, while we were still in Clayton. It was on Thanksgiving Day, and the ground was covered with snow. We had set out upon about a ten-mile drive. It was terribly cold, so cold that in order to get my blood circulating once more I got out and followed the sleigh on foot. After I had run along behind for about a mile I decided that I didn't want to make the trip, anyway, so I turned around and ran back home, a distance of several miles.

When I was thirteen years old we moved again, this time to Haddonfield, New Jersey. We lived there but a short time, during which time I behaved myself so well that this chapter of my life was more or less free from adventure, if we may except the time that I spent the night in jail.

An incident of this sort is certainly nothing to brag about, but on the other hand it is sometimes possible that the offense, in a broader sense, is not criminal. I choose to believe that I was not entirely at fault in this instance, and, inasmuch as few people have the distinction of spending the night in jail, I am going to take time at this point to tell how it came about.

Another lad and I were standing outside the drug store one evening discussing things in general and behaving ourselves. The other boy—I have forgotten his name—was practically an invalid. He had been injured some time before when he had been accidentally hit by a bat while playing baseball, and had not yet regained his strength.

The evening was chilly and the boy was kicking his heels against the door of the store to keep his feet warm. The drug clerk became suddenly annoyed at the noise of the kicking, and without a word of warning rushed out, seized my friend, and began cuffing him about the head. I never could figure out the cause of this sudden attack. Maybe the clerk had a headache or perhaps we failed to hear his request to discontinue the racket, but, at any rate, we were both pretty much surprised, and neither of us wasted time pondering the matter then. We had too much to attend to.

My friend was naturally working under somewhat of a handicap, due to his physical weakness and the progress his attacker had already made. But I, left to my own devices, suddenly saw red. I realized that my own strength, unscientifically applied, would be of no avail, so I decided to apply it scientifically, and the device I chose to accomplish my purpose closely resembled a good-sized rock. In fact, it must have been a rock, because it ended the argument abruptly and we left the field of battle in triumph, leaving the drug clerk to take his time in coming around.

But it came to pass that when he regained consciousness he was still angry, and forthwith laid his troubles before the law. The law, being unoccupied at the time and seeing no personal danger in the affair, found me bragging about my recent achievement in the grocery store, and promptly escorted me to the combination fire house and jail where his brother, the magistrate, representing the other half of the law, held court.

They found me guilty—I have forgotten the charge—and about eight o'clock in the evening, when the town life was at its height, the constable clamped me firmly in handcuffs—he was taking no chances—and paraded me down the main street as evidence of his prowess and courage. He took me to the station and from there to Camden, the county seat, and turned me over to the officials there, who didn't seem to appreciate the dangers which the Haddonfield constable had braved in the last few hours.

One of my brothers had witnessed my disgraceful exit from town and had hurried home with the news. My parents, however, were unable to obtain my release until the next morning.

III.

From Haddonfield we moved to Philadelphia. This was one of the most drastic changes of my boyhood, because all my former life had been spent in small towns wherein my forms of amusement were all fostered by Nature herself—swimming, fishing, boating, hunting, skating—an out-of-door life in the finest environment that a boy could wish. But now all this became a thing of the past. My brothers were employed in a rubber-manufacturing plant, and our home at that time was in the factory section near Gray's Ferry Road. I had quit school temporarily.

It was only natural that, with a youth's desire for companionship, I should seek such friends as the district afforded and accustom myself to their pastimes and amusements. It was also natural that these amusements should center about whatever means of excitement or diversion the district afforded, just as my amusements in former years had centered about lakes, woods, and fields. The railroads, therefore, offered unlimited opportunities for the adventure which we sought and often found.

For quite a period, I remember, it was considered extremely plebeian not to spend the week end in some distant city, and it was considered equally degrading for one to pay fare to reach his destination. This left but one alternative—hopping freights.

I don't recommend this method of travel ordinarily, and I imagine many will be surprised when I suggest that it has its advantages.

So during this period I managed to cover pretty thoroughly the eastern part of the United States, and, in so doing, added materially to my knowledge of geography and human nature.

I remember one summer evening four of us were returning from Baltimore. For some reason or other we became stalled at a small milk station about halfway home and were faced with the problem of hooking another freight in order to get back home in time for work.

We walked to the nearest water tank, and while waiting for "our train," we heard floating softly through the darkness the incomparable harmony of negro voices. The night was sleepy and still, except for the croaking of frogs in a near-by pond, and every star seemed to stand by itself. We were all tired and a bit blue, and as the voices swung from an old negro chant into the plaintive strain of "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" by Jove, it got us, I tell you! And we were still under the spell when a freight roared up to the tank and gave us other things to think about.

We were sizing up the freight with expert eyes to traveling accommodations, when a brakeman appeared from nowhere and inquired whether or not we were contemplating a ride on his train. His size and general manner were hardly calculated to inspire confidence, so we didn't commit ourselves one way or the other. But that didn't prevent him from committing himself with such clearness that we were left in no doubt that we would be extremely undesirable as traveling companions.

That seemed to be a big point in his favor, but as he disappeared in the direction of the caboose and the train began to move, we all stepped forward with but a single thought. The "Wandering Boy" incident had been a bit too vivid for the effect to wear off so soon, and we decided, each man for himself, that if anybody was worrying about our wanderings it was our duty to set his mind at rest as soon as possible.

My three companions scrambled on the front of one of the cars—there were no empties—and I made my way to the back of the same car and proceeded to make myself as comfortable as possible on the bumper. In due time the brakeman showed up.

"I thought I told you not to get on," he snarled.

I admitted as much, but explained that it would be quite necessary for me to be home the next morning in time for work. I omitted the "Wandering Boy" because somehow I gathered the impression that the brakeman was not in a sentimental mood. My impression was justified by his next remark.

"Well," he yawned, "it's your funeral. You can't say I didn't warn you. I just threw your friends off back a ways, but I'll do the decent thing by you and wait till we reach a river up the line here. It's mostly mud, so you ought to pull through all right. Got any money?"

I was practically paralyzed by that time, but I shook my head.

"Got a pocketknife?"

"No."

"Well, what the hell have you got?"

No answer.

He laughed then, and reached down and pulled my handkerchief from my pocket.

"I'll just keep this to remember you by," he said and, to my great relief, climbed back over the top of the car.

I spent the next hour in agony, expecting him back any moment, but he didn't put in an appearance until we arrived at the next station. There I was mightily relieved to find that my friends had also survived, and when the brakeman handed us over to the yard detective we had all had too much of a thrill to worry over what would happen to us then even though the brakeman had suggested a good whipping. The detective, however, turned out to be a good sort and shipped us home on a slower, more accommodating freight.

I remember another incident which I generally recall with a chuckle. It occurred also on a return trip from some week-end excursion.

We were rolling homeward one Sunday afternoon on a trainload of soft coal—it wasn't always possible to select our means of transportation from the standpoint of comfort. There were four of us, and we had improvised fairly comfortable seats out of boards. We were improving our marksmanship by hurling coal at passing telegraph poles, when a couple of negro section hands, who had boarded the train farther up, scrambled over the coal and sought our companionship.

I was wearing a new pair of shoes that I had purchased over the week end. They were patent-leather affairs, decorated with magnificent scrolls and numerous perforations. Dazzling, really, and my taste in footwear was shortly confirmed by the interest that one of our guests began taking in my feet. Soon he could contain himself no longer.

"Nice pair o' shoes yo' got theah, boy," he suggested amiably.

I explained that they wouldn't fit him, but he wasn't to be sidetracked.

"Nevah kin tell till yo' try. Nope, nevah kin tell till yo' try."

I reached for a chunk of coal at this point of the conversation, and the subject was changed. But I noticed that the admirer of my shoes couldn't keep his eyes off them, and it's hard to tell what might have happened if his companion hadn't reached his destination and dropped off as the train slowed for a grade.

The remaining negro insisted that such behavior was nothing less than cowardly, and that he himself never waited for the train to slow down when he wanted to get off. What was more, he'd prove it to us by dismounting to the platform as the train passed his destination.

We encouraged this for several reasons and, when the fatal platform began to approach at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, we had the negro believing even more firmly in his own ability than he did at the time of his unguarded boast.

We all filed back to the end of the train to witness the exhibition and to keep the performer from losing his nerve. He was so intent upon the task ahead of him that he failed to notice that we were all well supplied with ammunition, for the incident of the shoes still rankled.

He swung to the lowest rung of the ladder and, at our shout of encouragement, let loose as the platform slid under him. I believe he struck with his feet first but, as I remember, they weren't much use to him after that. I didn't count his somersaults; in fact, I believe they occurred too rapidly to count. He came to rest at last but didn't get up.

While the negro was still in motion,

one of the boys had followed him with a good-sized lump of coal, with no actual intention of hitting, I hope, and the lump arrived shortly after our entertainer ceased to spin. It arrived close, too close for comfort. In fact, it arrived about an inch from his head, with surprising results.

Our former traveling companion, in the face of this new emergency, forgot his belief that every bone in his body was broken, and arose with the evident intention of placing distance between himself and the danger zone. He arose about as quickly as it has ever been my privilege to see anybody arise, and proceeded to put his resolve into effect.

His objective seemed to be the door of the little station, but he had obviously overlooked the fact that he was still dizzy from his recent gyrations, with the result that he missed the door by a good yard and a half. The last we saw of him he was sitting on the platform thinking things over.

Another factor which has a decided influence on the character of a boy placed in an environment of this sort is what I may term "gang spirit." It seems to be the natural tendency of boys in districts like that in which I lived to congregate in gangs. This is not only due to the fact that living conditions, as a rule, are more crowded, but also to an instinct of self-preservation. That is, certain districts possess certain attractions that are denied other districts, and it is only human nature that the inhabitants of one district should want to preserve these attractions solely for themselves. So inasmuch as individual opposition was insufficient to stop the invasion of boys from other sections, the youngsters united their strength into gangs to protect their interests.

I believe it is unnecessary to state that I do not approve of this life for a youngster. It is unnatural, to begin with, and to boys born and bred in the narrow confines of these districts it presents practically the only outlook upon life which they are able to obtain. The result is that they become accustomed to "hunting in packs" and are apt to lose what individuality they possess in their dependence upon the other fellow to help them out of a tight place. If some of the boys could be lifted from these surroundings in time I am convinced that their experience in gangs would be of the utmost value to them in later life, because there is no doubt that the gang spirit instills a fidelity and loyalty in boys which may be compared favorably with the unifying influence of organized athletics. It may seem strange to admit that I value my experience in the gang if for no other reason than the above-mentioned.

At the time there were four gangs in that part of town. The Gray's Ferry Roaders, to which I had vowed my allegiance; the Ramcats, the Pine Streeters, and the Race Streeters. The Ramcats were our especial enemies, with whom we would fight when we had nothing else to do. But if by any chance our combined territories were invaded by either of the other two gangs, we at once became allies and united in defense of the common cause. The Race Streeters and the Pine Streeters would also join forces, which tended to make these intersectional battles resemble a real war.

Our weapons were rocks or whatever available missile was at hand, and, as our choice of weapons was more or less varied, there were usually a few injuries on each side when the dust of battle had completely rolled away.

I recall one scrap in particular when we were on the offensive. The Race and Pine Streeters had united and were rallying their forces against our onslaught. The sides were about evenly matched in numbers, but we were closing in and forcing the pace. The air was full of stones and sticks. The defenders were fighting gamely to hold their ground.

Suddenly from the ranks of our enemies a revolver barked—most likely a blank for the purpose of intimidation—and it so happened that at the same instant one of our boys stopped a rock with his head, immediately jumping at the conclusion that he had been shot. He felt that under the circumstances he, of course, had to die, so he proceeded to die much to the terror of our foes, who at once withdrew double quick, and much to our sorrow, till we examined the "corpse" and found he had been the victim of an illusion. It took us some time to convince him that he was still alive, but he finally accepted our word for it and decided to live. We had all had a pretty bad scare, however, and hostilities, by mutual consent, were postponed for the remainder of the day.

It was during this time that I had reason to appreciate my early ability as a runner. I was returning home one day, and found to my dismay that the nearest route lay directly through the territory of the Race Streeters. I was in a hurry, however, and decided to trust to my speed and luck to bring me safely through. The latter deserted me almost before I had fairly started, and before I knew it I was surrounded by a bloodthirsty bunch of Race Streeters demanding explanation of who I was, where I hailed from, and so forth.

Now my own gang, the Gray's Ferry Roaders, had reigned supreme for so long that I decided to take advantage of its reputation and strike awe into the hearts of my inquisitors, so I told them of my affiliations.

I was mistaken in the effect. They didn't respect my connections in the least, and after I had broken away I was a little the worse for wear. But they didn't have a chance to finish their welcome after I once got started. They chased me a short distance, but with my incentive I could have given any of them the limit handicap and romped home in my stride.

The police seemed to be our natural enemies. In some way we had conceived the idea that a policeman was to be avoided. It never seemed to enter our heads that he was there for our own good. As a result a good deal of our time was devoted to making their lives miserable. We didn't do this with any idea of breaking the law; it was merely one of our methods of creating a little excitement and of availing ourselves of the thrills that the neighborhood afforded. Even this period of my life was spent largely on the run because we would go to almost any extremes to get somebody to chase us. And it followed that those of us who were faster than the rest were more audacious in our efforts to get a chase.

One of our favorite pastimes was to stand at what we considered a safe distance and engage some officer in conversation. The fact that he would usually ignore us didn't offend us in the least, because it was a pretty safe bet that long before we had finished the recital of our impressions of policemen in general, he would forget his first resolve and give chase. We didn't even except mounted police, but our activities in this respect were confined to railroad districts where we could duck under cars and discourage the horse.

Our campaign at one time became so annoying that the district chief took steps to keep the pride of his force from the necessity of absorbing so many insults. His methods of accomplishing this, we thought at the time, were decidedly unfair and lacking in sportsmanship. But that, of course, was a matter of opinion.

We were surprised one day to find that the officer most susceptible to our taunts had been removed. In his place was a long-legged, indifferent-looking cop who at once aroused our indignation by the very swagger of his walk.

We tried a couple of our milder epithets on him. No effect. We became a bit more explicit, and as he still remained unmoved, we unloosened the full battery of our vocabularies, which had become highly polished through long experience. It was incredible that any one could remain indifferent now, but such was the case. Maybe he was deaf. Hardly probable, but in our interest we edged a few steps nearer. Nothing happened, so we sidled closer. Then something *did* happen.

That cop moved out of his tracks about as fast as I have ever seen a sprinter leave his marks. He hit his stride in two leaps from a standing start, and before we could close our mouths from the wonder of it, it was all over.

He collared three of us before we had gone ten feet. We were too paralyzed to resist. He led us to a call station to summon the patrol wagon. The call box was a tall metal affair about four feet in diameter. The cop couldn't take us all in with him, but he evidently relied sufficiently upon his speed to believe that we wouldn't dare make a break for liberty. He was quite right in this respect, too, because after the demonstration we had just seen we had no desire to try to outrun him.

Our meekness up to this point, however, seemed to cause him to take too much for granted and to make him overlook the fact that the telephone station was sometimes used to hold prisoners till the wagon arrived, and for this purpose was equipped with a snap lock on the outside. The three of us were struck with the same idea at the same time, and our coöperation was perfect. I leaped for the door, slammed it shut, and in the same movement one of the others inserted and snapped the lock. We then retreated a safe distance to watch the patrol wagon arrive for its prisoners. The cops on the wagon seemed to think it was all a pretty good joke, but the released prisoner, somehow or other, seemed to lack a sense of humor. We dubbed him "Joe the Runner" and the name stuck for years.

After that incident cops of various sizes and dispositions were tried out on us with rather indifferent success. They even went so far as to send plain-clothes men to our district in assorted disguises from laborers up. But no matter what they wore, they always neglected one things, the one thing by which cops can be recognized as far as they can be seen —their feet. They never changed their shoes. We always spotted them in this way. Even the blacking was distinctive.

I remember another nice long run I had about that time under altogether different circumstances. Since childhood I had been annoyed by a slight impediment in my speech, which could have been corrected by a rather delicate operation. The operation had been postponed from year to year by my absolute refusal to undergo the thing. But finally my powers of resistance were worn down by the constant pressure exerted by the family, and an appointment was made for me at the German Hospital.

I submitted to the starvation period a day before I entered the hospital and, upon arrival, started to undergo the final preparations. During my period of reflection it burst upon me with terrific force that I was thirteen years old and that next day, when the operation would be performed, was Friday the thirteenth. Somehow or other that didn't appeal to me at all. I worried most of the night, and by morning was at a pretty high tension aside from the fact that I was nearly starved to death. A nurse was taking my temperature when a doctor came up.

"Where do you intend to put him after the operation?" asked the nurse.

"I just left instructions," the doctor replied, "to have a bed prepared in ward thirteen."

Oh, boy! I'll bet no thermometer ever came as close to being swallowed as that one. The last straw had been applied to my already weakened back and a great resolve was suddenly born.

When the doctor and the nurse left the room I slid out of bed. My clothes were nowhere to be found, but I didn't waste much time looking for them. The long, heavy nightgown seemed to be sufficient protection as I stepped out the window onto the fire escape and made my way to the ground. A short dash to the wall surrounding the grounds, and I was free, with two miles between me and home and a nightgown to make it in.

I chose the railroad as the most thinly populated route and away I went. My feet, fortunately, were tough as shoe leather on the bottoms, so they bothered me hardly at all in my spectacular dash for freedom.

I passed plenty of people, but when they had recovered from their surprise I was too far along to stop, and they had to be satisfied by shouting their impressions at my departing back.

The most embarrassing part of my journey consisted of the two blocks between the railroad track and my home.

I had saved for the final spurt, and when I reached the pavement I uncorked a beautiful sprint which gained me everlasting fame in that district as well as various and sundry black eyes before I could discourage my friends from referring to it.

Upon reaching home I remembered that my mother was at the hospital waiting to learn how the operation came out, so, left to my own resources, I finished three quarts of strawberries that had been prepared for dinner and waited to learn the worst. When it came, it was bad enough to be remembered to this day. But, I might add, the operation wasn't finally performed until thirteen years later.

It was about this time that the youngsters of this and other districts became interested in football. We attacked this new sport with an earnestness characteristic of our entrance into anything furnishing a new method of diversion and excitement. We formed teams and battled each other to a standstill on the vacant lots. Our pigskin was a flour sack stuffed with grass; our uniforms were our coats turned inside out; our rules were rather indefinite and subject to change. But we all could fight, and it was here that the gang spirit showed to its best advantage.

It wasn't long before games were arranged with the gangs from other sections, and with this perfectly legitimate outlet for our surplus energy, it wasn't long before the gang fights ceased to exist. That in itself has always seemed to me a great achievement for organized athletics.

During this period I worked at everything from pulling tacks out of shoes in a shoe factory to messenger boy in about all the offices in Philadelphia. But, I am ashamed to say, my ideas of how to run the business never seemed to coincide with those of my immediate superior, with the result that I spent a good portion of my time looking for jobs.

When I was seventeen years old we moved to West Philadelphia near Fairmount Park, and again my environment was changed, this time for the better.

I became a member of the Preston Athletic Club, a group of boys about my own age. They were for the most part former prep-school athletic stars, financially unable to enter college but unwilling to drop athletics. Football was our specialty.

I have played a great deal of football and have always been a close follower of the sport, so I believe I may be justified in making the statement that the football team of the Preston Athletic Club was one of the best in that part of the country. It was never defeated

in its four years of existence, and it played practically every team of consequence within a radius of fifty miles. Not only were the men stars, but they were stars because they loved the game and played for that reason alone.

For example, all the players worked during the day, but every night, without exception, they gathered in the park under one of the arc lights and practiced—practiced hard and long, worked the whole next day, and returned again for practice. That, after all, is the kind of spirit that makes great teams.

To raise funds for our club we held benefits at theaters. That is, we guaranteed to sell a certain number of tickets on a certain night for a certain percentage. In this manner we supplied ourselves with uniforms and even went to the unheard-of extravagance of purchasing sweaters. They were heavy black things with a great orange "P" on the front, and it is doubtful if any Princeton letter man ever wore his letter with more pride than we did ours.

The club was not interested in track athletics at the time, and it was not until some time later, at a picnic in Washington Park on the Delaware River, that I harkened to the first definite call of the cinders. Cinders is, of course, figurative, for the race in question was held on a clay track. But when I learned that a group of men rather scantily attired were about to run, it made no difference how far, I at once became interested because I had always considered myself somewhat of a runner.

I inquired for particulars and learned that the prizes were attractive, that anybody was eligible, and that an entry fee of fifty cents was required. This last wasn't so encouraging, but I finally made the sacrifice and proceeded to take off all the clothes they would permit me to discard in order to be as much as possible like the other athletes. This included my shoes and stockings.

The distance was over a half mile, and much to my surprise I was unable to finish better than fourth, which I considered even more of a disgrace when I learned that there were only three prizes and nobody else cared whether he finished fourth or last. Rather than discourage me, however, it aroused my interest and indignation. I took my troubles to my employer, who turned out to be an athletic fan, being a champion bowler himself, and with the encouragement I received from him I set about to prepare in earnest for a race which was scheduled for about a month later. I was working in the Coca Cola factory at the time.

I secured shoes and the proper running outfit and proceeded to condition myself according to my own ideas of how it should be done. In Fairmount Park, near where we practiced football, there was a two-mile concourse around what at one time had been the Centennial Building. Each night I donned my outfit, went out to this improvised track, and started to run. Lap after lap, mile after mile I'd grind off, and when I look back I realize that the training I did would kill nine hundred and ninety-nine athletes out of a thousand. How I managed to survive I'll never know.

On the night before the meet, fearing I hadn't quite reached my peak of condition, I went out and ran seven laps—fourteen miles—just to be sure that I'd be right on edge for the big events of the morrow.

Well, to make a long story short, I won the half mile the next day from a mark of thirty-five yards, took third in the mile from a mark of fifteen yards, and a third in the hundred-yard dash from six yards. I believe it was about as satisfying a day's work as I ever accomplished, and it proved to be the necessary incentive which prompted me to devote the greater part of my next thirteen years to athletics.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TOO GOOD TO MISS

IF you happened to be in a club room, and one of the really great athletes of all time was sitting there with a group of friends, telling them about his athletic experiences at home and abroad, telling them how he came to be an athlete and explaining how he made himself a champion of champions, would you stay a while and listen? Of course you would! You would think the chance too good to miss.

That's just the way we feel about "Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths," the story of the athletic life of Melvin W. Sheppard, which starts in this issue. It is so good that we want to make sure that not one single reader of SPORT STORY misses it. If you haven't read the first installment, turn back to it *now*.

In "Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths" Mel Sheppard sits down with the readers of SPORT STORY and tells them the story of a brilliant career in sport. He tells it interestingly and modestly and he tells it in his own words. This is no yarn spun by a "ghost" writer and signed with a name famous in the world of sport. Mel Sheppard writes as well as he ran—and that is high praise indeed.

Of course you have heard that Melvin W. Sheppard was a great runner, but perhaps, if you belong to the younger sport generation, you don't know just how great a runner he was. He will tell you. In 1910 he broke ten world's records within seven weeks. He won the half-mile championship of the United States five times, the 1,000-yards indoor championship three times, and the one-mile indoor championship twice. He also won Canadian, British and Scottish championships. At the Olympic Games in London in 1908 he was the highest individual scorer, and upon his return home was congratulated by President Roosevelt for his work.

Mel Sheppard is a likable man, and this quality is as pronounced in his writing as it is in his personal contacts. He made a host of friends in and out of sport, and his printed story is going to add many thousands to the long list of people who like him.

Nearly every one likes to read true stories of achievement, whatever its field. Becoming a great athlete requires the same fundamental qualities as does becoming a great doctor, or a great manufacturer, or a millionaire. Mel Sheppard's "Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths" is as interesting an autobiography as we ever have read. We want you to read it, too.

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RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

From the old swimming hole, the district school, and other rural surroundings a country boy moved with his parents to Philadelphia. There he joined a street gang of youngsters who defied the police, "hopped" freights, and battled rival gangs with fists and brickbats. Strange schooling as it was, the gang's agility in evading pursuers started Melvin Sheppard on his career as a sprinter.

In the following installment he writes of his early achievements on the cinder track in prep-school days.

PART II.

MY success in the meet at Washington Park gave me my first taste of the limelight, which, after all, is one of the greatest incentives to the amateur athlete. The love of the sport and the thrill of winning serve as inspirations of the highest sort, but, if the truth must be told, fall rather flat if there is nobody around to pat you on the back and tell you what a great runner you are, or if there is no possibility of seeing one's name in the paper with the achievement recorded in black and white.

I have always maintained that the best amateur athletes are endowed with a certain amount of theatrical instinct, the tendency to "grand-stand," if you wish, which is an asset rather than a detriment. I'll admit, however, that success in this field offers unlimited opportunities for a man to make himself ridiculous, a result which is not uncommon.

But in general a little cockiness is a good thing if the athlete is big enough to keep most of his ideas concerning his personal ability to himself. It keeps his interest alive in sport, it keeps his confidence in himself at a high level, and confidence alone has won any number of races. It is a stimulus to his pride and a general all-round asset to his running ability. When an athlete becomes indifferent to what the people in the grand stand think of him and his performances, his athletic days are over. I have known no exceptions to this rule.

Well, at any rate, the limelight had several immediate effects upon me. The first and natural effect was to place track

athletics on the pedestal that youth usually reserves for his first great ambition. It was an indefinite but momentous effect, and I have sometimes almost regretted that athletics at that time found my mind in such a receptive condition and so completely dominated it that it has been more or less a slave to athletics ever since.

The other immediate and more tangible effect was that it brought me under the notice of Doctor J. K. Shell, at that time coach of the University of Pennsylvania and handicapper of the Middle Atlantic district of the Amateur Athletic Union, and marked the beginning of one of the finest friendships I have ever known. Doctor Shell supervised my entrance into the A. A. U. and helped me in innumerable ways with his advice and interest. He dubbed me the "Flying Dutchman," but I have always been more or less at a loss to know where he got the Dutch part.

If a friendship of that sort had its advantages it also had its disadvantages, especially in view of the fact that Doctor Shell was the handicapper of that district. He was the type of man to whom friendship and duty were as unrelated as oil and water, and for fear that there was a possibility of their mixing, he generally inclined a bit heavily on the side of duty, with the result that the marks I received were as a rule quite complimentary to my running ability, but hardly conducive to any great number of first places.

But even this had its advantages, because I was extended in practically every race I entered. I seldom had the pleasure of "coasting home" and consequently developed a "finish" that has come in mighty handy on various occasions.

Doctor Shell also made it possible for me to train on the university track. There was no available locker in the room with the regular track team, so he allowed me to change my clothes in his office.

My interest in track at this time prompted me to read every scrap of information on the subject that I could get my hands on. I remember that Jack Baillie, one of the Penn milers, and Arthur Duffy, the famous sprinter, were in Europe then, traveling about from place to place to compete in various meets. Baillie would send weekly letters back to this country which were published in the papers. I was tremendously impressed by the careless manner in which he would mention the jump from one city to another. I practically traveled with them, followed every move, clipped each letter from the paper and saved it until the next letter arrived. I wove dreams and conjured visions about the wonders of competing in a foreign country. I wondered vaguely if I would ever attain such dizzy heights of fame.

In this country the national championships were beginning to occupy most of the conversation in athletic circles. The meet at Washington Park had been held on the second of August, 1902, and the championships were to be held September thirteenth at Travers Island, the country club of the New York Athletic Club.

Doctor Shell suggested that I enter the junior half mile, and the shock nearly took my breath away. The very thought that I should have the audacity even to think of competing for a national championship was almost too monstrous to grasp. It bordered closely on profanity. But finally when the doctor convinced me that nobody but human beings like myself would compete and I would be spared the necessity of outrunning any Mercuries with winged feet, I finally agreed to lay the matter before my employer, Samuel Willard, manager of the Philadelphia branch of the Coca Cola Company.

As I mentioned before, Mr. Willard was quite an athletic fan himself and was taking quite a personal interest in my running. The idea of having a potential national champion in his employ seemed to tickle his fancy so that he heartily approved of my aspirations on the junior half-mile title. And, as he was never a man to do things by halves, he agreed to provide the funds for my trip and to come up to see the meet himself. Needless to say, I was in a daze of excitement till the day of the meet rolled around and did my utmost to get in condition under the watchful eye of Doctor Shell.

The trip to New York was memorable because it marked my advent from the bumpers of freight cars to the cushions of a day coach. It was a satisfying and elevating experience to relax and watch the scenery roll by without that disturbing thought always in the back of the mind that the brakeman might show up any minute. When one would walk through the car now and then, I took especial pains to ignore him, but as nearly as I could notice my attitude seemed to cause them very little embarrassment.

Upon reaching Travers Island the atmosphere itself seemed charged with importance, and this element alone of the "big leagues" made a profound impression upon me. There was none of the shiftless preparations for an event that had marked the meet at Washington Park. Everybody seemed to have something to do, and the importance of the officials made me feel very small indeed. I often laugh at that first impression when now, as an official myself with nothing in particular to do, I find myself unconsciously assuming an air of busy importance which seems to be part of the job. I often wonder if novices are still impressed as much with all that bluff as I was upon that, my first formal introduction to A. A. U. competition.

But what impressed me more than anything else was the proximity to the great and famous athletes who had constituted a part of my daily diet for so long. I had worshiped them from a distance and now—now I was about to be assured that they really lived and breathed. I was in a happy daze and quite content just to stare at the celebrities.

In the sprints there were such stars as Archie Hahn, now coaching at Princeton; Lawson Robertson, University of Pennsylvania track coach; Pat Walsh, now a prominent New York lawyer and a major in the twenty-second regiment engineers. In the middle distances I remember Harry Hillman, now a member of the faculty at Dartmouth and in charge of athletics; and Howard Valentine, one of New York City's most prominent sport writers. In the distances there were the Grant brothers, who achieved everlasting fame by running on one occasion a dead heat in a five-mile race. It was rumored in connection with this race that the brothers at the time were temporarily not on speaking terms, due to some fraternal argument or misunderstanding, which, if true, would eliminate all possibility of a dead heat by mutual consent. The race took place in the Canadian championships, and inasmuch as the brothers refused to match for the trophy, it never was awarded.

Jerry and Frank Pierce, the famous Indian brothers of the Pastime Club, were also there for the distances. The weights boasted such big boys as Jim Mitchell, veteran weight thrower, who was breaking records before most of us were born, and Larry Feuerback, known then as the "Mercury-foot Hercules."

The dressing rooms also made their impression upon me. Lockers to put one's clothes in; real honest-to-goodness hot and cold showers; big, fuzzy towels; trainers and rubbers; the smell of rubbing dope; the banter of the athletes. Gosh! I was in an inspired trance when my race was called and I went to my marks and firmly resolved that at least one championship would find its way back to Philadelphia before the day was over.

There were ten starters in the race.

I drew fourth place from the pole, and was particularly fascinated by the size of one of the contestants, Jack Wright of the New West Side Athletic Club. He was out near the edge of the track, and I'll swear he looked as big as a house. He simply towered over the other contestants and seemed fairly to radiate power.

Well, the race was started at last, and that's about all I remember. I'd like to take you all the way through those eight hundred and eighty yards and describe a thrilling finish in which, with a mighty lunge, I broke the tape, a scant inch ahead of the next man. But, alas! I don't think I was ever near enough to the leaders to see the tape, let alone feel it snap across my chest.

And I came to realize the discouraging fact that I was a long way from being a champion. I was not in the least discouraged, but decided to confine my efforts to local competition till I had acquired a little more experience and speed. Jack Wright was the winner of this event in two minutes one and one-fifth seconds. He then entered the senior half mile, which he also won in the faster time of one minute fifty-nine and three-fifths seconds.

Not satisfied with these two victories, he next took a whirl at the senior mile and finished well up among the leaders. In those days the junior and senior championships were both held on the same day, making it just a bit hard on the winner of a junior event who wished to try his luck at the same distance in the seniors.

There were only two or three meets which were available for me that winter. Indoor meets then did not arouse the interest that they do at present, and consequently they were few and far between. Before the indoor season, however, I was called upon to make a weighty decision, which serves to indicate how completely I had subordinated everything to athletics, and what an influence athletics may have on the life of a youngster who takes them seriously.

There were two big meets that fall, both church championships, one in which the competitors would be only Protestants and the other in which only Catholics would be allowed to enter. The promoters of both meets were after my entry, but in order to be eligible for the latter it would be necessary for me to undergo a change of faith. I seriously debated this problem with myself for a long time, but some phase of the athletic attractions involved made me decide to remain a Protestant. The above incident also serves to illustrate that athletics with me was not merely a career, a means toward an end; it was a mission, a religion in itself.

It was in this Protestant meet that the first of innumerable protests was entered against me. From that time on, it seems, I was almost continually under protest for some reason or other, so that during my period of competition I spent practically as much time proving to the A. A. U. that I was eligible to compete as I did in the competition itself.

In this instance it happened that a couple of boys in a factory became involved in an argument on athletics. In the course of time my name came up for discussion, and one of the boys decided to champion my cause, while the other couldn't "see me" as an athlete at all. My supporter soon found himself running short of material and, as a last stand, he maintained that he saw me run a professional race some time before, which was conclusive evidence that I was an athlete of some note.

The evidence was altogether too conclusive and the other, realizing as much, placed said evidence before the A. A. U. Of course I was hauled up on the carpet. An investigation was started which finally proved that my well-meaning supporter had simply relied upon his imagination to win the argument.

Shortly after this I entered school again. I had become quite friendly with a lad by the name of Joseph O'Donnell, a distance runner on the track team of the Temple Normal School. It was through the influence of O'Donnell that I was tempted to resume my pursuit of an education, even though the track team itself was the deciding factor. I was still working, however, so that my school hours had to be squeezed in in the evenings.

I did a little cross-country work that fall, on the advice of the Normal coach, with fair success. I have always been a firm believer, though, in this form of training in the fall. It builds up a strength and endurance that are invaluable when the indoor season rolls around, and their effects are even noticeable the following spring.

There were several indoor meets that winter, but the first is the one that seems to stick in my memory. It was held in the First Regiment Armory of Philadelphia, and the track was very small, fifteen laps to the mile. The distance of my race was six hundreds yards, and I was back on scratch.

At the report of the gun I started out with the idea of passing as many as possible, but by the time I had passed about twice as many as there should have been in the race I awoke to the fact that the field was so strung out around the track that I had lapped some and passed them twice. I then became conscious of O'Donnell tearing around beside me on the inside of the track, waving his arms wildly and yelling for me to slow up. I gathered further from his excited words and gestures that I had been running too fast and had "balled up the works," so that the judges didn't know who was ahead and who was behind. I'm pretty sure I won it, but I don't believe I received much credit for the performance.

In the spring I attended various outdoor meets. Most of the big universities around there held interscholastic meets, and we usually had a team in these. I won my share of the races and incidentally bumped up against my first mental hazard.

It seems strange that there should be such a thing as a mental hazard in track. One would think that a runner would get out and run as fast as he could, and that if he was the fastest man he'd win the race. But it doesn't always work out that way.

There was a chap by the name of E. B. Parsons who seemed to have the Indian sign on me. He led me to the tape in almost every race we were in together. When competing in other races, I turned in better times than Parsons, but against him I never seemed to do better than second. Finally, one day one of my friends gave me a little talk on that subject which was decidedly uncomplimentary to myself, but it served the purpose. I was so furious and humiliated to learn how my performance against Parsons appeared to the onlookers that I abolished the jinx from that time on.

It was a great relief to find that most of the trouble was in my mind and not in my legs. Later, by the way, Parsons formed one of the quartet that used to keep the fans on edge in the East when the four of us would get together for a six-hundred-yard argument. The other two were Harry Hillman and John Taylor. To this day people are still reminding me of those races. Whoever won would never win by more than a few inches, and what made them more thrilling still was the fact that it was never certain who would win. But that's getting ahead of my story.

Because of my work it was not always possible for me to attend all the meets, although my employer, Mr. Willard, was still deeply interested and made things as easy as possible for me when I wanted to get away.

I remember one time when there was a meet I especially wanted to attend at Tome Institute, Maryland. It was an interscholastic affair, and I was espe-

cially anxious to have a try at the Southern interscholastic record in the half mile. But it seems that I had been absent so much of the time recently that I didn't have the courage to impose further on the good nature of Mr. Willard. I'm not sure whether or not the grandmother's-funeral excuse was in existence at that time or not, but at any rate I decided to play sick.

I looked as unhealthy as possible all that morning, but it didn't seem to have any effect, even when I mentioned the fact that I thought maybe I was going to die. I was getting desperate as the time drew near for my train to leave, and finally as a last resort I asked permission to go to a drug store and buy some medicine. When I returned with whatever I had decided would do me the least harm, I took particular pains that the boss should see me take the medicine. I had a hard time to look really sick when he at last took pity on me and suggested that I'd better spend the rest of the day in bed.

I staggered as far as the street and then broke into a run. I was 'way behind schedule. I picked up my hand bag in a store, where I had left it in anticipation of just such a situation, and sprinted for the station. I was tearing through the large hollow square of the city hall of Philadelphia doing some nice open-field running through the noonday crowd, when disaster overtook me.

For some reason or other it was an iron-bound superstition among track athletes that it was the worst kind of a jinx ever to have one's running outfit laundered, a superstition that still has its disciples to this day. But at any rate my outfit was hardly in a condition to be displayed publicly when my bag suddenly popped open and distributed its contents halfway across the square. I was also carrying a large bottle of rubbing dope which crashed with a loud, embarrassing noise and smeared a wide oily stain over the nice, clean concrete.

I gathered up my belongings, all except the bottle, amid the advice and encouragement of those onlookers who had finished lunch and could spare a few moments for amusement, and when I had everything packed away once more I resumed my dash for the train and made it with a second or so to spare.

The meet from my standpoint was a complete success. I established a new Southern interscholastic record for the half mile and had the further satisfaction of running a couple of seconds faster than Parsons did in another meet in which he competed the same day. Another extremely pleasant feature of the meet was the fact that the officials of the meet had, in some manner or other, procured more beautiful girls than it has ever again been my privilege to see gathered together in one place. It seemed to be the duty of these girls to serve the visiting athletes with refreshments after their races. This feature of the meet may have accounted for my good time. Who knows?

The final outcome of this meet was hardly as pleasant as the immediate outcome. The papers didn't help my cause in the least by placing my name in headlines on the sporting page, and as a result I was called into Mr. Willard's office the next morning and asked for a few details concerning my recent illness. The details were not satisfactory, and Mr. Willard let me to understand that he didn't approve of such methods. I was so sincerely sorry for what I had done that he finally patted me on the back and told me that he was glad I had won, and that he would have been glad to let me go if I had asked him in the first place.

In the fall of 1903 I entered Brown Preparatory School at the instigation of Edward McClennan, who was at that time an athlete at Penn and was making his expenses by tutoring at Brown. As you may imagine, the athletic reputation of the school proved really the greatest

inducement, and it is significant that my attraction to the running game was responsible for an education which otherwise I would, in all probability, not have obtained. School work was always distasteful to me, but in order to be a member of the then famous Brown Prep School team I was willing to make almost any sacrifice, even to the extent of studying.

A certain number of hours were required at Brown for eligibility in athletics, and I managed to get these hours in, while still working at the factory, by rushing over to the school for a short time during my lunch hour, and by making up the rest of the time in the evenings. In the meantime I had to devote a certain amount of my time to training so that, all in all, I didn't have much time those days to get into mischief.

Brown Prep School then contained only about fifty students. The school rooms were in the Odd Fellows Temple at Broad and Cherry Streets. The school was conducted by two brothers by the name of Brown. The elder brother, and head of the school, was totally blind, and I have never ceased to marvel at this man's ability to teach and to keep order in the school under this tremendous handicap. He could recognize each student by the manner in which he walked. His lectures were exceedingly intelligent and interesting, and he would also use the blackboard as easily as though he had been able to see.

Brown held at that time, among others, the American five-man relay record for the mile and boasted such well-known prep-school runners as John B. Taylor, Joseph A. McGucken, and J. V. Mulligan. To be on a team with men like these seemed to be about the greatest thing I could imagine, so my friends experienced little difficulty in persuading me to continue my education.

There were numerous indoor meets during the winter of 1903 and 1904, and although I won my share of firsts, these early races seemed to serve as conditioners for those which were to come later on. On December fifth I won my first big A. A. U. handicap from scratch. The distance was eight hundred and eighty yards, and the meet was held in Baltimore in the Fifth Regiment Armory of Maryland.

On February 7, 1904, I made my first successful invasion of New York in the national interscholastic games, held in the old Twenty-second Regiment Armory. My condition for that indoor season had apparently reached its peak at that time, and it is from these games that I actually date my advent into athletics as a national figure.

I ran the half mile first and established a new national interscholastic record for that distance of two minutes three and three-fifths seconds, two-fifths of a second faster than the old record which, by the way, was held by my former jinx, Parsons. In the mile I also had things all my own way and won with almost a lap to spare. I was naturally mighty surprised to learn that I had also established a new record of four minutes thirty-four and one-fifth seconds in this distance, which bettered the old record by eleven and four-fifths seconds.

The papers made quite a fuss over those two races, and I had the thrill of seeing my picture in print for the first time. I remember the *American Boy* magazine published a photograph of me similar to the others, mostly ears, arms, and legs, and even accompanied the picture by a letter in which I told to the youth of America how the deed had been accomplished and gave them some fatherly advice, from my vast store of knowledge, on the proper form and methods of training for young middle-distance runners. It was my maiden voyage into the field of letters, and it would be hard to describe the great sensation of seeing an article headed by my own name. Almost as exciting as winning a race.

One of the sport writers, Jim Mitchell,

former weight man, in commenting upon my races, declared in his article that I had run altogether too fast to be a real schoolboy, and I have never decided whether it was intended as a compliment or whether it was the first gun fired in the campaign, which immediately followed this race, to prove that I was twenty-one years of age and hence over the age limit and ineligible to compete in certain prep-school meets.

The officials of Central High School were most active in this respect and left no stone unturned to eliminate me from competition, a factor which would add materially to their chances for annexing point trophies. They even sent a man to visit my home, and the information obtained there not being to their advantage, they visited the town where I was born and searched the birth records. Then, and then only, were they convinced that I would not be a voter until the following fall.

Meanwhile I was running in all the local and university interscholastic meets, always winning and establishing various meet records. My time in none of those meets was especially noteworthy because I usually competed in two and sometimes three events, which made it impossible to run myself out in any one race.

It was during this period that I fought my first and only duel. The captain of the Central track team had been deeply and personally interested in the investigations that his school had been carrying on in regard to my age. When they had at last run the birth records to earth the captain took it upon himself to look me up and inform me of my correct age.

For some reason or other I didn't regard the interest they were showing in my affairs as much of a compliment, and as I remember now I made no attempt to conceal my impressions. In fact, I believe I enlarged upon them somewhat. The captain, being a man of some mettle, took exception to some of my observations concerning himself and his school. The insult on both sides, it seems, was much too severe to be settled by anything so common as a street brawl, so it was decided that the affair should be settled in a manner befitting track athletes and gentlemen.

A second was chosen as a witness to fair play. We agreed that one would be sufficient for both of us, inasmuch as he was also an athlete and a mutual friend. A time was set and a meeting place arranged, the weapons to be fists.

We gathered at the appointed time and boarded a trolley. We rode across the city to the Market Street ferry, took the ferry to Jersey, and again boarded a trolley and rode several miles out into the country. Why we went to all this trouble I'm not quite sure, because there certainly were plenty of isolated places in Fairmount Park. We were evidently pretty much ashamed of ourselves and, as neither one dared to back out, figured that distance would minimize the chances of discovery.

We descended at a lonely spot and selected our battleground. We then carefully removed our coats, rolled up our sleeves, and sailed into each other. The argument must have lasted about half an hour, and at the end of that time, both being considerably mussed up, we decided that we had had enough, even though we had failed to come to any agreement. So we put on our coats again, climbed into the trolley, and headed for home.

The most peculiar part of the whole thing, however, was the fact that since the time we suspended hostilities on the battlefield I have never heard the affair mentioned or referred to in any way by any of the three of us. As nearly as I know, this is the first time it has ever been mentioned.

In the summer of 1904 I attended the World's Fair at St. Louis, where the Olympic games were held for the first and only time in America. The A. A. U.

championships and various collegiate and interscholastic meets were to be held at the same time. I arrived several days before the games and figured that I'd like to jog around the track a bit and shake some of the stiffness out of my legs. It was this decision that brought me into contact for the first time with the famous "Sparrow" Robertson, old-time five-miler and still one of the most noted builders of cinder-running tracks.

The name "Sparrow" was evidently inspired by his size, or maybe by his temper. He was in charge of the building of the track at the fair.

Even though I knew him by reputation, I did not recognize him in the overalled little figure, leaning on a rake at the entrance to the track. It had been raining some for the last several days, which had greatly hampered his work, and now, after surmounting any number of difficulties, he was taking a slight breathing spell while looking over his nice, smooth, finished product.

This was the time I chose to approach him with all the cockiness of youth and to make the flippant suggestion that I try out his track for a couple of laps. Now, I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't be allowed to run on the darn thing. Gosh, I'd come all the way from Philadelphia just for that purpose, and here I was all ready to jog a bit!

I didn't jog. Sparrow induced me to change my mind. He left the ground about three feet at my suggestion and—goodness, such a vocabulary for a little man! His size didn't seem to hinder him at all; in fact I gathered the impression that he had just been waiting for somebody to ask the privilege of using his track so he would have a good reason to relieve himself of a few choice impressions of the weather and everything in general. I was completely subdued and tiptoed away in awe, while Sparrow still profaned the air and made wild, suggestive motions with his rake.

The day of the race rolled around in time. I was entered in the Olympic interscholastic championships and found little competition in the half mile and mile, winning both events without extending myself. I also captured these same two races in another interscholastic meet, and two days later, in a set of games open to A. A. U. clubs, I won the half-mile handicap. The time for this race, by the way, was the fastest run on that track by any half-miler during the entire games, and stood for some time as a Missouri record. I don't remember the exact time, but know it was around 1:58. I was running from scratch.

Between races, of course, I was enjoying one of the experiences of my life, an experience which was the first forcible reminder of the remarkable possibilities that athletics offer to see the world, travel, and learn. The fair buildings and exhibits were set in the beautiful surroundings of Forest Park, second only in size to Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. I spent hours wandering among the buildings, which were a fairyland to me. I gazed in awe at the magnificent contributions of foreign countries; they alone constituted a liberal education in geography. I was thoroughly impressed with the great artificial cascade, tumbling, it seems, from the very pillars of the art museum, high on the hill, down the long slope into the lake below. When I look back now I don't believe I missed anything, and I was glad, mighty glad, that my legs had been fast enough to carry me all the way to St. Louis.

Athletes in those days did not travel so elaborately as they do at present. I made the trip from Philadelphia and back in a day coach and didn't feel that I was undergoing the least hardship. On the way back, however, hardship and I were separated at one time by the mere fraction of a second.

We had stopped at Pittsburgh to change engines, and I figured that I had time to hike out and grab a bite to eat. It was evening, and the day had been hot,

with the result that I had removed my coat and even taken off my collar and turned it in at the neck.

I had just finished my sandwich and was sauntering back to the train when I became suddenly conscious that the train was by no means where I had left it. My heart took a wild leap and settled back with a plunk. It flashed through my brain that I had exactly two dollars and two cents in my pocket, and that everything I possessed was on the train, including my five medals, which were quite priceless.

I reached the gate in a couple of jumps, just in time to see two red lights getting smaller and smaller down the track. I grabbed the guard by the arm.

"Is that the Philadelphia train?" I gasped.

"That's her, buddy. Hey, where you goin'? You can't catch that!"

It wasn't a case of "can"; it was a case of "must." I figured I had beaten everything I'd raced up to date, and I had no intention of being bluffed by a mere express train.

I shoved the guard out of the way and sprinted down the platform. The train was still rolling out of the yards, and I gained some. I came to the end of the platform and, with a snort of joy, felt cinders under my feet. I was right at home now, so I uncorked a few more notches and began to close the gap. The observation platform of the train was full of passengers, whose shouts of encouragement drew others from the car.

The train began to gather speed, but so did I. Inch by inch I gained till at last, at the very moment I had reached my absolute limit, I stretched out my hand and grasped the brass railing of the car.

It was about the most spectacular race I ever ran, and as I clambered up the steps of the platform I regretted vaguely that some one had not had the presence of mind to hold a watch on me.

Upon my return from the St. Louis Olympics I found myself more or less famous around Philadelphia, but nothing worthy of note occurred in any of the remaining meets that fall, except a rather amusing incident at a set of games in Sulzer's Harlem River Park in New York. The space in the park was decidedly limited, so a circular cinder walk, a sort of promenade about the grounds, served as a running track. The park itself was merely a refreshment garden situated behind a large dance hall, and the refreshment booths faced directly on the inside of the track, while the outside was bordered with trees.

The track was only about eight laps to the mile, and I remember when a runner found himself hopelessly out of a race he felt more or less at liberty to lift a bag of peanuts or a pop-corn ball from one of the refreshment stands in passing and indulge in a little harmless target practice, with the leaders as moving targets. This practice was *not* encouraged by the owners of the booths, and the only way they seemed able to discourage it was to close their booths while a race was in progress.

I forgot to mention that in order to preserve the natural beauty of the grove one of the large trees had been allowed to stand in the running track. There was only room for one runner to pass between the tree and the pole.

The race which I refer to was a one thousand-yard handicap. Paul Pilgrim and I were on the same mark, about twenty yards out, I guess, which was a fairly liberal handicap.

The race started, and Paul, another chap, and I were out in the lead. We were holding our place easily several laps from the finish with Pilgrim on the pole, the other man close beside him, while I was just on their heels in a position about midway between them. I was intent upon the race, with my eyes glued on the two men ahead of me, watching their feet and waiting for a good chance to jump them and take the lead.

My mind was so centered upon my immediate problems that it was far removed from such ordinary things as trees or vegetation, a little oversight that was shortly brought to my attention. The two runners in front suddenly parted to avoid the tree, but I chose to ignore it, and might have got by with it had I possessed a few qualities of the caterpillar tank, which I didn't. It stopped me, all right, but only temporarily. My nose and head arrived first, thereby protecting my feet and legs so that I was able to use them for the rest of the race. Pilgrim won, and I managed to fight up to second place.

I did a good deal of cross-country work that fall, because, as I mentioned before, I think it builds a great foundation for the indoor season. The schoolboys seemed to pay more attention to cross country then and to take it more seriously than they do at present. There was a great deal of rivalry among the Philadelphia schools, and a lot of importance was attached to some of the finer details of the game.

I remember, for instance, that one of the schools introduced the practice of allowing none of their runners to wear the same colored jersey, the theory being that, in the event that several of their men were out in front, it would not be so noticeable as if they were all marked with the same color, and hence would not act as such a powerful incentive for those behind.

The advantage of such a practice was brought forcibly to my attention in a recent cross-country race where one school sent all its entries out in brilliant orange jerseys. Inasmuch as it is the team score that counts in cross country, it can easily be seen that a group of orange jerseys out in front would act as a greater stimulus to the men behind than a more evenly divided group of runners.

I remember one cross-country race that fall when I romped home ahead of the field, an easy winner, merely because I had taken the trouble to use my head a little before the race started.

We had had an early snow, followed by a slight thaw, and then rain, which froze as it struck. As a result, the ground was a glare of ice, and the long grass on the course was stiff and brittle, slashing at the runners' legs like strips of wire. I had looked the course over before the race, and thereupon decided to wear running spikes and long, heavy, football stockings. The stockings protected my legs from the cut of the grass and the spikes gave me a firm traction on the ice. The rest was easy.

The indoor season that year found me competing most of the time, but there is only one race that stands out in my mind. In those days intercity relays were regarded with a great deal of importance, and it was considered a distinct honor to be chosen to represent one's city. At present there seems to be very little serious preparation given to these races and very little interest in the outcome. But then the members of the team were made to feel that they were upholding the honor of the city itself, and naturally a good deal of rivalry was developed.

There was a four-mile relay between New York and Philadelphia scheduled for the early part of the season, and I was confident of being selected as a member of the team. When I found that I was not considered fast enough for the position, I was, of course, greatly disappointed, but determined to make the one-mile team, which was to compete later in the season. In this determination I was successful, and was looking forward eagerly to the privilege of representing my city. Then two days before the race I became ill.

I was in bed when one of my friends called to determine whether or not I would be able to run. I told him I surely would and, although I was in bed at the time, I instructed him to take my running outfit under his coat. Shortly

afterward I dressed and slipped out of the house.

Everybody tried to dissuade me from running, but I finally convinced them that I could go the distance, so it was decided to let me run the first leg against Meyer Prinstein, whom the papers described as a "man with a national reputation."

I evidently wasn't so ill as I had believed myself to be, or else the excitement of the race acted as a tonic. At any rate I opened a lead of ten yards, which I handed to Harry Hymen, who maintained the lead against Hollings of New York. Hymen touched off J. V. Mulligan, who increased the lead slightly over Lawson Robertson. John B. Taylor, running anchor for us, broke the tape an easy winner. G. W. Smith ran anchor for New York. The time was three minutes and twenty-six one-fifth seconds. All but Hymen on the Philadelphia team were former members of Brown Prep School.

It was during this indoor season that I was approached for the first time with a proposition to capitalize my running ability. A stranger—I never knew his name—looked me up at the factory one day and suggested that I go back with him to Fall River, Massachusetts. There he would get me a position of some sort, which would require very little labor and which would pay unusually well. My chief duty, it seems, was to go about advertising myself as loudly as possible, telling everybody how good I was, and getting lots of publicity in general. He would then arrange a series of races for me in which I was to allow myself to be badly beaten so that all my former efforts at publicity would tend to label me as a first-class false alarm. Then when everybody had given me the loud laugh and all were convinced how slow I really was, my friend and promoter would organize another race in which he would manage to bet a lot of money in roundabout ways.

That, of course, was the race in which I was supposed to do my stuff. I'd simply gallop home and take a percentage of the money he'd won. He painted the prospect in very attractive colors, insisting that I could make more with him in one week than I could make in a couple of years where I was. He was probably right, too, but I was so thoroughly saturated with the amateur idea that I told him to trot along and find another two-legged horse to make money on. I also had the idea of college in my head, and realized that professional competition would put an end to all that.

During this period I was still continuing with my same work, doing heavy manual labor in conjunction with all my running. I believe, however, that this very labor was largely responsible for my success, inasmuch as I became almost insensible to fatigue. I hardly knew what it was to feel tired. I also know it to be a fact that a great many runners pay entirely too much attention to their legs and not enough to the development of the rest of their bodies. Running in itself is a great all-round exercise, but I have always found it advisable to mix arm, shoulder, and back exercises with it.

My work consisted largely in unloading barrels of sugar, rolling them to the sirup vats and dumping them in. I learned to lift them on end by holding my arms rigid and getting the entire lift from my legs. This, I believe, was one means of developing the tremendous driving power that carried me through a good many tight finishes. It seemed that I was always on the move while working and always jumping from platform to platform like a monkey. And instead of resting when things were a bit slack, I used to line up empty sugar barrels side by side for the distance of the floor, about one hundred feet, and, starting at one end, jump from one barrel into the other all the way down the line for the amusement of the other workers.

I remember that I was always eating

sugar from the barrels, which may have accounted somewhat for the tremendous amount of vitality I possessed at that time, for sugar is one means of supplying the body with energy. It acts as a fuel and for that reason can be recommended as a part of an athlete's diet. Of course such a thing can be overdone and may have a different effect on different individuals, but in general I believe that the young athlete is laboring under a false impression when he figures that sugar is a detriment to his training.

I remember one day in particular on which there was a meet I was very anxious to attend, in the spring of 1905. I obtained permission from my employer to attend the meet, but felt obligated to do a certain amount of work before leaving. So I arose at three o'clock in the morning, arrived at the factory about four, started the fire in the boiler, and finished practically all my work before noon, leaving me free for the rest of the day.

I arrived at the field just a bit sleepy, but otherwise feeling fine. I ran the mile first, running no faster than I had to to win, and covering the distance in four minutes fifty-two and two-fifths seconds. I then entered the half mile, which I also eased myself through, winning in two minutes six and four-fifths seconds.

Then in the final race, the two-mile, I decided to spend the rest of my energy, inasmuch as there were no more races to run. I won this in nine minutes fifty-seven and two-fifths seconds, establishing a new world's interscholastic record for that distance. All of which goes to show that I must have been in pretty fair shape, even though my methods of training would perhaps be frowned upon by modern coaches.

It is possible that if I had been pampered along as the majority of big athletes are at present, I might have run faster and had more endurance. I hardly believe so, however, because I am inclined to attribute a man's running ability largely to his mental condition. By that I mean if I had worried for fear I was not receiving the proper kind of training and was convinced that my work during the day was developing the wrong muscles and slowing me down, then there is no doubt that my running would have been badly affected. This mental factor in the athlete is a point upon which the coaches are laying more emphasis each year, with the result that a successful athletic coach could almost qualify for a professorship in psychology.

That spring I began to have a lot of trouble with my age. I had reached my twenty-first birthday the fall before and was now considered too old to complete in prep-school meets. That is, I was considered too old by various high schools that were in a position to win points if I could be removed from running, and these same schools suddenly became very active in establishing an age limit which had never actually existed, in certain games, as one of the requirements of eligibility.

The loudest protest, and the one which had the most far-reaching results, was raised at the Yale interscholastics. The mysterious part of the whole affair was that I was allowed to run the mile and half mile, breaking the Yale interscholastic record in both events. Then one of our rival schools, in a hasty survey of the points, decided that it would be greatly to its advantage if I could be declared ineligible. They therefore entered their protest, which was allowed, even though no age limit was printed on the program. But the joke of the whole thing came with the final checking of the points when it was learned that the school which entered the protest did not have enough points after all to win.

Mike Murphy, then coaching at Yale, shortly afterward accepted the position of track coach at Pennsylvania, and admitted to me, when he was trying to get

me to go to Penn, that he had engineered the protest at Yale in order that I would not be inclined to choose Yale as my school, so that he would have a better chance of getting me down at Penn.

The next big meet was the Cornell interscholastics. The preliminaries to this meet are especially fresh in my mind because it was then I received my first taste of college team life.

The Cornell team was returning from a dual meet with Penn, and as the interscholastic meet was to be the next day, Jack Moakly, coach at Cornell, took me up to Ithaca with the team. It was my first experience in a Pullman and it certainly made its impression. I was properly dazzled with the consideration the members of the team received, real sleeping berths, privilege of the dining car. Gosh! This business of being a college athlete was great stuff.

The meet itself added another title to my collection, the world's interscholastic record for the mile. The time was four minutes twenty-eight and three fifths seconds. I also set a new Cornell interscholastic record for the half mile.

I had finished at Brown Prep by that time and was practically swamped with invitations to continue my education at various well-known fountains of learning. It was a revelation to me to learn how many advantages each college possessed over any other college, and I was quite touched at the consideration shown by numerous universities in their requests for the privilege of developing my mind. My, what a popular young man I was! Practically every inducement was offered from a cigarette agency in the college to the privilege of ringing the chapel bell, when it was learned that I was financially unable to continue my education.

It seemed to cause them untold grief to dwell upon the possibility of a splendid mind like mine remaining uninspired by the finer influences of a college education. And then it began to dawn upon me that perhaps it wasn't my mind after all; you see, I was sadly unsophisticated in matters of this sort. It began to penetrate my consciousness that I possessed two very good reasons which might tend to influence the colleges in my behalf—a right leg and a left leg.

They hesitated to admit this, but would finally concede it to be true. It was pretty much of a jolt to learn that they were really concerned with my physical rather than my mental development, and several of my so-called friends suddenly assumed a different aspect in my cleared vision. I believe I made one of my greatest mistakes at this point. I proceeded to "get up on my ear."

The only requirement I insisted on was a job which I could work at while in college and which would yield me twelve dollars a week, the sum that I was earning at the time.

When I made these desires known I received more attractive offers. One institution said that it could be arranged for me to visit twelve of their alumni each week and collect a dollar from each. The offer was undoubtedly made in the best of faith, but it affected me more in the nature of an insult.

Another coach offered me the laundry agencies of the dormitories, in which all I had to do was to report at the laundry office each week and collect my commission.

"Why, Mel," he said, "you can even have our laundry out at the house!"

One glance at his collar, however, convinced me that there would be small profit from that source.

And so it went, with the time for the opening at college drawing rapidly near. Nothing definite, but plenty of fantastic promises, on the strength of which I did not dare leave the work I was then doing. I was helping support the family, and my salary at the time was of the greatest importance to me. I was also possessed with a vague fear that college athletics would engulf me to the extent

that my interest in my studies would be a farce, and I would result in one of the athletic failures of which I had seen so many turned out. I realize now that I made a mistake by not taking a chance, but my financial difficulties at the time were the final straw and influenced me in favor of a steady and assured weekly salary.

So that, in brief, is the summary of my career in prep school. It was inevitable then that, with the running I was almost constantly doing and the observations I had had the opportunity of making since, I should have arrived at certain conclusions concerning high and prep-school competition. Even though my views on the subject may not coincide with the generally accepted theories, I am going to take time at this point to state several of them briefly.

In the first place, I don't believe that high-school athletes should be encouraged in individual competition because success and publicity will either make or break them. They are in the formative stage of their lives when they are just beginning to find out what things are all about, and hence are most susceptible to influences of this sort. It seems hardly fair, then, that youngsters of this age should be subjected to the glare of fame when their worldly experience has been pitifully inadequate to prepare them for the strain of bearing up under the burden of glory. It is not their fault, then, that their heads become large and their viewpoint becomes warped. It is taking unfair advantage of a youngster to expose him to this. The schools, not the students, are responsible.

If he is an athlete of ability he will have plenty of opportunity to achieve success when he is competing for some college or club. He will also have reached a condition of mental and physical development which will make him more of a credit to amateur athletics and what they stand for. The latter, physical development, is another tremendous factor.

To many high and prep schools take their athletics too seriously for the welfare of the students. When a runner of ability is found he is too often used, with brutal disregard for his future as an athlete, in every available race in which he has a chance to score a point for his school. The boy, of course, is willing, because his horizon is naturally so limited that he cannot see the advisability of foregoing glory now for glory later on. So he competes year after year with the inevitable result—he is "burned out." His muscles have been subjected to such a strain in their period of development that they have been deprived of all their natural spring and elasticity. When he arrives at college with a wonderful reputation he is completely smothered in the high-class competition he finds there. I have seen any number of lads, who might have been famous athletes, burned out in this fashion.

What exceptions there are consist of men who are older than the average high-school boy and who are practically mature at the time of running. I believe I may be placed in this class. I enjoyed my twenty-first birthday while still at Brown.

I don't mean to say that I believe all high-school track meets should be eliminated, because I believe there is the greatest advantage in team competition. If a boy must be developed in athletics at this time, let him be developed with the idea of his school team uppermost in his mind, to destroy, as much as possible, the personal element.

But above all things let him be developed in moderation. Never bring him to a fine point of condition. Don't restrict his diet. Don't let him follow track to the detriment of his school work. Don't let him worry about competition. And again I repeat, *let him compete in moderation.*

Inasmuch as this finishes my prep-

school period, it would perhaps be a good place to list the records which I accumulated during that time. They were as follows:

Olympic interscholastic mile and half-mile championships.

World's interscholastic indoor mile record—four minutes thirty-four and one fifth seconds.

World's interscholastic indoor half-mile record—two minutes three and four fifths seconds.

World's interscholastic outdoor one mile record—four minutes twenty-eight and three fifths seconds.

World's interscholastic outdoor two-mile record—nine minutes fifty-seven and two fifths seconds.

TO BE CONTINUED

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RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

In the first two parts of this unique biography, the famous athlete reviewed his first efforts and triumphs as a runner. In this installment Mr. Sheppard tells of even greater triumphs. But also he relates a heart-breaking disappointment that might well have ended the athletic career of a less determined man.

PART III.

IN the fall of 1905 all athletics were inspired by the Olympic games to be held in Athens the following summer, and all the athletes began to regulate their training and competition with the view of becoming one of the lucky members of Uncle Sam's team. Prospects of the membership of the team, and of the team's chances against the other countries, occupied a large part of the conversation in athletic circles, with the result that I acquired the fever along with all the rest, and exerted every effort to be among those present when the roll was called.

Inasmuch as I have referred to the Olympics at St. Louis in 1904, and again, at this point, to the Olympics in Athens two years later, I will take a little time to explain why the Olympics did not occur then at regular four-year intervals, as they do now.

Our Olympic games at present are a revival of the ancient games held every four years in Athens. In 1895 the Greeks decided to revive those games, and to invite all nations to send teams to compete. The first meet of the modern series was, therefore, held in Athens in 1896, with the understanding that a similar set of games was to be held there every four years. It was agreed, however, that other countries might have the privilege of holding Olympic games between the times for those set in Athens, so that they would not conflict. Paris took advantage of this ruling in 1900. In 1902 the Greeks were for some reason unable to hold their games, so the next set were those in St. Louis in 1904. In 1906 the Greeks again resumed the games, but these proved to be the last held in Athens, while the other series continued at four-

year intervals. The 1908 games were held in London.

From what data I have been able to obtain, it seems that the old Grecian games were affairs of tremendous importance. They constituted one of the four most famous of the Grecian festivals. There seems to be no record of the origin of the games, but the names of the winners of events seem to have been recorded in the year 776 B.C. There is not enough authority for this list, however, to make it of any real value, except to give us some idea of the age of the games which we are imitating at present.

The games at that time were held at first in a single day, but later, as numerous events were added, stretched out over quite a period of time.

It has always been an interesting matter of speculation as to the relative prowess of the ancient Grecian athletes and those of the present day. Unfortunately there are no time records which would enable us to compare their speed with ours. But even allowing for the natural progress in all things, I have always been under the impression that some of the athletes in those days could give our boys a pretty tough race.

In the first place, they had a more powerful incentive than any of the present-day athletes. To be a winner of an Olympic event was one of the highest honors that a Greek youth could aspire to, and there were no newspapers in those days to discredit his achievement or to so mold public opinion that he would remain a hero only so long as he remained a victor. Once a hero always a hero, seemed to be the rule, and after a winner had been driven home in triumph in a chariot, often through a breach in the city walls, poets commemorated him with verse and song, and in many cities he lived thereafter at public expense.

Picture the mob of potential champions we would have in this country if they realized that by winning an Olympic championship they would become immune to such modern horrors as landlords, price of eggs, and income taxes. I guarantee that no record would be safe, and that scientific methods of training would be evolved the like of which we have never heard.

The Greeks at that time seem also to have boasted an amateur athletic union, or some such body of notables, whose duty it was to inspire awe in the hearts of the competitors; and it would be another interesting fact to know how closely the duties of these two similar organizations were related, even though separated by a couple of thousand years. Was the poor Greek allowed to hock his prize and get by with it? Was he regarded as a hired employee by the promoter of the games? Was he—but then, we'll never know, so why guess?

The competition then was only open to those of Greek descent. He must be a citizen in good standing, with no jail record or other tarnish upon his good name. All the contestants were required to train faithfully for ten months before the games, another reason which makes me believe that the lads of those days did some fancy stepping. What if all our men were required to undergo a period of intensive training of that sort, with no other worry than that of getting into condition? It was also required that the last thirty days of this period must be spent under the eyes of the officials. It is significant, too, that if this much time was spent in training before the games, the trainers of the men, through experience, must have originated some mighty clever methods of conditioning the athletes.

The entry lists were prepared before the games, and if, after the programs were printed—if they had programs—one of the athletes decided to withdraw, he had to advance some mighty good reason for his action or he was hauled up on the carpet before the registration committee and subjected to a heavy fine.

There was another excellent custom in effect at that time, which it might not be a bad idea for the modern Olympic committee to adopt. During the first day, which was given to sacrifices and feasting, the officials were required to take a solemn oath that they would judge fairly, and the athletes were also required to take a similar oath that they had observed all the prescribed training rules and that they would compete with fairness.

The games on the second day were generally opened with a sprint. The distance of 600 Olympic feet, or approximately 210 yards, was marked at the start and finish by strips of marble about 80 feet long and 18 inches wide. There were grooves in the marble at the start, so it is barely possible that the runners at that time may have employed the crouching start.

The modern pentathlon has been patterned after the ancient one, except that the present pentathlon substitutes a distance run for the old wrestling event. The dash, discus throw, javelin throw and broad jump are in common. It is believed, however, that the broad jump was more in the nature of our hop, skip, and jump, inasmuch as there is a record of two men who cleared 52 and 55 feet respectively. The discus used then was a plate of bronze, probably much heavier than ours, as the best throw recorded is 95 Olympic feet.

There were any number of other events, such as boxing, wrestling, chariot racing, horse riding and even trumpet blowing.

The games were at their height during the fifth and fourth centuries, B.C., when the contestants were of the best blood in Greece. But as the games continued they became more and more commercialized, until the point was reached, in Roman times, when practically all the athletes were professionals and suffered the consequent loss of prestige, and finally became targets at which public censors and moralists directed their fire. The last games were held in 394 A.D.

This seems to me to be a tremendously significant factor—the decadence of the Olympic games in those days, caused by professionalism, the same insidious element which I firmly believe is slowly undermining the foundation of our amateur athletics to-day. There is entirely too much commercialism and exploiting of the athlete toward money-making ends, and I am convinced that if our Olympic games suffer a similar fate it will be due to this element alone, which we are fostering at present rather than discouraging. The ancient games survived for over 1,170 years. Ours, so far, have survived for 26 years. Will we be able to complete the difference?

I had no intention of taking up so much space with the subject, even though I feel that it is of more interest than my own personal experiences. I also believe that any of us who are interested in athletics at all will not begrudge the time just spent in brushing up slightly on the history of the games which are occupying so much space in the papers at present.

In the fall of 1905 I spent, as usual, a great deal of effort in cross-country work, and my first meet was mighty encouraging. It was the Metropolitan Championships held in Fairmont Park. Philadelphia was at that time included in the metropolitan district because conditions had become so bad in the Atlantic association of the A.A.U. that the national body disbanded them until they could be reorganized properly, thereby making Philadelphia men eligible to compete in Metropolitan events.

My success in this first race was, I believe, due to the fact that I lost my temper. Two Penn men, one by the name of Root, were running well out in front of the field. I had set the pace practically the whole distance, so I sug-

gested that one of the other boys take it for a while, a proposition which evidently didn't meet with much favor even though I repeated my request. I became quite offended at their lack of enthusiasm in my proposal, and informed them that, if they insisted that I continue to set the pace, it was going to be *some* pace. I began to open up on them then, and finished about a quarter of a mile ahead. When the time was announced I was surprised to learn that I had established a new record for the course of thirty minutes, seventeen and two-fifths seconds. The old record of thirty-one minutes and fifty seconds was held by Jack Baillie.

I regard the first meet of the indoor season as especially significant, for several reasons. In the first place, I believe it was directly responsible for the Great Race of Mystery, of which I shall deal in detail a little later on.

The games were The Ernie Hjertberg Testimonial Games, held in the old 22nd regiment armory in New York, at 68th Street and Broadway. Hjertberg, I believe, one might truthfully class as a pioneer in athletics. He built the Irish American A.C., the Knickerbocker A.C. of Jersey City, coached Sweden's Olympic team for 1912, and is at present in Holland preparing the Dutch for the 1928 Olympics. At that time he was coaching the Irish Americans and the 22nd Regiment team.

I started from Philadelphia for New York as soon as I had finished work, and as a result arrived some time before the meet. I had planned to go back home after the race, so, having no hotel to go to, I decided to kill the intervening time at the armory. There were only a few early fans in the great hall, and as I was leaning against the railing of the boxes, one of them approached me with the idea of opening a conversation. We discussed the meet in general, and finally he informed me that the match mile race was to be the feature.

"It ought to be some run," he confided. "This Harvey Cohn has been running like a jack rabbit and will be a tough man to beat. And you've heard of Jim Sullivan—sure you have—the greatest American miler we've ever had. Fact of the matter is, he runs a mile so consistently in four-twenty-two that the papers call him 'Four-twenty-two Jim.'

"And then there's this new prep school boy, Mel Sheppard. They say he's one of the fastest things on two legs, and just between you and me, I hope that youngster comes through tonight. It would do this lad Sullivan good to follow somebody to the tape for once. Yes sir, I'd like to see young Sheppard win, and I've even laid a little money on him. Not much, you understand, but more than I'd like to lose."

And so he rambled on telling me more about myself than I ever dreamed, till finally I had to break away to go and get dressed.

The track, I had noticed, had been used for so long that a groove had been worn by the runners' spikes about twelve inches from the pole all around the track. This brought the fact rather forcibly to my attention that I did not possess any spike shoes, and would therefore be at a considerable disadvantage. I was not well enough acquainted, unfortunately, to request the loan of a pair, and in those days, also, a man guarded his running shoes with a care that made a request of that kind almost an insult. So it was with a good deal of surprise that I received an offer from George Bonhag to use his shoes. It struck me as an even more splendid piece of sportsmanship, in view of the fact that Bonhag was a member of the Irish American A.C. and both of the men that I was to compete against were members of that club. The shoes were a good fit, and I was mighty grateful for the privilege of using them.

There were only the three of us in the race. I stood so much in awe of

the two famous men I was competing against, that I decided to let them go out and run their race while I trailed along behind, and then, if I had anything left, it was my intention to jump them on the last lap. Well, it so happened that I had more left than I expected, so when the last lap arrived I cut loose and took the lead before Sullivan knew what had happened. It didn't take him long, however, to find out what it was all about, and we had a little race around the last lap that a good many of my friends are still referring to. I nosed him out at the tape.

Then, with it all over, I supposed that it was up to me to shake hands with the other two men, but Sullivan refused to see it that way, claiming that I had fouled him on one of the turns. This was news to me, but I let it go at that.

When I reached the dressing room, my friend of earlier in the evening was there waiting for me. He tumbled all over himself in his efforts to pat me on the back and to explain how it was that he hadn't recognized me before the race. The time for that mile, by the way, was four-twenty-six and four-fifths, a time which was considered impossible for an indoor mile in those days. It stood as a new indoor world's record.

The second important result of the race was that it stamped me as desirable club material, and my affiliation was therefore consummated within the next forty-eight hours.

Harry Hyman, a Penn quarter-miler and member of the Irish American, insisted upon taking care of me after the meet. I learned afterwards that this was all the idea of Hjertberg. At any rate, Hyman took me to the train, bought me a berth and incidently managed to get me out of the city before any of the representatives of the other clubs had had a chance to have a word with me. The next morning Hjertberg himself showed up at my home in Philadelphia bright and early, and then it was all over but the shouting. I was henceforth a member of the Irish American Athletic Club.

I have always thought that Hjertberg's manner of obtaining me as a member of his club served to illustrate his natural keenness, as well as the competition among the clubs at that time for members. Hjertberg knew that if I was allowed to remain in New York after my sensational race it was more than likely that I would be approached by several clubs, so, to prevent this, he delegated Hyman to see me safely aboard the train, while he himself made it a point to get to Philadelphia as early as possible in the morning to put the finishing touch to his plan.

I competed a great deal that winter, devoting myself almost entirely to mile races, and avoiding distances under that. My idea was to lower as much as possible the mile indoor record, and to do this it was necessary to save myself the wear and tear of other races. I finally managed, before the season was over, to lower the indoor record to four minutes and twenty-two seconds, which at that time was considered a mark which would never be equaled. This mark was made in February in the joint games of the Brooklyn Y.M.C.A. and the 14th Regiment A.A., and was timed by such veterans as G. L. M. Sacks, John P. Doyle, and Charles Dieges. I was unfortunate in having no real competition that season, so that I was never really pushed and my races were usually won by a wide margin. And then came the big blow.

I was on my way to work one morning on a street car, the seats of which were arranged facing each other on opposite sides. I was at peace with all the world, with every prospect of being chosen for the Olympic team, and with every reason to be thankful for a fast, strong pair of legs.

I raised my eyes to the reverse side of a newspaper that a man was reading

across the aisle, and the blood in my veins seemed to turn to ice. The headline of the sporting section leaped from the page and stunned me with its import—"Melvin Sheppard Protested for Professionalism." It was some moments before my mind was able to grasp the significance of that awful message, "protested for professionalism," Greece, Athens, the Olympics, tumbled down about my ears like a house of cards. Visions of victory, laurel wreaths, fame and glory faded to horrible indistinctness as the meaning of the headline sunk home. An ambition of a lifetime seemed to burst like a bubble before my eyes, and I was weak and shaky as I descended from the car.

When my mind came back to normal and I was able to think more clearly, I began to realize that some terrible mistake had been made and that, inasmuch as I hadn't been declared a professional, I was still an amateur, and that with this status I was still in a position to take exception to the charges that had been preferred and to prove the falsity of them. So the stadium at Athens once more began to assume a definite shape, and the pillars of the Parthenon became once more clearly outlined in my imagination.

The New York A.C. indoor games were to be held the latter part of the week, and as I had been planning to compete in them and had, up to that time, received no official notice of the protest other than what I had read in the paper, I decided to attend the games. No one whom I approached in New York seemed to know any more about my predicament than I did myself, and it was not until I was on the floor in my track suit that I learned anything definite about the charges.

I was sitting on the floor putting on my shoes at the time. Somebody came up, stopped before me, and, glancing up, I recognized Judge Bartow Weeks. He was stroking his beard with an ominous motion, and his whole attitude was judicial and terrifying.

"Young man," he said at last, "I understand that you have been enjoying a very profitable career as a professional athlete."

This was news to me. I was so surprised that I was only able to stare at him, which must have convinced him more than ever of my guilt, for he continued:

"I find it my duty to protest you on these grounds to the referee."

Which he did, and the protest was allowed by James Sullivan, president of the A.A.U. I was permitted to compete that night, however, under protest, and I decided that if this was to be my last race, it was going to be a dandy.

The Irish American A.C. was entered in a two-mile relay race in which several teams were entered and in which we expected the stiffest competition from the New York A. C. In the latter respect our fears were quite justified. At the end of the third leg we were about 10 yards to the bad, with the national 880 champion running anchor for the N.Y. A.C. I set out after him and soon closed the gap. I passed him a couple of laps from the finish, and led him to the tape by about 25 yards. Our time for the two miles was seven minutes, fifty-eight seconds, a new world record.

The protest against me seemed to offer the papers a great deal of material. It made an unusually good story because of the mystery surrounding the whole thing, and also because of the new developments which the investigation brought about from day to day.

I believe that I may best present the facts as impartially as possible by referring to the newspapers' comments upon the situation. The Hjertberg Testimonial games, as I suggested before, were directly responsible for the protest, in that they brought me forcibly before the public as a prospective member of the Olympic team, and incidently to the notice of one Robert Hallen, a professional runner, who seemed to have an axe of some sort to grind and decided to use me as the grindstone. The following clipping from one of the papers will give a fair idea of the charges as presented:

"Mr. Robert Hallen, the man who is protesting Melvin Sheppard on the ground that he is a professional, now claims that two officers of the A. A. U. knew of Sheppard's professionalism but, for some reason that he cannot explain, took no action in the matter, although several other amateurs who ran at the same set of games were suspended immediately.

"Hallen's specific charge against Sheppard is, that he competed at the Celedonian games at Maspeth, L. I., on Labor Day, 1904, winning the one and three-mile runs, and with running at the Clan-na-Gael games at Philadelphia on July 4th, 1905, where he won the one mile and was unplaced in the three-mile run.

"Sheppard is alleged to have competed in these games under the name of Alvin Smith, and is said to be well known among the professional athletes as the fastest runner in the country.

"In 1904 several officers of the A. A. U. went to the Caledonian games for the express purpose of detecting amateurs who were in the habit of taking a flyer at the programmes. Hallen alleges that Thomas O'Brien and John Steil of the registration committee were at the games and when Smith (Sheppard) won the mile in four-twenty-four and one-fifth, Steil came to him and asked him who the 'ringer' was. Hallen told Steil that he did not know, but says that since that time he has discovered that Sheppard and Smith are the same.

"Hallen made his discovery at the games of the 22nd Regiment A. A. on Dec. 16, 1905, when the Philadelphia boy beat Sullivan and Cohn in an invitation mile run. Now, when Hallen is asked why he did not make his discovery known to the A. A. U., he said that it was at the solicitation of Runner Jim Sullivan, who asked him not to protest until he had another chance to meet Sheppard and try to get even for the beating that he had received.

"'I may have been indiscreet, but I promised Sullivan that I would not enter a protest until he had been given an opportunity to defeat him,' says Hallen. 'I regret that I did not protest him that night as it would have saved a lot of needless controversy.'

"If Hallen is anxious to have Sheppard declared a professional he is going about it in the wrong way, for neither he nor any one else can gain much by making charges against the officials when he is trying to secure a conviction.

"Sheppard is determined to prove that he is a real amateur, and left New York Tuesday night after his great race against Valentine, with the intention of getting affidavits to the effect that he was not at the games mentioned. Sheppard cannot understand the rule of the A. A. U. that makes a man prove himself innocent, when everywhere else the law considers a man innocent until proven guilty."

So much for the charges of Hallen, and it is needless to say that I was greatly relieved to at last have something definite to work upon. Before Hallen had come forth with his statement there had been nothing but rumors, with the result that I was a mile up in the air, didn't know which way to turn, and was worrying myself sick. The first thing that entered my mind was to hunt up Hallen and obtain the truth from him by means of a little physical exertion, but it was pointed out by my friends that I would be doing my cause more harm than good. They pointed out also that I would be merely fighting the wrong person, and as the trial progressed I found this to be discouragingly

true. I was bucking an organized power a great deal stronger than the word of Hallen. The papers treated my case with all fairness and made every attempt to help me solve the mystery.

The following is an extract from another clipping which seems to express the general attitude of the public and the press.

"Until something develops it will be unnecessary for the Irish Club to take any notice of the case, but it seems foolish to suppose that a boy with Sheppard's prospects, knowing that he was being watched by every college trainer in the East, and with the knowledge that any such act would spoil his chances, would take the chance of ruining all by running in unsanctioned games, especially around New York or Philadelphia.

"If it can be proven that Sheppard has committed any act that would make him a professional, it would be indeed sad, as he is just entering upon a great career and looks to be the best man ever produced in America for any distance over a half mile."

As the investigation proceeded a great many total strangers came to me and volunteered their testimony in an effort to clear me of the charge. On the other hand there were several who also volunteered information which, if true, would have worked decidedly in the opposite direction. A professional runner, Jack Roden, was especially emphatic in the declaration of my innocence. Part of his statement was as follows:

"I have been attending all the professional and amateur meets for the past twelve years in Philadelphia and vicinity, and I can safely say that Melvin Sheppard never ran in a professional meet. And in regard to the games held a year ago by the Caledonian club at Maspeth, L. I., I would like to state that Sheppard was not there. I was at these games and, to my best recollection, a man from Boston won the one and the three mile. I cannot recall his name just now. And the year previous to that, McElliott of Philadelphia won both events. In regard to the Boston meets, I have attended these big games there for the past three years and Sheppard never ran there. I was at the meet this year, which was called off on account of the heavy rain on Labor Day. I guess there are very few people aware of the fact that Sheppard had a brother who competed at meets in Philadelphia but never ran outside.

"If there is an amateur in good standing Melvin Sheppard is one, and it would fit the New York press if they would look up the record of some of the New York amateurs who come pot-hunting around Philadelphia every year. I would also like to know who this well-known professional runner is who made the assertion about Sheppard. It looked to me, when I was at the Madison Square meet, that a few of New York's fast milers do not like to see Sheppard around there."

It was also surprising to find how many Alvin Smiths there were who had competed in the Caledonian games and were anxious to establish themselves as the mysterious professional. One incident I particularly remember was that of a chap from Bridgeport, Connecticut, who prepared us for his arrival by mail and announced that he would arrive in New York with all proofs that he was the man for whom the A. A. U. officials had been searching for so long.

Naturally we awaited his arrival with a great deal of curiosity, although my sensation was more one of relief, a relief which disappeared on the wings of doubt when the stranger presented himself.

He possessed legs long enough to qualify him as a runner, but there his resemblance to an athlete seemed to end. He insisted, however, that he was Alvin Smith himself, although that, he claimed, was an assumed name. He hastened to

explain that it was quite impossible for him to maintain his own name when competing in professional races because he was a married man, and in common with many men thus afflicted, experienced some difficulty in salvaging much money from his salary. Running, then, was merely a side line with him, in which he managed to pick up a little money now and then which he could use as he saw fit.

This argument, together with numerous others which he advanced, seemed to make very little impression on the officials, so, as a final proof, he offered to show them how speedy he looked in a track suit. He had brought his outfit along, and proceeded to have a photograph made which he introduced as conclusive evidence, and which actually served as such, but not in the manner he had hoped. His suit was an antique affair, with long sleeves and longer trunks. His pose, which was his evident conception of an attitude of unlimited speed and grace, resembled, as nearly as I can explain it, a composite statue of "The Discus Thrower" and Barney Google. He was forthwith rejected as a possible solution.

The peculiar part of this incident was the fact when this chap's connections were investigated in Bridgeport, his home town, he was found to be a reputable citizen with no apparent peculiarities. The only way I am able to explain it is that he fostered in the back of his brain a sort of athletic complex; that he had always wanted to be a runner in spite of his physical handicaps, and was unable to resist the opportunity of becoming famous that my case offered.

A great deal more contradictory evidence was offered on both sides, one of the main points on contention being the color of the track suit worn by Alvin Smith. I later talked to a man who had witnessed the races in question and he informed me that the winner of the mile and three mile wore the blue jersey of a swimming suit. It seems that John Steil, chairman of the registration committee, together with another member of the registration committee, attended the games for the purpose of spotting any amateur athletes who might be competing. According to my informer, these two spent a good deal of their time in the pavilion which housed a refreshment booth and a bowling alley. To my knowledge, neither of the men bowled. This may account, in some measure, for the testimony of Steil when he swore that the winner of the two races was clad in a white jersey which had been reversed but which showed a large B on the under side. A certain trainer who, it is believed, never saw the race, also testified in favor of the white jersey, but afterwards admitted that his testimony was not in the interest of amateur athletics but in the interest of another miler who might not make the team if I were chosen.

In reference to one of the meetings of the registration committee, a paper said:

"While the meeting lasted it was as good as a show, the efforts of Mr. John Steil, who made such a mess of the Joyce-Castleman case, to prove that Sheppard was a professional being little short of ridiculous. Steil showed plainly that he was prejudiced, and was called to order several times because he insisted on taking for granted that Sheppard was guilty.

"Hallen stated that Sheppard ran at the Caledonian games under the name of Alvin Smith, but Herman Holde, a former amateur, who ran at these games was positive that he is wrong. Holde is a lawyer and made an excellent witness, giving a clear description of how the race was run and who the men were who started in it, and, when Sheppard confronted him, swore that he had never seen him before.

"Holde also told the committee who

the man with the reversed shirt was, and it may be said that it is on this reversed shirt that Mr. Steil is ready to convict Sheppard.

"The evidence submitted by Hallen and his friends was very weak. There was no point in the case that Sheppard did not clear up entirely, and the surprise of those present was that the committee did not immediately dismiss the case and thus allow the Olympic committee to place on the team the greatest distance runner in America. There is no doubt that they will announce on Sunday that everything is satisfactory."

And so it went. The identity of the mysterious Alvin Smith continued to remain a mystery which constituted the proverbial monkey wrench in the machinery of the A. A. U. In the meanwhile, inasmuch as I had not been officially declared a professional, I was allowed to compete in various meets.

Ten days after the New York A. C. games, the Irish American A. C. sent a two-mile relay team to Buffalo to compete against a picked team of that city. Our team, composed of Bacon, Cohn, Sullivan and myself, had gained quite a little fame, with the result that Buffalo insisted that five men be allowed to run on their team in order to make things interesting for us. Meyer, national 440 yard champion and anchor man for Buffalo, was the only one of their team to run the full half mile.

I was running anchor for the Irish, and when the race came around to me Meyer was pretty well out in front. I managed to catch him, however, but not before he had put up a mighty game fight. I finished with a good margin, but Meyer fought right up to the tape and, when he crossed the line, collapsed and proceeded to turn completely blue. He gave every one quite a scare before he began to come around and regain his normal color.

Although the fact bears no connection with the race, it was a peculiar thing that during the entire trip the number 13 seemed to predominate. The date was Friday, 13th, I drew berth 13 in the Pullman, we left on track 13, the number of my hotel room was 313, and I drew a number thirteen in the meet for the competitor's number. I fully expected to break a leg or something, but strange to say, everything went off even better than I could have wished. From that time I have never been particularly annoyed by that number, even though I admit the existence of other pet superstitions. Every athlete has them.

While the registration committee was trying to get at the bottom of the mass of evidence in my case, another angle developed which never amounted to anything but which was highly interesting and amusing to me at the time. One of the papers came out with this story.

"Under the surface of the inquiry as to the amateur or professional status of Melvin Sheppard, is revealed the intention to take a team of professional athletes abroad this year.

"The fact was made known Wednesday night at the meeting of the registration committee of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, held at the Wyandotte Club.

"The leading organizer of the plan was Bobby Hallen, the professional runner.

"With all the interest created by the American amateurs competing in Athens, Greece, in the Olympic championships, it seems that the time is ripe for a conquest by professionals in England and Ireland. The placing of Sheppard in the professional class would enable him to start his career in a pronounced way.

"It is only fair to Sheppard to say that he has as yet learned nothing of the scheme."

Which gives birth to the idea that the charges against me may have arisen from the desire of these professionals, headed by Hallen, to gain a little free

publicity and at the same time promote the possibility of getting another recruit for their team.

The fatal Sunday finally arrived when the registration committee had promised to hand down a decision in my case. The decision turned out to be no decision at all, but I did not at the time realize the significance of their verdict which was expressed in the following statement:

"As the evidence produced on both sides in the matter of the investigation of the charges against Melvin W. Sheppard before the registration committee is not deemed satisfactory to the committee for the purpose of dismissing or sustaining the charges, and there being no present prospect of obtaining more satisfactory testimony and proof, the committee has resolved to proceed no further at present, and will drop the charges, at the same time reserving the right to review the present charges and investigation on its own motion."

Following the committee's statement, the paper which printed the statement went on to say:

"Melvin Sheppard is now as much of an amateur as he was before the charges were preferred against him. He is eligible to compete in all amateur meets in this country, and, if the Olympic committee wishes, he may compete at Athens."

This decision was reached after two weeks of intensive investigation into my case, the results of which I have attempted to show by the clippings and newspaper comment that appeared in the papers at that time. To make a long story short, the Olympic committee decided that it was best for all concerned to leave me on this side of the ocean. I believe they were justified, in view of the above decision, because the Olympic committee figured, and rightly, that if I were added to the team and won my events in Athens, the committee might find itself in a peculiar position, if the A.A.U., upon my return to this country, decided to exercise the privilege which they had retained of reopening the investigation. The foreigners then would undoubtedly claim that I had been "whitewashed" temporarily in order that I might help America win.

Of course, it was one of the bitterest doses that I had ever been compelled to swallow. The Olympic games represented, for me, the height of a career into which I had poured every effort and thought since I first donned a track shoe. I had been so sure of making the team, and of glorying in the greatest privilege that I could imagine, that of representing my country and of carrying the American shield on my track jersey across the finish line ahead of all the rest. And the whole thing turned out to be only a dream after all; a dream, though, which will never become dim and which I will always cherish. My big problem then was to grin and bear it. And I might say right here that if the series of circumstances which kept me off the team were in any way responsible for helping me solve that problem, I had learned a lesson which would be of far more value to me than a trip to Athens and back. I have no intention of preaching or moralizing at this point, but I do believe that that is one of athletics' greatest missions to the athlete—to teach him never to know when he's licked, and to grin and bear adversity.

The decision made a great big stir in the papers, and many of the sport writers declared themselves more or less emphatically in their columns. As I glance over the clippings before me, it strikes me rather forcibly that the sport writers of twenty years ago were much more vitally concerned with athletics for the athlete than they are at present. At that time they didn't hesitate to say what was on their minds. Their articles showed an honest desire to better the amateur situation, rather than to exploit it for their own good and

the profit of meet promoters. The following item sums up the general attitude of the sport writers at that time:

"Melvin W. Sheppard, the speedy mile and half-mile runner, is not to be a member of the American Olympic team through the inexcusable blundering and bungling of some A. A. U. officials. And yet this is the body that asks financial aid of the American sportsmen in sending a representative—save the mark—American team abroad, and is constantly pluming itself for its solicitation for the purity of athletics in this country.

"If there was any justice or even a modicum of common sense in the entire deal given Sheppard, it has so far failed to come to the surface. If the best these gentlemen can do who have the keeping of American amateurism, is to keep off the team the man who is certain to score against the world's best performers, it is time for a thorough house cleaning. Instead of investigating athletes, a committee of athletes had better investigate the A. A. U. and find out who the individuals are who are responsible for this most recent bit of bungling.

"There have been hints, and that it putting the case mildly, that there was animus and jealousy behind the whole Sheppard investigation. There have been many earmarks of a conspiracy. If it was only to keep Sheppard off the Olympic team, the move has succeeded. It did not succeed in making him a professional. It seems to be closely up to the investigation committee to clear its skirts. The presumption is that they went into the matter as thoroughly as possible. Possibly they moved as quickly as they could. But in the meantime they should have seen, or some one should have seen, that unless the charges were proven Sheppard should not be forced to stay at home. In most tribunals the burden of proof rests with the party making the accusation. In this case Sheppard, the defendant, was forced to prove the charges false. If the proofs of his guilt were not conclusive, then there should hang over him no suspicion, and his right to represent his country is just as clear as any of the men who sail from New York to-day.

"Whose is the fault that he was not registered in time, and, if registered, who took his name from the list before he was declared ineligible? That inquiry is pertinent and it is up to somebody to explain. Maybe it's the registration committee, maybe it's somebody else. Anyhow, the A. A. U. cannot escape responsibility for this injustice to this athlete. And from reports, Sheppard is not the only athlete who has been injured by dilatory tactics. Castleman, the Colgate hurdler, and John J. Joyce, five and ten-mile runner, are two others who are not on the Olympic team.

"It was hoped up to yesterday afternoon that arrangements might still be made to have Sheppard sail with the American Olympic team to-day, but this hope was dissipated by the flat announcement from Julian Curtiss that all entries for the international events had closed two weeks ago.

"A dispatch from New York says that President Conway of the Irish American Club, of which Sheppard is a member, worked like a beaver all day to make some arrangements by which Sheppard could be sent abroad. All sorts of offers were made by him to members of the committee having the arrangements in hand, but in vain. He offered to pay the entire cost of the trip for Sheppard, providing his points would count for the American team, but nothing could be done. And so this flying wonder, a sure point getter for the team, is left at home, despite the fact that the professional runner who made the charge against him that has dragged along for many weeks, admitted at the final hearing that he testified to a deliberate lie. The registration committee let themselves down easily by a verdict of not guilty, but we'll try you again—if we get a chance.

"Lawson Robertson, a sprinter of the Irish American A. C., was added to the team at the last moment. Curiously enough, it is understood that this has been done by the committee regardless of the fact that, in the case of Sheppard the entries had closed 'two weeks ago.'

"The end of the Sheppard matter is not yet. The A. A. U. cannot expect the support of the American athletes and continue such methods."

I am especially anxious to have it understood that my reference to the above clipping is not for the purpose of reopening a discussion on a matter that has been long since dead and buried, but rather, as I said before, to illustrate the earnestness and fearlessness of sport writers of that time.

The sport writers of to-day, however, are not to be blamed for the fact that their track stories and editorials seem to lack the punch of former years. This condition, I believe, may be laid to the regrettable fact that track, together with other amateur sports, has sunk into the division of minor sports, and the writers are distinctly handicapped in the small amount of space allotted to track and field athletics. So it is logical to suppose that if the public does not demand it, there is no use to become "all het up" over track conditions when boxing and baseball offer so much wider fields.

The above clipping may be regarded also as a matter of history, providing, of course, that the writer whom I have quoted, knew what he was talking about. No organization of any prominence has attained that prominence without writing certain chapters in its history in which its actions, right or wrong, have been subjected to the merciless criticism of the public. The A. A. U., in common with other great bodies, had received its share of criticism, but inasmuch as we are justified in judging from the final result, it is my belief that the A. A. U. has always been conducted with the highest consideration of amateur athletics and what they stand for. It must be understood that the task they are confronted with is a tremendous one, and the fact that they have raised amateur athletics to their present high plane is, I believe, sufficient proof of the worthiness of this organization.

And so, while the newspapers wailed and the critics applied themselves diligently to the task of criticising, the United States Olympic team sailed for Athens without me and several others whom the press maintained were better than some of those chosen.

Of course, it is one of the chief regrets of my life that I was unable to make the trip. But even though I was unfortunate enough not to be among the chosen few—only thirty-five men made the trip—I feel that the games at Athens should be allowed some space at this point, so that my account of the series of Olympic games which were held during my period of competition, will remain unbroken. I was fortunate enough to attend those in 1908 and 1912.

Paul Pilgrim, winner of the 400 and 800 meter runs in Athens, has been kind enough to allow me to use his name in connection with the following brief outline of the trip and the games, which he related to me:

"The whole team was like one large family. There were only thirty-five of us, and we naturally came in closer contact with each other than the members of the present Olympic teams. One hundred and thirty track and field athletes were sent over in 1920, with the result that when the games were all over there were members of the team who were complete strangers.

"Another peculiar thing about the 1906 team is the fact that there was only one college man on it—Parsons of Yale. That is, only one man who was attending college at the time. There were unquestionably several whose ability en-

titled them to a place on the team, but they were unable to leave this country because the games were held so early in the year that they would be compelled to miss too much class work.

"We enjoyed almost perfect weather on the trip across, but what casualties we were saved from lack of seasickness seemed to drop on us from other angles. In the first place, an epidemic of mumps hit the team. It furnished us with plenty of amusement at the expense of the victims, but, nevertheless, was serious enough to cause us no little worry.

"Another ancident, which almost resulted in tragedy, occurred when we were but one day out. The weather had been clear and fine, and the ocean comparatively smooth with the exception of a long steady swell, giving the bow of the ship a nice dipping motion which provided one of the ship's attractions for those of us who felt we were better sailors than the rest.

"Several of the team were up in the bow, enjoying the motion, when a couple of swells rolled up, one right behind the other, and the ship was unable to recover from the first in time to avoid the second, with the result that most of the second landed on the deck and engulfed the little group in the bow.

"Every one was capsized and washed along the deck till they brought up against something firm enough to retard their progress. Harvey Cohn, the miler, who was about the lightest of the bunch, boasting not much more than 115 pounds, was found, when the tide receded, wrapped tightly around one of the uprights of the deck railing, half on the deck and half overboard. We almost lost Harvey that time. Harry Hillman, one of our middle-distance stars, was thrown against some piece of the deck apparatus with such force that he suffered a slight case of water on the knee. Jim Mitchell, one of our big-weight boys, hit the deck so hard with his 250 pounds that he was sent to bed for a couple of days. We were able to appreciate how hard he had landed when, a few days later, he found a Yale key in his pocket which had been there at the time of the accident. The key was doubled completely in two like a hairpin.

"I just missed the bath that the other boys enjoyed. I had been with them in the bow when some one suggested that I might catch cold without a sweater. I was below after the sweater at the time the wave struck.

"We arrived at Gibraltar in ten days. It was there we heard for the first time of the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. The news caused a great deal of excitement among the passengers, and the members of the team were especially impatient to reach Naples. We took a light workout at Gibraltar.

"When we arrived in Naples we found the town in a tremendous state of agitation. Fugitives crowded the streets, and the inhabitants, wild-eyed with fear and uncertainty, milled in the public places and sought advice and reassurance from the authorities. A dense cloud of lava dust hung like a threatening pall over the city. It settled four and five inches deep in the streets, and sifted into all crevices like fine powder. Citizens carried umbrellas to protect themselves from this strange rain, and where it obstructed traffic it was shoveled away like snow.

"All of this was, of course, intensely interesting to us, even though the coaches would not let us approach nearer to the mountain itself, where it was reported that houses and even small towns were being engulfed by the flow of lava.

"It was decided, nevertheless, that we should have a light workout to shake the kinks out of our legs, and the coaches located a clear space on a wide plateau a short distance from the town. The dust there was also heavy upon the ground, so that in running we raised it in clouds and were forced to tie wet handkerchiefs over our faces in order to

breathe. Such a workout, needless to say, was of short duration, and we were mighty glad to get back to the boat, where we could wash off the mud that had caked on us like clay when the efforts of our running caused us to perspire.

"We crossed Italy by rail and learned, upon our arrival on the eastern coast, that our plan to round Greece by boat in order to approach Athens from the eastern coast of Greece, was unadvisable because of the rough weather at that time of the year. Fortunately, the managers of the trip decided to accept this advice, because, when we rounded the point on our return trip 33 out of the 35 members of the team decided they weren't such good sailors after all, and draped themselves in various attitudes of suffering over the most convenient rail. Those who laid claim to the hardiest digestions seemed to be the first to succumb. Mat Halpin was among those to proclaim before the trip that such an illness was merely a matter of one's imagination, but he admitted later that during the first half hour of misery he was afraid he was going to die, and during the second half hour was afraid he wasn't. Four of the athletes were playing poker and all suddenly decided at the same time that the air of the stateroom was a bit close. The decision was so unanimous and the door so narrow that, according to reports, one of the boys arrived at the rail ten feet too late.

"Upon arriving in Athens we were assigned quarters along with the teams of other countries in a huge building called the Parthenon. The building, which later was to be a public edifice, was not completely finished on the inside, and the quarters of the athletes were formed by the erection of thin partitions. The building was a beautiful thing, all of marble, but the acoustics were so good that an ordinary conversation could be heard practically in all parts of the building. Several of our German neighbors developed the habit of coming in late at night in a more or less hilarious condition, and one would have to be a pretty sound sleeper to slumber through their arrival. This, together with the fact that the building was damp and several of the boys contracted sore throats, caused the coaches to transfer the American team to the Hermes Hotel, where we were more comfortable in our own training quarters at our own training table.

"In the games themselves the track and field events covered a period of ten days. The American team, as was expected, won by a large margin. There were, of course, some great races and some mighty keen competition, but I won't go into detail here. It is sufficient to say that we found the Greeks excellent sportsmen and appreciated their efforts to make things run smoothly and entertain the visiting athletes. I recall a rather amusing incident which happened during the games.

"After each event it was the custom to raise the flag of the country which had won the event, but there were some great Irish athletes on the English team who resented the English flag being raised when an Irishman had won an event. They decided to remedy this.

"It was practically a certainty that Peter O'Conner, of Ireland, would win the broad jump, so several of his friends came prepared, and when the victory was announced, they proceeded to unfurl and wave an Irish flag on the field. The English were properly indignant over this assumption, but things were smoothed over and the Irish flag appeared no more at the games.

"Prince George, of Greece, proved himself to be a sportsman of the highest type and completely won the hearts of all the visiting athletes. One little incident will give an idea of his efforts to make the games a success.

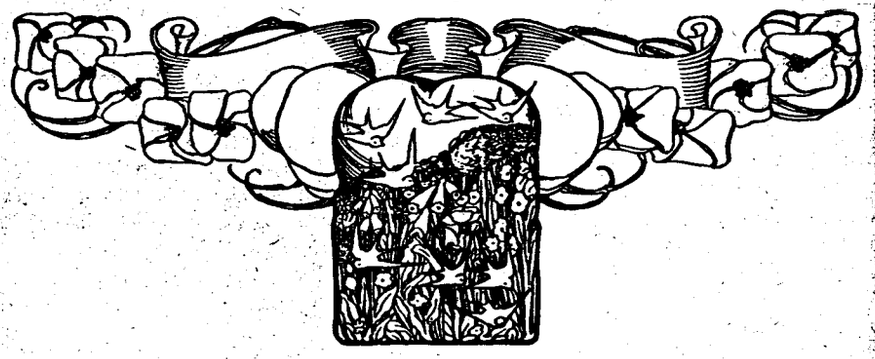
"Wm. G. Frank, of America, placed

third in the marathon and was awarded a bronze plaque. In the bitterness of his disappointment in failing to win, he was regarding his tropy with some displeasure when Prince George happened to pass and noticed the expression on his face. Later, when Frank was in the dressing room getting rubbed, Prince George entered with a beautiful gold cup which he presented to Frank with the remark that his efforts were deserving of more than a bronze trophy."

Pilgrim said that the return trip was uneventful except for the epidemic of sea sickness when rounding the southern part of Greece. I was at the end of the pier to meet the boys when they docked and to learn of the many things I had missed. I didn't begrudge them the honors they received and deserved upon reaching home, but I'll admit that I would like to have shared them.

The Irish American Club gave a banquet at the Hotel Astor for the members of the team, and it consoled me somewhat to be invited to this and treated as though I also had just returned victorious from abroad.

TO BE CONTINUED



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RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

In the previous installment Mr. Sheppard reviewed his remarkable development as a runner after prep-school days. We now see him as a breaker of American and Canadian records, engaging in keen competition with the best runners of his day.

PART IV.

IN the summer of 1906, after the return of the Olympic team, a large number of meets were scheduled for the benefit of the team and for those of us whom circumstances had compelled to remain at home. Most of these meets were in the vicinity of New York, which made it necessary for me to go back and forth a good deal from Philadelphia, a practice which necessarily was not to the best interests of my job. To remedy this I decided to leave Philadelphia altogether and to center my activities in New York, where my affiliation with the Irish-American Club was making a big demand on my time.

In preparation for the metropolitan championships, the national championships, and the Canadian championships, the Irish-Americans mobilized their athletes at Celtic Park, where they lived and trained for a period of several weeks before the games. I always recall the days I spent at Celtic Park with a great deal of amusement because it takes very little imagination to understand that when a bunch of high-strung, well-trained athletes get together there is never any lack of entertainment, even if they have to manufacture it themselves, which was usually the case.

Celtic Park was aptly called at that time the battleground of the Irish. It was situated on Long Island and was used as an amusement park which could be rented for Gaelic football and soccer games, track meets, and picnics. There was also a large pavilion containing a dance hall and refreshment booths. The dancing floor was encircled by a balcony, about twenty feet up, off of which opened the rooms that served as the dormitories of the athletes.

The ground surrounding the park was rather low, so that at night and even in the daytime we were the legitimate prey of that peculiar phenomenon produced by crossing the woodpecker with the rattlesnake, commonly referred to as the New Jersey mosquito. We were never free from these pests. At night we slept with canopies of netting over our beds, and while training in the daytime we resorted to motion,

speed, and caution to frustrate their bloodthirsty attempts.

It was considered quite a joke for those coming in late at night to raise carefully the netting on the beds of their sleeping companions. That is, the originators of the idea seemed to get a good deal of amusement out of the slaps and groans that filled the darkness shortly after their arrival.

Another playful little prank that a couple of the boys resorted to one night to appease their warped sense of humor didn't meet with much approval from the victims and failed to arouse a single laugh. It seems that the two late arrivals on this occasion conceived the idea of giving the whole dormitory a bath at the same time, a feat which would give them much to boast about in the future. For this purpose they used a fire hose of high pressure, and their efforts from the start were crowned with success. The force of the water was sufficient to roll us all out of bed on the floor, but our reaction and appreciation of this friendly little demonstration seemed to discourage any further attempts to be made at that sort of thing.

Speaking of baths reminds me of another incident that occurred at the park that summer. Patty Kyne was our chef, and took a great personal interest in the welfare of the boys. I believe we owe a lot of our good races to his efforts in the kitchen. Patty, by the way, now owns his own restaurant.

At that time he had a great deal of difficulty in keeping an assistant who satisfied him, and the incident I'm thinking of was the result of our efforts to help Patty along.

This particular assistant seemed to have a decided aversion to water, and refused to take advantage of Patty's suggestions that it was used for other purposes than drinking. We sympathized with the difficulties under which Patty was laboring, so we decided upon a little object lesson of our own.

A committee of athletes, therefore, waited on the assistant cook one day, removed his clothes—under protest—and tied him securely to the flagstaff in front of the pavilion. The committee then supplied themselves with some soap, a few stiff brushes, and a hose, and set about the task of making the assistant cook next to godly. Everybody but the cook seemed to enjoy it a lot. Patty himself enjoyed a good laugh, and then blamed us the next day because his assistant quit.

Our sleep at first was often disturbed by dancing on the floor below, but we soon became accustomed to racket. "Yank" Robbins, however, took exception to it one night several years later.

The pavilion, it seems, had been rented for the evening by some Scotch organization, and the laddies and lassies were all out in force in their native costumes. Music was furnished by bagpipes, and the persistent squeal of these instruments seemed to rasp more than usual on the sensitive nerves of Yank Robbins.

He stood it as long as he could, and when he reached the point where he completely exhausted his vocabulary in behalf of the Scotch race in general, he became so incensed over the fact that he could think of nothing more to add that he lost his temper completely and rushed from the room out on the balcony.

The caretaker of the park also lived and kept house in a couple of the rooms off the balcony. Before the caretaker's door was a large can of refuse which was the first thing that caught the eye of the enraged Yank.

Without stopping to think, he seized the can and emptied the contents on the heads of the merrymakers below, a move which was decidedly unwise as Yank soon found out. It was fortunate that Yank was a runner, and

fortunate, also, that he was in condition at the time. It is doubtful if he ever ran a faster race in his life than he did that night in escaping from that wild bunch of Scotchmen.

An event of international interest occurred in the annual Labor Day games of the Irish-American Club which seemed to me to possess a dramatic value that the papers at the time failed to lay much stress upon.

The incident had its beginning in the Olympic games in Athens earlier in the year, and had as its principal actor Georgantas, the famous Grecian athlete, who was expected by all the Greeks to win the discus-throwing championship. He was defeated by Martin Sheridan of this country both in the free style and the Greek style. It was the fact that an American had excelled in this Grecian style that seemed to be the direct result of Georgantas' mysterious disappearance from Greece immediately following his defeat.

Some reports related how, in the bitterness of his disappointment, he spoke rudely to Prince Constantine when the prizes were being awarded and was forced to leave the country for this reason. Other stories say that his failure to win had so aroused public opinion against him that he was compelled to leave the country in a manner closely resembling ostracism.

At any rate, he disappeared completely, and no word was heard of him until he suddenly appeared one day at Celtic Park. He made it known that he was there for the purpose of competing once more against the man who had defeated him in Greece. He figured that a victory here would atone somewhat for his defeat in Athens and permit him to return to his own country.

He met Sheridan at the Labor Day games of the I. A. C., and was again defeated, a defeat which seemed to possess all the elements of a real tragedy. But deep down through the whole thing the spirit of athletics was revealed at its best, and Sheridan paid Georgantas the splendid compliment of competing his best, even though it meant defeat for the Greek. There is no doubt that Georgantas would have resented a victory which he knew he had not obtained through his own ability.

During this summer a change was made in my training which I believed had a significant bearing on my career as a runner, although, of course, I'll never know how significant it might have been. I was changed from the mile to the half mile. It looks like a small thing in itself, but when it is understood that my mind and heart had been set on the mile, and when all my ability seemed to indicate that that was my best distance, it was somewhat of a disappointment to be changed to a shorter distance and have to revise all my ideas and ambitions as well as my methods of training.

I have always maintained that the one-hundred-yard dash and the mile run are the two classic events on the program of a track meet, while the half is the most brutal. How close I would have approached the outdoor mile record will always be a matter of speculation, but I will never cease to regret the fact that I was prevented from directing all my energies along that line.

But it seemed that the Irish-American Club was well supplied with milers and two-milers at that time, and I, unfortunately, was the only one with ability and speed enough to be lowered to the middle distances, and to keep the I. A. C. in the running with such middle-distance men as Parsons, Hillman, and Pilgrim, all of the New York A. C. It illustrates further how an amateur athlete is at the mercy of his coach and may be sacrificed for the reputation of the latter or for the good of the organization which he represents.

The metropolitan championships were the first of the series of meets for

which we were training. They were held at Travers Island in August. The half mile was the only event for which I was entered, and it might be of interest to mention that Jack Wright was also one of the starters.

I told, some distance back, of my first national championship meet in 1902, which was also held at Travers Island. Wright at that time won the half, in which I was entered, and I was so impressed by his prowess then that I felt it strange four years later to see his face among the starters of a half-mile race and not to experience my former feeling of awe. The fact that Wright didn't even place in the event, which I won in 1:56:4 without being pushed, serves to illustrate what a tremendous difference a few years can make in the running game. An athlete rises to fame, flourishes a few years, and drops into obscurity. His records are lowered one by one, and finally all erased. Only a memory remains, and, if he has sacrificed all for an athletic career, that memory is often bitter. So that, when all is said and done, I feel that a youngster should not take his running ability too seriously. If a career is brilliant and short-lived he is fortunate, for he can then divert his energy into other channels. If he is the possessor of that brand of stamina that takes years to burn out, I sympathize with him.

The metropolitan championship was the first outdoor championship that I had ever won, so, with the metropolitan title under my belt, I continued my intensive training for the national championships.

The nationals were held on the eighth of September, also at Travers Island. The Irish-American A. C. invaded the island at that time with about a hundred athletes, about every politician in the city, and most of the Irish. The clubs of those days displayed an interest in their teams that would be hard to understand at present. They turned out in mass to support their athletes and fought from the grandstands for every point just as hard as we fought on the field. The battle cry, by the way, of the Irish-American Club was "F-I-G-H-T!" so the competitors were always assured of plenty of enthusiasm from the spectators.

I won the half, my first national outdoor championship, in 1:55:2, which was the fastest time for that distance since the record of 1:53:2 had been established by Charlie Kilpatrick in the international games in 1895.

I have always felt that this old set of games in 1895 between the New York A. C. and a picked British team was significant for several reasons. In the first place it demonstrated the practicability of international competition from the standpoint of creating interest in the sport and of promoting athletic relations between two countries. In the second place, I believe it may be almost regarded as the beginning of the great epidemic of record breaking which is becoming less formidable each year as the records are shaved thinner and thinner.

On that summer day, twenty-nine years ago, a new record was established for nearly every event on the program. The day was hot, the track fast, and running conditions almost perfect, so that when the meet was over the athletic almanac had been pretty well revised.

The Canadian championships were held in Montreal on the twenty-second of September. At that time a large team of Americans was sent up there each year, a practice which has been discontinued for some reason or other. This, I think, is unfortunate, because it has always seemed that these meets formed a splendid contact between these two countries which are separated only by an imaginary line.

I remember we were always anxious to compete in these games, not only

because of the fact that we were treated so well by the Canadians while in Montreal, but also because the track there was considered one of the fastest this side of England. The only disadvantage it had was that it was three laps to the mile instead of the customary four. This, of course, gave the advantage of longer straightaways but, on the other hand, made it very difficult for a runner unaccustomed to the track to judge his pace over that odd distance. The track has been allowed to deteriorate until it is not better at present than a good many of our own tracks.

I was entered in the half mile, which I won in 1:55 flat.

After the Canadian championships we usually went on a little sight-seeing tour before returning home. The favorite trip was to the top of Mount Royal, just back of the city. The principal means of ascent at that time was a trolley which ran halfway up. The rest of the way could be made either by horse and buggy, by horseback, or on foot. Automobiles at that time were not developed sufficiently to be of practical use in a climb like that.

Whatever labor was expended, however, in making the climb, was more than justified when one reached the top. Montreal looked like a toy city below, and if the day was clear the White Mountains of New Hampshire were visible. On the far side of the mountain was the famous toboggan slide, a long, wooden trough leading out onto the plain below. Of course there was no snow on it at the time, but the steepness almost took our breath away to look at it, and our guide, noticing how we were impressed, proceeded to give us a few statistics which made our eyes bulge even further. We learned later, however, that the toboggans didn't quite attain a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour.

The time that I had made for the half mile in my last three starts seemed to indicate that I had an excellent chance to establish a new world's record at that distance, and the sport writers and other track followers started a movement for a special race in which I would be properly paced and made to extend myself.

Strange as it may seem, a movement of that sort at that time was quite unusual and usually came from an outside source rather than from the promoters of the games. A certain dignity seemed to be attached to a record in those days, and if there was no possibility of lowering it the promoters would not exploit, for their own financial advantage, the fact that so-and-so would try for a new record, when everybody but the gullible public knew that so-and-so had no more chance of approaching the record than he had of swimming the Atlantic. It is a practice much too common at present, and has no other effect than to cheapen the sport and fatten the pocketbooks of promoters.

With the newspaper suggesting a race of this sort, I finally had to write to the New York A. C. and ask permission to compete in such a race at its fall games. Of course it received a good deal of publicity when permission was given to stage it, but the saddest part of the whole story is that I didn't break the record. I missed it by a fifth of a second, but the papers were very charitable. The following is an extract from an article on the race by H. V. Valentine:

"Melvin Sheppard's half mile in 1:53:3 at Travers Island last Saturday is undoubtedly the greatest performance at the distance that the world has ever seen. True, Kilpatrick's great race in 1895 was one-fifth of a second faster; but look at the difference in the conditions under which the two athletes made their records. Kilpatrick had a warm, still day, perfect pace, and the

excitement of international competition to spur him on. He was paced the first quarter by Harry S. Lyons, who could run any distance and then tell you within a fifth of a second what time he made. Lyons was told to pull Kilpatrick along the first four hundred and forty in fifty-four seconds, and he did it to the dot.

"Sheppard ran Saturday under entirely different conditions. First of all, the day was bad. It was damp, and a cold wind swept in from the sound. Teevan, who paced Sheppard, is just as good a runner as Lyons, but does not possess the power to judge exactly how fast he is going. In consequence Sheppard was fifty-six seconds in going the first half of the race. This was about two seconds too long. To prove this contention it is only necessary to note Sheppard's condition in the last one hundred yards of the race. He sprinted like a demon, and was in no way distressed upon finishing."

Another clipping mentions a certain incident in the race, but apparently missed some of the finer details. It relates how when Teevan finished his first quarter he unintentionally stepped in front of me when leaving the track, and we collided. The paper said that I lost my stride and almost fell, but it didn't mention the fact that, as I grabbed Teevan to shove him out of my way and asked him to get off the track, I failed to choose my words in the excitement of the race. I was distinctly conscious of the gasp that arose from the portion of the crowd that I was passing at the time.

The close shave that I gave the half-mile record suggested that the six-hundred-yard record might not be so safe as was formerly supposed. This record of 1:11 flat was established by Tommy Burke, the old Harvard and New York A. C. athlete, at Williamsbridge, September 19, 1896.

The attempt was made in the autumn games of the Irish-American A. C. I was paced by Harry Hillman, who started from the eight-yard mark, and by Louis Katzenstein, who was given twenty-five yards. Hillman ran a beautiful race and forced me right up to the tape. I missed the record by three-fifths of a second, my time being 1:11:3. Critics at the time said that I lagged the first part of the race and didn't take advantage of the pace that Hillman was setting.

On the same page of my scrapbook with the clipping of the race I just mentioned is an old cartoon by R. Edgren which expresses, unintentionally, of course, a graphic comparison between speed in 1906 as compared to 1924. The purpose of the cartoon, which is entitled "How Speed is Being Annihilated," was to compare the relative speed of various methods of travel in those days.

I was pictured finishing a race as one of the examples with the explanation that I could run a half mile in 1:53:3. Just beside me was a race horse snorting fire and stretching his neck at the finish in his efforts to equal the mile-running record of 1:35 and one half. And next to that was a sketch of "Mile-a-minute" Murphy tearing off his mile a minute on a bicycle behind a train. Those three, dealing with muscular effort, have not been improved on a great deal in the last eighteen years. The real progress is shown in the mechanical field.

A box-shaped automobile is shown rocking along at two miles a minute—we can't turn our nose up much at that. But the next cartoon shows a rakish motor boat poking its nose out of a smother of spray with the notation that "one mile in two minutes is terrific going for a speed boat." I believe we can afford to smile at that. But now listen.

Through the center of the whole group, offset by a huge question mark, is a weird-looking monster resembling a cast-iron cigar—a line of rivets is visible—with a couple of shark fins on its back, and one small wing projecting from each side of the cockpit from which peeks a head well protected by helmet and goggles. At the rear end of the cigar a propeller, about the size of one used on a motor boat, is working at top speed and is evidently responsible for the tremendous pace with which the cigar is whizzing past a lot of surprised-looking sea gulls. In view of the question mark and the general uncertainty of outline, I believe we may permit ourselves a good laugh at that one, without the least reflection upon the artist.

In the fall of 1906 a movement was started among the high schools of New York to obtain the services of a number of the older and more experienced athletes to help train and instruct the high-school boys in cross-country running. The idea was for each of the older men to be assigned to one of the schools and to accompany the boys on their runs to give them an idea of pace and to see that the youngsters didn't overdo themselves. I volunteered my services, and was assigned the High School of Commerce.

At the time of my first work-out with the team the boys had been in training for several weeks, and inasmuch as all my work had been short-distance stuff, half mile and under, I wasn't any too confident of my qualifications to give the boys instruction.

We started out from the school for our run through Central Park, and, as had been prearranged, I set the pace. We had gone about halfway when several of the boys, ranged up alongside of me, began setting a pace that I knew mighty well I'd never be able to hold. So I suggested that they were liable to injure themselves running as hard as that, but my suggestion, unfortunately, did not have the desired effect.

"Huh," grunted one of the youngsters, "we've got to get home before morning." So that was that.

I was in real distress by this time, so I bade the boys farewell and watched them disappear over the hill. When I neared the vicinity of the school not a runner was in sight, and I had to ask a policeman where the school was. When I arrived there most of the boys were out of the shower and dressed, and I gathered from the atmosphere of the locker room that they had unanimously decided that one Melvin Sheppard wasn't much of a cross-country runner.

While I was attending all these meets and taking nothing seriously but athletics, I was engaged in various methods of livelihood so that I might earn enough money to buy enough food to get enough strength to run.

It seems to be the general opinion among those who follow athletics that when a prominent athlete changes from one locality to another, the inducement is not the lure of more and better competition but the promise of an easier and higher-paying job. How true this may be at the present time I am unprepared to say, even though I don't profess an entire ignorance on the subject. But in my time the boys competed for the game itself, and if they chose to change their address, that was a matter for them and them alone to worry about. I believe my own case in particular is fairly illustrative of this.

The Irish-American Club, of course, offered to help me find work, so in this connection I was taken by one of the influential members of the club to one of the high officials, who is now vice president or general manager of a nationally-known concern whose headquarters were here in the city. This high official, most likely out of courtesy to the man who introduced me to him, offered me the job of night watchman.

It would be my duty to guard uncompleted excavations in the streets where the concern was operating. I would have to work only from six p. m. till seven a. m.—thirteen hours, and seven days a week. By way of compensation for my services I was to receive the princely sum of twelve dollars a week. I was quite overcome by the offer, but decided I wouldn't be selfish enough to take it and thereby deprive some one else of the opportunity.

My next veuture into the business world was in the capacity of a salesman. I received eighteen dollars a week for this, but it didn't take me long to learn that my talent along this line was decidedly negative, and, although my employer, a good friend of mine, would have kept me on indefinitely, I decided in favor of something a little more to my liking. A job of this sort offered difficulties because I refused to be confined to any indoor work, and outdoor work, aside from ordinary ditch digging, was hard to find.

Finally, however, I landed the job of timekeeper with a large construction company. The laborers on whom I was checking up were practically all of foreign descent, with the corresponding impossible names. These names caused me no end of worry until I hit upon the happy thought of naming them myself and of using numbers to correspond with the names. So my time book, therefore, read something like this:

1—Merry Christmas.
2—George Washington.
3—Dead heat.
4—Ten Flat.
5—Jim Jeffries.

and so on.

The system worked well and solved the problem very nicely for me until one day the superintendent of the job came around and asked me for my time book.

He studied it a moment in silence, but I could see that something was about to happen. And happen it did. The superintendent evidently lacked a sense of humor, or else he concealed it well, but, anyway, after he had finished I gathered that he had no intention of adopting my system for his other gangs. He pointed out among other things that in case of accident to one of the laborers on my list the company would be more or less embarrassed in attempting to pay compensation to the wife or widow of Merry Christmas.

On second thought he may have had a sense of humor, after all, for instead of dispensing with my services I was promoted to the position of receiving clerk. In this capacity I was supposed to check up on all the materials received, but it seems that my attention to detail was a bit too accurate to suit some of the men higher up. That is, I reported too many shortages in goods received, which in several instances made necessary such embarrassing explanations from the shipper as well as the receiver that I was speedily relieved of this job and promoted once more to the position of foreman.

The job I was assigned to was the building of the park which is now known as Colonial Park, and is bounded on the north and south by One Hundred and Fifty-fifth and One Hundred and Forty-fifth Streets, on the west by Edgecomb, and by Bradhurst Avenues. I was responsible for four hundred to five hundred laborers, mostly Italians. We were assigned to the upper half of the park.

The work was of a very interesting nature. There were always difficulties of a different nature arising every day that had to be overcome in various ways. It was an every-man-for-himself job that developed worlds of ingenuity which, even then, often fell short of the mark.

I remember one incident of a large stone I had set aside which was the

exact shape that I needed for the bottom of a walk drainage basin. In order to take no chances with this rock I detailed one of the men, with the inducement of an extra day's pay, to sit on the rock overnight and under no condition to let anything happen to it. I intended to install it the next morning, and when I arrived at that time the man was there, but the rock had disappeared. It seems that one of the subcontractors had driven up in the night in a wagon, intimidated the laborer, loaded the rock in the wagon, and taken it away for a job of his own.

The superintendent of the work, whom I came to know quite well, had taken the position under peculiar circumstances. His mother, it seems, was worth more than a million dollars, but refused to allow her son any of this until he proved he was self-supporting. So he was demonstrating this at the time.

I remained at this work for about a year and a half, until I made the 1908 Olympic team and sailed for London. The park was being built on a hill so steep that it was necessary to secure with pegs a great deal of the sod which we laid. I mention this because I believe it was the exercise of climbing up and down these hills that contributed a great deal to the development of my legs, which showed to such good advantage in the years immediately following.

Now that I was permanently fixed with a job and had become a resident of the big town, there was only one more thing left for me to do, and that was to join a regiment.

At that time, to a far greater extent than at present, the armories of New York and Brooklyn represented as great athletic centers as the athletic clubs themselves. The clubs offered the athlete all the facilities for outdoor training, but it was almost necessary to join one of the regiments in order to have an indoor track upon which to train.

And there was a tremendous amount of rivalry among the regiments for athletic members, and it seemed that for some reason or other the different armories were in a constant state of enmity. Each tried to outdo the other in the promotion of athletic activities in order that the athletes would wish to join their colors.

The lid almost flew off of things when I joined the Twenty-second Regiment. It seems that, unknown to me, one of my volunteer backers and sponsors had promised the Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn that I would become a member of that organization. The Thirteenth was all prepared to receive me into the fold, when I made up my own mind to join the Twenty-second. I was accused of everything from horse thieving to manslaughter, and both the regiments and most of the newspapers joined in the argument and swapped compliments.

I became a member of the Twenty-second through the influence of Billy Frank, but the personnel of the organization was sufficiently imposing to make such a decision far from difficult, with such athletic heads as Major Daniel P. Murphy, Phil Sayles, Charles Dieges, Pat Walsh, Gabe Hollander, and a number of other old-timers. And these were backed up by such well-known athletes, as George Bonhag, Jack Ellingwood, Billy Frank, William Nelson, F. A. Rogers, Jim Sullivan, and Alex Mackenzie in the distances; H. P. Odell and Joe Bromilow in the middle distances; W. P. Dunn, C. J.—"Bricky"—Clark, Dan Frank, Rennold Koch, Grafton Smith, and Jim McEntee for the quarter; Joe Danaher, Fred Onderdunk, Meyer Prinstien, C. B. Clark, and "Dusty" Miller in the sprints.

They also claimed such famous bicycle riders as L. J. Wentz, W. Vandendries, F. E. Adams, George Cammeron, and

Billy Frank. There were dozens of other athletes equally famous at the time. And besides all these the track team boasted of Captain J. J. McLoughlin, who was always scrapping in some manner or other for the interests of his team.

I remember one incident in particular. When we were engaged in a set of games in one of the rival armories McLoughlin took exception to one of the decisions of the officials, and ended up by being thrown in the street in his track suit. His clothes were pitched out after him, and he had to put them on as best he could.

I was enrolled as an athletic member, but I soon learned that such a title meant nothing at all when it came to being excused from parades, drills, inspection, and so forth. I'll admit that these things didn't appeal much to me, but they were compensated by the fact that I was a member of the famous Company A which was composed almost entirely of athletes. It sounds like a rather radical statement to make, but I firmly believe that Company A alone could have brought back to America the Olympic track and field championship in 1908.

I felt it a pleasure and a privilege to belong to an organization of that sort, for, as I said before, the environment was of the best, and no effort was spared to promote athletics in all its branches. The armory was filled with games of all sorts almost any time of the day. Men could be seen practically at all hours, either on the tennis courts, basket-ball courts, or on the running track. Different armories at that time were noted for different forms of sport. Some boasted about their runners, some about their sack and obstacle racers, and even the tug of war received a prominent place on the program.

We used to have a famous series of mile relays which we called "round robins," and which were mostly held between the Thirteenth, Twenty-second, and Twenty-third Regiments. A great deal of rivalry developed between these three because our teams were so evenly matched, even if the Twenty-second did win the majority of the races. The three regiments would take turns staging these races, so it was one continual round of competition. I believe it would be of interest to name the stars on the three teams:

Thirteenth—Pete Waters, James Teevan, Lawson Robertson, Harry Hillman.

Twenty-second—R. Koch, Joe Crockett, C. J. Clark, Jim McEntee, Melvin Sheppard.

Twenty-third — Harry Haywood, Smye Northridge, Harry Sedley, Charlie Bacon.

These meets were always attended in force by the members of the regiments, and the backers of the victorious team usually staged some sort of mass demonstration afterward, a demonstration not always to the interest of the public at large.

I remember one evening in Brooklyn when our relay team had whipped that of the Twenty-third. The Twenty-second boys who had come to see the meet seemed to be especially hilarious that night for some reason or other, and their first act of violence was to storm the elevated station, force the gates, and take possession of a train. The motorman tooted for the police, but when the law arrived and learned that the disturbance was nothing more than a bunch of young men celebrating a track victory, they almost joined in the celebration themselves.

When we reached the New York side we started a parade which broke up somewhere near Fiftieth Street. Along the route we collected posters and distributed them where we thought they would do the most good. Several of us decided to end the festivities in a Turkish bath, but inasmuch as the steam failed to subdue our buoyant spirits, it was only a short time before the management requested our absence.

Another incident occurred in the Seventy-first Regiment armory, which was at that time just beginning to compete with the others in athletics. There were two relays, the mile and two mile, in which only the other three regiments competed. We won the mile relay from the formidable team of the Thirteenth. There was perhaps more interest centered on the two-mile relay than any other event in the meet because, out of the eight men on two of the teams, seven of these men had records of better than two minutes for the half mile. I believe competition like that in these days would help a lot to give the sport the stimulus that it needs.

The race itself came up to everybody's expectations, and when, running anchor for the Twenty-second, I finished in the lead with not a lot to spare, the Twenty-second spectators forgot their manners again and proceeded to take possession of the floor by the simple method of climbing over the balcony and making about a fifteen-foot drop.

About that time the athletes of the Twenty-second Regiment were displaying a great deal of interest in the Sachs medals. Those who have followed athletics will recognize in the name of G. L. M. Sachs one of the greatest sponsors of track athletics that the world has ever known. Mr. Sachs, a former athlete himself, took a tremendous interest in any athlete of ability, and, in a strictly sportsmanlike manner, would do anything in his power to promote the sport by encouraging men to compete. He it was, you will remember, who practically adopted the great Lon Myers and stood behind him throughout his whole remarkable career. Mr. Sachs has even recruited several teams of stars and taken them abroad to compete at his own expense. He was always offering trophies to stimulate interest in various games.

The Sachs medals, however, were perhaps the most famous. They were very elaborate and beautiful things, to be given to the athlete of the Twenty-second Regiment or the Pastime club scoring the most points throughout the year in open competition. So much of my effort was spent in the regimental relays at that time that in order to compete in points with those who only entered individual events I had to go around to various meets and beg for special M. A. L. races so that I might pile up a few points. When I think of that now it makes me smile to compare it with the way in which promoters these days have to beg the athletes to compete for them.

Mr. Sachs also made another offer at that time that caused more or less controversy in the papers and in the sporting world in general.

It seems that, since the death of Myers, Mr. Sachs was in possession of a number of valuable cup trophies which Myers had won, one of which he offered to present me at any time I should break one of the records held by Myers. I could have the choice of five distances, for Myers was still the holder of the records for sixty yards at six and two-fifth seconds; three hundred and thirty yards at thirty-five seconds; six hundred and sixty yards at one minute, twenty-two seconds; seven hundred yards at one minute and thirty-one seconds, and one thousand yards at two minutes and thirteen seconds. The peculiar feature of the offer was that no one but me was eligible for the cup, no matter how much he should break the record. It was four years before I broke the first one at one thousand yards.

In 1906 there were two one-thousand-yard indoor A. A. U championships. One was held on March seventeenth, and the other was staged in the A. A. U. indoor championships November ninth

and tenth. I won my second title to this event in the same year on the evening of November ninth, covering the distance in 2:17:4 and lowering the old indoor record by five and one-fifth seconds.

The second night of the games I was entered against a fast field in the six-hundred-yard championship, which was won by Parsons of Yale, and served, I believe, as the forerunner of the great amount of agitation in the papers for a return match between the two of us. It seemed to be the general opinion of the sport writers that in the above race I got away to a poor start, became "boxed," which, together with a decided lack of form, made me show to poor advantage.

At any rate, the papers began to clamor for a return race at six hundred yards which would also include Harry Hillman and John B. Taylor. All winter long special articles discussed the relative merits of the four of us until public interest was at the boiling point. No promoter, however, seemed able to land the race, due largely, I believe, to the fact that the athlete as well as the public was considered in an affair of this sort, and conditions at no time seemed to be favorable to stage the race.

I did a good deal of cross-country work also that fall and winter in preparation for the national cross-country championships, which were sometimes held as late as Christmas, even if the athletes had to run in the snow. The I. A. C. team of Daly, Bonhag, Frank, Joyce, and Sheppard finished second, third, fifth, ninth and tenth respectively, winning the national team championship. The New York A. C. was second.

The Columbia University indoor games that year illustrated to a certain extent the corner that any particular regiment was liable to get on athletes. The games were held on the same evening that the Twenty-second Regiment had its State inspection, with the result that a good percentage of the stars who had been advertised to compete in the games were unable to appear until later in the evening, at which time we were all so dead tired from standing inspection that our running was a joke. I remember I was beaten in the mile by Nebrich.

I have just run across a clipping which has a very modern tone to it. In reference to a small team of us who attended a meet in Baltimore at the invitation of the officials there, the promoters made the gentle statement that we were a bunch of grafters. So evidently times haven't changed so much, after all. In this instance, however, I would say that the whole difficulty lay in the fact that we were good eaters rather than good grafters.

We registered, upon our arrival at the hotel the committee had selected for us, and went in to dinner. Martin Sheridan, famous as an all-round athlete and an eater, glanced at the menu, and said to the colored waiter standing respectfully at his side—Sheridan's size made anybody respectful:

"Now, let's see, George. Are your lamb chops good?"

"Yes, sah; yes, sah; mighty nice, sah."

"Well, I guess you can bring me about nine orders."

The waiter's eyes started to bulge, but pretty soon he thought he saw the joke, and began to laugh. That was a foolish move, because Martin was sensitive about his capacity. The head waiter was called, and after a conference of the staff it was decided that Martin could have his nine orders of lamb chops. He disposed of them without effort, and ordered the rest of his meal in proportion.

That was one reason why our bill was a little larger than a group of five men would ordinarily run up. When we checked out and started to settle our bill with the expense money we had received we were told by the clerk that it had all been attended to. We were surprised then to learn that we were grafters, but everything was finally all smoothed down when it was explained that an athlete must eat to live.

While I am on the subject I'll quote another clipping that gives Sheridan's idea of a square meal. I don't know who was the reporter's authority, but this is the menu he gives:

Twelve soft-boiled eggs, six lamb chops, one bone sirloin steak, with a bit of bacon, one four-pound loaf of bread, six floury spuds, each as big as a sixteen-pound shot, one dish of rice pudding, one gooseberry pie, and one quart of coffee.

Finally, after four months of propaganda and boosting, the much-sought-after six-hundred-yard special race was arranged between Parsons, Taylor, Hillman, and me. The battle was to take place at the New York A. C. indoor games in Madison Square Garden on March twelfth. At the last minute it was learned that Parsons would be unable to compete. Bacon was entered in his place.

The great building was packed to the doors for the occasion, and I am completely at a loss to describe the tremendous amount of interest this race had aroused. There is nothing I can compare it to at present unless it is a World's Series or something like that, but the track fans those days were simply race mad and, due to all the publicity this race had received, it had assumed all the proportions of a classic It was the event of the year, and the preliminary events of the meet seemed dull and uninteresting as the great audience, tense and jumpy, tore programs to bits and speculated on the outcome of the feature event.

As the race was called, all spectators came to the edges of their seats, as nervous as the athletes themselves. A tension, for all the world like the lull before an electric storm, seemed to envelop the entire house. And I remember as I glanced around the line of faces, pale and ghostlike through the tobacco smoke, that ringed the gallery high up under the roof.

As we went to our marks, a dead, thick silence seemed to envelop us like a wet blanket. Even breathing seemed to be suspended. A woman giggled hysterically, but sobered suddenly at the sound she made.

The starter's voice seemed loud and unnatural as he told us to take our marks. We dropped to the line, all quivering.

"Get set!"

Our muscles contracted like springs.

Crack!

We shot from our marks in a wild scramble for the pole at the first turn, and the race was on.

At the report of the gun all the air in the hall seemed to leave as though sucked out by some mighty inhalation as the crowd all breathed at once. The thunder of the pistol broke the tension as thousands leaped to their feet and shouted like maniacs.

I took the lead in the early stages of the race with the idea of killing off the rest. At the first five-hundred-yard mark I realized with an awful feeling of helplessness that this night was not my night. Hillman and Taylor had hung to my heels up to this point. Bacon had fallen far behind.

I called upon the reserve that I always had at this point, and found to my horror that it wasn't there. I realized that I would be unable to maintain the pace I had set, so in order to do the decent thing, I decided to step to one side and let the other boys fight it out.

This was where I made a mistake that I have always regretted. For, as I stepped aside, I moved directly in front of Taylor, breaking his stride and handicapping his chances just that much for an even break. Hillman shot through on the pole. Taylor recovered,

and set after him. They struggled almost even down the home stretch, but Taylor was never able to close the gap, and Hillman won by inches.

A rather peculiar development of this race was the fact that almost everybody interpreted my action in the wrong way, and I received no end of congratulations from the friends of Hillman, who thought that I had stepped in front of Taylor merely to give Hillman a chance to win. This illustrates quite well how little qualified the public and even the sport writers are to comment upon and to draw their own conclusions upon incidents of this sort.

The winter of 1907 marked another great event in my life. I married a Philadelphia girl whom I had known from childhood. Of course everybody predicted my finish as a runner, but the results of later years only go to show that married life need not in the least handicap the running ability of an athlete. In many instances I believe that it is even a great advantage, inasmuch as the living conditions in his own home make it much easier to train than when living in a single room and eating his meals at various places.

The remainder of the indoor season was devoted largely to the round-robin relays and was more or less uneventful, with the exception of the Georgetown University indoor games at Washington. These games were held in Convention Hall, and were well attended by celebrities of national importance. We were entertained by the games committee, and had the privilege of meeting many of the national figures in politics that we were reading about in the papers every day.

The last event I remember clearly of the indoor season was an odd race arranged at one of the meets whereby I was to run a half mile against a group of grammar-school youngsters, each of them running one lap. The race, which was advertised as "Sheppard versus the midgets," didn't amount to so much after all, because the little fellows ran circles around me, under my arms and between my legs, until I was almost dizzy. Needless to say, they finished long before I did.

I accounted for my first world's outdoor record, the nine-hundred-yard, in the summer of 1907. The race was put on as a special event in a set of games at Celtic Park. I covered the distance in 2:1:4, lowering by two and four-fifth seconds the former record held by H. V. Valentine.

The national A. A. U. championships were held that year at Jamestown, Virginia, in connection with the Jamestown Fair. The I. A. C., which made it a rule to do everything on as big a scale as possible, reserved all the available space on the steamer *Monroe* and set sail en masse. Fortunately we had planned to arrive several days beforehand, because on the trip down we struck some mighty rough weather off Cape Hatteras, a spot which, I understand, has a bad reputation for unexpected storms. Nearly everybody on board was sick, but the athletes had a couple of days to rest up after landling, so it didn't affect them much.

One of the members of the party was Dan O'Reilly, the famous criminal lawyer. A famous case had just been completed, and O'Reilly had more money than he knew what to do with. Consequently he took it upon himself to put everybody else in as happy a frame of mind as possible and, if I remember correctly, he was very successful indeed in this respect.

Upon reaching Jamestown O'Reilly's first act was to procure for himself a fair-sized brass band, which was instructed to follow him everywhere he went, with the result that his progress around the fairgrounds at all times resembled a parade. I don't think it would be an exaggeration to say that O'Reilly was perhaps the best-known

man in that locality a few hours after his arrival. Naturally his holiday mood and willingness to part with the money he had brought along made him much sought after as a customer. There was always a group of negroes in attendance, hoping they might be of service in one way or another.

In the course of his wanderings about the grounds O'Reilly conceived a strange affection for a small burro, which he proceeded to adopt as a mascot. He brought his newly acquired pet back to the hotel, led it in the lobby, entered its name on the register, and announced that he would like to have the animal fixed up with a room and shown every attention. The hotel managers, of course, were none too anxious to entertain a guest of this sort, but rather than lose the patronage of the burro's master, they finally decided that the burro might be accommodated. Anyway, they figured, it might have been worse. What if it had been a rhinoceros?

Among the numerous things we did to cause the promoters of the fair to tear their hair, I remember one in particular which seems to have its unique features. Among the amusements along the pikeway was the well-known old mill, where one enters a boat and winds through dark tunnels illuminated at intervals by elaborate scenes in tableau representing various things. In this particular old mill there was one illusion done in angry red to depict Satan himself with a complete staff of assistant devils. Just around the corner from this was a counter irritant wherein St. Peter presided over the pearly gates, assisted by numerous angels with a scattering of seraphs.

And so it came to pass that, as the Irish-American track team emerged from the darkness of the tunnel, some were equipped with pitchforks, tridents, and imps of hell, while others had sought inspiration in wings, halos, and heavenly harps. Our team has been accused of many things, but this was the first and only time that we literally moved heaven and hell.

In the games themselves, the real reason for our presence at the fair, the I. A. C. annexed another national team championship. I was entered in the half, but soon learned that there was another contender by the name of Andrew Glarner, of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, who had crossed the continent with the express purpose of beating one Melvin Sheppard over a distance of eight hundred and eighty yards.

Furthermore, Glarner was not in the least modest of his ability, and admitted frankly that I had at last found my equal over this distance. And he was pretty near right, at that, forcing me to a new championship record of 1:55:1. The old record was 1:55:2. The track, however, was a temporary affair, so loose that the sand of which it was composed came over the tops of our shoes.

One incident occurred in these games that almost resulted in a tragedy. John Walsh, one of the officials in the hammer throw, was struck by the hammer as it slipped from the hands of the mighty John Flanagan. Fortunately the hammer struck low, fracturing Walsh's leg. If he had received the blow in the body or the head, another victim would have been chalked up against the hammer throw—the most dangerous of all track and field events. The hammer is hard to control while it is being thrown, and spectators within a wide range are always in danger. It is an event that should either be eliminated or held under such conditions that no one is in danger.

One time at Celtic Park I was sitting by the track, waiting for my race to be called, when the hammer, thrown also on this occasion by Flanagan, landed within a few feet of me. Perhaps it

was this close shave which has always prejudiced me against this event. On that occasion, by the way, Flanagan had heaved it one hundred and seventy-three feet, establishing a new world's record.

From these games we attended the Canadian championships in Montreal, where I again beat Glarner in the half. He finished second a third time in the N. Y. A. C. fall games.

About that time some promoters in Kansas City conceived the idea of bringing a group of Eastern athletes out there for a set of games, and at the same time to induce the California athletes to stop off on their way home to compete against us. An opportunity of this sort to see the country was too good to overlook, so we left for the West.

The meet was to be held in a ball field. A temporary track had been laid out. It rained hard the morning of the meet, making the track almost too slippery to run on and really dangerous because of the possibility of pulling muscles or tendons. Glarner and I, therefore, decided to stage a good race, but to eliminate all chances of injuring ourselves by finishing in the same order that we had been finishing in the Eastern meets.

Everything went well until about two hundred yards from the finish when, all of a sudden, Glarner jumped me with a quick burst of speed and tore out for the tape. I had a fleeting vision of newspaper headlines: "Sheppard beaten!" and set out after him. So it turned out to be a real race after all. I barely nipped him at the tape.

This was the last event of importance in the outdoor season of 1907, and served to wind the most successful two years that I had yet enjoyed.

In 1906 I won the following championships:

National—eight hundred and eighty yards in 1:55:2; one thousand yards, indoor, in 2:23:2 and 2:17:4; one mile, indoor, in 4:26:2.

Canadian—eight hundred and eighty yards in 1:55.

Metropolitan—eight hundred and eighty yards in 1:56:4.

In 1907 I won the following championships:

National—eight hundred and eighty yards in 1:55:1; one thousand yards, indoor, in 2:25; one mile, indoor, in 4:25:2.

Canadian—eight hundred and eighty yards in 1:58:2; four hundred and forty yards in fifty seconds.

Metropolitan—eight hundred and eighty yards in 1:56:3.

In various events I recorded the following time:

Six hundred yards—1:11:3. Outdoors.

Six hundred yards—1:13:3. Indoors.

Eight hundred and eighty yards—1:53:3. Outdoors.

Eight hundred and eighty yards—1:54:4. Indoors.

One mile—4:22. Indoors.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

In the following installment of his reminiscences, Mr. Sheppard relates some interesting occurrences on various athletic fields. Many readers will, no doubt, recall some of the events which are recorded in these pages, and how at the time they received nation-wide publicity as unusual track achievements.

PART V.

IN the career of every athlete whose competition extends over a period of years, there are times when he finds himself in a "slump" which he is unable to explain. At times a runner is "right" and at other times he is "off form" and the peculiar part of it is that he seldom knows before a race whether this will be one of his good or bad days. I have often been asked the cause of this and of course there is only one general answer to a question of this sort. It is purely and simply a matter of training, but for one to be able to place his finger on the specific point of training that has been neglected or overstressed is the delicate problem which distinguishes a good trainer from the average.

There is no general rule to govern slumps of this sort, but, I believe, the rule which would apply to nine out of ten of these mystifying cases is the rule of moderation. By that I mean that too many athletes do themselves no end of harm by competing on every available occasion.

Maxey Long, holder of the quarter mile world record of forty-seven seconds, expressed himself very clearly on this subject in an article he wrote at that time for one of the papers. I'll quote a portion of it:

"Why do our athletes go back? Why is it that a runner will show championship form one year, only to come back the next season and finish among the also rans'?

"This reason has often been asked without a satisfactory answer. One might advance a dozen reasons each with some bearing on the subject, but the real cause of retrogression in an athlete can only be found in a man's desire to do too much. It is the same in every walk of life, only more so in

the career of an athlete. An athlete must not overdo things in his particular specialty.

"There is a great tendency among athletes to compete wherever opportunities arise, without reference to the length of time they have been in training or whether the games are held outdoors on a cinder track or indoors on a board floor.

"That an athlete cannot do his best when training the year around is self-evident, although most men do not consider this in their keen desire for prizes and glory. Constant training is bound to tax one's vitality to the utmost, and does not give one's system, which has been drawn on to such an extent, time to properly recuperate.

"In this country runners rarely last more than four or five years. If longer, they have gone back so far that they are no longer considered seriously in fast company. To my mind this is one of the evil results of constant training.

"We find Melvin Sheppard, for instance, the youngster who startled the world with his brilliant running during the past summer. In the recent indoor championships held at Madison Square Garden, although he won the one thousand on the first night of the meeting, he was beaten quite badly in the six hundred on the following evening. Many of his admirers contended that his defeat was due to his being cut off at the first turn, but taking everything into consideration, in either of these races he did not display the form he had shown during the outdoor season. How much better for a man of his speed, who missed Charley Kilpatrick's half-mile record by only a fifth of a second, to lay away his running shoes for the winter, and in the spring, after a good rest, to have gone after it again. Then most assuredly the record would have been at his mercy."

I have often regretted that I refused to listen to sound advice of this sort, but it seems to be true in every case that, when an athlete is at the top of his form he simply loses his reason in his desire to win more races, and then some more.

The six-hundred argument which raged between Taylor, Hillman, Parsons and myself during the indoor season of 1906 and 1907 never was settled to the complete satisfaction of everybody. Parsons started things moving by beating me in the 600-yard national championship. Then along came Taylor and beat Parsons and Hillman in the Pastime games, equaling Parson's indoor record of 1:14. A month later in the New York A. C. games Hillman defeated Taylor and myself. Then, to complicate matters still further, in the Thirteenth Regiment games in Brooklyn I set a new world's indoor record for the distance of 1:13:3. Neither of the other three were in this race.

A six-hundred race between any of us was sufficient inducement to fill the house, but nothing definite ever came of the races and that is how matters stand at present.

In the winter of 1907 I decided that I would like to become a member of the New York police force, but I soon learned that in order to become a full-fledged guardian of the law it was necessary to perfect one's self in various specialized branches of learning as well as to pass a very rigid physical examination. So for some time before the examination I attended the police school and spent a good deal of time in the gymnasium, practicing some of the stunts that were required. For instance, a candidate for the job had to be able to high jump four feet eight inches, to lift a sixty-pound weight over his head with either hand, and, lying on his back with somebody holding down his feet, to sit erect while holding a thirty-five-pound weight at the back of his neck. There were other calisthenics of similar nature that required an all-round athlete

to accomplish. I finally passed the examination with a score of ninety-seven per cent, which, I was informed, was fairly good, in view of the fact that only five men in the history of the department had passed with one hundred per cent. I then had to stand by for a vacancy.

Perhaps one of the inducements for joining the force was that it boasted at the time such athletes as Martin Sheridan, America's greatest all-round athlete, who was the largest individual point scorer in the 1906 Olympics at Athens; John Flannigan, holder of the world's hammer record; Matt McGrath, his successor; Jack Eller, champion hurdler; Billy Frank, who finished third in the Olympic Marathon in 1906; Johnny Joyce, champion distance and cross-country runner, and any number of other prominent athletes.

The examinations, physical and mental, were held under the direction of the Civil Service Commission, and when the police department needed more men they made their wants known to the commission and the required number of men were provided from the waiting list. These men upon reporting to the police department were required to stand another final physical examination.

The papers seemed to get a great deal of amusement over the fact that I was to join the force. A large number of cartoons were published, suggesting various ways in which I might be of service to the city. It was suggested in one that I be provided with a pair of spiked shoes while on duty that I might patrol the highways for automobile speeders. In this connection a junk heap is shown piled high with bicycles and motor cycles. I was also pictured in numerous races against burglars and pickpockets, in which the criminals, of course, were almost paralyzed with fright.

I was finally informed that my name had been reached on the list, and was instructed to report to police headquarters for my final examination.

Imagine then my surprise to learn that, in the time which had elapsed since my civil service examination, I had developed some dangerous condition of the heart, which made me unfit for police duty.

Naturally, an announcement of that nature not only took me completely off my feet, but also gave the fans and the papers something to talk about. I was worried, of course, but my fears began to give way to suspicion when other doctors failed to find anything wrong with my heart. There was so much discussion on the matter that I even received letters from heart specialists, who, in the interests of science, would have liked to listen to a leaky heart that could establish track records.

The Civil Service Commission was especially interested, in view of the fact that their professional ability had been questioned, and recalled me for another examination. The Civil Service Commissioner, Frank Polk, a former Princeton football star, took an active part in my behalf, and, when for the second time my heart was found to be perfect, he again recommended me to the police department and I was again turned down.

This second rejection raised such a furor in political circles that, when I was later introduced to Theodore Roosevelt after the Olympics, his first remark was:

"So you're the young man responsible for the Civil Service and Police Department differences in New York."

Such is fame.

But I never did find out why I was objectionable to the police department. I could only attempt to put two and two together and draw my own conclusions.

In the first place, there were several members of the Irish-Americans who were more or less influential in police

circles. And in the second place, I admitted the truth of the following clipping:

"Melvin W. Sheppard, the champion middle-distance runner of the Irish-American Club, and America's greatest half miler, probably will not represent this country in the Olympic games at London this summer. Although the try-outs are less than a month off, Sheppard has not begun training, and according to the latest reports, he will not try for the team.

"For his failure to report to Trainer Hjertberg at Celtic Park, Sheppard gives two reasons. One is that his present position does not give him sufficient time and the other that it would be useless for him to make the team, because it is probable that he could not accompany the team if he won his events in the try-outs. He recently passed the Civil Service examination, placing him on the eligible list for policeman.

"Placing Sheppard's name on the list for appointment to the police force has put the great runner in a peculiar position. If he is appointed as 'one of the finest' before the team sails, he realizes he cannot leave the city, and if not appointed by that time, he says he will not go abroad, fearing his appointment might be made while he is away, in which case he would lose the position he has so long sought."

Whether or not the combination of the influence and the clipping was influential in keeping me off the police force, I am unprepared to say. The fact remains, however, that I didn't hang up my running shoes at that time.

I suppose there always has been and always will be mixups concerning amateur athletes who have or who are alleged to have accepted money for competing. My first real experience in this respect occurred that winter, and handed me a real surprise for several reasons.

It happened at an out-of-town meet, that when I was about to leave the floor, the promoter of the meet handed me two envelopes, informing me that one contained my expenses.

"What's the other for?" I asked him.

He looked rather surprised and informed me that heretofore it had always been the custom in these particular games to provide the athlete with an extra inducement. This surely was news to me, but when he explained that before he had always paid the money to some individual alleged to be representing the athletes, a great light broke upon me. Not a bad little side line for somebody.

So it would appear that it is possible to accuse the athlete unjustly in the matter of "expenses." Which calls to mind another similar incident which occurred in a set of games held for charity.

A friend of mine called to my attention the fact that I was rumored to have accepted a hundred dollars from the promoters of a set of local games. Investigation in this instance showed that this amount of money had been charged against me on the books of the games committee but that the cash had never got further than the pocket of one of the promoters. So you see, even amateur athletics have their ridiculous sides at times.

An Indian marathoner, Tom Longboat, about that time, according to the newspapers, was involved in a similar investigation. When the matter had been thoroughly looked into it was found that the money was indeed missing, but Tom Longboat's actual profit from the incident was a fancy vest and a couple of bottles of beer. Tom was easy because he couldn't speak English very well.

It was in the summer of 1907 that the first of a series of incidents occurred, which later developed into the Haskins-Sheppard feud. It is a mixup that I am anything but proud of, but

it occupied so much space in the newspapers at the time and was the cause of so much dissension between the Eastern A. A. U. districts that I believe it is worth some space here.

Just the other day I was on the subway when a stranger approached me.

"Is your name Sheppard?" he inquired.

I admitted as much.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "but I wanted to assure myself that my memory was still in good working order. I remember you distinctly for two things, your 600-yard races with Hillman, Parsons and Taylor, and the mixup you had with Haskins."

We had quite a talk, going over the whole thing again, so that it is still pretty fresh in my memory.

Guy Haskins, an Australian by birth, was attending the University of Pennsylvania at the time and had leaped into the limelight by winning the intercollegiate mile in 4:20:3, and the half mile in the same games in 1:57:4.

It was always my job those days to run anybody who became famous on the cinders, at any distance from a quarter mile to cross country. The promoters of meets had no difficulty in obtaining my consent to run these men because I was usually as anxious to meet any newcomer as the promoters were to stage the race. So, shortly after the intercollegiates, a race was arranged between Haskins and myself, to be held in a set of games at Wilkes Barre, Pa.

The distance was eight hundred and eighty yards. I had taken the pole at the start and was still in the lead about three hundred yards from the finish. Haskins was running close at my shoulder when suddenly his left hand struck my right foot as I was bringing it forward for another strike. A runner in that position is balanced at a rather delicate angle because his whole weight is being carried on his left toe, and the slightest jar or push will break his strike. When interfered with in the way I have mentioned the left toe acts as a pivot and a runner can easily be whirled almost completely around.

My stride broke, but I recovered and held the lead. I thought it had been an accident, but when we had gone but a short way farther, exactly the same thing happened again, but this time my foot was hit so sharply that I spun completely around and fell. Of course, I lost my temper; it didn't take much to make me lose it in those days, and crossed the field and proceeded to give Haskins my impressions of the race. We had a pretty good word fight while it lasted.

The peculiar part of the whole thing was the fact that Haskins and myself were the best of friends. We had trained together and really thought a great deal of each other. There were no ill effects, therefore, from this first argument.

Our next meeting was in a special one thousand yards in a set in indoor games held in the Third Regiment Armory in Philadelphia, the winter of 1906-07. Haskins took the lead at the start and, as the track was small, my repeated efforts to pass him only resulted in deliberate jabs of his elbows every time I got within striking distance. In this instance I kept my temper fairly well. He had won the race and it would have done me no good to alibi then.

There was quite a little talk, however, in the papers, with the result that a demand arose for another match race. This was finally arranged at one thousand yards, to be held in the First Regiment Armory, also in Philadelphia, the same winter.

The race had received a good deal of publicity in view of the fact that the papers had exploited the belief that it was to be more or less a grudge race. That form of exploitation is still a favorite method for drawing a crowd, and I believe it is one of the most un-

just things that an amateur athlete has to submit to. If it will make a good story no paper seems to hesitate, on the least provocation, to picture the two principal contestants as mortal enemies. It certainly is not fair to the men, themselves, whose amateur standing leaves them entirely at the mercy of the writers. It seems that some form of retaliation, or at least some source of appeal, should be provided for the athlete in instances of this sort. If the words of an athlete can be slightly exaggerated or misconstrued in order to lend "color" or "human interest" to the story, it is done without the least regard for the feelings of the man or men concerned. Practices of this sort are not to the best interests of the sport and place the amateur in the class with the professional. It's all right for a boxer to say uncomplimentary things about his opponent, that's money in his pocket, but this hardly holds true in the case of the amateur track or field athlete.

In the dressing room, before the race, I approached Haskins with the suggestion that he would not attempt, to-night, his methods in former races. I suggested also that he run this race with his feet instead of his hands.

At the start Haskins broke several times before we finally got away. He took the pole which he held for three laps. I was keeping right on his heels, so that when he struck one of the turns and was unable, because of his speed, to stick closely to the pole, I took advantage of the break, and as he swung wide attempted to pass him on the inside.

There is a ruling of some sort that a man must always be passed on the outside, but in indoor running this has been found to be impractical in many instances, especially when there are a number in the race; and as a result, through common usage, it had become legitimate for a man to take the pole on the inside if the runner in front was careless enough to swing wide and leave an opening large enough.

In this case I had all the room in the world and slipped through before Haskins had time to close the gap. I held the lead until the last lap—the historic lap that started all the fireworks.

I was setting a good stiff pace, but at the same time saving something for the finish. I was making a distinct effort to hold the pole at all times so that Haskins, close behind and watching for a break, would have no opportunity to obtain the pole in the same manner I had done. He evidently realized that I was keeping this in mind, and realizing the slimness of his chances for passing on the outside, decided to make a break for himself.

On the last turn, then, he attempted to crowd me from the pole. He tried to wedge his body on the inside of mine and in so doing pushed me with his hip, and as he slipped through the opening thus made his hand swing back and struck me across the face. I was thrown up on the bank of the track by the force of the blow, and suddenly saw red and lost control of myself completely.

My temper broke with a snap. All the events of our former races seemed to surge through my brain like a hot flame, and as I swung down from the bank of the track I struck Haskins with all my strength. He sprawled to the track, and suddenly I came to my senses. I was dumfounded at what I had done, but it was too late then to repair the damage. The lid had already blown off things.

One of the Philadelphia papers gave an exaggerated and biased account of the thing, but it makes interesting reading:

"Enraged by the attack made by Melvin Sheppard, of the Irish-American A. C. of New York, on Guy Haskins, Pennsylvania's famous distance runner, in a special race in the First Regiment Armory last night, the big crowd broke from the police lines and mobbed the New Yorker.

"For ten minutes the floor of the armory was covered with fighting men, while scores of women caught in the crowd were badly trampled. Police and guards tried in vain to lead Sheppard from the track, but the excited Penn schoolboys and students in the crowd struggled for a chance to reach the offending runner.

"His clothes were almost torn from his back and a number managed to strike him in the face. Followers of the Irish-American runner, of whom quite a number were in the crowd, as this is his home, attacked the Pennsylvania students and scores of free fights were in progress when an extra detail of national guardsmen arrived on the scene.

"Sheppard was hustled to his dressing room while an angry crowd beat on the door in a vain effort to get at him. Haskins gamely finished the race, although several in the crowd attempted to strike him. An escort of police and athletes conducted him to his quarters.

"The officials immediately disqualified Sheppard and awarded the race to Haskins.

"There was bitter feeling between Sheppard and Haskins at the start of the race. The pair had met twice before. In the first race there were charges of fouls on both sides.

"Sheppard lost control of his senses as he believed that he had been fouled. Quick as a flash he leaped forward and, catching the Penn man by the arm and neck, threw him over his hip to the track. Before he could take two steps, the crowd leaped on him, and the battle began.

"After the race Sheppard offered to meet Haskins in a similar race to-night in the same place and Haskins eagerly assented. Mike Murphy, the veteran trainer, however, refused to permit Haskins to risk injury, as his presence in the intercollegiate meet means ten points to the University.

"Sheppard asserted that he had been fouled and lost his head. Following to the strict lettering of the rule, according to the officials, both men had been guilty of fouling; the New Yorker when he passed Haskins on the inside in rounding a bank, and the Quaker when he tried the same trick.

"These tactics, however, are usually overlooked, as they are considered a part of the skill of indoor running. The crowd was not dispersed till an hour after the final contest."

All of which, as I mentioned before, makes mighty interesting reading and a good news story, and it seems a shame to spoil the story by a few of my own impressions.

In the first place, I was not conscious of receiving any alleged beating and I'm certain that my track suit was still intact when I reached my dressing room, and the angry mob that pounded on the doors seems, somehow, to be lacking in my memory.

The paper fails to mention, in fact, all the Philadelphia papers overlooked the fact, that when I had finished the race and stood wabbling on my legs, so groggy that I could hardly see, the captain of the Penn team courageously rushed up to me and swung a blow at my head. I had just strength enough left to duck so that the blow didn't land squarely, but before the captain had a further opportunity to distinguish himself, one of the officials stepped between us.

As regards the extra detail of national guardsmen, that was all a fairy tale, because the only soldiers I noticed at any time that night were several officers in their gold braid acting as officials.

The crowd did nothing more than a lot of good-natured pushing. Nobody could tell one of my supporters from

one of Haskins', and a crowd of that sort doesn't need much of an excuse to rush out on the floor for a little diversion. Several, I suppose, did have blood in their eyes, but most of them got over it before they found anybody to pick a scrap with. I can vouch that the only blows I received were from the brave captain of the Penn team, and, strange to say, the officials didn't see fit to disqualify or suspend *him* for his display of temper.

One of the news agencies flashed the word to New York that I had been so close pressed by the bloodthirsty mob that my friends had saved my life by lowering me with a rope from one of the windows of the dressing room. And it so happened that my wife, in the subway car next morning, was greeted with headlines on the sporting page to this effect. I actually didn't know till I read the papers, what a narrow escape I had really had.

Now, of course, when I look back on the incident, I am forced to admit that it was one of the most disgraceful things that it has ever been my misfortune to bring upon myself. An action of that sort was in direct contradiction to all the principles governing amateur athletics, that I had learned up to this time. There was absolutely no excuse, from a sportsmanlike standpoint, for me to have struck Haskins, no matter what provocation I might have had. Two wrongs certainly do not make a right, especially in a case of this sort. This was proven, I believe, by the immediate and later results of my indiscretion.

I must admit also that at the time I thought myself to be quite justified in my action. I realized it was wrong, but I didn't hesitate to say that I would act the same a second time, under similar circumstances. Which illustrates to some extent the grip that competition is apt to take upon an athlete. I am heartily in favor of a boy putting his heart and soul into athletics up to a certain extent, but when his passion for the sport prompts him to overstep the bounds of good sportsmanship, he has passed the point where he is able to derive anything beneficial from the game.

The Middle Atlantic Association immediately suspended me for a period of thirty-five days. That is, almost immediately, because my immediate suspension would have kept me out of the games on the second night of competition. This meet was held over a period of two days and the mixup occurred on the first night. Just why I was not suspended at once, and not allowed to compete the second night, is a question that the Middle Atlantic Association found rather difficult to answer at the time, in view of the sudden storm of protest that arose from the Metropolitan and New England Associations of the A. A. U. It was further significant that my suspension ended three days before another set of games in Philadelphia that I had been entered in.

In this connection, I am reminded of an incident which occurred a short time later and in which one of the members of the Registration Committee, which suspended me, figured prominently.

This chap was acting as an official in one of the sets of indoor games in which I was entered in a handicap 880. He was stationed on one of the turns to see that there was no illegal crowding or fouling.

At one stage of my race when I was passing his turn I was well back in the mob, trying to pick them off and worm my way into the lead. I was running close to the pole and the man in front of me swung wide. I made a sudden dash for the opening thus presented, but just as I was about to shoot through he stepped back to the pole directly in front of me. There were other men beside him, so I couldn't go by on the outside, so rather than bump into the man in front, with the possibility of spiking him, I did the only other possible thing. I stepped completely off the track on the inside, which should have disqualified me in itself, but my momentum was so great that I had to go all the way behind the official in question before regaining the track.

Tactics of this sort were something entirely new to the official. The rule books said nothing about the runners taking shortcuts across the floor, so in order to clear up this little technicality, he trotted across to a group of officials and sprang this one:

"I say, is it permissible for a runner to run on the inside of the track on a curve?"

Now it so happened that everybody was intent on the race, and no one heard the question but a friend of mine and a member of the Irish-American A. C. He turned to the bewildered official.

"Why sure," he said, "that's perfectly all right for the scratch man to do that any time he wants to."

So inasmuch as I had been running from scratch, the official returned to his post and the incident was closed.

It was amusing to see the different attitudes of the New York and the Philadelphia papers. They had always been ready and willing to take exception to each other in the matter of athletics, and my case offered a splendid excuse to open fire once more. The following is a fair example of the viewpoint the Philadelphians took of the matter:

"New York athletes are raising a big hullabaloo over suspension by the Middle Atlantic Association of the A. A. U. of Melvin Sheppard, for the assault committed by him on Guy Haskins, of the University of Pennsylvania, last Friday night in this city. Sheppard now contends that he merely struck Haskins in retaliation for a blow which Haskins had just previously struck the New Yorker. This statement is so palpably at variance with the facts, as every unprejudiced person saw them, that it will cause nothing but mirth here.

"That Sheppard had a very high opinion of his own drawing powers is indicated in a statement from him that he will never run another race in Philadelphia, the inference being that box-office receipts for local meets must therefore suffer."

The above clipping makes it seem evident that I was not fit to be at large, and that all little children should be called in from the streets till after I had passed. It was only one of many, however, which appeared in the Philadelphia papers setting forth my personal charms and qualifications for the penitentiary.

The following is a clipping from a New York paper on the same subject:

"Melvin Sheppard, in the opinion of New York athletes, was discriminated against in the Haskins matter in Philadelphia. Sheppard's claim that he only struck Haskins after being irritated by Haskins' own fouling is borne out by Haskins' record. The Philadelphia runner competed in a half-mile race in Richmond, Virginia, March 16, 1907. Against him was Peter Herring, now with the Maryland A. C. Bernard Wefers was starter; Doctor William Grant was referee.

"On the last lap Herring cut inside the pole and passed Haskins. This was a foul. Haskins reached out his left hand and caught Herring by the neck, throwing him back. Herring tried to go by again, when Haskins caught him by the chin with his right hand and handled him so roughly that the officials ran down the track to interfere. Herring broke away and outran Haskins to the finish. Herring was promptly disqualified for cutting inside the pole. Then Haskins was promptly disqualified for the rest of the meeting for his rough tactics.

"When notified of his disqualification, Haskins made remarks to the officials that were beyond all endurance, especially in the South, and he was suspended for several months by the registration committee.

"Haskins makes a practice of roughing in his races. Sheppard has never been known to use rough tactics before."

So in view of the New York attitude on the matter, it would seem that Haskins was qualified to share a padded cell with me. This is the kind of stuff that the public has been fed for years, whenever any mixup or controversy among athletes provided the papers with sufficient material for a series of good yarns. What is the public to believe? With a couple of articles, like the two I have just quoted, before them can they be expected to reach the conclusion that either one of us were in the right or in the wrong? More than likely they will arrive at the only possible conclusion, that amateur athletics is pretty much of a joke after all and recruits its performers from pugilists and gangsters.

I have admitted that the affair was disgraceful, but even so, I don't feel that papers, in an instance of this sort, are justified in exploiting for their own columns an unfortunate incident of this nature, especially if they pretend to profess an interest in the welfare of amateur athletics. If there is no way of handling such a matter in a constructive way, I believe, for the good of the sport, it would be much better left alone.

Several of the sport writers, including Howard Valentine, handled the matter as more or less of a joke, and refused to dignify the happening by attaching to it any horrible importance or prophesying disastrous and far-reaching results. Valentine came through with the logical suggestion that in future races between Haskins and myself we both be required to wear a pair of boxing gloves. An accompanying cartoon portrayed us tearing about the track, neck and neck, our hands encased in protecting pillows.

I had previously signed up for a number of meets in the Metropolitan and Boston districts, which my suspensions prevented me from attending, and inasmuch as special races had been arranged for me there was some hard feeling at the action of the Middle Atlantic Association. Every effort was made to get my suspension lifted. I even went to Philadelphia, myself, and appeared before the registration committee with letters from the promoters of various meets around New York and Boston. The Philadelphians stood firm, however, and refused to lift a single one of the thirty-five days.

An extract from a clipping from a New York paper sums up the attitude fairly well:

"Sheppard was disqualified and the race awarded to Haskins. Instead of suspending Sheppard the Registration Committee of the Middle Atlantic Association permitted him to run on Saturday night, and at the close of the event, suspended him until March first, giving as a reason for the delay that many Philadelphians had purchased tickets for the Saturday night games and it did not want to disappoint them.

"It is this point that has created the unpleasantness. Sheppard, for the last two months, has been advertised as one of the stars of the Pastime Athletic Club games which were held last night in Madison Square Garden. Several thousands of dollars had been taken in for the advance sale, the purchasers expecting to see Sheppard run. The Philadelphians protected their own meet but totally disregarded the Pastime games. Had the Philadelphians followed the usual course in suspensions, Sheppard would have been suspended on Friday night, immediately after the game, which would have enabled the Pastime managers to announce Sheppard's suspension and not appear to advertise a non-contestant."

"James A. Sullivan, president of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U., was incensed when he heard of Sheppard's suspension. Mr. Sullivan does not question the right of the Middle Atlantic Association to discipline a New York athlete, but he wants to know why the Middle Atlantic Association postponed their action till after Sheppard had run in the second-day events.

" 'The Philadelphians took care not to lose the services of Sheppard on Saturday night,' said Mr. Sullivan, 'and they seemingly cared nothing for the Pastime carnival to-night from which Sheppard is now barred. It looks as though the Philadelphia officials only think of the financial end of the sport. You will notice that Sheppard's suspensions will expire in time to let him run in their meeting in March.' "

But, as I mentioned before, my sentence remained as imposed, and I was forced to take a thirty-five day rest whether I wanted it or not. I really believe I was badly in need of a rest at that time so I suppose, in the long run, everything was for the best.

Nevertheless, I had no intention of being an outlaw longer than the law required, so I signed an entry blank for the games of the United Spanish War Veterans on March first. But inasmuch as my suspension did not expire until March second, my race was held over until midnight, and one minute after twelve I was again in competition.

Several more attempts were made to get Haskins and myself signed up for another match race. Haskins and myself was willing, because we were on much better terms than the papers preferred to inform the public. There were several joking offers to stage a boxing contest between us, but we never met again on the track and the so-called feud died a natural death.

An attempt was made to get us together in the New York A. C. indoor games, but Haskins decided to try his luck against Hillman in the six hundred yards. The pair of them staged a good race, but the pace was too slow at the start so that Hillman had too much left for Haskins at the finish and led him to the tape by several yards. I was entered in the one thousand that night which I won without a great amount of trouble.

I was also entered in the two-mile relay in those games, but that fact, which had entirely slipped my mind, was brought to my attention just the other day in an odd manner—I saw my daughter wearing the medal on a chain around her neck. It gave me somewhat of a shock to realize how the time had slipped by. She was born in the spring of 1908, when the medal was won, and now, sixteen years later, I find my daughter wearing the medal of a race I had entirely forgotten.

Another attempt was made to arrange a meeting of Haskins and myself in St. Louis. An added attraction of this race was to be furnished in the person of James D. Lightbody, ex-American and present Olympic champion in the 1500 meters. Lightbody was at the time considered one of the greatest collegiate runners, so a great race was expected in the special 1000-yard race. The meet was to be held in a hall which existed under the misleading name of Jai Alai, pronounced Hy Ly. The race was all steamed up and most of the tickets sold, when it was learned that neither Haskins nor Lightbody could appear. I was therefore entered in the eight hundred and eighty handicap and finished well back of the mob.

A previous attempt had been made to get Lightbody and myself together in the Kansas City games in the summer of 1907, but on that occasion Lightbody also failed to appear.

The indoor season would not be com-

plete, I don't suppose, without some reference to M. A. L. competition. Most of my races for the armory, however, were relays in which the Twenty-second, as a rule, won. The final meet of the Military Athletic League was held in the Twenty-second Regiment, but the meet was lacking in thrills because it was a complete walk-away for us. I entered and won the half and quarter.

As the indoor season drew to a close all meets began to point toward the Olympic try-outs. Rumor and dope began to circulate, newspaper selections for the team made their appearance, and athletes began their last lap of training for the big games that would end gloriously for some and disastrously for others. And perhaps nowhere in the whole United States was rumor more authentic or more intelligently analyzed than in the Sparrow's Nest. The reminiscences of any athlete whose activities centered in or about New York would be sadly incomplete without some reference at least to the Sparrow's Nest.

"Sparrow" Robertson, as I have already mentioned some time back, is one of the most picturesque figures in American athletics. His nickname was suggested by his size and general aggressiveness of disposition. His most noteworthy trade was that of a track builder, and as an authority on the construction of cinder-running tracks, Sparrow had—or has—no equals. For he is at present in France, where he superintended construction of the track now being used by our athletes. He is also sporting editor of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. Sparrow, furthermore, was one of the best distance runners of his days.

In his spare time Sparrow had gained fame by making boxing gloves and running shoes. For this purpose he had established his headquarters on the top floor of No. 1 Beekman Street. The building then—it has since been rebuilt—was a rickety old structure in which one would hesitate even to slam a door for fear of disastrous results. There was an elevator, which, every now and then, was in working condition, but ordinarily the stairs—six long, dingy flights of them—bore the burden of the traffic. And sometimes they would sag threateningly, and the cracks along the sides would assume ominous proportions. It was not uncommon for a lighter athlete, taking the six flights in his stride, to pass one or even more of the heavyweight men, sitting on a landing for their second wind.

For the Nest was the official hangout of all those who professed an interest in athletics, amateur or otherwise. It was the clearing house of gossip, the incubator of rumors and the unofficial court of all appeals.

Sport writers perhaps gathered more material in the Nest than in any of the runs to which they were assigned. Sooner or later everybody of importance from the mightiest official to the most humble athlete would put in his appearance at the Nest and add his bit to the news of the day. The Nest was an assignment in itself, and many stories originated there that appeared later in print, and many, many more originated there that never saw the light of day.

It was a peculiar fact that in many instances events were forecast by frequenters of the Nest that actually came to pass days or even weeks later.

The Nest, itself, consisted of a couple of rooms, small, low and dirty. It seemed to be always crowded, and I don't believe it would be any exaggeration to say that during the afternoon and evening of each day, Sparrow entertained more than fifty guests. It got to be a regular habit which, once acquired, made one's day incomplete without a visit to this famous hangout.

The last day of December, though, was the greatest day of all the year at the Sparrow's Nest. Then Sparrow became a host indeed, and from noon until midnight all comers were made welcome and invited to indulge in a punch of Sparrow's own concoction. It was always a mystery what he used as the ingredients of this beverage, many insisting that the base of the mixture was provided by the odds and ends of boxing gloves and track shoes. After several drinks, however, a person was seldom qualified to investigate this theory. So New Year's Eve in the Sparrow's Nest was always a success.

While on the subject of the picturesque characters who have helped to add color to the last two decades of athletics, it would never do to omit the name of Jake Weber. Jake, by the way, is just as colorful at present as he was at the time when I was in my prime, and to all appearances he will remain the same old Jake for many years to come. For years the dressing rooms of meets throughout this section of the country have resounded to the slap slap of Jake's rubbing tactics. He has seen them come and seen them go; and I am confident that Jake has rubbed and trained more famous athletes than any one whom I have ever known. I know he has spent many hours on me, and I believe I owe a lot of my good races to Jake's handling. He is good-natured as the day is long, generous, and stutters only when excited.

Jake's life has been full of action, but I recall one incident which occurred during my time that was about as amusing as any of the tales they tell of him.

Jake at the time worked in a brewery, and, while there, became greatly impressed with the size and weight of a large number of the men employed for the strong-arm stuff of juggling kegs, etc. It seemed a shame that so much perfectly good beef should be wasted on ordinary labor, so Jake conceived the idea of organizing a tug-of-war team. That was quite a popular sport in those days, and it was no time before Jake had recruited his giants and announced the fact that he had one of the greatest pulling machines in the country.

There was a team of Swedes that had been pulling everything out by the roots and nothing would do but that Jake should match his team of Germans against these lads.

The contest was finally arranged to take place in the back room of a popular saloon. The rack of cleats was laid on the floor and the contestants stripped for action. There was something foreboding in the appearance of the bulging muscles of that great team of Swedes. Jake seemed to think so, too, and set his ingenious mind to work on a solution that would save his Germans from disgraceful defeat.

In the choice for position the Swedes had drawn the far end of the room, while Jake's team had drawn the front end of the room, which brought their anchor man just inside the doorway that led to the bar.

At this point Jake decided to take no chances at all, so under cover of the German spectators that had grouped around their favorites, Jake gathered the slack of the rope, ran it through the door and tied it securely to the bar.

The word was finally given to pull. The great bulks crouched in their cleats and the rope creaked under the terrific strain. Tremendous muscles knotted and bulged, veins stood out sharply on powerful necks. The room was filled with grunts and the whistling breathing of straining men. Both sides were massing their strength in gigantic tugs to the "heave—ho" of the team leader.

The Germans began to show distress under the steady, relentless punishment, and the Swedes were quick to take advantage of the fact. Slowly by inches—then by feet, till finally with a tremendous heave the Germans were pulled from their cleats and a great shout of victory was raised by the Swedes.

But another shout, not of victory, soon claimed the attention of the spectators. The proprietor and owner of the saloon was swearing good, round German oaths, and it was at once evident that the door was not quite wide enough for the bar to be pulled into the rear rooms, but if it hadn't been for this little detail of construction the Swedes would have been successful even in this.

As it was, the bar had been pulled loose from its foundation, which wouldn't have been so disastrous if the beer pipe from the cellar hadn't been snapped in the process. It's the first time I have ever seen a fountain of beer, but while it lasted even Old Faithful in comparison could lay claims to nothing more distinctive or spectacular.

One of Jake's most likable characteristics is the fact that he seems to enjoy telling jokes at his own expense, and there has always been a suspicion that he even adds to them now and then from his imagination. Here's another one of his favorites.

Jake, at one time, was a champion wrestler. Nobody of his own weight around these parts could stand up to him long enough to make the bout interesting, so Jake conceived the idea of mixing American and Mexican athletics. He decided he would become a bull wrestler. But he always reserved the privilege of selecting his own bull. Some claimed that his selections often took advantage of the animal's extreme youth, but then, in a profession like that, Jake maintained that a man had to take *some* precaution.

His first exhibition, I remember, was to take place at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory. Jake, after some search, however, produced a bull of such tender age that the crowd became indignant, and he had to hustle around to find a couple of basket-ball teams to fill that space on the program. The performance of the teams was so indifferent that Jake was not seen around the armory for some time.

His fame at this new sport soon passed the boundaries of New York, and he received an invitation to stage an exhibition in a distant city. Jake accepted the invitation, but slipped up in one particular—he failed to take the bull with him, with the result that when he arrived he found that a victim had already been chosen for him.

Jake admits that as he looked the brute over he began to doubt just who the victim would be, but it was too late then to back out. The time was exceedingly limited, and before he knew what had happened he was in the arena with the bull.

Jake approached the animal gingerly but halted uncertainly as he noted the belligerent expression in the bovine eye. The bull was evidently taking the thing seriously and resented the intrusion of a two-footed enemy.

Jake hesitated a bit longer, for, as he expressed it later: "The darn thing began to act like a *real* bull!"

The crowd was encouraging Jake and the bull, with a fine show of impartiality, but the latter seemed to be the only one to derive any moral support from the grandstand. He lowered his head to the ground and snorted. Jake retreated a step.

That snort almost did the business, but it was when the brute began to paw the earth that Jake's morale went higher than a kite. He glanced wildly about for an exit, and gives as an excuse for his next action the fact that the bull was about to charge.

Jake always believed in carrying the fight to his opponent, so when his roving eye lighted upon a fire ax within easy reach, he grabbed it without hesitation and clouted the bull over the head.

Jake gained the exit a couple of jumps to the good, but the S. P. C. A. was so incensed at the attack on the poor defenseless toro, that Jake wisely

departed for home before they could make trouble for him.

As the outdoor season opened up each meet almost assumed the importance of a miniature try-out. That is, every athlete with any prospect of making the Olympic team, was carefully watched in all these meets, and his success or failure was discussed more or less intelligently by the experts in connection with his chances for being chosen among the lucky few.

Practically all the critics conceded me a place on the team, providing, of course, that I didn't hit a slump. My indoor season had been quite successful. One of the papers summarized it briefly as follows:

"No athlete made a better showing indoors than Melvin Sheppard, the peerless half-miler—generally acknowledged as the greatest all-around runner in the country to-day. True, Sheppard lost a race or two at his favorite distances, but it was not speed that beat him. The two races that the half-mile champion lost at Philadelphia were run on the little First Regiment track—sixteen laps to the mile—where jockeying and elbow shifts count more than real running.

"The half-mile king won races up to the half mile with bewildering rapidity. Sheppard's running in the relays was superb in almost every instance. He was especially effective in the shorter one-mile relay.

"The most interesting part of Sheppard's phenomenal season is the fact that he has not trained a bit for his races. Many people will doubt this statement but it is true, nevertheless. Sheppard has not been out to practice on a board floor more than six or eight times this winter. Where in all athletic history is there such a record of continuous victories without any training? What runners in history ever ran indoor half miles under two minutes and quarters under fifty-two seconds continuously without any preparation save natural running ability? Few indeed."

The last paragraph of the above clipping is extremely misleading. It would seem remarkable that a man could perform in that fashion without any training, but the fact of the matter is that the meets themselves come at such regular intervals that they provide all the training necessary.

With a "send off" like that to finish the indoor season with, I was all prepared to distinguish myself still further in the outdoor meets. In this respect, however, I was more or less disappointed, because instead of improving, I steadily got worse until the climax was reached in the St. Augustine games in Boston before the Olympic tryouts.

I was entered in the half, my principal competitor being F. P. Sheehan, of the South Boston A. C. The race from my standpoint was a tragedy. I finished an indifferent second, after giving everything I had to win.

It is not difficult to imagine a few of the sensations I experienced at that point. Here I was, all prepared—mentally—to sail with the Olympic team. The tryouts were but two short weeks off, and I had hit one of the worst slumps that I had ever known. As I mentioned at the beginning of this chapter there was no way of telling why my speed seemed to have left or when it would return—if ever. The only possible solution I could possibly offer was that I had overdone things during the indoor season and had gone completely stale.

I was worried almost sick, which didn't help matters in the least. The papers decided I was getting old and had run myself out. So with these pleasant thoughts to encourage me, I went to Celtic Park to make an eleventh-hour attempt to get myself in shape for the tryouts.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

In the following installment of his autobiography Mr. Sheppard recounts his part in the famous Olympiad of 1908. Many readers will recall the excitement caused in the sporting world by the newspaper reports of his victories, which, as he won race after race, seemed almost the achievements of a superman.

PART VI.

PECULIAR things happen in athletics, and the old saying that "the race is not always to the swift" is perhaps exemplified on the cinders to a greater extent than in any other form of competition. The fastest man will usually win, it is true. He will win *if* he is "right," and *if* something unforeseen doesn't happen. It is that little word of two letters that makes foot racing the thrilling sport it is. You never can tell what will happen.

Track history is crowded with tales of impossible happenings that have happened. Miracles, almost, that have changed defeat into victory and victory into defeat. A champion may slump, a dark horse may appear from nowhere. Dope in athletics is as unstable as dynamite.

In this connection I am reminded of a rather spectacular incident which occurred in 1918 in an indoor dual meet between the University of Missouri and the University of Kansas at Kansas City. The two colleges are the bitterest of friendly enemies, and the indoor meet is one of the biggest events of the year aside from the Thanksgiving football game.

The Missouri team was coached at that time by "Indian" Schulte, who developed the famous Bob Simpson and several Olympic stars. Schulte was not only an exceptionally keen coach but a psychologist as well, which is a necessary attribute in all real coaches.

Barrels of dope had already been upset in this particular meet, and Kansas, much to Schulte's dismay, had staged several surprises which brought the meet down to the mile relay and made that event the deciding factor of the contest. The only difficulty in this was the fact that Kansas had four good quarter-milers, and Missouri had but three.

There was only one possible outcome for the relay if Schulte ran his only available four-man team with the one weak man. So he started to think.

Among the athletes who had made the trip was a certain high jumper. He was one of those marvelous natural athletes who would more than likely be a world beater if he would take enough interest in the sport to train. But this chap would never train, and inasmuch as he could jump around six feet without training, he was, of course, a valuable man on the team.

Schulte had studied this man for a long time. He was fairly fast over the hundred, had worlds of power, but had never run over the 440 yards distance. He had another asset, however, which nine out of ten coaches would have perhaps overlooked in this instance. That is, he was a spectacular performer. He always performed his best in some dramatic crisis or when his work would show to its best advantage.

Now the coach happened to know that Kansas Ctiy was this chap's home town and that a great number of his friends were in the crowd to watch him high-jump. Schulte also knew that a certain young lady, professing a certain interest in a certain high jumper, was present in a box just along the track. So he called the boy over to him and said:

"Warm up. You're running anchor on the relay."

The rest of the team were astounded, but they had too much faith in the coach's judgment even to doubt the wisdom of the move. The high jumper was paralyzed with fright, but after a glance at the aforementioned box, he took his place in a sort of daze.

The race, as the coach had figured, was even to a man. And before the latest recruit had a chance to weaken, the race was around to him, and he was away with a lead of a scant two yards against one of the greatest quarter-milers in the Missouri Valley.

The race was a classic, and will go down for many years in the history of the two colleges. For this man, who had never run a quarter in his life before, refused to be passed. It's hard to tell what reserve strength he called on, but the fact remains that he stubbornly held that two-yard lead right up to the tape.

It was a magnificent race, and, although the chap was drafted for the relay team, he never repeated his performance. The dramatic setting was never present to the extent it was on this night when he rose to such spectacular heights. All of which goes to show that running is more or less of a gamble, and that unheard-of factors may change the aspect of a race in the fraction of a second.

I realized this all too keenly after my inglorious defeat in Boston at the St. Augustine games, with the Olympic try-outs but two short weeks away. And I realized it all the more as these two weeks began to slip away day by day, and my efforts at Celtic Park to regain my speed showed little progress. I had almost begun to agree with the papers that I had tried to crowd too much competition in the last few months, and that my running days were over. The papers, of course, were full of the coming try-outs, and in practically every instance I was conceded no better than a possible second. Sheehan, who had trimmed me in Boston, was the favorite for the half mile.

The try-outs were held that year on June sixth at Franklin Field, Philadelphia. I was pretty well down in the dumps when I arrived there, because the last few days of my training failed to indicate in any way that I was nearing the end of my slump. I had every intention of fighting to the last inch, but somehow or other something vital seemed to be lacking, and I was listless and indifferent as I went on the field. I think, perhaps, that I was sorry for

myself, too, because of the fact that I had looked forward to these games for so many months, and now that they had at last arrived found myself in no condition to do myself justice.

The race was finally called, and still I seemed to lack that breathless, scared feeling that I like to feel before I run.

The pistol cracked, and I managed to get away with the field easily enough. I figured that I'd run my race right up with the leaders and stick as long as I could. The first quarter was a great surprise to me, and as we started on the last lap I found myself running easily in second place. I began to take an interest in things.

Sheehan had gone out with the crack of the gun. He figured that I was out of condition and that he would set a pace to kill me off completely. The pace was brutal enough, but, strange to say, I refused to die, and as somebody had to perform in this manner, Sheehan finally was the one to break.

We were about three hundred yards from the tape when this happened, and another peculiar thing occurred almost at the same time. Lloyd Jones of the University of Pennsylvania was pushing me pretty hard at this stage of the race, and as we passed the grand stand one of his supporters called out:

"All right, Jonesy, old boy! It's all yours now!" or words to that effect.

At any rate, there was something in the tone of the voice and in the way in which the words were uttered that cut through my consciousness even in the strain of the race, and affected me like a prod in the back with a pitchfork. I can't imagine why a few words like that should make me so indignant, but they certainly served as a great stimulant.

All my indifference left me with a snap. The spring came back to my legs, and I proceeded to go wild. I tore for the finish like a sprinter, and broke the tape a few yards ahead of my teammate, Joe Bromilow, who had decided to go wild at the same time, and, to the surprise of everybody, ran the race of his life.

My morale after that race was greatly improved, especially when I learned that I had broken the Olympic record for that distance. The time was one minute, fifty-four seconds flat.

Sheehan, I regret to say, was the victim of one of those freak breaks that are so common in athletics. He failed to place as Jones took third, with the result that he was not chosen for the team but placed on the supplementary list. I am glad to say he was finally taken along, however.

About a month elapsed between the try-outs and the time the team sailed. There were several meets in that interval, and several more men were added to the team on the strength of their showings in this time.

We sailed June twenty-ninth on the liner *Philadelphia,* which, by the way, was one of the only four transatlantic liners flying the American flag at that time. The other three were the *New York,* sister ship of the *Philadelphia,* the *St. Louis,* and the *St. Paul.* The *Philadelphia* was an old-timer, older than any athlete aboard. And she had had her ups and downs just like any athlete. At one time she was washed ashore in the English Channel, and had to have new machinery brought from America and installed before she was seaworthy again.

She was sailed by Captain Mills, whose reputation as a sailor was of the highest. He also did everything in his power to make living conditions and training conditions favorable for the American athletes. Even though there were other passengers aboard, the ship practically belonged to us, and everything was run to suit the convenience of the team. There were about a hundred athletes on board, including the swimmers, boxers, and wrestlers.

A check-up of the affiliations of these athletes reveals the interesting fact that almost fifty per cent of the members of the 1908 Olympic Team were from the Metropolitan district. The Irish American club alone had nineteen men on the team, and the New York A. C. fifteen.

A comparison of the membership of the 1920 and the 1924 teams with the team of 1908 illustrates the widespread interest of athletics throughout the entire United States and the increasing percentage of availabe athletes from other than the Eastern districts. It illustrates also how other outside interests and forms of amusement have cut down the athletic membership of the athletic clubs. The clubs at present cannot offer inducements sufficiently interesting to compete against the outside attractions. Men have other things more interesting to do than to train for athletic meets.

At this rate the end of the athletic club is in sight from the standpoint of real competition in athletics. Whereas in 1908 the greatest percentage of the members of the teams were clubmen, it will be noted this year that the colleges claim the greatest number of Olympic-team members.

The 1908 team was managed by Mat Halpin, who was assisted by Paul Pilgrim. Mike Murphy, considered by many to have been the greatest trainer and coach that ever lived, was chosen as coach for the team. And James Sullivan accompanied the team as the United States commissioner, appointed by Theodore Roosevelt.

We all traveled in the first cabin, of course, and were very comfortably quartered—that is, all except some of the weight giants, such as Martin Sheridan, John Flannigan, Mat McGrath, and Ralph Rose. These unfortunate "whales"—as we dubbed them—found the berths altogether too small to accommodate their bulk. They were forced, therefore, to place their mattresses on the floor and stick their feet out the state-room doors. This had its disadvantages, also, inasmuch as the mattresses were of the pneumatic type and would not hold enough air to be of much protection to two hundred and fifty-pound bulks of these monsters.

The ocean was like a lake during the whole trip—a fact which coöperated very nicely with the splendid meals we were served. The motion of the ship was so slight that even the most susceptible were not forced to miss a single meal.

Our training while on board was provided for by a cork track laid completely around the promenade deck. This allowed us a circular track about eight laps to the mile and about a 70-yard straightaway for the sprinters. A regular training schedule was made out whereby competitors in different events trained at different times. This arrangement gave the coaches the opportunity to concentrate on one event at a time, and also served the further advantage of preventing any congestion on the track.

The weight throwers were provided with mats to keep their sixteen-pound shots from crashing through the deck, but every now and then a shot would bounce over the rail, and that would be the end of it. One time, when one of the shots disappeared in this manner, the man responsible for it rushed to the rail and peered over as if he expected to see the iron ball floating alongside the ship in the water.

The discus, hammer, and javelin were attached to ropes so that they could be heaved over the side and hauled back on deck. A school of sharks followed the ship for a while one day, and the javelin throwers worked overtime trying to score a hit. It was great exercise, and didn't seem to annoy the sharks at all. We sighted a whale one day, but the captain refused to alter the ship's course to allow the javelin men the opportunity to try their hand at bigger game.

No provision was made for keeping the swimmers in trim on the trip across. Several of them asked permission to go over the side with a rope around them, but that idea didn't seem to meet with the approval of the swimming coach. The water, however, was so smooth that had it not been for the motion of the ship they would have been able to train in it without the least trouble.

The wrestlers attempted to strangle each other on mats laid for that purpose, and a ring was constructed for the boxers to hammer each other around in. So, taken as a whole, we did not lack much in the way of amusement in the daytime. At night we usually managed to provide a little entertainment for ourselves before being chased off to bed.

A. C. Gilbert, a pole vaulter from Yale, was a sleight-of-hand performer of no little ability. He was kind enough to afford a good deal of diversion for the boys by keeping them in a mystified condition a good part of the time.

There were two genuine Americans on the team—two full-blooded Indians. Frank Pleasant, who was considered one of the greatest football players that ever lived, was on the team as a broad jumper.

The other was Louis Tewanina, a Marathoner. Tewanina weighed only about one hundred and fifteen pounds, and seemed to possess all the tendencies of a sea gull. He didn't seem to be happy at all on deck, and could always be found perched somewhere high in the rigging.

We sighted land on Sunday, July fourth, and even though we were pretty far removed from the country whose birth was celebrated on that day, a good many of the boys had come prepared to do the anniversary full justice. We were well supplied with firecrackers, most of the cannon-cracker type.

Although the ship flew the American flag, that emblem and the captain's address were practically the only American things connected with the ship. Practically all of the crew and most of the officers were English, which gave them a mighty good reason for not wishing to join us in our celebration. I'm sorry to say that some of the boys took advantage of this situation to call the attention of the nonsympathizers to the significance of the date. In one instance this took a rather violent form.

An officer who had taken no pains to disguise his disapproval of the proceedings was seated on the deck in a deck chair. One of the members of the team selected one of his choicest and most potent firecrackers, sneaked up behind the officer, placed the explosive under the chair, and lighted the fuse. The result was all that could be desired, because you must remember that firecrackers in those days contained real material.

Our supply was exhausted, however, before downright mutiny occurred, and we devoted ourselves to the more peaceful occupation of preparing to land.

We put in at Plymouth first to discharge mail, and then proceeded to Cherbourg, France, to discharge passengers bound for France. Then we recrossed the Channel and docked at Southampton. There we went through the routine of the customs, and after our baggage was inspected we boarded a train for London. Those of us who had not been abroad before were impressed with the little side-door compartments of the foreign trains, whereby each compartment is entered from the outside. The first, second, and third-class method of traveling was also a new idea which took us some time to become accustomed to.

Personally I think these two factors make traveling much more pleasant abroad than in this country. In the first place, a person has the privilege of paying only what he can afford. And secondly, when several people are travel-

ing together it is nice to have a compartment all to themselves.

The country through which we passed was also very interesting, especially as compared to the great farming districts of this country. Every bit of space seemed to be utilized for something or other. The fields were small and permanently fenced off by hedges. The whole thing, somehow, had an artificial, toyish appearance which produced a strangely restful atmosphere, so greatly in contrast to the raw, commercial aspect of our cultivated lands.

Each member of the team had been provided with an American flag, and as the holiday mood was still strong within us, our journey from Southampton to London almost resembled an invasion. The towns through which we passed were left in no doubt as to the fact that the American Olympic Team was actually here, and I have often wondered at some of the thoughts that must have passed through the minds of our conservative hosts as the train proceeded on its hilarious way. It is small wonder that foreigners have a somewhat distorted idea of America and her inhabitants.

Reservations had been made for us at the Morton House in London. When the taxis began to arrive, bulging with American athletes, everybody from the manager to the most humble bell hop was on hand to bid us welcome. It was more than evident that this was their first experience with a bunch of high-strung athletes, and that they didn't know what they were in for. They found out shortly.

Everybody seemed to be dissatisfied there from the start. Neither the meals nor the attitude of the hotel were to our liking, and it soon became evident that the distaste was mutual. The portions in the dining room were too small, and there was always the inevitable mutton. We finally dubbed the place the Mutton House, and made our other grievances so manifest that the managers of the team decided a change of address would act to the best advantage all around.

So, after several days in the Morton House, the team was moved to Brighton, one of the finest shore resorts on the English Channel. Here, indeed, we would have to use our imaginations a lot to find anything to complain about. Conditions were practically ideal and the surroundings lovely.

We were registered at the Metropolitan Hotel, and it is doubtful whether any of the athletes had ever experienced accommodations so fine as we received there. Not even the whales could complain about the food. The menu was most elaborate, and the quantity unlimited.

The hotel faced directly on the beach, one of the finest bathing resorts in England. We were quite amused at first by the portable bathing houses, a small house on wheels which could be rolled to or from the water when the tide was in or out. Each person had his own, and we tried to imagine a picture of Coney Island wherein each person was equipped with a private dressing room. When we figured, however, that there wasn't even enough room on the beach for the bathers themselves, we didn't get very far with the picture.

There was a cricket club at Brighton which extended the American team the courtesy of their grounds. I can safely say that I have never been surrounded with conditions more perfect for training. The turf, upon which we were allowed to run, was the most beautiful I have ever seen. It was soft as velvet, yet firm and smooth as a putting green. I understand it takes years to develop turf like that. I have never seen its equal in this country. When we ran on it it seemed to have a spring that actually blended with the muscles in our legs. I actually believe records would fall by the dozens if meets were held on grounds

like that. We all thrived during the last few days of training, and when the opening day rolled around we were all in the peak of form, and almost had to be anchored to the ground to keep from flying.

The games opened on Monday, July thirteenth. The first event was the trial heats of the 1500-meter run. Some peculiar feeling within me made me believe that I should run this event. I don't know what prompted me to come to this determination except, perhaps, because of the fact that I had been prevented from attending the former Olympic games, I was grimly determined to make up for lost time, and to devote every last ounce of my energy to the greatest cause I knew.

But eagerness of this sort may cause a man to act contrary to the promptings of common sense. For even though I had been entered in this event, no one expected me to run it because of the fact that I devoted all my training to 800 meters, and it was foolhardy to believe that I would have a ghost of a chance against the best milers in the world who had been training faithfully at their own distance. The coach, Murphy, was very much of this opinion, for, as I climbed on the bus at Brighton with my bag containing my running togs, he came up and said:

"Where you going, Sheppard?"

"To run the fifteen hundred," I answered.

"You're crazy. You're not trained up to it. The best thing for you to do is to sit in the grand stand and watch Halsted run. He's trained for it, and there's no use for you to kill yourself for nothing. You might also give Halsted and some of the other boys a hand in the dressing room. Help 'em all you can."

I let it go at that, but I took my bag with me just the same. I still had the funny feeling, and I've always felt that any kind of athlete at all knows more about himself, how he feels, and what he can do than any coach in the game. This especially holds true as the distances increase.

Halsted, by the way, was a Cornell man, winner of the 1500-meter try-outs in this country and intercollegiate mile champion. He had been picked as America's best bet in the Olympic 1500. The college men and the clubmen on the team didn't mix very well, so that I hardly claimed more than a speaking acquaintance with Halsted.

Accommodations had been arranged for those actually competing in London at the St. James Hotel. The others remained in Brighton until their events were due.

We arrived at the hotel about lunch time, but I was too excited to more than go through the motions of eating. After lunch, those not competing in the 1500 went out to the stadium to take part in the parade. I decided to stay at the hotel till the last minute, and Halsted evidently decided the same thing, because when every one had left we took chairs, some distance apart, on the porch. We were too excited and too wrapped up in our own thoughts even to open a conversation.

Finally a friend of Halsted's drove up in a private car or a taxi—I don't remember which—and told him he would take him out to the stadium. Even though there was plenty of room in the car, Halsted got in and left me sitting on the porch.

There is no apparent reason why I should take exception to anything like that. Perhaps it was just because my nerves were jumpy, and I was in the usual irritable condition just before a race. But I remember I was rather hurt at the time. It seemed, somehow, that the cause we were both competing for was big enough for us to afford to show each other more consideration.

I'll admit, however, that under the tension we were both on I might have acted the same under similar conditions,

for I believe that Halsted did not act that way intentionally.

Nevertheless, I was unable to see it that way at the time. I was at first hurt, then indignant, and then angry. And I determined then and there that somebody was going to have to do some mighty tall running to trim me that day. I fidgeted impatiently all the way out in the tube, and when I arrived at the stadium I was almost dizzy with eagerness for the race to start.

The opening ceremonies, however, were just beginning when I arrived. It had rained all the morning, with the result that there was not the crowd in the stadium that had been expected. This factor, however, did not diminish the impressiveness of the ceremonies or the enthusiasm of those in the stands.

Flags and pennants of all nations fluttered damply from the flagstaffs around the stadium, although it was claimed by some that no American flags were visible from the press box.

On a stand in the northwestern corner of the oval was the band of the Grenadier Guards, all wearing raincoats. Foreign officers in elaborate uniforms could be seen here and there on the field. A group of photographers trained their cameras expectantly on the royal box, which was the center of interest. It was upholstered in crimson and decorated with flowers.

A group of the king's trumpeters soon appeared and were duly photographed. Two bluejackets hoisted the royal standard on a pole in front of the box. Next came the band, playing the royal anthem, and then the King and Queen of England, and the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived in the royal box, taking their places with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Patricia, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, the Crown Prince and Princes of Greece, the Maharajah of Nepal, the Duke of Argyll, and Princess Louise.

Then came the parade of the athletes, each group headed by its country's flag, which was dipped in salute as it passed the royal box. All the representatives of countries except the Americans were either in their track suits or in uniform. Each of the American athletes wore a blue cap with a shield on the front as the only distinguishing mark.

The king then officially declared the Fourth Olympiad open, and the first heat of the 1500 meters was at once called.

The pairings in this event caused a great deal of dissension among the Americans, and were the cause of a great deal of newspaper comment on this side. It seems that the method of drawing heats had been to put all the names in a hat and to enter the athlete in the order that his name was withdrawn.

But the unfortunate part about this method was the fact that in the first two of the eight heats four of America's best milers were selected to compete against each other, only one man to qualify in each heat. In the first heat J. P. Sullivan and J. D. Lightbody locked horns, and I found that I was matched against Halsted in the second heat. There were six American entries, which left four heats out of the eight without a single American runner, and it so happened that an American took second in each of the first two heats, and finished in a time which would have won all but one of the heats in which no Americans were entered.

Some papers in this country even went so far as to say that they considered it a deliberate attempt by the British to eliminate some of America's most formidable competitors. I do not believe that this was the case. For instance, in the second heat with Halsted and myself was the British star George Butterfield, who was credited with a 4:16:4 mile. If the intention of the English had been as some seemed to believe, it is hardly possible that Butterfield would have been

pitted against two of America's fastest men.

Sullivan won the first heat and eliminated Lightbody, Olympic champion in 1906. When my heat was called I had lost nothing of my keenness, and went to the marks with as great determination in my heart as I have ever felt in any race. I had every confidence that I was "right," and if I could have won that heat with the understanding that I would fall dead at the tape, I don't believe any such incidental matter as that could have stopped me from starting.

Inasmuch as I had not trained over this distance for some time and was unfamiliar with the pace, I decided to let somebody else carry me along most of the way.

Halsted went out with the flash of the gun, and I stuck close to his heels. He set a mighty stiff pace, but, as I was in no distress a quarter mile from home, I decided I had plenty of stuff left, so I jumped into the lead. I held it without trouble till I started my sprint about two hundred yards from the tape. Halsted pulled himself up to my shoulder at that point, and challenged me in the stretch. The race must have been a thriller at this point, but Halsted broke a few yards from the tape, and I finished with a comfortable lead.

My victory in the second heat of this race not only came as a complete surprise to everybody, but established a new Olympic record for that distance. The time was four minutes, five seconds, two fifths of a second inside the former record established by Lightbody at Athens in 1906.

The papers, of course, in the United States and London made quite a fuss about my unexpected showing in the 1500, and proceeded, as is the custom, to criticize the race from the alleged expert standpoint, and to use their imagination, as is the custom, when they ran short of facts. My possibilities for repeating my victory in the finals the following day were also discussed. It seemed to be the general opinion in this respect that I only stood an outside chance to win. This, however, was a mighty reasonable deduction, inasmuch as it would have been as much as a professional writer's reputation was worth to predict that a half-miler, untrained for the 1500 meters, could come back the second day, after a killing heat the day before, and repeat a victory over the best milers in the world. So even the papers on this side were conservative in their predictions, as is evidenced by the following extract:

"One thing looks certain. If Uncle Same is to win the 1500-meter finals, Sheppard is the boy who will turn the trick. His race yesterday proves the half-mile champion to be in wonderful trim, and if he is able to keep with the flying Britons up to the last hundred yards, it is an even chance that the Stars and Stripes will wave in triumph. It would not do to expect Sheppard to win this race, but in view of our champion's almost superhuman performances at home the tiny hope that Mel will win cannot be surpressed.

"Considerable criticism was heard in local circles yesterday over Sheppard starting in the 1500-meter race in addition to his regular 800-meter event. Some say that Mike Murphy erred in planning too much for the American runner.

"The knowing ones declare, however, that Murphy's mistakes can be counted on four fingers, and there is little chance that he will fail to give Sheppard what is best in the line of work. An athlete hit the nail on the head at the Yale Club last when he said, 'Leave it to Mike!'"

I quoted the last two paragraphs to illustrate the unexpected factors which may serve to add to the reputation of an athletic coach. Even though Murphy had practically forbidden me to run the 1500, he was nevertheless receiving a

great deal of the credit for my race. I want it understood, however, that his advice on the matter was the only possible sensible advice, and the fact that I did not choose to heed it reflects more against me than against Murphy.

No coach in the world, in his right mind, would have sent me in the 1500-meter race, and it was merely by some freak of athletics—which I discussed a short way back—that I made the showing I did. Nevertheless, Murphy got the credit, and another favorable mark was added to his highly deserved reputation as a coach. But it is also worthy of note that if I had been mistaken in myself, Murphy also would have received the blame for that.

Another clipping along this line appeared in one of the London papers. It said that:

"Mike Murphy, trainer of the American athletes, took especial charge of Sheppard and Sullivan after their victories yesterday. Both were in excellent condition, and were accompanied to the stadium to-day by Trainer Murphy."

Mike may have been with us in spirit, but physically he was still at Brighton, about fifty miles away. It was a peculiar fact that my real benefactor the night before and the morning of the final was Joe O'Donnell, whom I have mentioned in the early part of these reminiscences as the chap who was instrumental in interesting me in athletics shortly after I had discovered that I had some ability as a runner. Joe, you may remember, persuaded me to enter prep school and become a member of the track team which he was on.

We had been the closest of friends all these years, and just at the time when I needed the moral support of somebody who understood me and athletes in general, who should appear on the scene but O'Donnell himself. The lure of the Olympic games had proved too strong for him, and he had quit his job in the United States and worked his way over on a cattle boat.

It was a happy moment for me when I saw his good-natured grin coming across the lobby of the hotel. Those who have never competed in athletics can hardly understand the strain that an athlete is subjected to at a time like that, just between two of the most important races of his life. An athlete in a situation of that sort is really not responsible for anything, and needs a guardian or a nurse just as badly as though he were really ill.

So Joe fitted in beautifully, and proceeded to take complete charge of me. He rushed me off to bed shortly after dinner, and then decided that I should have a light rub before going to sleep. This offered a couple of difficulties. In the first place, it took him a long time to locate one of the colored rubbers. Then he was faced with the question of rubbing liniment, because all the rubber's supply was in the dressing room at the stadium.

Joe couldn't be side-tracked long on a matter of this sort, however, and, stepping to the phone, he ordered a bottle of whisky to be sent up, and charged it to the Olympic Committee. The bottle arrived in due time, and then began an argument with the negro rubber to convince the latter that the alcohol in the liquor was more essential at present for a rubbing liniment than for the purpose for which it was originally intended. Our arguments evidently didn't sink home, however, for the boy insisted on using only a few drops at a time, and actually groaned each time he applied the stuff to my legs.

I slept well that night, and awoke the next morning feeling fine. O'Donnell was still on the job, and watched over me with the jealousy of a mother protecting her first born. As a morale builder I am convinced that Joe has few equals. When we finally arrived at the stadium I was in a high-tension stupor, with but one word and idea firmly planted in my mind—win, win, win!

I dimly remember, however, an amusing incident that happened just before the race. Joe had been financially embarrassed upon his arrival in London, and upon discovering this I insisted that he accept a pound from me to sort of help things along. This pound, it seems, was the only cent that Joe had in his pockets when we arrived at the stadium. But just before the race was called he suddenly lost control of himself in his excitement, and, pulling the pound from his pocket, he tried to wager it on me.

Of course, being in the American section, he couldn't get a bet. But Joe wasn't to be hindered by a little thing like that, so he leaped over the rail, broke through the guards, and, waving his money wildly over his head, dashed out on the field proclaiming that he wanted to place his entire fortune on me to win. I forget how many it took to get him back in his seat, but he was finally subdued.

I neglected to mention that the section of London where the stadium had been built was called Shepherd's Bush. And even though the name is not spelled exactly like my own, the pronunciation is sufficiently similar to have made me feel a distinct responsibility in keeping the name of Sheppard in as conspicuous a position as possible. I believe subconsciously I must have felt this before the race, together with the rest of my indescribable emotions.

The race was finally called. There were eight entries in the final: Sullivan, United States; Sheppard, United States; Hallows, Great Britain; Loney, Great Britain; Tait, Canada; Deakin, Great Britain; Wilson, Great Britain, Fairbairn-Crawford, Great Britain.

Hallows, by the way, had, in the third heat of the trials, lowered the record once more by covering the distance in 4:3:2/5.

As I went to the marks I was still in a daze. The tension was terrific. The race itself, I am sorry to say, is practically a blank. I can only remember the one thought that kept thundering through my brain—that there were a hundred million people in the United States hoping for a victory, that I was the only one who could possibly give them that victory, and therefore a victory they must have.

I also faintly remember that Fairbairn-Crawford set a regular quarter-mile pace for the first three hundred yards with the evident intention of running me into the ground during the early stages, and that I was strangely thankful to him for pulling me out like this and helping me run just the kind of race I wished to run. I must have run the remainder of the race by instinct alone, because I remember nothing but the one thing: If it was necessary to die at the finish, why, that would be perfectly satisfactory, just as long as I hit the tape first.

I will have to refer to a clipping from one of the English papers to describe the race.

"When the race began, Sheppard and Sullivan, the only other American in it, hung back and allowed the Englishmen to make the pace. Hallows, who ran the fastest heat of the race yesterday, tried to run the others off their feet. Wilson kept close to Hallows, and Tait of Canada ran in third position. Then came Sheppard, jogging easily along with his slow-looking, deceptive stride, holding fourth position. When the runners neared the stretch, Sullivan, who had been running a brave race, began to tire.

"Hallows and Wilson saw him falter, and, turning their attention to Sheppard, decided the time was ripe for a final spurt to the tape. Accordingly they dashed away at top speed, only to find that the easy-running American clung to them without seeming to increase his pace. Wilson saw Sheppard gaining on

him, and desperately tried to save the race by sprinting past Hallows. The three were scarcely fifteen yards from the finish when Sheppard let himself out. With a terrific burst of speed he passed Hallows, and then overtook and forged ahead of the flying Wilson.

"As Sheppard flashed across the tape a yard ahead of Wilson, the spectators, regardless of nationality, let loose one loud, roaring cheer. Hallows staggered across the line four yards behind Wilson. Tait, the Canadian, finished in fourth position.

"As soon as the race was over Trainer Mike Murphy of the American Olympic Team rushed out and, seizing Sheppard, carried him off to the athletes' quarters for a rubdown and a careful nursing so that he will be in the best condition when he enters the lists again in the 800-meter run.

"The victory of Sheppard came as a complete surprise to the Englishmen, for they firmly believed that Hallows and Wilson would have no difficulty in running away from the two Americans in the contest. Not even the most pessimistic critic was willing before the race to concede America anything better than third place in the 1500-meter contest, as the Yankee runners were opposed by five Englishmen, two of whom had already shown much better time than the best of the Americans."

The time of the final equaled that of Hallows the day before.

To say that the crowd in the American section was excited over the outcome of the race would be putting it much too mildly. They went simply insane. It was as though each one had just fallen heir to a million dollars or so. The air was full of hats, American flags waved wildly, and the rooters yelled themselves hoarse. Some, including the Reverend Joseph Murray, who had accompanied the Irish American team, actually lost their voices for a couple of days.

A demonstration of this sort completely bewildered the English, who were at a loss to understand emotion of this kind. A picture was published in an English paper of the American section taken immediately after the finish of the race. Every one in sight seemed to have been suffering from a violent case of hysterics. In the following description below the picture the writer seems to have been unable to find words to describe the phenomenon:

"It is impossible to do full justice in a photograph to the weird and wonderful manner in which the Americans celebrated the record-breaking victory of Melvin W. Sheppard in the 1500-meter race at the stadium. Their joy was signalized by uncanny cries, yells, and screeches, by the tooting of motor horns, the rattle of rattles, and the waving of flags and hats."

The English found as much to talk about in the demonstration as in the race itself. They were almost shocked at the display of so much emotion. I have never seen an Englishman, even in the most tense situations of this sort, do more than remove his pipe from his mouth and remark: "Well done! Well done!"

I do not believe, however, that their emotion is any less sincere. In fact, I believe they are able to appreciate things fully as much in their quiet way, and are able to retain the appreciation for a longer period of time than the excitable American who gets it out of his system all at once.

At the finish of the race I was at once surrounded by newspaper and camera men, and after they had finished with me I was turned over to the crowd that was waiting to congratulate me. Another picture, printed with the one of the American crowd, shows me being carried off the track on the shoulders of some of the crowd. I believe it was the proudest moment of my life. I was too full of emotion even to talk as the

crowd followed me to the dressing room and mauled me around in an effort to pat me on the back.

The papers of the United States featured the race as one of the greatest in history, and it is safe to say that they didn't lose any of its effectiveness by being told on this side. Theodore Roosevelt, in this connection, told me later that it was the greatest race that he had ever read about.

The arrival of the news in the United States brought numerous cablegrams for me. One was from W. L. Jones, the man who had always had my interest so much at heart, saying:

May your legs never grow weary.

Another from G. M. L. Sachs read:

Congratulations to you and all the boys.

Upon going over the entry lists for the race I have just described I noticed a rather peculiar thing—the fact that I was in the same race with Lightbody, a man whom I had always wanted to meet in competition, and yet did not race him.

Lightbody won the 1500 meters in the 1906 Olympics at Athens, and since that time I had been extremely anxious to run against him. As I have already told, on one occasion I went to Kansas City to meet him, only to find that he had been unable to come. And again I was scheduled to meet him in an indoor meet at St. Louis, but the same thing occurred once more.

Here in the Olympic games I figured I would at last have the opportunity of running against him, but even though he ran in the race he was eliminated by Sullivan before I had a chance to meet him.

The evening of the race I had innumerable invitations to be entertained, both by my friends and by total strangers, but I finally decided on a quiet evening with the Reverend Joseph Murray and Joe O'Donnell. Father Murray took us both to a show, and got me back to bed early for a much-needed rest.

In the morning I went back to Brighton to train the remainder of the week for the trials and final of the 800 meters which were to take place the following Monday and Tuesday.

When I arrived at Brighton the coach, Murphy, and the rest of the team were out on the field. I left my bag in my room, and went out to join them.

As I started to walk across the field Murphy caught sight of me, and came running with his arms outstretched.

"I knew you could do it, my boy!" he shouted. "I told you so!"

My unexpected victory in the 1500 meters also served to reopen the discussion in this country concerning my failure to pass the physical examination for the police force. One of the papers said:

"Funny joke—the police-surgeon verdict on Sheppard. It appears that when Shep was examined for the police force he was rejected on the ground that he had an athletic heart which would unfit him for duty. The civil-service doctors, however, say definitely that there is nothing the matter with Sheppard's heart at all.

"How many among the fat-laden New York coppers could endure a tenth of the strain that Sheppard prances through in every race?

"What kind of man is necessary in the police department, anyway—the fine, fat, broad-shouldered king that looks decorative on parade, and can't run for a car without puffing like a porpoise, or a man like Sheppard, fit to overhaul anything that tries to run away on two feet, and have plenty of wind for a fight when he gets within striking distance?

"It's a joke to say that any man could run the race that Sheppard ran against the Englishman Tuesday unless he had a heart like a steel-tube steam boiler.

"The ancient athletic-heart tradition

was exploded long ago. The bogey kind of athletic heart never existed. A real athletic heart is the best thing in the world to have. It is a heart enlarged and strengthened by hard work, so that it is able to endure any strain and to do its duty where an ordinary heart would peter out like a jellyfish on a sand bar."

The police department, of course refused to admit this, and in a counter statement replied with the cheerful declaration that it was quite possible for me to go on winning races and so forth, but that there was always the possibility that after giving up competition I would be more than liable to drop dead any moment. Their prediction, however, has yet to be fulfilled.

In spite of the complaints of how we were treated—which originated with certain members of the team—the English were as courteous and as hospitable as we were justified in expecting. They provided various side trips and entertainments for us, and made every effort to make our stay in England a pleasant one.

A group of us were taken through Oxford University and shown the various colleges and dormitories, each famous for some historical reason and fairly oozing with atmosphere and tradition. We also vsited Parliament while it was in session, and were duly impressed by the dignitaries in their white wigs.

A certain lord, whose name I forget, took a group of the Irish American athletes through Westminster Abbey, the chief historic value of which arises from the fact that so many English monarchs have their last resting place within its walls. The coronation ceremonies for each succeeding monarch also takes place in this wonderful old church, and the coronation chair, aged and ancient, which has been used for centuries, is also there, protected by a railing so that people may look at it, but not touch it.

Our guide, however, inasmuch as there were practically no visitors in the church at the time, was kind enough to turn his back so that each of us had time to slip over the railing and sit for a moment in the famous seat.

Sir Conan Doyle also extended an invitation to entertain at his home those who wished to take advantage of it. And Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous British sportsman, extended the hospitality of his yacht to those who wished to come aboard.

After a week of careful training at Brighton I was as good as new once more and in great shape for the 800-meter trials which were to take place on Monday. There were eight heats. I won mine without a great deal of difficulty, saving as much as I could for the finals on Tuesday.

Everybody, including the English, conceded me a first in the finals, and here again the British displayed a brand of sportsmanship that rates them in my estimation among the world's finest sportsmen. They insisted upon giving me the opportunity to establish a new British record for the half mile at the sacrifice of the present record then held by an Englishman. I hesitated at first, but they seemed actually eager to have me try for it, so finally I consented. It seems that this act alone is more significant of the real sportsmanship of a nation than the chance drawings for the heats of a race—which was the unfortunate incident that first started the controversy.

Therefore, as 800 meters is only 874.4 yards, another finish tape was erected 5.6 yards beyond the finish of the 800 meters.

I was thoroughly confident at the start of this race, my only concern being the establishing of a new record, if possible, in both distances. This was my own distance, I was trained for it, and therefore there was no uncertainty in my mind.

The English writers in all their reports of races were extremely fair in their criticism, and in most instances seemed to be experts of the sport and to know whereof they wrote. I will quote a description of the race from a London paper, inasmuch as I was unable to see much of it myself:

"Scott Fairbairn-Crawford dashed to the front after there had been a rare tussle at the start on the northern bend for the leadership. Immediately he was at the head of affairs. Crawford cut out such a pace as is seldom seen in what was practically a half mile. There is no doubt but that he was sacrificing his own chances in behalf of the other Britisher, Just, and for the good of his country. It was a cutthroat policy, aimed without a doubt at trying to find a weak spot in Sheppard, and bring out in the fullest degree the supposed extra staying power of Just. For about 460 yards Crawford led the way. Nothing loath to go as fast as any one called upon him to do, the American crack was well on the heels of the leader, attended by Just and Lunghi. The pace was such a cracker that the other four competitors were already left far behind.

"Sheppard sped to the front the moment that Crawford tired, and he had to shake off a strong challenge from the other Britisher, which he did in no uncertain fashion after a stiff tussle for the mastery along the straight under the eastern covered stand. Hereabouts Lunghi was running so easily that it looked as though he might very seriously trouble Sheppard, or even beat him. Passing just before entering the bend for home, he went up to the leader, and they swung around the home corner with not more than a couple of yards separating them.

"But here Sheppard's condition, and in all probability his greater experience, told. He began to draw away from Lunghi, and he had victory in his grasp eighty yards from the winning post. But he had to run all out to beat the Italian, who swerved from distress near the end by some eight yards. A storm of cheering swept the stadium as Sheppard broke the worsted, the winner of the most remarkable race known in the history of pedestrianism."

The time for the 800 meters was 1:52:4, establishing a new Olympic record. The former record of 1:56 was made by James Lightbody at the St. Louis Olympiad in 1904.

I also broke the English record for the half mile, covering that distance in 1:54. It is worthy of note in this instance, as a further proof of English sportsmanship, that F. J. K. Cross, who had held the record for twenty years, was among the first to shake my hand and congratulate me. He gave me his card, which I still have, upon which he had written a brief complimentary remark.

At the finish of this race the Americans once more went mildly insane, to the amusement of the British. Several of the boys broke through the guard of London bobbies and hoisted me on their shoulders to carry me to the dressing rooms.

I also ran on the American medley relay team—two 200's, one 400, and one 800. The heats were run the day before. I ran anchor in the finals, and broke the tape with a comfortable lead.

It was a peculiar fact that in all the six races I had run I had been fortunate enough to draw the pole each time. The goddess of luck certainly must have been on the job. I had run 800 meters four times, and each had been timed under 1.55.

All royalty had gathered the last day of the games for the relay, the Marathon, the closing ceremonies, and the distribution of prizes. All first prizes were given out by Queen Alexandria, and the second and third prizes by the Prince of Wales.

I had just finished the relay, and the line of prize winners was already form-

ing in front of the royal box. I had no time to change my clothes or to provide myself with a costume appropriate for an occasion of this sort, so rather than miss out of the ceremonies altogether I fell in line just as I was—in my track suit.

A rich crimson carpet of soft plush led to the royal box, and rather than walk upon this carpet with my spiked shoes I removed them and approached barefoot. The carpet certainly felt good on my tired feet, but I must have presented a strange figure as I stood before the queen. It must be said to her credit, however, that she spared my feelings by acting as though it was an everyday occurrence for her to give medals to weary, sweat-streaked athletes, bare of foot and scantily clad in tracks suits.

The queen's enthusiasm for sports and memory of individual achievements were evidently somewhat overshadowed by the affairs of state. After much effort on the part of the attendants a medal was found for me.

"Is that all?" I asked.

Another search was made, and another medal presented. The same question was put again, and the queen showed some enthusiasm by saying, "Oh my, how fortunate!" and I was presented with my third medal.

Having received my trophies, I thanked her majesty, turned, and walked down the stairs. I learned afterward that my conduct was hardly according to royal etiquette.

The Americans, according to their custom, swamped the other nations in the track and field events. Practically every man on the team competed up to form, and many competed with a brilliancy they had never shown before. As I recall them, some of those who contributed to the final score were:

John Hayes, winner of the Marathon; Ralph Rose, winner of the shot put; John J. Flanagan, winner of the hammer throw; Martin Sheridan, winner of both discus throws and third in the jump; C. J. Bacon, winner of the 400-meter hurdles; A. B. Shaw, winner of the 110-meter high hurdles; Ray Ewry, winner of both standing jumps; Harry Porter, winner of the high jump; Mat. J. McGrath, second in the hammer throw; J. A. Rector, second in the 100 meters; Dan Kelly, second in broad jump; Bobby Cloughan, second in the 200 meters; Harry Hillman, second in the 400-meter hurdles; J. C. Garrels, hurdles and third in the shot put; F. C. Smithson, hurdles; A. C. Gilbert, pole vault; E. C. Cook, Jr., pole vault; and many others in the various team races.

The games having been formally closed, the American team broke up in groups, some to go on sightseeing tours, and others to accept invitations to compete in various games in other countries. The Irish American team, as might be expected, set sail for Ireland to compete in a set of games to which they had been invited some time ago.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

The author continues his reminiscences of days in American track athletics when new records were established, as well as the high ideals of sportsmanship that set a precedent for present-day competition. Mr. Sheppard in this installment reveals the various emotions of a star athlete at the height of his career.

PART VII.

TO be a member of an Olympic team is not only to enjoy the satisfaction of being chosen to represent one's country in the greatest of all athletic contests, but to add to one's fund of knowledge as well.

The former, I believe, is the most important in the long run, because it is a memory a person will cherish to the last day of his life. But the latter—the educational possibilities—are a factor of too great importance to be passed over lightly.

It is hard to say how many members of an Olympic team would ever enjoy the privilege of traveling abroad if it were not for the fact that their physical endowments enabled them to be selected to represent their country. I am inclined to believe that a very small percentage would ever cross the ocean, so that they have their legs, arms and backs to thank for an education which would otherwise have been unavailable.

For it certainly is an education of the highest sort to visit other countries, see other people and learn other customs. It is something that cannot be learned from books, and it constitutes in itself almost as great a satisfaction as being a member of the team. It can be looked on with almost as much enjoyment.

After the 1908 Olympics in London the team split up and went their various ways. Some left for different parts of Europe on sight-seeing tours and others were fortunate enough to continue their sight-seeing at the expense of countries who wished to stage athletic meets in their honor.

The Irish-American team, as might be expected, set sail for Ireland where we had been invited to attend a set of games. We went from London to Holyhead by rail and took a fast mail boat from Holyhead to Dublin.

We were met at the boat by everybody in Dublin. At least it seemed that way, and they must have declared a national holiday to give the people the privilege of seeing the Irish-American athletes who had rolled up so many points in the games. In fact, the nineteen of us had scored enough points among us to have won the title for America by ourselves.

We had to force our way through the crowd all the way to the hotel, and even after we had gone inside they continued to mill around in the streets. We were astounded at such an interest

in athletics. We were further surprised at another development that occurred shortly after we had gone to our rooms.

A committee of the athletes consisting of Lawson Robertson and myself was visited by a committee of Irishmen representing the Gaelic Athletic Association. We had come to Ireland at the invitation of the recognized Irish Amateur Athletic Association which was affiliated with England, the United States and other countries. The Gaelic Association, it seems, was an outlaw organization, bitterly opposed to the Irish A. A. A., principally because of the latter's affiliation with England. We learned that there had been a great deal of dissension concerning our arrival, and the committee, who awaited upon us, warned us not to compete in the meet as we had planned. Otherwise, they said, there would inevitably be bloodshed if we insisted upon running. They even accused Lawson Robertson and myself of being Scotch Presbyterians, which wasn't far wrong, but which they seemed to consider more or less in the light of a crime. They even produced cablegrams from influential members of the Irish-American Club at home, promising that we would compete for them and not for the regular Irish Amateur Athletic Association.

It wasn't such a cheerful outlook from any angle. We held a council of war, however, and finally decided that if we failed to compete for the organization which had invited us to Ireland, we would be sitting high and dry with all our own expenses to account for, and if there is anything that an athlete dislikes more than anything else, it is to be compelled to pay his own expenses. So we decided to let matters remain as they were and trust to luck that if any blood was shed it wouldn't be ours.

Fortunately we didn't see any spilled, although the crowd continued to hang around the hotel and to make enough noise outside to worry us a bit. We kept pretty close under cover for the rest of the evening. The lights all went out that night, for some reason or other. We never knew whether it was an accident or whether it had some more significant meaning.

Everything seemed to have quieted down by morning and we found that arrangements had been made to take the team on an automobile tour—the games were to be held the following day.

Enough cars were provided to carry us all comfortably. The group I was with selected an old travel-worn car, with a pile of robes and other junk in the back seat. I believe the selection was involuntary, inasmuch as we arrived late at the starting place and this car was the only one left. The driver was a pleasant, rather quiet chap whom we all took quite a fancy to. We took up a collection among ourselves to give him after the trip for his trouble.

As we started out, we were pleased to learn that our car had more under the hood than outward appearances seemed to indicate. We slipped along between green fields, through lovely cool woods, over innumerable streams, and through many small towns with their quaint houses with thatched roofs. The roads were as smooth as the top of a billiard table and their wonderful condition was explained by the presence of gangs of section hands which we passed from time to time, smoothing out the rough spots and keeping the road in perfect shape. The gang that kept their section of road in the best condition was awarded a prize.

Finally we struck a long, straight stretch of highway and the driver began to let the old car out. We were surprised and pleased at the unexpected speed in the old bus, but our smiles of pleasure turned to looks of wonder and then downright apprehension as the speedometer crept up, and still up.

By the time it had registered eighty

miles an hour we were all clutching our hats and trying to get our breaths against the tremendous pressure of the wind. I, for one, was perfectly content when the driver took his foot off the throttle and slowed the car once more to a respectable gait.

As soon as we recovered our breath we all started to ask questions at once. The result of our inquiries was quite astounding and not a little embarrassing.

The driver, it developed, was none other than J. B. Dunlop himself, manufacturer of automobile tires and racing driver. The car which we had selected had a reputation a mile long as one of the fastest things on four wheels.

We very quietly redistributed among the owners the money which we had collected to tip the driver. Our escape had been too narrow to be even funny.

Our destination was the home of Dick Croker, famous Tammany chief, who accumulated a fortune in this country and retired to his estate in Ireland.

We were served with tea on the lawn of the beautiful grounds surrounding his home. We were then shown about the estate and introduced to the pride of Croker's heart, his famous race horse, Orby, which had won the highest of all turf classics of the British Isles, the English Derby.

We returned to the hotel in the evening and retired early in order to be in shape for the meet the following day.

The games were held at Ballsbridge, a short distance outside of Dublin. We all performed up to standard. I won the half without much difficulty.

Throughout the whole meet we were constantly expecting some demonstration from the rival athletic association, but everything went off quietly, and the Gaelics evidently reserved their promised bloodshed for some other occasion.

Several of us, however, had no desire to remain for that occasion, so we brought our suit cases out to the games and went directly from there to the boat, which would take us to Glasgow where we had been invited to attend another set of games. The boat was a cattle boat and freighter which carried only a few passengers, because the ordinary manner of going from Dublin to Glasgow was to cross to England and complete the journey by train.

An incident occurred on the boat that night which, only for a turn of good luck, would have placed us in an embarrassing position. The night was hot, so in order to get as much air as possible in the little stateroom, we had left the door open. In this position the door swung back against the berth and was fastened by a hook.

For some reason or other I was unable to drop to sleep, as I ordinarily do, and, as I was lying awake staring into the darkness, I heard a slight noise outside our stateroom. I raised up a bit so that I could peek around the door and experienced quite a thrill at what I saw.

A hand and arm was slowly being thrust into the room. It groped cautiously for the clothes we had hung on hooks just inside the door.

I suppose I have just as much honest hate for a sneak thief as for any other type of criminal. In fact it seems that one of that brand should hardly be dignified by the name of criminal.

So as his hand had about reached our clothes, I quietly unhooked the door and slammed it shut with all my strength. There was a wild yell as the door did what damage it could and the arm disappeared. And the funny part of it was that the victim let out a fresh yell at every jump. I could trace his progress in this manner all the way to the forecastle of the ship. We didn't mention the incident in the morning because we figured that whoever it was, had had punishment enough.

We arrived in Glasgow on Sunday

and decided that it was perhaps the most religious place in the world. Everybody, it seemed, was on their way to church. The only other people, apparently otherwise engaged, were sailors, from ports all over the globe, who chose to disregard the day of rest in their efforts to make the best of their time on shore.

We registered at a hotel, and as soon as our arrival was made known we were met by a committee of the Celtic Football Club, headed by William Maley. We then began to learn the meaning of real hospitality, for the Scotchmen proved themselves the most wonderful hosts of any we had yet encountered. Every moment of our time was planned. They would pull us out of bed in the morning and our entertainment would begin. We scarcely had time to take a light work-out each day.

We motored through the Highlands, boated on the lochs, admired the rolling hills of purple heather and visited the birthplace of Robert Burns.

All my life I had heard of the Scot's conservative tendencies in regard to money, but only a few hours of their wonderful hospitality were needed to dispel this forever from my mind. I really believe that the Scotch, in the capacity of hosts, cannot be praised too highly.

We experienced but one keen disappointment in the discovery that we had seen more kilts in our own Celtic Park on Long Island than we had in the whole of Scotland.

We competed in Glasgow at the end of the week. The meet was a two-day affair held at the stadium of the Celtic Football Club. Football in Scotland was a very popular sport. There were two big teams in Glasgow, the Celtics and the Rangers, both with their own parks. These teams sometimes drew crowds of one hundred and twenty-five thousand spectators to watch their matches.

There were about fifty-five thousand present at the athletic meet on Saturday. All of them appeared to be wearing the typical old-style cap with the long visor. The straw hats that the Americans wore seemed to be the only ones in Glasgow.

The second day of the meet was held on Monday late in the afternoon so that business men would be able to attend. The twilight in Scotland is long enough to permit this. I don't remember what events I was entered in, but I'm sure I won the half mile.

Then followed another week of entertainment and we competed once more. This time in the Rangers' stadium. The track there was considered at the time to be the finest in the world. The caretakers of these grounds actually take more pride in their turf and their cinder track than any gardener could possibly take in the garden of a private estate. I can vouch for the excellency of the track. I established a new Scottish record for the half of one minute, fifty-six seconds.

After the Ranger games we left the south once more with the intention of visiting the one and only Paris, of which we had heard and read all our lives.

We went by rail to Newhaven by way to London, and crossed the Channel there to Dieppe. We left Newhaven after midnight and arrived in Dieppe shortly before dawn.

We were on the deck just before our arrival, and everybody was gazing, as though fascinated, at the morning star. I have never seen a star appear so large before. It actually looked almost as large as a moon and appeared as though it might drop any moment on the deck of the boat. It was one of the most impressive sights I have ever seen, and it is still as fresh in my memory as though I had seen it last night.

Having passed through the formality of the customs we boarded a train for Paris. Here we began to experience

our first difficulties with the foreign languages. We had provided ourselves, however, with a French dictionary upon which we depended to solve all difficulties of this nature.

There was another chap in the compartment besides the members of our party. We had not had a wink of sleep the night before and therefore had not spoken a word since boarding the train.

The stranger, however, was inclined to be talkative. He addressed us in some language we couldn't understand, but discouraged at our blank look he tried another language. Our curiosity was pretty well aroused when he had embarked upon his fifth tongue and I was just reaching for my dictionary when one of the boys remarked:

"What do you suppose that idiot's trying to say?"

The stranger was all smiles at this. "Ah," he deduced brightly, "you speak English. How stupid of me. I usually start my conversation with that language. I can't understand how I overlooked it this time."

We arrived in Paris and after some difficulty in making ourselves understood, managed to reach a hotel to which we had been recommended. Our room, we found, lacked many things. We did not know that it was necessary to pay for such extra luxuries as soap and towels.

Here at last we figured our dictionary would justify our faith in it. So we rang for an attendant and prepared ourselves with the words "serviette, savon, and eau." But even though the book told one how to pronounce them our efforts seemed to register a complete blank on the attendant when he arrived. He listened to our efforts a few moments and then with a look of disgust, placed his hands on his hips and inquired:

"And wot in the 'ell is it ye may be wantin'?"

We spent a couple of weeks in Paris, and if we missed anything worth seeing I have yet to learn what it was. We were on the jump every minute, from morning until night, and I am convinced that we learned practically everything about Paris but the language.

A rather peculiar thing occurred on our visit to the Eiffel Tower. One of the boys and I were at the top of the tower. There was only one other person there whom we soon learned was also an American. In the course of our conversation we learned that he was from Philadelphia, and as both my friend and I hailed from the same city, it happened that three natives of Philadelphia dominated for the time being the highest point of any structure in the world.

From Paris we again went back to Scotland, this time to Edinburgh. We were met by a committee that welcomed us in Glasgow and our round of entertainment began once more. We were much impressed by Princess Street, which the Scotch claim to be the most beautiful street in the world, and there seems to be every reason for that claim. It is a magnificent thoroughfare.

In the games themselves, which of course was the reason for our return, I was the only one of the Americans that showed ability to withstand the strain of a couple of weeks in Paris. The other boys were sadly off form.

After the games we went by rail to Liverpool, stopping en route at Newcastle and Manchester. Arriving at Liverpool we obtained reservations on the *Mauretania,* at that time the largest and fastest ship afloat.

About halfway home we were struck by a storm that the sailors claimed was one of the heaviest in years for that time of the season. The waves, crashing over the bow of the ship, compelled it to slow down while the emergency port shutters were adjusted. Passengers were forbidden on deck, and a rope was stretched along the decks for

officers and members of the crew who had to venture out.

At the last minute we had changed our reservations from another boat of the Anchor line to the *Mauretania.* It was fortunate we decided to do this, because the boat on which we had originally planned to sail was detained by this storm and did not arrive in the United States until about a week after it was due. If we had been aboard we would have missed the celebration staged in this country to welcome the Olympic team home. We had planned our stay in Europe with this celebration in mind and were forgoing several things we would like to have done in Europe in order to be present over here.

There were eight members of the team on the *Mauretania,* and the *Baltic,* which docked at practically the same time, brought six more. Hundreds of people were on the dock to meet us, and staged quite a demonstration when we came ashore. The newspapers, it seems, had "steamed up" our arrival and the parade the following day to the extent that all athletic followers as well as the usual thousands of curious thrill-seekers, were looking forward to the demonstration with almost as much eagerness as we were.

The parade itself turned out to be one of the largest staged in several years. Municipal, State and Federal authorities all gave their most earnest support, with the result that about twenty-five thousand people paraded from Forty-sixth Street to the City Hall. Two thousand United States Army regulars took part, and this big force was augmented by a large squadron of seamen, including the naval reserves and the bluejackets from three warships in the Brooklyn navy yard at that time. There were also seven regiments of the National Guard and five regiments of Irish Volunteers. About five thousand athletes also marched with thousands of public school youngsters.

It was certainly a great demonstration all in honor of a handful of athletes, but one of the papers claimed that, "Few events in the last half century have gained more popular approval than this great demonstration in honor of the men who carried the standard of the United States to the front in the great athletic contest in London."

It is more than possible that I am a bit partial on this subject, but it seems to me that no finer sentiment could be manifested by a nation than the exaltation of the physical prowess of its youth. As long as people are willing to do homage to physical perfection in their sons and daughters, just that much longer will that nation endure. I firmly believe that it is a foundation for posterity equal to none, and a form of national insurance most pleasant to acquire.

When the parade reached its destination, the City Hall, the entire square was jammed with thousands of people. A great chorus of school children was on hand to sing the national anthem and other suitable songs as the athletes were addressed by municipal and State officials and presented with souvenir trophies.

For the next few days the city was thrown open to the members of the team. One banquet and reception followed another, and we perhaps enjoyed more free meals and saw more free shows than at any other time in our lives. George M. Cohan was one of our hosts. He provided us with front-row seats to his show, "The Yankee Prince." After the show, Paul H. Henkein took us all to supper at Keen's Chop House.

The next day was Sunday and, if I remember correctly, we were driven around most of the day in automobiles. Monday, however, was the day which was to furnish the climax, the day which we had been looking forward to with the keenest anticipation. On

Monday we visited President Theodore Roosevelt at his home in Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, Long Island.

The seventy-one members of the team went to Oyster Bay on the steamboat *Sagamore*. We were unable to dock, as we had hoped, at the launch landing because the water was too shallow. A small fleet of rowboats and launches, however, volunteered their services and soon had us ashore.

When we had all landed we formed a column of twos and marched up the winding path to the president's home.

President Roosevelt stood inside the doorway of his home with Mrs. Roosevelt beside him. On the side porch was Mrs. Alice Longworth, Representative Nicholas Longworth, Miss Ethel Roosevelt and the Roosevelt boys. Secret-service men stood outside the house.

The president asked for James E. Sullivan, the American Commissioner to the Olympics, and after a few moments' conversation with him stepped forward with a genial smile to welcome the athletes who had grouped about the porch. He made a brief address of welcome.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I want to say just one word of greeting to you. I am sure you feel that every one in America is proud of you. I don't want to speak in hyperbole ever, but I think it is the literal truth to say that the feat this team has performed has never been duplicated in the history of athletics. I think that it is the biggest feat that has ever been performed by any team of any nation, and I congratulate all of you. There is not a man on the team who does not deserve his share of the total credit. It is not only the men who won the firsts but it is every man on the team who did his duty, as they all did, who deserves his share of the credit. I congratulate you all and thank you all.

"I want to say, Mr. Sullivan, a word of special thanks and acknowledgment to you. Without you we could never have gotten together and sent across such a team, and our gratitude, gentlemen, is due not to those who were so glad to see you come back victors—we have plenty of those—but to those who in any way contributed to send you abroad in such shape that you could be victors. I think I could come pretty near passing a competitive examination on the records and feats of you.

"Now we are here we must not forget how proud we are of the American riflemen and revolver men. You know I believe in straight shooting for the battleship or the private citizen, either one."

Then, at the insistence of the camera men, we were photographed. I have the picture before me now and it is really as impressive a group as I have ever seen—the President of the United States, an athlete himself, surrounded by the finest physical specimens of young manhood that the country was able to produce.

The picture is even more impressive, inasmuch as the visitors were dressed in dark suits while the president wore a white suit of light material. His figure, of course, stands out distinctly from the rest, and I have always chosen to believe that the photograph is symbolic, in a way, for the president dominates this group, just as he dominated, with his magnificent personality, every situation with which he was faced.

It was peculiar to notice that throughout the entire afternoon none of the boys were afflicted with stage fright or the least embarrassment in their contact with the President. He exercised, in some peculiar manner, that trait of his, which I had so often heard discussed, of making friends with people. Every member of that team would have gone through fire and brimstone for President Roosevelt after five minutes in his presence.

I have devoted a good deal of thought to this particular phase of the team's reception in an effort to decide just what trait or characteristic of the president exercised a unanimous appeal over these veteran athletes, whose interests were so intensely centered in the sport itself. I figured that the president must possess some characteristic in common with each of these men, in order to produce the effect he did. I finally decided that it was because the President of the United States had himself learned the great lesson that amateur athletics aim to teach. He had learned to lose like a sportsman, but above all to win like a gentleman.

After being photographed we all lined up to shake hands with the president, and there I witnessed one of the most remarkable exhibitions of memory that it has ever been my privilege to enjoy. As each man was presented, the president would recall the particular event in which the man had competed and congratulate him or sympathize with him. For instance, he said to Rector, "If you had had another few meters to go you would have beaten Walker of South Africa."

When Connolly came up Mr. Roosevelt said: "You're a brother of my friend James B. Connolly, the writer? I am delighted. He is a fine fellow. How are the crystal seas at Gloucester? Your brother had a great cruise."

And so on down the line. He had a word for every member of the team and commented intelligently on the event in which they had been entered. I doubt if any one in the country, with the possible exception of a few sport writers, could have duplicated this feat.

To think that the President of the United States, with all the constant cares and worries of his position, should take as vital an interest as that in the accomplishments of the Olympic team, certainly seems to indicate, without further explanation, his stand in regard to athletics. It also served to bring home to me the bigness of this man who was able to concern himself so understandingly with the interests of those about him, no matter what those interests happened to be. What other official in the country would have considered it worth while to store away this fund of knowledge merely to make a handful of athletes happy? Not many, I'm afraid.

When I was presented to the president he gripped my hand with a strength and firmness that almost made me wince.

"Well, well," he said, "so this is the lad that surprised them all in the fifteen hundred meters. I surely would like to have been on hand. It was the greatest race I ever read about.

"Let's see, you're a member of the New York police force now, aren't you?"

"No, sir," I replied. "They turned me down."

"Yes, I remember now. There was some trouble about that. Well"—a certain grimness flitted for a moment across the president's face—"I can only say that I'd like to be police commissioner again for a short while. What is your nationality?"

I informed him that I had sprung from several generations of Yankees.

"In what line of work are you engaged at present?"

I told him that I had given up my job to attend the games.

"Well," he said, "if you decide what you'd like to do, and there is any way in which I can help, I'd be mighty glad to do so."

When I thanked him I didn't realize how soon I would take advantage of this offer.

After having met the boys the president invited them inside for a light lunch. There we met Mrs. Roosevelt and the boys. Mrs. Roosevelt was an unusually sweet character. A typical mother, with the desire, it seemed, to

mother every member of the team. The boys were "chips off the old block," keen, interesting to talk to, and as well posted as their father on all matters pertaining to athletics.

In the course of the afternoon Mr. Sullivan suggested that I show Mr. Roosevelt the medal I had won for the fifteen hundred meters. Fortunately I had brought it along and the president seemed quite anxious to see it. When I handed it to him, he even left the room and took it out on the porch where there was more light.

While he was gone I was possessed of a great inspiration, and started to pray that I'd have the courage to carry it out. When the president returned and handed me the medal with an enthusiastic comment on its beauty and workmanship, I took a firm grip on myself and stammered:

"Mr. P-president, I—I'd appreciate it more than I can say if you would keep this medal to help you remember the race you were unable to see."

The president hesitated and I proceeded to get cold all over. I didn't know whether or not I had committed some tremendous blunder and would be ejected in disgrace or whether he was merely trying to break the news to me gently. I *did* know, however, that I could think of no greater honor at the time than to have the president accept my trophy.

It was soon evident, however, that he was hesitating out of consideration for me, rather than in consideration of any executive custom.

"I *would* like it," he admitted, "but I'm afraid it would not be right to deprive you of something which you have worked so hard to obtain and which means so much to you."

I assured him as best I could that it would mean more to me if he would be kind enough to accept it, so he finally agreed to keep it, insisting that, even though he had never had the pleasure of winning anything of that sort, he would appreciate it even more for that reason.

He actually seemed as pleased as a schoolboy winning his first medal. He assured me that he would keep it always.

After luncheon the president passed around cigars, and even though I didn't smoke, I helped myself to one which I very carefully placed in my pocket. At my first opportunity I obtained a transparent celluloid case for the cigar, which still holds the place of honor among my trophies.

Mr. Roosevelt commented briefly on the rumors that the English had not treated the American athletes with as much consideration as they should. When officials of the team complained of this to the president, he stopped them at once with a curt reference to the fact that the Olympic games was not to create resentment, but for the finer purpose of creating unity among nations. And if the games could not be mentioned exclusively from the latter standpoint it would be better not to mention them at all.

In parting he also gave the athletes as sensible a piece of advice as I have ever heard.

"I'm going to give you lads the same friendly bit of advice that I gave to my Rough Riders," he said. "Remember you're heroes for ten days—when that time's up, drop the hero business and go to work."

Some of the boys protested that they were already working, and the president explained further by saying that he didn't want to meet, some ten or twelve years hence, some seedy person who boasted that he had won an Olympic contest in 1908 and could boast of no other accomplishment since.

Before leaving for the boat the team got together and unloosed three mighty cheers for "the greatest president the United States ever had."

Upon arriving again in New York we were again guests at numerous affairs after which most of the boys decided to take the president's advice.

One of the most elaborate entertainments we received was a banquet, given in our honor by the Irish-American A. C. at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel. It was attended by any number of celebrities, and the athletes were treated to a feast that we all remember to this day.

The Metropolitan Championships were held on September twelfth. I was entered for the half and agreed to sacrifice myself in the interests of science.

A certain Professor Leonard Hill had for some time advanced a theory that the administration of oxygen to an athlete just before a race would serve as a stimulant which would imperil world's records in all events. The gas, he claimed, would increase the oxidation in the body, stimulate heart action, and produce every effect of "a shot in the arm."

If this new method of generating speed was all it claimed to be, I was nothing loath to obtain a few world's records in this painless manner, so I agreed to submit to the test.

The oxygen was brought on the field in a heavy tank about four feet long and about ten inches in diameter. Lawson Robertson volunteered to administer the dose, so just before the race, he stuck one end of a rubber tube in my mouth and turned on the gas. I was quite unprepared for what happened.

The pressure arrived so unexpectedly that the force of it jerked the tube from my hand, said tube proceeding to bang me over the head before the pressure could be turned off. Order was finally restored, however, and I received my dose.

As I went to my mark I did not experience the promised sensation of wanting to fly or to leap over the grand stand. In fact I began to feel very much the opposite as the race proceeded. I felt at the time that a good sleep would do me more good than anything else. I won the race but not before I had been badly scared by several second raters. My time was 1:57:4.

The senior National Championships were held a week later, September nineteenth, at Travers Island. Harry Gissing was entered against me in the half and gave me the first of many hard races which were to come later on. He ran a mighty plucky race, setting the pace for the first seven hundred yards. I had to do some mighty heavy pulling to pass him, and had to turn in a time of 1:55:2 to beat him.

A rather peculiar thing happened in these games. In the mile—the track is five laps instead of the customary four—the bell, denoting the last lap, was rung at the end of the third lap. Only two N. Y. A. C. men, familiar with the track, finished the fifth lap. The others stopped. The referee declared it no race and said it would have to be run later in the day.

At the second running the officials again blundered and the same mistake occurred once more, and the same N. Y. A. C. men finished the five laps and won the second time. It was again declared no race, and for the first time in the history of American Championships, the program had to remain unfinished.

The Canadian Championships were held on October third, and by adding this half-mile championship to my list I established a rather unusual record which has never before or since been equaled.

Over a period of three years, 1906, 1907 and 1908, I had won each year the eight hundred and eighty yards in the Metropolitan Championships, the National Championships and the Canadian Championships.

With the Canadian Championships out of the way I decided to follow the

parting advice of President Roosevelt and to obtain a permanent position and settle down for good. I figured that I had nothing more to gain from athletics, and that my main interest henceforth should be my work.

Accordingly I began looking about, and, on the advice of some friends, decided that I would like to become a custom inspector at the port of Philadelphia.

A position of this sort, however, presented numerous difficulties. In the first place, I would have to pass a civil service examination, and would have perhaps had to wait about six months for the examination to be held. Then I would have been placed on an eligible list to take my turn in being appointed as the vacancies occurred. Goodness only knows how long this would have taken because government jobs were much more in demand than they are at present. And finally, there was the possibility that my name would remain on the list so long that it would become void and I would have to take the examination all over again and repeat the procedure of awaiting my turn.

Having considered all these things, the job of custom inspector began to lose its attractiveness and I had about decided to give up the idea and turn to something else, when I suddenly happened to think of the president's words, "Let me know if I can help you."

The idea almost took my breath away. It seemed such a presumptuous, daring thing to do—to bother the President of the United States with such a trifling matter as this. Of course it wasn't trifling from my standpoint, but I could easily understand how, with all other cares and worries of the government, a request of this sort might easily be shelved indefinitely before it was ever brought to the president's attention.

If the chief executive had been other than Mr. Roosevelt I don't believe I would have ever summoned courage enough to write a letter of this kind. But somehow or other I was unable to shake off the conviction that the president was not in the habit of wasting words and that if he had not been perfectly sincere in his offer to help me he never would have made it.

So I finally composed a letter, stating as briefly as I possibly could my desire to be appointed to the customs at the Port of Philadelphia.

I mailed this letter on September twenty-second, and received the thrill of my life when, three days later, I received a letter from Washington. It was written on the official stationary of the president's home with the simple, dignified letterhead, "White House, Washington," nothing more. It was from the secretary to the president, William Loeb. It said:

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the twenty-second instant has been received. The president has taken the matter up at once and will see if he cannot place you in the Philadelphia Custom House. He is not sure that it can be accomplished, but if it can be, he will be glad. Very truly yours,

WILLIAM LOEB.

Needless to say, I was tremendously proud of this communication, and waited impatiently for further word of my appointment. It seemed incredible that my name should have stuck in the memory of the president and that he was actually concerning himself in my behalf.

A few days later I received the following note from C. W. Hill, Collector of the Port at Philadelphia.

SIR: I have nominated you for the position of inspector of customs at this port, and the said nomination has been confirmed by the department at Washington. The appointment will become effective as soon as you take the oath of office. I would suggest, therefore, that you call at this office for the purpose of being sworn in for duty at your earliest convenience. Respectfully,

C. W. HILL.

Upon receipt of this I lost no time transferring my home once more to

Philadelphia. Upon arriving there, I found, after I had taken my oath of office, that I was at once eligible to start work. This surprised me a good deal and when I inquired concerning the civil service red tape, which I understood preceded an appointment of this sort, I was informed that that had already been arranged by President Roosevelt.

Further inquiry revealed the fact that, in order to have me appointed with the least delay possible, the president had issued an executive order abolishing civil service temporarily. He had then exercised his privilege of appointing me to the position, and when everything had been arranged, he again issued an order reëstablishing civil service.

The fact that I had been the direct cause of the temporary suspension of the wheels of the government was something almost too great for my mind to grasp. My awe was equally divided between this realization and the further evidence of the greatness of this remarkable man the nation had chosen as its leader.

Several of the papers burst forth that it was "pretty soft for Sheppard" to be handed a nice job by the president where all he had to do was to draw his salary once a month. These clippings were brought to my attention and afforded me material for many a chuckle during the next year as I went from one point to another on the docks, with my hand constantly on my revolver.

I was placed on night duty as my first assignment—a sort of breaking-in process, I learned later, calculated to test the nerves of the newcomers and to bring out whatever weak spots might be present in their make-up. That it was an excellent test for just these things, I can well testify, for, notwithstanding the first comments of the papers on the matter, the position developed into about the biggest he-man job I ever tackled. I was mighty glad, too, in this respect, because if I had found myself a custom inspector with nothing to do but draw a salary, I'm sure that the tremendous respect I already had for the president would have been somewhat shaken. Mr. Roosevelt himself never side-stepped work or danger, so it was hardly reasonable to expect that he should make the paths of others smoother in this respect.

The river front at Philadelphia, where the custom houses are located, is one of the toughest districts in the city. The inspectors, especially those on night duty, were trained, in many respects, to observe all the precautions of policemen patrolling bad sections. We were instructed never to walk near a building unnecessarily where any one might attack us from a dark doorway. Never to approach the open doors of freight cars, for the same reason, and always to keep our revolvers in the side pocket of our coats within easy reach of our hand so that we might fire through the pocket if necessary. During the year that I was on night duty there, three watchmen of private concerns were killed by thugs. One old chap, who had just received his weekly salary of twelve dollars, was robbed of this salary, for which purpose the robber completely decapitated the old man with a fire ax.

Yes, it was a nice peaceful district I found myself in.

The chief duty of the night inspector was to see that no undeclared goods were smuggled ashore under cover of darkness. This unlawful practice was carried on for the most part by crews of the ships docked at the port. If they were able to get ashore with anything of value, and to sell it without being caught, it usually made a nice profitable little side line.

My first assignment was to the old Licorice Docks, dilapidated, dark and gloomy, visited by tramp ships from all parts of the world, whose crews were generally recruited from the scum of

the water front. The first night of my new job was spent in a little shack at the end of the dock. The shack sagged in places and the wind whistled through the cracks. It was lighted by a single lamp. From my position I could see anybody going ashore from the dock, but to my great relief, nothing happened, although my hand never left my gun all night long. Taken as a whole, I can't say that the evening, from a recreational standpoint, was a huge success. I welcomed daylight with a sigh of relief.

My first capture occurred some few days later.

Shortly after midnight I was attracted by a form slinking along the dock toward the shore. As the form approached I noticed that the body was oddly distorted, it seemed to bulge unnaturally about the middle.

I slipped behind a pile of barrels and let the form go by. We had been instructed never to make an arrest until the supposed smuggler left the vicinity which was under the direct charge of the customs. Otherwise the excuse might be made that he was merely bringing the goods to the inspector to inquire concerning the duty upon them.

So I laid low until the man passed. Then I slipped out and followed him in the most approved sleuthing fashion. I had visions of thousands of dollars' worth of silk wrapped tightly around the smuggler's waist; or perhaps a priceless rug, or even lace.

The moment his foot left the customs property I was upon him with my revolver much in evidence. I must have forced some authority in my tone because I noticed that he was almost as scared as I was. He was only a boy.

I then ordered him to produce his contraband, and my imagination, all swelled up with hopes of a big haul, burst like a soap bubble when he lifted his coat and produced—a slab of bacon.

I was highly indignant at this and asked him for particulars. He informed me then that a certain Widow Brown of his acquaintance was practically destitute and he was taking her the bacon. So when I learned that his mission was one of charity rather than of lawlessness, I suggested that he return to the ship, which was loaded with potatoes, and fill his pockets with these as a further present to the Widow Brown.

Another incident, which I always recall with a feeling of weakness around the knees, almost brought my career as a custom inspector to an untimely end.

Piers 46 and 48 were being connected along the shore by a large warehouse. There had been labor trouble between two factions during its construction, and the work had progressed under difficulties. Threats had been made, to which nobody paid much attention. Perhaps if they had I wouldn't have received the scare of my life.

I was on Pier 48 at the time. I was answering the telephone which had just rung in the booth. Suddenly the whole world seemed to be ripped wide open by a tremendous roar. The concussion of the explosion, for that's what I judged it to be, was so great that when I recovered my senses I was outside the telephone booth. How I arrived there I never knew and it has always been a wonder to me that my first leap didn't carry me all the way through the roof. Perhaps I did hit the top but didn't know it at the time.

And then it began to rain. Iron girders, timbers, bricks and stones all crashed about me in an attempt, it seemed, to determine which could miss me by the narrowest margin. The only reason I didn't move was that my legs positively refused to function, which was perhaps what saved my life. As it was I didn't receive a scratch, but if I had moved one way or the other I would have, in all probability, served to break the fall of some fair-sized rock. The cause of the explosion was believed to have arisen from the labor trouble. The authorities worked on the theory that one of the rival factions had dynamited the building to revenge themselves on the other faction. Nothing definite was ever learned, however.

It was a peculiar fact that the inspector on the other pier was also called to the phone at the same time. This made it appear as though it had been prearranged to get us both away from the building while the explosive was set.

Another incident which almost cut short my career as inspector occurred shortly after I had been assigned to the job.

I was coming to work from a track meet which had been held in Patterson, New Jersey. I was carrying the small black bag in which I always carry my running outfit.

I had just descended from the street car and was passing a group of tough-looking characters on the sidewalk, when suddenly, without warning, one of them leaped at me and landed a blow which sprawled me in the street.

I had been in competition long enough not to lose my head over a jolt or so—I'd received too many of these in handicap races—and as my head cleared rapidly, and I found I wasn't hurt, I leaped to my feet, still clutching my bag, and set sail for the docks.

My attackers chased me a short distance but were soon lost in the dust. Upon reaching the office I armed myself with my gun and sallied forth to make a counterattack, but no one was in sight.

The only explanation I can advance for my adventure was that they thought I was a paymaster on one of the ships and that my bag contained money.

One night my running ability fitted in nicely with my other work.

Another inspector and myself were walking toward the end of one of the docks when we heard a faint groan. Following the sound we found that it came from the railroad tracks which were about five feet below the level of the dock.

I lowered myself to the tracks and found that an old watchman had fallen over the edge of the dock onto the tracks in the dark and was badly injured. We lifted him to the dock, and leaving the other man to make him as comfortable as possible, I set out for the police station to summon an ambulance. I must have made pretty good speed because the other inspector told me later that the ambulance arrived in an incredibly short space of time.

I also happened to be on duty when some of the survivors of the *Titanic* were brought in by the steamer *Carpathia*. Three lines of police were necessary to hold back the crowd of friends, relatives and thrill seekers that swarmed to the docks.

It was one of the most pathetic as well as the most inspiring sights I ever saw. Most of the survivors had nothing but the clothes on their backs and it gave me a lot of faith in human nature to see the manner in which friends and even strangers came to their assistance. I had never before seen—and never expect to see again—a table simply piled with money, where any of the survivors were at liberty to walk up and take as much as they needed. Even the railroad representatives presented them with passes to any part of the country to which they desired to go.

I had another rather peculiar experience one night which has always been very clear in my memory.

I was sitting in the office and I must have dozed off for a moment, but in that short space of time I had the most vivid dream. I dreamed that a negro, a hideous creature, with long curling teeth, like tusks, came in the door and bent over my chair. I awoke with a start to find that I was all alone.

A couple of nights later, at another pier, I was again in the office guarding some platinum used in dental work and valued at forty-eight thousand dollars. Suddenly I looked up at the window and saw this same face which had appeared to me in my dream. I was almost paralyzed with fright at first but I recovered soon enough to draw my revolver and keep him covered until I reached him.

He said that he was merely a longshoreman and that he was unable to sleep and was walking about the docks. I searched him but found nothing which would justify holding him, so I escorted him from the property and warned him not to return. I have often wondered, however, whether I really dreamed about the first appearance of this man or whether he was actually present.

For some time the customs had been receiving rumors that Chinese were being smuggled into the United States by way of the port of Philadelphia, and we had all been warned to keep a sharp lookout for attempts to run these aliens through the immigration lines.

Up to this time we had received no more than a few indefinite clews which led us to suspect that this work was being carried on independently by members of the crew on the ships of American Hawaiian Line. These boats, for the most part, carried sugar and canned goods from Puerto de Mexico to Philadelphia and New York. The cargoes were brought by rail across Mexico, having been received on the western coast from the Hawaiian Islands.

One night, some time after I had been in the service, the *California*, one of the boats from the American Hawaiian Line, stopped at Philadelphia to discharge sugar.

The day custom officers completed their inspection before night, and when I came on duty, informed me that everything was all right on board and that there were three Chinese in the crew who had been Americanized and were free to go ashore.

I was standing at the entrance of the dock when the first of these came ashore. I did no more than glance at him as he passed.

A short time later another Chinaman came off the ship. He was a friendly old chap and spoke English fairly well. He decided to stop and talk a while. I learned that he was the steward of the *California* and that he had two assistant cooks, both Chinese. The first assistant had already gone ashore, he said. The second assistant, it seems, was a regular Beau Brummel, according to the steward. This young man wore clothes of an elegance to turn the heart of any almond-eyed damsel. Yes, sir, he was a sheik that any steward would be proud to have as an assistant.

The old man proceeded on his way soon, and before he had been gone ten minutes, lo! and behold, who should stroll on the dock but two more Chinamen.

The second assistant I recognized by his clothes. The other, too, was well dressed. I stopped them at the gate, and addressed the cook.

"Are you a cook on the *California?*" I asked.

He nodded his head.

"Who is that with you?" I demanded.

"Him friend. Come see ship," he explained.

My suspicions were thoroughly aroused by this time, so I told the young fellow to turn around and put up his hands. He evidently knew what I had in my pocket, for he lost no time in obeying. I went over and found a murderous-looking clasp knife in one rear pocket and a .38 caliber revolver in the other. I don't hesitate to admit that when my hand touched them I felt a few cold shivers chase up and down my spine.

I was convinced he was lying and told him as much.

"I've been here ever since six o'clock," I said, "and no one has gone aboard. The day inspector would have told me if there had been any visitors while he was here. What do you say to that?"

"Him come see ship," the cook insisted sullenly, and began jabbering in Chinese to his companion, who, I soon learned, did not know English.

"Well, if that's the case," I said, "him going to see a lot more of ship. Back you go, both of you."

I marched them back to the gangplank. The quartermaster was keeping watch at the top. I told him about the excess of Chinamen on his ship and asked him for an explanation. He swore that the second man had not gone down the gangplank with the cook, and furthermore, that before they had shipped from Puerto de Mexico, the boat had been searched from bunkers to smokestack.

I reported by phone to the chief inspector and then started for the police station with my two prisoners. On the way I stopped in several Chinese laundries and asked the proprietor to put certain questions to the man whom I believed to have been smuggled in. They would chatter away for several minutes and then the laundryman would smile at me and translate.

"Him say he come see ship." So that was that.

I turned him over to the lieutenant at the police station, and went back to the pier. The next morning I left for New York to attend a track meet.

Upon returning from the meet late that afternoon, I bought a Philadelphia paper, and my eyes fell with some astonishment on the story of a great Chinese smuggling syndicate having been unearthed by the intelligence and bravery of the same police lieutenant to whom I had turned over my two prisoners.

This lieutenant, according to the paper, it seems, had been summoned from his desk by some excited children who had rushed into the station. He had been unable to make out what they were talking about, but had followed them nevertheless. Upon arriving at the dock his eyes followed the pointing of the children and, what should he see but a Chinaman swimming to the shore with a long knife clasped in his teeth.

Without a moment's hesitation the brave officer plunged into the water and engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Chinaman, who was finally disarmed and subdued and thrown into jail.

So much for the heroism of the lieutenant.

Upon arriving again at the docks, I learned that in the search of the ship by the custom officers, it had been revealed how the Chinaman had been smuggled in.

In the crew's quarters, below each bunk, were two drawers for their personal belongings. In examining these drawers in the room occupied by the assistant cooks it was found that the fronts of the drawers were *false,* and that the inside partition had been taken out to allow room for a man to stretch out at full length. In this tiny compartment, it seems, a Chinaman was brought every trip and fed by the assistant cook. When the boat docked he was taken ashore in the manner which I have described. In that instance it is believed that the smuggled Chinaman, whose name was Ah Gait, slipped down one of the hawsers and joined his benefactor on the dock.

I learned later from Ah Gait through an interpreter, that he had paid the assistant cook, Lee Chung, three hundred dollars to bring him safely through. It seems that the money had been advanced to him by some mysterious person and that Ah Gait had agreed to work a year for nothing to make good for this advanced money.

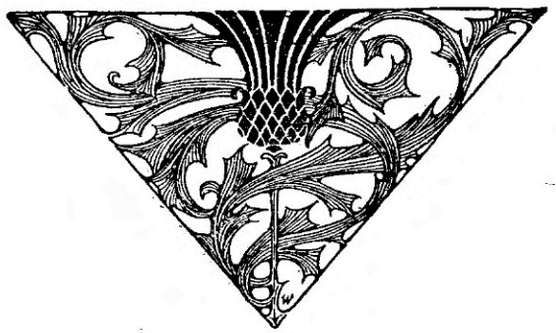
At the trial which followed the government attempted to prove that Lee Chung was the agent for some large syndicate. Lack of evidence to this effect, however, caused the case to be dropped and the last I heard of the unfortunate Ah Gait he had been deported to China, leaving a wife and child awaiting his return to Mexico.

During this time I was competing in various meets with rather indifferent success, due to the fact, I believe, that I had not yet become acclimated to my work, so that I could regulate my training satisfactorily.

A "box" in red type appeared one day in one of the papers saying that my chief in Philadelphia had said that I would either have to give up running or my job. Upon reading this he called me into his office and asked how that statement got into print. It turned out that neither one of us knew anything about it.

Even though many of the critics decided that I was all through as a runner, I decided to stick at the game a while longer. How well I was justified in this decision was shown in the results which followed shortly.

TO BE CONTINUED.



RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

In this installment of his reminiscences, Mr. Sheppard tells how he established ten new world's records after sporting writers predicted that he had begun to "slip," and narrates his adventures as king of the Coney Island Mardi Gras.

PART VIII.

THERE comes a time in the career of prominent athletes when they begin to slip—when a race is lost here, another there, when unheard of youngsters break the tape ahead, when the speed, which has carried them to many a great victory, slowly but surely begins to fade.

It is perhaps one of the most pathetic things in athletics to see famous runners begin to concede first places to the onslaught of years. It is only pathetic, however, from the standpoint of the athletes, themselves, who have passed through that stage and have watched Youth arise to dethrone them from the pinnacle of fame. The public fancy is painlessly and often eagerly transferred from the old to the new. "It's time he was getting beat," they say, "let the youngsters have a chance."

Which, in all probability, is the right way to look at the matter, but it's tough, mighty tough, to face the cold, cheerless facts that the world is developing others better than yourself to take your place.

An athlete may be spared all this if he observes two things. In the first place, he should never allow himself to become absorbed in athletics to the exclusion of everything else. His work, for instance, should claim the greater portion of his attention, even while he is in competition; so that he can easily regard with indifference the fact that he is beginning to slip, because the enthusiasm he has expended on athletics is at once transferred to his work when this stage is reached. The second solution is for him to hang up his shoes when he is at the height of his glory, so that he will have nothing to look upon but victories.

The only drawback to the second suggestion is that it is practically an impossibility. Why, this is hard to say, except that the winning fever is one of athletics' worst maladies, for this fever, once acquired, makes the athlete its slave. It eats its way into his consciousness until he firmly believes he cannot lose. And never, until he is the most ordinary of second-raters, does it finally dawn upon him that his running days are over.

This business of winning races becomes a habit to the champion athlete, even as the millionaire has acquired the habit of making money. The latter does not struggle for additional millions because he needs them, but because, once having felt the power that money will bring, his only instinct is to increase that power, to keep it with him always.

So it is with competitive athletics. The man does not continue to run because he needs the medals, but because he cannot resist the challenge to his power, ignoring of which would be akin to losing caste. So he runs until he breaks, competes until his name appears among the also-rans, and finally awakes to the fact that his fame was but a passing fancy, and that the names of others now grace the headlines on the sporting pages.

To all appearances I had reached this stage in the winter and spring of 1909. The critics seemed to think so, but I, true to the tradition of the cinders, refused to consider myself among the has-beens. It would have been an excellent time to retire, just after my sensational performances in the Olympics; but no, the habit was too firmly embedded in my system, and I insisted upon regarding my mediocre exhibitions as merely a temporary slump. Even a famous trainer told me quite seriously that new shoes would never make an old man young.

The rumor that I was about to retire began to circulate freely, bringing letters from strangers in all parts of the country, many saying that I was a fool to risk my work by the "medal-grabbing" game, and others advocating the theory that, if my business interfered with my athletics, give up the business. I received all kinds and sorts of advice, but the prize letter was from a youth who had somehow conceived the impression that athletic championships were either picked from trees like cherries, or else were obtained by barter at some auction sale. It is worth quoting:

MR. MELVIN SHEPPARD.

DEAR SIR: I was reading the New York paper and I saw a piece in it that you was going to give up running. I beg to inform you that i am desirous of pertecting the championship if you want to give it to me. I am a 440 and 880-yard runner, and i am the champion of western Penna. There is no fellow around this part of this State that can beat me. Mr. Melvin, if you can give me the championship i will take good care of it and when i race any one i will give you half of what i win for one year.

I am an amateur. I can run 100 yards in 10 seconds. Dont you think that is going some. I will be honest with you and let you no when i am going to run a race, and let you no also how much is up, and i will let you hear from me twice a week. I will run myself to death before i would lose it. I tell you that, Mr. Melvin.

I am 22 years of age and have been running for the last 2 years. Now, Mr. Sheppard, do not disappoint me, as i am very anxious to have the championship of the world, and if you should return to running and i should have the championship i would give it back to you because i never have raced you for this championship.

Now kindly let me hear from you soon. I inclose a stamp to answer with.

Hopping to get answer from you saying that you will give me the championship.

Very truly yours, RALPH HILL,
Champion of Penna.

Bradford, Pa.

For some reason or other I did not take advantage of this opportunity of placing my championships in safe hands, even though the shady source of income that Mr. Hill suggested might have come in handy. His idea of amateurism seemed slightly warped, but I have always felt it to be regrettable that such apparent talent should remain buried in Bradford. It was also fortunate that I was never compelled to jeopardize my title by a match race with this speed demon.

I received another indication of English sportsmanship in March, which served to further disprove the tales of unfairness that some of our men brought back from the games. I was pleased and greatly flattered by the receipt of the following letter from P. L. Fisher, honorable secretary of the British Athletic Association.

LONDON, March 17, 1909.

M. W. SHEPPARD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure to inform you that by the kindness of the American consulate in London I have been able to for-

ward to you the gold record medal of this association, which has been awarded to you for the 880-yard British record, one minute fifty-four seconds, created by you at the Olympic games 1908.

The medal has been forwarded by the consulate in America and I trust will reach you safely.

Perhaps you will please send me an acknowledgment when you receive the medal.

Yours faithfully, P. L. FISHER.

The indoor season in 1909 does not stand out in my memory for any remarkable races, but one meet I remember, gave me the privilege of meeting the president once more.

It was on the occasion of the Federal games in Washington. The team went down a day early in order to have some time to spend in the nation's capital.

Upon arriving there I got in touch with Congressman William Hughes, who, through his interest in athletics, had for several years been a very close friend of mine. He asked if I, with a few of my friends, wouldn't like to meet the president once more. We all agreed eagerly, so Mr. Hughes took four of us over to the executive mansion where the president transacted the official business of the government.

We were taken into the room where the president received his cabinet, and it was with almost a feeling of awe that we distributed ourselves around the long, imposing-looking table over which a great deal of the history of the United States had been made.

As we were being introduced, Mr. Hughes said to the president, "You remember Melvin Sheppard, don't you."

"Well, I should say I do," Mr. Roosevelt replied, "he's the lad for whom I had to stop the wheels of the government while I dug up a job for him. Glad to see you again."

While we were there Representative Sulzer came in the room and the president displayed more of his human characteristics as he joked with Sulzer about a bill the latter was trying to put through and of which Mr. Roosevelt frankly admitted he didn't approve.

"How are you making out," he greeted Sulzer.

"Not very well, thanks to you." Sulzer grinned back.

The president chuckled.

"That's bully good news," he said; "you're going to have some job getting it by me."

Representative Goldfogle also came in while we were there and came in for his share of joshing from the president.

The meet was held the following evening. I was entered in the 600-yard run in which there were thirty-nine other starters with handicaps ranging from five to forty-eight yards.

The track was so small, however, that I was unable to push my way through the crowd for better than fourth place.

The following day I received an invitation to visit the famous Social Oyster Club. The members of this unique organization are employees of the government, but there are always guests who rank high in national politics.

Nothing is served but oysters and such things that tend to make the oyster more palatable. Huge bins, like coal bins, are filled with the live mollusks. Wagons back up and dump their load as though delivering coal.

There is a strict ruling that whoever wishes to eat the oyster in its natural state must provide himself with a pair of overalls, an oyster knife, and open the shells himself. Of course if he wishes them in any of the other innumerable ways in which they are served, the opening process has already been attended to by men hired for that purpose.

At the end of the day—it is customary to spend the entire day there—when no one is able to look a respectable oyster in the face without a shudder, the closing ceremonies take place.

Four of the most prominent guests are chosen for the honor of "burying the corpse." The latter consists of a rectangular box, built to the dimensions of a coffin, in which repose the shells of unfortunate bivalves that have sacrificed their lives for the occasion. The shells are dumped over a cliff with fitting solemnities and the guests and members return home to recuperate at their leisure.

It was shortly after this that I embarked on my first barnstorming tour. A friend of mine had arranged a series of races in three Pennsylvania towns and I had agreed to compete for him, running three miles in each race against a three-man relay team, two of whom would travel with us. The third man would be selected from local talent. If I had realized, when I agreed to do this, what the final outcome of this burst of friendship on my part would be, I'm afraid I would never have considered the trip.

Our first stop was at Altoona, where we were received by the sporting public with open arms. We were the guests of honor at a banquet before the meet and a good-sized crowd turned out.

The meet was held in a skating rink, I believe, and the track must have been at least thirty-five or forty laps to the mile. I won the event without much trouble, but the track was so small that I was actually dizzy after I had finished, from running round and round such a tiny circle.

At the next town, Greensburg, the barnstorming tour almost went on the rocks. It seems that the promoter of the games had overlooked the fact that there was also scheduled for the same night, a burlesque show, a basket-ball game and a roller-skating party. The result was that there were only a few present at our exhibition, the old men having attended the burlesque show and the younger men having taken their young ladies to the skating party, which left the sport enthusiasts to be divided between our meet and the basket-ball game.

The track was about the same size as the one at Altoona and my feet, when I had finished, were almost too sore to walk on; numerous blisters having been added to those already obtained in Altoona.

Our third and last meet was at Johnstown, one of the best sport towns in the State. My feet, upon our arrival, were giving me a great deal of trouble and, inasmuch as my appearance had been advertised and I didn't want to place my friend in an awkward position by refusing to run altogether, I requested the promoter of the meet that I be allowed to forego the relay and run an exhibition race of my own. He didn't favor this at all, but he put the proposition up to the audience, who favored it even less.

The cold-blooded, heartless attitude of the spectators angered me to such an extent that I hopped on the chair just vacated by the promoter and addressed the audience in my own behalf.

I mentioned, among other things, what a rotten bunch of sportsmen I considered them to be, and questioned the fact that any of those present possessed the ability to run a scant hundred yards, and a few more personalities which I am unable to recall at present.

The result of my little speech was even more interesting than I could have hoped. Most of the audience, it seems, had rented cushions to discourage the hardness of the seats, and some indignant spectator conceived the idea that I would make an excellent target for his cushion. About five seconds after that the air was black with them, and I decided that it was time for me to leave.

I met my companions in the dressing room and we slipped out the back way, while the management was trying to restore order in the arena. We soon learned that the crowd had determined to carry their grievance even as far as the station, but of course they did not know that we were taking a west-bound

train to Pittsburgh, instead of an eastbound as they had expected. Johnny Gallegher, one of our party, had entered a marathon race there, to be held two days later.

On the way to Pittsburgh I cut my foot slightly in attempting to open some of the blisters, and an infection set in. Upon my arrival home the infection had developed into blood poisoning, and I was at once put in bed by the doctor who examined it.

The condition became so bad that an abscess developed on my leg, which swelled it to almost twice its natural size. I learned later that my condition at one time was so serious that newspaper and press association men were covering my house in order that they might score a beat if I took a turn for the worse or if I paid the extreme penalty for my carelessness.

The crisis passed, however, and the doctors said that I owed my life to the remarkable energy I had stored up through athletics. My convalescence was rapid and was marked by but one unpleasant incident. When returning from a minor operation at the doctor's office I proceeded to disgrace myself by fainting in the street. I came to in a drug store.

I foolishly began running again as soon as I was able, but the spring and summer of 1909 were complete failures from the standpoint of athletics. It seems incredible that, even after an illness of that sort, which gave every indication I would never be able to run again, I was still unable to shake off the cinder fever and to place running in the background of my mind.

One of the factors I believed responsible for my inability to get back into form was the fact that there seemed to be no one for me to train with in Philadelphia. My menal condition, in regard to track, also became sluggish and I felt that I needed the stimulus of training with my friends, and of being surrounded by people that I knew and who took an interest in my running. Here again I placed athletics above everything else and decided I would like to return to New York once more. Inasmuch as I enjoyed the work in the customs service, I applied for a transfer to the port of New York and found to my dismay that a transfer, in a matter of this sort, was even more difficult to obtain than the original appointment.

I was pretty well stumped at this until once more I thought that President Roosevelt might possibly lend his influence again and help me to make the change. I hesitated to ask him even longer this time than I did at first, because I couldn't help but feel that a second request of this nature would have all the appearances of making a downright nuisance of myself. I finally, however, summoned enough courage to drop him another note. It was just at the time of the expiration of his second term in office, but even with all the last moment problems that he must have been faced with, my letter was answered the same day on which it was received.

My letter had been mailed from Philadelphia on the first of March, had arrived at the White House the same day, and the following note from the president's secretary was also dated March first.

MY DEAR MR. SHEPPARD: Your letter of the first instant has been received and the president has taken the matter up with the secretary of the treasury to see if what you desire can be properly arranged. Very truly yours, WILLIAM LOEB, JR.,
Secretary to the President.

So in this manner I was transferred, and once more took up my residence in New York.

As I mentioned before, my foot bothered me to the extent that the summer was uneventful from the running standpoint. I chafed under this restraint mainly because Emilio Lunghi, the Italian middle-distance star, who had

finished second to me in the 800 meters in London at the 1908 Olympics, had come to this country with the chief purpose of avenging his defeat of the past year. I was more than willing to run him, but I was so terribly out of shape that I would have been able to give him no real competition.

But it so happened that young Harry Gissing, of New York A. C., whom I mentioned before, was just coming into his own, and succeeded admirably in upholding the cinder honors against the foreigner. Gissing led Lunghi to the tape in practically every race in which the two were entered.

My training began to show some improvements during the summer, but it was not until the fall that I finally returned to form and showed a flash of my old-time speed.

It was at the fall games of the New York A. C. that I staged my comeback and I have always felt that the conditions governing this race were more or less significant, inasmuch as my comeback occurred in the nature of a celebration. Melvin, junior, was born September twenty-fourth, the day before the race, so that I had every incentive in the world for cutting loose and running my head off.

The race itself was a mile relay in which the Irish-American team established a new world's record of three minutes twenty and three-fifth seconds. The team consisted of C. S. Cassara, "Yank" Robbins, J. M. Rosenberger and myself. The old record of 3:21:2 was established in 1898 by a New York A. C. team composed of J. B. Wefers, M. W. Long, T. E. Burk and H. S. Lyons. This old record, as is the case with most records, had been considered almost impossible to lower. The present record, by the way, is 3:16:2 held by C. D. Rogers, Earl Eby, Lawrence Brown and Robert Maxam. It's hard to believe that it will go much lower than that, but time alone will tell.

Shortly after this race, the Irish-American A. C. established another mile-relay record for a five-man team, at a set of games in Celtic Park. The team was composed of Bobby Cloughen, Smye Northridge, J. M. Rosenberger, Yank Robbins and myself. The time was 3:17:1.

Although my steady improvement was very gratifying, I realized that I had not yet reached the peak of my form. This was made evident by several defeats I received at the hands of Gissing and Lunghi, but in each successive race I had the satisfaction of knowing that these two men were leading me to the tape by steadily decreasing margins. Abel Kiviat was just bursting into the limelight at that time and, although a bit inexperienced, was causing some of the old-timers a lot of trouble.

It was in the games of the Monument Club at Celtic Park that a special 1,000-yard race was staged, which brought together six of the most prominent middle-distance men in the world. The papers hailed the coming race as a real classic and published columns upon columns of dope in attempts to pick the winner.

The advertised starters were Lunghi, Gissing, Kiviat, Bromilow, Frank Riley and myself, but when the race was called only Lunghi, Kiviat and myself went to our marks. The day was raw and windy. It had rained the day before and the track was still soggy and slow.

At the crack of the gun Kiviat took the lead, and set a moderate pace down the first long straightaway, but as he rounded the far turn, Lunghi, who evidently considered the pace too slow, let out a notch and coasted to the front. I had already picked Lunghi as the man I had to race, so I, also, passed Kiviat and stuck to Lunghi's shoulder. The fact that I was still running easily must have worried the Italian, for, in an apparent effort to pull me out of my stride, he started to sprint. I had run this dis-

tance too many times, however, not to know my race, so I allowed him to open up a gap of about ten yards, while I continued to hold my stride.

As he rounded the far turn, once more, into the back stretch, I watched him closely and noticed that, as he began to buck the wind, the muscles of his neck began to tighten, which is a pretty sure indication that a runner is in distress and is having a hard time to keep his head down. His legs were also tiring slightly as the result of his premature sprint.

I increased my own stride slightly, so that at the head of the back stretch I had closed the gap. I passed him just as we hit the turn and grabbed a four-yard lead, which I held down the home stretch and up to the tape.

The critics hailed my victory in this race as a complete return to form, and I must admit that it was a tremendous satisfaction to me to feel that I was no longer a has-been. The satisfaction arose not only from the thrill of breaking a tape once more, but from the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so" to those who had wisely declared that my running days were over.

As the indoor season rolled around and we began to compete in local and out-of-town meets, the registration committee of the A. A. U. was suddenly seized with one of its periodical and hysterical attacks of righteousness. It set about once more to make the amateur athletic world a safe and pure place for the rising generation of the country's youth.

The exact reason for these outbreaks is never known, but in order to make them as spectacular as possible, it is customary to select as the victims the most prominent athletes available.

And so it came to pass that, as a team of New York men were en route for some indoor games in Pittsburgh, it was learned that Harry Porter and myself, both members of the team, together with several others, had been suspended by the registration committee for receiving exorbitant expenses on a previous trip to Buffalo. This, of course, made us ineligible to compete at Pittsburgh, but inasmuch as we had come all the way at the expense of the promoters of the games, it was announced that the meet would close promptly at eleven thirty, but that Harry Porter and Melvin Sheppard, who had come all the way from New York but were ineligible to compete, would take a work-out after the games were officially closed, and that any of those wishing to remain to witness it were privileged to do so. So we had our "work-out." Porter high-jumped and I ran a six hundred yard race with Harry Hillman, but strange to say no one seemed to wish to leave when the games were "closed."

Upon my return to New York I found myself up to my neck in trouble. The others who had been suspended for the same reason were George Bonhag, Fred Bellars and Charley Bacon, and, to make a long story short, the registration committee had, as one of the papers stated, gone off "half-cocked" and rendered their decision upon the complaint of the promoter of the Buffalo meet, who wailed long and loud that we had held him up. One of the papers commented upon this as follows:

> Prominent athletes are severe in their scoring of the promoter of the Buffalo games, who made such a "squeal" for having to pay Melvin Sheppard, right now the most famous amateur athlete in the world and likewise the best drawing card, the sum of thirty-five dollars for expenses from Philadelphia to Buffalo and return.
>
> Just how one can travel from Philadelphia to Buffalo, and return, as a gentleman should, on less than thirty-five dollars does not appear, and it is a matter of record that Sheppard spent more than that on the trip.
>
> As one star athlete put it: "It would be interesting to know the difference in receipts of those games with the star athletes and without them. It is a cinch that the receipts of the games more than made up for any expenses the stars drew down!"

The papers seemed to take the matter as much to heart as the athletes and several even published an itemized statement of my expenses, which more than accounted for the money I had received.

We were called up on the carpet, of course, and in this connection I was ordered to bring all my medals to the meeting, to prove to the committee that I hadn't disposed of them for the money that the gold in them would bring. This, I thought, was stretching things a bit too far, but I kept my opinions to myself and went to all the trouble of getting them out of the safety-deposit vault and of lugging them up to the meeting. It developed that the committee completely forgot that they had requested such a thing, and I was not even called upon to open the box, which contained some five hundred trophies, mostly firsts. Most of the papers handled this meeting in the light of a joke. The following clipping, I believe, is worth quoting:

"The official charges against the men, was their failure to send in an itemized expense bill after their trip to Buffalo to take part in the games of the Seventy-fourth Regiment. They all had their receipts for the Buffalo meeting with them, and all showed that they had not received an excessive amount. None of the charges were proven, so, to the disgust of the chairman, the men were all reinstated.

"Bonhag had the brilliant idea of saving all his prize money orders, so that he could have one very valuable trophy made. Martin Sheridan spoke for the athlete, saying that Bonhag did not know that there was a ruling against this. Bonhag received a warning.

"Bellars had a second charge against him. It was to the effect that he had charged the Twenty-second Regiment two dollars expenses and he could only account for one dollar and ninety cents of this money. In explaining his reason for not returning the ten cents to the regiment, Bellars said that he lived in Lindhurst, N. J., and on his way home that night had missed his trolley car and had to walk four miles in the dark. Bellars was warned by the committee and ordered to return the dime. The chairman wanted to take charge of the money, but Bellars refused to give it to him.

"Things looked serious for Bacon at one time. He charged five dollars for hotel accommodations in Buffalo, but did not sleep in the hotel. Bacon explained that this had since been returned to the Buffalo regiment and Bacon had his receipt. This was the steenth blow to the committee. They thought that they had Bacon fried.

"Sheppard brought a small trunk full of medals to the meeting to prove that he knew none of the Simpsons pawnbrokers. During his hearing he was constantly chewing peanuts. 'Why are you eating peanuts?' asked the chairman. 'You have to eat peanuts at a circus,' replied Sheppard, the Olympic hero.

So we were all whitewashed—temporarily—and the Buffalo affair blew over. From then on, however, I was constantly referring to the papers to learn whether or not I was still an amateur in good standing.

Between suspensions I was actively engaged in a series of match races with Lunghi and Gissing. The most important of these was the 600-yard indoor national championship. Lunghi was not entered in this race, which I won in 1:14:3.

The indoor season, as a whole, was more or less uneventful. There are several races, however, that stand out.

In the Irish A. C. indoor games, John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, offered a special trophy for the 600-yard race. Upon winning the race I was presented the prize by Mr. McCormack from his box, which was filled with other well-known opera stars.

One of the features of the indoor season was a family relay race in which only teams consisting of brothers were eligible to compete. There were four entries, each team consisting of three men; the Bacon brothers, the Riley brothers, the Garing brothers, and the Sheppard brothers.

The latter were regarded as favorites because of the splendid condition that I was in at the time, but the results of the race proved, to the complete satisfaction of all statisticians interested in such subjects, that running ability does not naturally run in the family. When those brothers of mine started to run it seemed that my ability had actually been obtained at their expense. I positively blushed with shame, and I started so far behind that even my most strenuous efforts were unable to uphold the family honor. I finished far in the rear.

Another rather amusing incident occurred during one of the indoor meets, which serves to illustrate how apt a person is to form impressions from hearsay. If we read or hear a good deal about any one person we all have a well-defined mental picture formed, which is likely to cause us keen disappointment when we finally meet the person in the flesh.

My event had been run off fairly early and I had taken my shower and dressed to watch the remainder of the games. I was standing at one end of the arena when I heard a couple of youngsters talking behind me.

"Gosh," whispered one, in a tone of awe, "looky, Bill, that's Sheppard, Mel Sheppard. Gosh!"

A moment of silence, and then the scornful reply.

"G'wan, yer crazy wid de heat. That guy's dying wid consumption."

All of which goes to show that one can't always tell.

My condition during the indoor season was steadily improving, with the result that I came on the boards and on the cinders in the best condition of my life, determined to show the critics that "old" Mel Sheppard still had a few races under his belt. It was strange, however, that just at the time when everybody thought my running days were over—and I'll admit that any athlete less crazy about the game than myself would have thought the same thing—that I should blossom forth into the greatest and most spectacular season of my whole period of competition; a season in which, over a period of a few months, I established no less than ten new world's records.

My first onslaught against old Father Time took place in the games of the Irish-American A. C., at Celtic Park on May thirtieth.

The race was a special race from scratch, in which I was opposed by Dick Egan and Abel Kiviat. I had agreed to try for new records in the 660 and 700 yards. For this purpose a tape was stretched and a set of timers placed at each distance.

The day was fine and my legs had that nice live feeling that usually means speed. There was nothing spectacular about the race. I simply took the lead at the start, judged my own pace and ran myself out at the finish. I had determined to run on schedule and for this purpose had several friends with stop watches stationed along the track to tell me, as I passed, the exact time that I was making. My final time for the 660 was 1:21:2, which smashed the record of 1:22 made by Lon E. Myers, which had stood the attacks of ambitious middle-distancers for thirty years. The time for the 700 yards was 1:26:4, which lowered the record of Emilio Lunghi, established the preceding year.

On June twenty-sixth, at the Clan-na-Gael games at Celtic Park I went out after the 550-yard record of 1:05:4 established by Harry Hillman in 1905. Through the efforts of Yank Robbins, who sacrificed himself to take the lead and set a tremendous pace, I covered the distance in 1:05 flat. I lowered my own world's record in this event, however, later on.

The Clan-na-Gael of Brooklyn and Queens held a set of games at Celtic Park on July seventeenth. I was entered in the 1,000-yard handicap, but had no intention of running if I could get out of the race. I had been on duty late the night before and had been compelled to arise early to go on duty the day of the race. I was thoroughly tired and felt like nothing more than climbing into bed for a few hours sleep. I showed up at the park, however, but no one would listen to my request to be dropped from the entry list. Lawson Robertson was especially emphatic that I run.

I finally agreed, but I had not brought my good running-suit and shoes, so that I was forced to wear an old soiled suit that I kept at Celtic Park for training, and an old pair of shoes that I used for the same purpose.

The starters were all on their marks when I arrived. They were strung out as far as sixty yards ahead. At the flash of the gun I tore out after the gang ahead and began picking them off. One handicap man tired suddenly and instead of stepping off the track on the inside of the rail, he cut diagonally across and walked right in front of me. I was going at such a clip that it nearly knocked us both off our feet, but I recovered my stride quickly and set out after the rest.

I finally passed the last man, and sprinted up the stretch with all the strength I had left. I did not consider the race especially fast so that I was completely dumfounded when I learned that I had covered the distance in 2:12:2.

This lowered for the first time in twenty-nine years the old record of 2:13 flat, set by Lon E. Myers in 1881.

For this race I was presented by G. M. L. Sachs the trophy that Lon E. Myers, himself, had won at that distance. This, as I mentioned before, was according to an agreement that Mr. Sachs had made with me four years before, in the event that I would lower one of Myers' records. The cup was a beautiful thing of sterling silver and is easily the most beautiful in my collection.

By this time, I began to get really ambitious and on the following Sunday, in another set of games at Celtic Park, August 7th, I requested that I be permitted to take a shot at the 900-yard record of 2:1:2 established by Andy Garner in 1908. Inasmuch as this time was considered nothing remarkable for this distance, every one expected me to get a new mark.

The real surprise of the race, then, was sprung by Abel Kiviat, when he fought me every inch of the way and finished but a scant two yards behind. He ran a beautiful race and forced me to my limit, with the result that the time was 1:57:1, four and one-fifth seconds better than the old mark. It is easier to appreciate the above time when it is understood that 1:57:1 is considered fast time for the half mile—880 yards. Kiviat's time for the 900 yards was 1:57:4.

—Kiviat, by the way, has often told me that the accounts of my victories in the 1908 Olympics served as his inspiration in the running game. This was a strange coincidence, inasmuch as he turned out to be one of my toughest opponents.

A week later at the games of the Irish Volunteers at Celtic Park, I requested that a 600-yard special be staged and that tapes and timers be stationed at 500 and 550 yards. In this way I stood the chance of breaking three records in a single race, and that is just what happened.

Jim Rosenberger and H. Schaaf acted as pacemakers and took ten and fourteen yards respectively.

In the 500 yards I lowered Tom

Burke's old record by one-fifth of a second, covering the distance in 57:3. In the 550 I lowered my own record of 1:05 to 1:04, and in the 600 took another record from Tom Burke's by turning in a time of 1:10:4. The old record was 1:11.

I had been entered in a set of games at Celtic Park on July thirty-first, in which it was planned that I should go after the two-third-mile record of 2:45:3 held by Lunghi.

As the day arrived, however, weather conditions were so bad that I gave up all idea of going after a record and decided just to run the race to win. The wind was blowing a small gale, and the track, made cuppy by sprinkling of barrels of oil, was exceedingly slow.

I started at an easy clip, but when I arrived at the one-half-mile mark somebody yelled that my time was two minutes, so I decided to finish strong. To my surprise I lowered the record by one-fifth of a second.

On August twentieth I had signed up for another two-third-mile. This race was to be held in Newark, N. J. At the time I had entered the event I was told that it was to be a handicap affair, but the minute my entry was received, they began to hustle around to get other starters till the entry list finally took on all appearances of a championship race. Each day I would pick up the paper and find a new star entered.

This turn of matters did not please me at all inasmuch as I had planned to try for the half-mile record on August twenty-third and had no desire to run a killing race three days before. I told this to the promoters, but their vision didn't extend any farther than the gate receipts that such a race would bring, so they went blithely on with their plans. I began to get stubborn.

Therefore, on the day of the race, I had managed to get assigned to a ship, and informed the games committee that my business would interfere with my pleasure that day and that they had best scratch my name from the list. I thought I had fixed things up fine, but I overlooked a certain stubbornness, also, on the part of the promoters.

The latter at once proceeded to get in touch with Congressman William Hughes and Congressman Gene Kinkead, both personal friends of mine. These two at once got in touch with William Loeb, former secretary to President Roosevelt, and at that time collector of the port, who, in turn, instructed my superior to release me from duty for the remainder of the day. Everybody of course thought they were doing me a favor.

I left the docks about five o'clock for Newark, arriving there about six. The event had been held, awaiting my arrival, and as I stepped on the field the crowd of fifteen or twenty thousand greeted me with a cheer.

This didn't add to my peace of mind, however, and I was fuming inwardly as I warmed up preparatory to going to my marks.

The track itself was practically impossible. It had formerly been used for horse racing but had been neglected for so long that weeds had grown waist-high in the inclosure and on the track. The track itself had been mowed down fairly close, but the best place to run upon it was in a winding path that extended around the half-mile course. When the runners were on the opposite side it was only possible to see their heads bobbing up and down from the grand stands.

I started the race in a half-hearted way and coasted along at my own pace in spite of the yells from the grand stand.

Finally I decided to make the best of things, and when I passed the half-mile point, some one, just as in my last two-third-mile race, shouted that my time was two minutes. By this time I started to take an interest in things, and, inasmuch as I was still feeling strong, I decided to run. So I uncorked the rest of my reserve and finished strong.

After I had broken the tape with a comfortable lead, I started for the dressing room without waiting for the time. Just as I had reached the gate, however, I was startled by a tremendous shout from the crowd. I soon learned that I had, in spite of myself, broken my own record for that distance. My new time was 2:44:2.

My try for the half-mile record took place in Poughkeepsie on the twenty-third. The stage was all set for this attempt, and I traveled there from New York especially for the purpose of making the trial on a clay track there which was considered one of the fastest in the country. Sparrow Robinson even went up a couple of days before to get the track in the best possible condition. I decided to make a try at the 800-yard record at the same time, and it was fortunate I did.

I missed the half-mile record, held by Lunghi, by one-fifth of a second, but lowered the 800-yard record of 1:44:2 established thirty years ago by Lon Myers. My time was 1:43:3.

This only goes to prove the elusiveness of records. By that I mean that records are practically always made at unexpected times and lie in the man himself, not in the condition of the track and weather. The unfortunate part is that no athlete knows when he is exactly right or when a record is liable to drop. Many records have been spared because a runner, with a good comfortable lead, slowed down the last few yards of his race. In cases of this sort it is a great blow for him to learn that this particular day was his day of days and that he failed to take advantage of it. A mighty sensible moral may be drawn from this fact, a moral which may be applied not alone to cinder paths.

"If a race is worth starting, it's worth finishing."

The 800-yard record ended, for a time, my campaign against new world's marks, and it might be of interest to those who would like to run but feel they are handicapped by their work, to know the conditions under which most of these records were made.

In order to get to my work on time it was necessary for me to arise as early as five in the morning. The life of the customs inspector is very irregular, and often I would not go off duty till late at night. Often I would sleep aboard the ship that I was on at the time.

Practically all my meals were taken aboard ship, and I was served with food prepared by chefs of all nationalities, none of whom, I might say, ever concerned themselves with the proper diet for an athlete in training.

Between assignments I squeezed in my training. I worked almost always on the days of a meet, dropping my work to go to the field and run, and returning to work after the race was over. My fellow workers used to pick up a paper in the evening and remark:

"Holy smoke, Mel, I see you smashed another record to-day! How the devil do you do it?"

I only mention this to illustrate that the life of an athlete does not necessarily have to be a bed of roses. Perhaps if I had been pampered along like the college athletes I might have made better time, and then, again, perhaps not. At any rate, a man who loves the game enough can overcome such obstacles as the lack of a coaching staff and ideal facilities for training. After all, I believe that it is just what a person becomes accustomed to.

It might also be a good idea to explain at this time why the above records do not appear on the official books. Some of them, of course, were lowered, and others fell victim to a new ruling made by the International Federation of Amateur Sports, which provided that only such records would be recognized

as were made on a track which had been measured twelve inches from the pole. All my records had been made before this ruling was adopted and when the tracks were measured eighteen inchs from the pole. A quarter-mile track, therefore, measured by the new standard, would be approximately three yards longer than the old track. Our representative to the federation agreed to this new ruling with the result that my records were no longer considered official. For some peculiar reason they accepted my 600 and 1,000-yard records as official over standard distances.

About that time I was beginning to get fed up on track. I had competed steadily for almost eight months and I felt that I was going a bit stale. It was perhaps excusable, then, that a certain turn of events switched my interests in another channel and set me off on one of the most unique and eventful races I ever had the pleasure of competing in. It was a pretty good demonstration of how completely a person in athletics may become dominated by the competitive spirit, and what peculiar situations he may be drawn into by his refusal to permit anybody to "lead him to the tape."

Coney Island, in those days, held, in the fall of each year, a huge carnival which they called the Mardi gras. It was customary in each of these early celebrations to elect a king and queen, who, theoretically, would preside over the ceremonies. This contest was carried on in the New York *Evening World*. A coupon was run each day which the reader was supposed to cut out and send back with the name of his candidate for king and queen.

The job of king was generally sought by somebody desirous of the publicity either in a political or a commercial way. Politicians and wine agents were generally the principal contenders, so that the royal job was limited by no restrictions of birth or lineage.

The results of the balloting were published from day to day in the paper, and when I picked up the list of candidates one day, I found that some athlete with a sense of humor had sent in a couple of votes for me. I was amused, but thought nothing more of it. When, however, the votes began to increase from day to day, I began to take a little interest in the matter. And when the day arrived when my name jumped from the middle of the list to third place, I awoke to the fact that here was a brand of competition I had never tried before, and now was as good a time as any to take a whirl at politics.

Those of my friends with whom I talked the matter over seemed enthusiastic and offered their utmost assistance. It was in the Sparrow's Nest that my campaign was finally hatched, and I became a contender for the throne.

As a first move I offered medals which I had won to the youngsters bringing the greatest number of votes to the Sparrow's Nest and when these youngsters got to going I doubt if any one had a more profitable source of votes. The elevator man in Sparrow's place went almost crazy. Aside from this the entire police force decided to back me, as well as all the custom service, the postal service and the firemen.

The contest finally settled down to a chap by the name of Joe Hewes and myself. Hewes was pulling every wire available, so the votes seesawed back and forth. He would be leading one day and, the next issue of the paper I would be out in front. We would each hold thousands of votes in reserve and send them in in a bunch when our stock began to slump. I had lockers in the custom house crammed full of these.

On the last day of the voting my supporters drove up to the World building with a truck load of votes. The doors were already closed but they tossed them over the transom of the counting room. The next issue of the paper showed me

with a total of 413,716 votes, over twice that of my nearest competitor.

One of the post-office officials brought over a mail sack full of votes which he said had been deposited without stamps by youngsters. He estimated that if other offices received as many, there must have been at least a million lying around in the various branches. Needless to say, we never received them.

And so I was elected king.

This was all very nice, except that after I had been elected to the royal job, trouble began to develop. It turned out that I was expected to foot all my own bills, to entertain at dinners and banquets for a week, to provide myself with regal robes and a coach with four white horses, and numerous other items which would run into thousands of dollars.

It seems that this had been the custom of former kings, but my comment on this was that the former kings had been too blamed soft. It was rumored that two of them had gone into bankruptcy immediately following their descent from the throne.

I figured it out that, inasmuch as it was the merchants of Coney Island and the railroad companies who were receiving all the benefit of the affair, it was only just that they should foot the bills of the king and the queen. I told the committee this in a letter, adding that the publicity meant nothing to me and that if they wanted me for a king they'd have to provide the means.

This letter created quite a stir. It established a new precedent and the newspapers eagerly recognized its possibilities as a good yarn and played it up big. Some even ran editorials on it. The following is an example of how it was handled:

"King Mel the One, who was better known in the London Olympic games of 1908 as Melvin W. Sheppard, winner over all the world of the 800 and 1,500-meter races, will rule over Coney Island to-night under the initial disadvantage of a stringency in the royal treasury. Since King Mel will be at the same time ruler of the week's kingdom of joy and keeper of the royal purse strings, the paucity in the treasury will be of peculiar embarrassment to him.

"The keeper of the royal purse strings may not allow King Mel the price of a coach with four milk-white steeds, behind which he and his queen should, by regal right, ride to their coronation at Steeplechase. Again the king may command the keeper of the R. P. to go easy on opening any expensive wassail in which a lot of ringers could drink to the health of the monarch without listening to the chirp of the cash register.

"Thus King Mel the One and the keeper are going to keep a check on each other during the ensuing week's reign, constituting between themselves a board of estimate and control with full veto powers on loose and unwarranted expenditures.

"Considering all these things, the champion middle-distance runner of the world wanted to know if the executive committee stood ready to disburse certain sums. Item for coronation robes, $75. Item for royal coach and four milk-white steeds, $50. Item for buying dizzy water for a lot of cheap skates who edge up to every Coney King with the flaps of their wallets riveted down, $ any number of times.

"If the executive committee could not see its way clear to considering any or all of these items of incidental expense, Mr. Sheppard thought that he would have to continue being a plain customs man and pass up any joyous king-business."

The committee finally decided to furnish me with the bare necessities, so that I transferred my headquarters to the Island and proceeded to be crowned.

The following week, in which I reigned in splendor, was fatiguing even to the nerves of an athlete. The queen and myself were on exhibition most of

the time, escorted always by a flock of mounted police. The novelty of the thing wore off the first day, and, by the middle of the week, I was thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair. My only consolation was the retinue I had chosen from among my own friends. We managed to sneak away at times and enjoy ourselves alone.

I was in a constant disagreement with the executive committee, who insisted upon dictating every move I made; so when the end of the week arrived I was in a state of mutiny and threatened to compete in a track meet rather than parade in the closing ceremonies.

When I failed to show up for the parade the committee became hysterical and wanted to start the parade without me. The police, however, insisted that the king must be on hand; so they set out in search of me. I was located just leaving the hotel, where a group of my friends had finally argued me out of the track meet. I believe that is the first and only time I ever kept a crowd of almost a half-million people waiting.

So that was my king experience, and I'll have to admit that it almost ended in disaster. In the first place, my wife had been violently opposed to it from the start, so that my competitive instinct in this instance, almost broke up a happy home. The Irish-American A. C. was angry because I had missed a couple of meets; the celebration had thrown me sadly out of training; and, finally, I had been forced to spend a good deal more of my own money than I had intended. So it was a sadder and wiser king that stepped from the throne back into private life.

I must admit, however, that even though the king-business had its disadvantages, there was, at the same time, a great satisfaction connected with it.

It reminded me at times of Horatio Alger, junior's, tales for boys and it seemed that my experience might easily furnish plenty of material for a book entitled "From the Farm to the Throne." Certainly, in my wildest dreams as a youngster, never could I have imagined myself clad in regal robes, with a crown upon my head and a scepter in my hand, being drawn through shouting masses of humanity, in a magnificent coach, attended by my retinue in all its dignity.

Each night we would parade down the pikeway between crowds of hundreds of thousands of people, who shoved each other, good naturedly, for a peek at the king and queen and scattered barrels of confetti in the faces and down the back of total strangers. In the morning the street was filled from curb to curb with these colored bits of paper and it required the assistance of a good part of the New York street-cleaning force to prepare the Island for the festivities of the day.

The concessions and buildings were a solid mass of color, and, at night especially, with the millions of colored lights, the parade of the king was an imposing and thrilling spectacle. It is only natural then, that, suddenly thrown into the midst of all this splendor, I should have gathered certain pleasant memories of the brief week in which I "ruled" in the public eye.

I was entered in the metropolitan half-mile championship at Travers Island shortly after the Mardi Gras but was prevented from competing by my late arrival. On the way out the elevated train had been held up for about half an hour by the draw bridge across the Harlem River.

The national championships were held in New Orleans that year. The Irish-American A. C. made the trip by boat. It was a lovely five-day trip.

Upon reaching New Orleans we found that the track had been newly constructed and that, because of the lowness of the city, the water was so near the surface that the track was soft and soggy.

Gissing was my principal contender in the 880. I felt that I was not quite in shape, but I decided to get out in front and run my own race. The track was in terrible condition and was much more favorable to Gissing than myself, because he ran practically flat-footed, while I was always up on my toes.

As we came down the home stretch I was in the lead, with Gissing right at my shoulder. The track along the pole was so loose from constant running upon that I decided to swing wide and try for a firmer footing about a yard off the pole. It may have been a foolish move, but I do not think so. Gissing at once passed me on the pole and won the race, but I am confident that he never could have done so had I been in the best of shape. At any rate his victory aroused a storm of dissension in the Irish-American A. C., which was still incensed at my participation in the Mardi gras, and also my late arrival at the metropolitan championships.

A few officials of the club jumped at conclusions and declared that I had sold out the club for a large sum of money and had deliberately lost the race to Gissing. They also went so far as to say that I had deliberately failed to appear for the same reason at the metropolitan championships.

There was practically nothing I could say that would make matters better, because when certain persons permit themselves to draw definite conclusions from something about which they know absolutely nothing, they have already proved by this that their mentality is far too limited to permit the introduction of any explanation.

This I found to be the case. It was the old story of the alleged sponsor of clean sport declaring himself from the housetops, after he had assured himself that he had nothing more to fear than the denial of an amateur athlete. It is the most contemptible form of cowardice that I can conceive of. It is regrettable that such characters, whose minds are constant breeding-beds of suspicion, cannot, for the good of the sport, be permanently eliminated from contact with athletics. The athlete himself should not be exposed to such contamination.

I, of course, at once declared my intention of leaving the club, but the majority of the officials and members intervened, assuring me that the accusations were believed only by a few of the more radical members, and these were convinced of my innocence after I had gone to the trouble to explain.

So the whole unpleasant matter blew over in time, and with my records and kingship under my belt, I settled down once more temporarily to the life of an ordinary citizen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

In this chapter of his reminiscences Mr. Sheppard tells of his misadventures while a member of the New York National Guard, of his experiences at the Mexican border in 1916 with his regiment, and of his work during the Great War as athletic director in charge of thirty thousand men.

PART IX.

PRACTICALLY every one is able to look back over some period of his life, a period characterized by storms of uncertainty and doubt, a period testing to the limit the quality of his courage and spirit.

The manner in which a person may look back on an experience or a series of experiences of this sort, depends to a great extent upon how one has emerged from this period of tribulation. If it has served as a hardening process it may be regarded as a valuable experience, but if the reverse is true, and one comes out bruised and whipped, the sooner it is forgotten the better.

It's hard to believe that any one will be fortunate enough not to be compelled to face a crisis some time in his life and it is reasonable to expect that a person, in anticipation of such a contingency, should be eager to prepare himself, morally, mentally, and physically to face it; a sort of an insurance, so to speak.

To this end I would suggest athletics. It is true that the youngster has a more or less hazy idea of the future, so that his motive in applying himself to sport may not be inspired by the above mentioned suggestion of insurance, but there is nothing to prevent those who have been through the mill from encouraging the younger generation in this respect. For even though a lad is physically unable to participate in sport, a study and close contact with athletics will have practically the same effect.

There are innumerable great lessons to be learned through sport, among which the most valuable are how to win and how to lose. A good athlete also knows that the race is never over till the finish tape is snapped. It's a case of fighting up to the last yard; a great runner never knows when he's licked. The other man, you see, may be even in worse shape than you, even though he is in the lead. Any number of races have been won because the man behind didn't know enough to quit.

So an athlete is developed in spite of himself. Competition instills in him a second nature that manifests itself on the most unexpected occasions long after he has deserted the cinders for other walks of life.

I have mentioned the above more or less in the nature of a testimonial, because whatever success I may have had in weathering the period I am about to relate, I owe entirely to the early training I received through the medium of spiked shoes and cinder paths.

I intend to devote this whole chapter to incidents leading up to and developing from my military affiliations. This period overlaps a period which I have already covered from an athletic standpoint, and extends beyond a point which I have not yet touched upon athletically. Therefore, after I have untangled the threads of my military life, I will return to the cinders once more and take up the yarn where I left off in the last chapter.

The whole thing started, I believe, in an indoor meet in Philadelphia, December 11, 1909, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Military Athletic League. I had been scheduled to run a race against Billy Hayes, who was considered one of the best quarter milers in the country. They had offered me twenty dollars expense money, but as my home had been in Philadelphia I asked for ten dollars more in order that I might remain there a few more days. This they refused, so I agreed to come at their figure, with the result that I finally had to spend some of my own money.

After I had reached the armory and changed to my running clothes, it developed that Hayes, for some reason or other, refused to run. The officials, of course, were quite put out about this, inasmuch as our race had been widely advertised, but, in order to save them all the embarrassment possible I offered to run anybody from three hundred yards to five miles.

Well, they dilly-dallied around until twelve o'clock, and I was still on the floor waiting for them to make up their minds. Finally I approached one of the officials I knew and told him that I thought it only fair for them to let me run and get away. While I was talking to him some officious officer came up and addressed my friend.

"What's that yelling about," he said, indicating me with a jerk of his thumb. A remark which didn't tend to sooth my nerves much after the hours I had hung around waiting for them to stage my race.

So as the officer proceeded upon his pompous way I remarked to my friend in a tone loud enough to be heard by the retreating official:

"Who is that big mutt?"

I realized that my remark was just as uncalled for as was that of the officer. I saw his back stiffen, and, although he continued on his way, I am confident that, by losing my temper on that occasion, I sowed the seeds for the lovely mess I soon found myself in.

Shortly after I had returned to New York, I received a letter from the Pennsylvania M. A. L. in which was inclosed a check for $30. On the back of the check, just above where I would have to indorse it was written, "Received for competing in the games of the Pennsylvania M. A. L."

I was compelled to laugh at such an evident attempt to make trouble for me, so I inclosed the check in another envelope and mailed it back to them at once, but, inasmuch as they had no definite headquarters, the letter either laid around in some armory or went astray.

So having received no word from me, they evidently took it for granted that I had cashed the check, and proceeded to suspend me. The suspension took place one evening while I was competing in the indoor games of the Pastime Athletic Club.

The suspension created a big stir in the papers, especially in view of the fact that I had not even been accorded a hearing on the matter. The National Military Athletic League, it seems, backed the Pennsylvania M. A. L. The charges upon which I was suspended were for demanding exorbitant expenses and for conducting myself in a manner unbecoming a gentleman.

The papers at once took up the fight, the majority considering it merely that the M. A. L. was sticking together as a matter of principle. Certainly, in the

trial that followed, they left no stone unturned to convict me of the charge. The trial resolved itself into a pretty good-sized affair and must have cost the M. A. L. thousands of dollars in their attempts to prove me guilty of, as one paper said, "the flimsy charges."

I was fortunate to obtain as my attorneys in the matter, Terence Farley, who volunteered his services as a personal friend and a member of the Irish-American A. C., and Farley's partner, John D. Connolly. Farley, at the time, was the assistant corporation counsel for New York City and is at present the legal advisor of the governor of New York State.

The National M. A. L. tried to involve the A. A. U. in the investigation, but the latter refused to have anything to do with it. In his refusal James E. Sullivan, president of the National A. A. U., made the following statement:

"Melvin Sheppard is as free to run in any A. A. U. competition to-day or tomorrow as at any time. The M. A. L. of Pennsylvania had no authority to suspend Sheppard and Hayes, and the Middle Atlantic Association of the A. A. U. also had no authority to confirm the action of the Pennsylvania M. A. L.

"It had been erroneously stated that the Pennsylvania M. A. L. is an allied body of the A. A. U. That organization is not an allied body of the A. A. U. It is simply a member of the National Military Athletic League of which Colonel Morris of the Ninth Regiment of New York is president.

"The M. A. L. of Pennsylvania has no more authority to suspend an athlete than has the Pastime, Irish-American, the New York A. C., or any of the clubs of the Metropolitan Association. If the National M. A. L. had suspended Sheppard or Hayes, the A. A. U. would have been forced to recoguize the suspension, as the National M. A. L. is an allied body with the A. A. U."

Things at one time began to look so serious for me that the New York *Evening Journal* began to run editorials on the subject and even published each day, a small blank, headed "Petition for Reinstatement of Melvin Sheppard." A place was provided for the name and address of the petitioner, and he was instructed to mail the blank back to the sporting editor. On this blank was a brief note of explanation to the effect that: "Melvin Sheppard has been suspended by the M. A. L. on charges that seem so trivial to those interested in athletics that thousands of followers of the indoor and outdoor games desire his reinstatement. This petition will be presented to the M. A. L. after the friends of the great runner have rallied to his defense."

The result of this petition was that some 50,000 names were mailed in the paper and these names were all transcribed on a long roll of paper. The roll was presented to the M. A. L. and I am confident that was responsible to a great degree for the decision they handed down sometime later. The roll was later presented to me by the *Journal* and made a mighty interesting addition to my athletic collection.

During the trial there was a great deal of talk about starting a professional league in which the athletes could frankly sell their ability to the promoters of the meets for cash. When it was believed that I would be suspended, my name was connected closely with an organization of this sort. How the rumor started I was unable to learn.

As the trial proceeded the papers began to classify it as a "howling farce," an "athletic joke" and other disrespectful titles. Even though it was held behind closed doors, nothing of importance developed, and most of the time was taken up by the lawyers, who discussed legal technicalities at great length. The first meeting lasted for over five hours in this manner and during the entire time I was not allowed to speak once. One of the papers suggested that at this rate I should bring my baby son to the next meeting, so that when I died of old age he could take up the case where I had left off. One of the cartoons showed me in a track suit, securely strapped to a chair with a gag in my mouth, while all about me lawyers gesticulated in various contortions, and the judge and jury slumbered peacefully through it all.

The case dragged along until February. The Pennsylvania M. A. L. was unable to prove anything against me, but at the same time were reluctant to admit as much, with the result that I attended one hearing after another and listened to the wrangling of the lawyers. While my fate was still in doubt I was whitewashed from time to time to allow me to compete in various games, so that, even though I was under suspension, I did not have to miss any meets of importance.

Finally, when there was nothing more left to do, the National M. A. L. handed down their decision. I was suspended for sixty days of which thirty had elapsed during the trial, with the understanding that I would be allowed to compete by receiving permission to do so from one of the officers of the M. A. L. So before each meet I went through the formality of receiving permission to compete. If the officer, to whom I was supposed to report, was not in his office, I received permission to run from the office girl. So after the thousands of dollars spent by the M. A. L. on the trial, my suspension wasn't such a tremendous hardship after all.

This decision I owed, of course, to the splendid efforts of Mr. Farley and his partner, Mr. Connolly. I realized that their services had been offered out of friendship, so the only manner in which I felt I could express my appreciation was to write them each a letter of thanks, and to present them each with a fob made from the choicest of my medals. For after all, there is really nothing that an athlete values more than his trophies, and those that I have given away have always been given with the understanding that they represented something that mere money was unable to buy.

Mr. Farley wrote me the following note:

MY DEAR MEL: Athletes are so notoriously ungrateful for what one does for them, that it was indeed a pleasure to receive your kind note thanking Mr. Connolly and myself for defending you before the M. A. L.

I received your beautiful fob this morning. I assure you that I prize it very highly, and that I will wear it and always cherish it. It was very kind of you to remember me. Sincerely yours, TERENCE FARLEY.

Mr. Connolly wrote:

MY DEAR MR. SHEPPARD: I esteem very highly your letter of thanks for the service rendered in the matter of the charges brought by the Pennsylvania Military Athletic League, and I assure you that it is most gratifying to know that our efforts in your behalf have been so thoroughly appreciated.

I am also grateful to you for the gift which you sent to me, and which I shall always cherish as a token of your esteem.

With assurance of my regards and my best wishes, I beg to remain, sincerely yours,

JOHN D. CONNOLLY.

So being once more a simon pure athlete, or, that is to say, almost pure, I again continued my round of indoor meets. My respite, however, was brief, and I was soon forcibly reminded that my recent trouble with the M. A. L had only served to arouse still further the indignation of that organization and that my success in the trial had by no means increased their affection for one Melvin Sheppard. Our next dispute was at the National M. A. L. championships in Brooklyn.

It seems that I had been having a pair of spiked shoes made by Sparrow Robinson, and in some manner or other word began to circulate that these shoes were being especially prepared for these

Brooklyn games, which were held in an armory where the track was slippery and small, and upon which spikes were forbidden.

Upon my arrival at the armory I found the officials in their natural state of suspicion. Before going to the marks we were all required to step with both feet upon a piece of paper to show that we were wearing flat shoes.

But after I had stepped upon the paper and was about to go to my mark, one of the officers walked up to me, and in an insulting tone peculiar to some officers addressing an inferior, demanded that I let him inspect my shoe. I lifted my foot and he proceeded to poke the rubber with his fingers and to feel every inch of the sole. I submitted to this as gracefully as I could, but when he had finished I couldn't resist the temptation to inquire politely whether or not he was sure he was satisfied.

"Yes, I'm satisfied," he snarled. "You're disqualified!"

There was no argument there, so I turned around and walked off the floor, thinking naturally, that the officer's dignity had been offended and that I had been disqualified for impudence. The immediate result of my departure was a parade of the entire Twenty-second Regiment team of about thirty men, to the dressing room. They all refused to compete, with the result that the meet was practically ruined.

The M. A. L. went up in the air about a mile at this latest development. I learned later that the officer, who sent me from the floor, explained to the press that it was because I was wearing spikes. Before I had had time to refute this, the story was in print.

So once again I was in disgrace. It was a whole lot worse this time because of the fact that thirty of my teammates were in lots deeper than I was. The final result was that fourteen of these were suspended from regimental competition for periods ranging from three months to a year. The regimental officials were able to take this action because the men had refused to compete, a circumstance which bordered close upon mutiny. But in my case no action could be taken at all, because I had not refused to compete and was guilty of no crime punishable by suspension.

One of the Twenty-second Regiment officers exonerated me with real regret in his voice, but promised cheerfully that "he'd get me later," a statement which I took for its face value and decided that I would never find a more opportune time than the present for becoming once more an ordinary citizen.

I therefore applied to be released, explaining, among other things, that my service in the customs exempted me from military duty, and that the irregular hours of my work prevented me from attending all the required drills. My application was duly received and duly answered to the effect that the regiment still desired my services, and that if I did not serve one hundred per cent from that time on I would be subjected to the customary fines for missing drills.

From then on my fines began to pile up. During the summer I spent my vacation at the seashore instead of at the army camp, as the rule of the regiment demanded, for which I was fined forty-five dollars. Soon I was once more called on the carpet and told that if I didn't pay up at once I would be placed in the Ludlow Street jail. Again I pointed to a section of the revised statutes of the United States which proved my exemption from military duty, and on the strength of this refused to pay my fine. I furthermore suggested that the Ludlow Street jail was really quite an aristocratic place after all and that I wouldn't particularly mind a short visit there.

They took me seriously in this latter instance and at once turned me over to

SPO 5A

SPO 6A

the marshal, and we set out for the jail. It is needless to say that this act on their part made me do a lot of thinking, but the conclusion I arrived at was that I was absolutely in the right. So I submitted to the disgrace of this rather than give them the satisfaction of hearing me beg for mercy.

The news of my arrest spread quickly and the regimental headquarters were at once besieged by newspaper men, demanding an explanation. Whether or not the explanation was satisfactory, or whether it presented points too difficult to explain, I will never know. But before we left the building I was informed that somebody had settled all my fines with the regiment and that I was again a free man. If there was such a benefactor I never learned his name.

The attitude of certain regimental officials only tended to make me more stubborn and resentful as time passed. My narrow escape from a jail sentence made me even less indifferent to the regimental drills, and my fines once more began to accumulate. I possibly might have derived a certain satisfaction from the fact that the very vindictiveness of the organization toward me had been a hard blow to the athletic life of the Twenty-second Regiment, because even the athletes who had not been suspended were indignant over the suspension of the others, but I wanted nothing more at the time than to be released from the regiment so that I might be able to train and work without the constant menace of their ill will.

It was on September 11, 1911, that the blow finally fell, that the regiment finally exercised their privilege of making me a veritable criminal in the eyes of the law. On this date, I received through the mail a copy of special orders Number 54, announcing that I had been dishonorably discharged from the service for nonpayment of fines. It would have saved me a lot of worry if I had realized then that this form of discharge was illegal and I could have appealed to a higher court. Here was a step which I had vaguely feared they might take, but when finally faced with the ugly facts it was a terribly bitter dose to swallow, and to realize that I had to go through the rest of my life under the shadow of a dishonorable discharge was a thought hardly calculated to cheer me up. I'll admit that I then even regretted the stubbornness that had prompted me to stick to the principles which I thought, and still think, were right. I regretted that I had not sacrificed a portion of my self respect, if by so doing I might have prevented the disaster which had fallen with such suddenness.

But now that it *had* fallen and I had had time to recover from the first shock, I had not the slightest intention of sitting with my hands folded and saying: "Well, such is life!"

It's a peculiar fact that the idea of submitting to the inevitable never entered my head, and I attribute entirely to my training in athletics the fact that my first real sensation was the inclination to fight back. The race, in my estimation, was by no means finished. In fact I refused to admit that it had much more than begun. True, the M. A. L. had jumped me at the start and had taken a lead big enough to discourage any one but a seasoned athlete, but, as I have mentioned before, to a real competitor a race is never won till the tape is snapped.

So instead of quitting on the first turn a huge resolve was born, and I settled into my stride in one of the toughest and most spectacular races of my career.

The next step of one of the majors of the regiment, which I learned on good authority, was to get in touch with William Loeb, collector of port, and call to his attention the fact that a man by the name of Melvin Sheppard, who had

been dishonorably discharged from the National Guard was employed in the customs service. It seems that, not content with ousting me from the regiment, they even tried to take away my means of livelihood.

Loeb replied that he was quite capable of attending to his office and that as long as Sheppard performed his duties faithfully, he was assured of a position with the customs.

My first act was to assure myself just how seriously the military authorities had taken my discharge. To this end I attended a track meet in an armory in Brooklyn as a competitor, having paid my own entry fee. I was not left long in doubt as to the attitude of the M. A. L.

As soon as my presence at the meet became known, an officer sent a squad of men with fixed bayonets, under the command of a sergeant, to escort me from the building. The job was evidently more than distasteful to the men themselves, and as we were leaving the building the sergeant said: "I'm mighty sorry I have to do this, Sheppard, but when we pass the officer on the way out, if you'd like to tell him to go to hell, the men and I will see that you get away all right."

I didn't take advantage of this suggestion, even though I was sorely tempted to do so.

This demonstration made it evident that my entry blank was more than unwelcome in the eyes of military authorities in any meet held in an armory, and as the armories were practically the only places available for meets, I was, for the time being, practically eliminated from competition.

This it developed was not only a hardship on me, but was taken very much to heart by the promoters of the games, who began a campaign of propaganda in my behalf in an effort to make me once more eligible to compete, so that they could advertise me on their programs and capitalize on the gate receipts.

The campaign, which started more or less mildly at first, soon began to attract the attention of my friends who enlisted their services in the fight, and then as the ball continued to roll, even strangers became interested and entered the lists merely for the principle of the thing. It was not long then before my problem had started a real avalanche of public opinion, most of which, I am glad to say, was favorable to my reinstatement. The case even wormed its way into the State senate.

And to furnish a dramatic climax to the whole thing, my troubles even penetrated into the heart of the African jungle and were brought to the attention of Theodore Roosevelt, who at once sent a cable to this country requesting leniency for me.

The center about which the storm revolved was Colonel Hotchkin, of the Twenty-second Engineers, who, it seems, had signed the order for my discharge and to whom the ultimate appeal must be made. The colonel, however, was as obdurate as a rock, and, firmly convinced that he was in the right, refused to relent an inch.

I have correspondence showing the roundabout way in which influence was brought to bear. A State senator was reached by a friend of mine, and the senator in turn got in touch with the adjutant general. The adjutant general, to quote one of the letters, "is very much impressed with Sheppard's situation and would like to help him out; but although superior to Colonel Hotchkin he is bound by the requirements of the military law to refrain from interfering with the discipline of a commanding officer in the regulation of the affairs of his regiment."

The adjutant general summed up my difficulties as follows:

My Dear Senator: I saw Colonel Hotchkin of the Twenty-second Engineers in regard to Melvin Sheppard. I found that this is a case of military court, and that there is no way to get around it except for the young man later on to have received the approval of the commanding officer so that he may ask to be reënlisted somewhere in the National Guard, and in this way it will be possible for the colonel himself to remove the disqualification. But the law does not give the power to any of the officers above the colonel to interfere with this discipline, and indeed it would be a bad thing if such a condition existed. The colonel must maintain his discipline, and though occasionally it seems to be drastic, the necessity of upholding the hands of the discipline is apparent, as the colonel is supreme in his command. This is true in the United States army and all armies, and is not a National Guard principle alone.

Colonel Hotchkin was deeply impressed by the large number of applications for clemency in the case of Mr. Sheppard, including Mr. Roosevelt's application for leniency, but he is a firm man and cannot deviate from his habitual discipline which he has found necessary to administer in his regiment.

Though the young man enlisted in 1906 for athletic purposes, which was before Colonel Hotchkin took command, this particular case of discipline has to do with a recent period under Colonel Hotchkin.

Very sincerely yours,

The Adjutant General.

My next step then, was to apply for membership in another regiment, the Fourteenth. I received permission to do this from Colonel Hotchkin. The Fourteenth Regiment accepted my application and, in accordance with my resolve to fight my way back, I served an entire year at one hundred per cent.

I was allowed to enter the M. A. L. championships during that year, and I don't believe I ever competed in any meet with greater satisfaction. I felt that I was out there in spite of those who had tried to stop me, which was an incentive to run as hard as I ever ran in my life. I won both the 440 and the 880. Later, when I was in more trouble with the M. A. L., they even asked me to return the medals I had won in this meet.

During this time I was in training for the 1912 Olympic team. I had the good fortune to be selected and sailed for Stockholm, Sweden. While I was competing there in games, Colonel Foote of the Fourteenth Regiment received notice that my enlistment with his organization had been illegal. This information he was considerate enough to withhold from me till my return to this country, with the result that when I came back to resume things where I had left off, I found myself once more to be a military outcast.

It seems that there was a small technicality in the military law that had been overlooked at the time of my reënlistment, and that during my absence the wheels had once more started to work and had unearthed this point which applied so well to my case.

It was to the effect that a man, dishonorably discharged for assault upon an officer or for some similar offense, could, with the permission of the officer whom he had insulted, reënlist after a period of one year. But if the man had been discharged because of nonpayment of dues or fines, he could not receive permission to reënlist under a period of five years. So it seems that my year of one-hundred-per-cent service was to no avail, and that I was no better off than when I started.

At this development my friends and supporters again took up the fight and carried it once more to the State senate. As a final extreme a bill was introduced in the legislature by Senator Frawley, which provided that a man, discharged for nonpayment of fines, be granted the same privilege of reënlisting as the man discharged for other offenses. That is, a man dropped on the former charge, could, after a year's time, make application for reinstatement.

After a hot fight, in which he was bitterly opposed by military authorities, Frawley passed the bill, and as the year's time had already elapsed, I became a member once more of the Fourteenth Regiment.

I doubt whether there is another case on record where the interests of an athlete have aroused so much sympathy and dissension. It seems incredible that people could take such an interest in a sport as to carry their fight all the way to the government of the State and finally to revise the laws to suit their needs. It was hard for me to realize at the time that I was the cause of all this commotion. I hardly knew whether to be flattered or not by all this attention and concern in my behalf, because I didn't overlook the possibility that there might be numerous factors, which usually enter when a fight like this is once started, that may have been exerted entirely in my interests or in the interests of athletics. Nevertheless, the final result was quite gratifying to me, and as the smoke of battle cleared away, I found that things had certainly reacted to my benefit.

I then started upon my three-year period of enlistment in the Fourteenth with the single idea of a one-hundred-per-cent record, so that I might erase the stigma of my dishonorable discharge. I was living in Long Island City at the time and found it rather difficult to make the long trip to and from Brooklyn every time I visited the armory. For this reason, about a year later, I applied to Colonel Foote for permission to transfer to the Seventy-first Infantry in New York. I tried my best to express my appreciation of the consideration the colonel had shown me by accepting my enlistment at the time I was in disgrace, and inasmuch as he had made it possible for me to reinstate myself once more, it was with regret that I sought permission to leave his organization. He agreed, however, that it would be the sensible thing for me to do, so on June 30, 1915, I transferred to the Seventy-first, and enrolled in the hospital corps.

One incident while I was with the Seventy-first stands out particularly clear in my mind, inasmuch as it illustrated to what extent my military activities had stirred up the State guard.

We were standing inspection one night, each man stepping forward as his name was called. As the inspecting officer called mine he looked up sharply, and regarded me closely for a moment.

"What in the devil are you doing here?" he demanded.

I explained how I happened to be in the regiment.

"Huh!" he exploded, "if I'd had anything to do with it you'd never have gotten in."

A nice sportsmanlike attitude, after I had spent over a year at one hundred per cent.

Shortly after that I gave up competitive athletics for good and accepted a position as athletic director of the Millrose A. A., and also in the Sixty-ninth Infantry; and inasmuch as my work demanded my presence at that regiment I once more transferred. Everything went smoothly at the Sixty-ninth until the call to arms on June 16, 1916, for the trouble at the Mexican border.

The Sixty-ninth had always had the reputation of being the first regiment to arrive at the seat of trouble and the last to leave. So, in keeping with their reputation, the Sixty-ninth was the first to leave New York City for Camp Whitman at Beekman, New York.

Our arrival and the work we were at once detailed to could hardly be called the entrance to a path of glory. The job of the Sixty-ninth was to convert a bare piece of ground into a camp for the accommodation of those who were to come later on. We cleared off the land, dug ditches, and built roads. Even our drilling was neglected for the first week or so, but the work certainly served as a splendid hardening process, and we were better off physically for the experience.

When the time came for us to take

the Federal oath, which provided for our service outside the State, the colonel explained that, inasmuch as the oath required a further three-year enlistment in the reserve, that the men were under no set obligations to sign and that it was an optional affair. He also suggested that all the married men think the matter over carefully before they signed, because, he said, they would most likely be needed more at home than on the border, unless the situation turned out to be more serious than it was at present.

With this viewpoint about thirty of us decided to go back to New York City. I realized that it would be foolish to leave a wife and two small children, to go on a mission of this sort, and when I had talked the matter over with the colonel and the chaplain, they both agreed that I was right in my decision.

The other regiments were mustered into Federal service before coming to camp and hence only a few of the married men who wished to come were sent up, so that our departure from camp, seemed to offer possibilities for a good news story. But the manner in which it developed, and the nature of the story was not so pleasant.

There were of course a young army of reporters at the camp, veterans, most of them, with the reporter's well known and peculiar sense of humor. So when the news of our departure reached them, several of the old ones got together, and framed a "hot" story which they had no intention of using themselves, but which they told in all seriousness to a green cub who had been sent up by one of the metropolitan dailies for a little experience.

Sincere in the belief that he was about to make himself famous, the cub rushed to the phone, without verifying the tale, and sent a wild yarn into the city.

The next morning his paper came out with the headline that Mel Sheppard, famous athlete, had turned slacker, had refused to take the Federal oath, and had been hissed out of camp by his comrades. It made fine reading, until the truth came out, and when I arrived home I found myself once more in the public eye, but this time in the highly disagreeable rôle of an abject coward.

I visited the paper at once, and I'll have to say to their credit that they seemed extremely sorry that the mistake had been made and set about at once to whitewash me in the eyes of the public. One of their steps in this direction was to send a woman "sob writer" out to see my wife.

The resulting story was a masterpiece of grief and fairly dripped with pathos. My wife, it seems, had worried herself almost to a shadow in my short absence, and the children were lying upon the floor, sobbing their little hearts out for their daddy who had gone to war to be killed. Yes, it was indeed touching, and my wife, upon reading it, was almost moved to hysterics.

The seed had been sown, however, and even though the papers were profuse in their explanations of what a courageous thing I had done to brave the displeasure of my regiment to return to my family, there was but one thing for me to do and that was to go ahead and take the oath. My wife agreed with me in this matter, so after I had arranged things at home, I once more left for Camp Whitney. The Millrose A. A. insisted upon continuing my salary while I was away.

And in order to make still further amends, the papers made my entrance into camp a regular triumphal march. It was particularly amusing, inasmuch as it was as greatly exaggerated to the other extreme as had been their portrayal of my departure from camp. The following is an extraction from one of the stories.

"Across the meadow, separating the

camp of the Sixty-ninth from the railroad station ran a man in khaki at dusk last night. He had jumped from a freight. Behind him trailed a dozen other uniformed men. Then as he came nearer the first line of tents, lieutenant in Company F street raised his hand to his eyes.

"'Boys,' he shouted, 'he's coming! It's Mel!'

"The members of Company F had just finished retreat. They piled out, caught the first of the newcomers as he dashed into the company street and raised him to their shoulders.

"'Look men,' bellowed Private Downing, 'It's our own Mel Sheppard that's back to camp.'

"With outstretched hands and a welcoming smile came Captain Michael A. Kelly. For fully a minute he gripped the hand of the great runner. Then he patted him on the back.

"'Mel, I'm glad to see you back,' he said simply, and returned to his tent.

"About eighty of the men who still held rifles jumped into drill line. Lieutenant Prout walked down the company street and then shouted:

"'Present arms!'

"It was to Mel Sheppard that his companions of Company F were presenting arms—an unusual proceeding on the part of a private for a private. The runner stood stiffly at attention and returned the salute. The men rushed at him and hoisted him to their shoulders.

"Mel Sheppard raised his hand for silence. He was glad to get back, he said. Those who had thought he had left Company F were all wrong. He understood that the Sixty-ninth would leave for the border and that pleased him as nothing else could, he added.

"'Men,' shouted Sheppard, 'I'm back because I want to be back. I merely went back last week to fix matters up as all married men should do before they leave their wives; as all married men should have a right to do. I'm back boys, and I'm going to do my duty.'

"'Treat him right, men,' said Lieutenant Prout, 'It has come to my knowledge that he was right in leaving as he did. Mel Sheppard never showed a yellow streak.'

"And to-day, Mel Sheppard again entered into the life of a private, again messed and drilled and labored with his command—Company F, the Sixty-ninth."

It seems strange that I do not recall a reception of this sort. In fact, even copying it from the clipping gives me the tendency to blush. But then, the public must have their news.

What really happened was that I entered camp, sought the captain and told him I wanted to take the Federal oath.

"Oh, you do, do you?" he grunted. "Well, sign that," and he tossed me a blank.

I looked the blank over and called his attention to the fact that it was an enlistment blank for the regular army.

"What!" he yelled, "don't you think I know my business? You'll sign that or nothing."

"All right, captain," I replied, "but please witness that I sign it under protest."

So I signed an enlistment blank into the regular army and went about my duties with the now Federalized National Guard.

Although the Sixty-ninth was the first to reach Camp Whitman they were practically the last to leave and were kept at the job of building the camp. Finally, however, we started for the border, July 11.

The trip took us seven days, six of which we spent in day coaches. We stopped several times on the way for a short drill and limbering-up, but perhaps the stop we enjoyed most of all was on the shore of Lake Erie when we were all allowed to pile out of the coaches and take a swim.

When we arrived at the border, no one seemed to know where to put the Sixty-ninth. After stopping at several places we were finally assigned to a camping ground at a small town by the name of Mission, on the Rio Grande, about forty-five miles from Brownsville, Texas. We arrived in the early morning, and congratulated ourselves on the coolness of the weather. The air was clear and fresh, and indicated that our stay there wouldn't be as unpleasant as we had expected. We soon changed our minds.

The place where we were to build our camp was just outside the town. The only vegetation was sagebrush and cactus, all of which had to be cleared away, a task which we found far from pleasant, inasmuch as our only tools consisted of a short-handled shovel and a short knife, which were part of our personal equipment.

As the sun began to climb, our ideas concerning the coolness of the weather began to vanish. The heat seemed to shrivel our very flesh. I am neglecting purposely to mention the mark that the thermometer registered around the middle of the day for fear it would sound ridiculous. Work, of course, was suspended until the cooler hours of the evening, and strange to say, there were no prostrations. There was very little humidity in the air, it was simply dry and unbelievably hot.

Our first night in camp was almost in the nature of an adventure. The ground upon which we pitched our tents was a solid mat of dried and decayed vegetation. The plants of the cactus and sagebrush, which had died year after year, and fallen to the ground, where they became so mixed with the earth as to make it quite porous, and the ideal home for millions of insects.

Our light at night was furnished by candles, and the insects, attracted by the flame, began to extend to the United States Army the courtesy of Texas. It was a revelation to me to learn that so many different kinds of bugs existed. I had thought I was pretty well versed in natural science from the experiences of my childhood, but when our visitors appeared in an endless variation of color and size, I was forced to admit that I had still a lot to learn.

The scorpions seemed to cause the most excitement, and the boys didn't learn to become intimate with them for several nights. The first night we all slept in the open, where the bugs were perhaps just as bad, but less visible. The second night some ventured to sleep in the tents, and in a week's time we flattered the scorpions with no more attention than we would a house fly. Speaking of flies, our meals were a constant competition against these pests and we were lucky to finish a meal without eating several.

It was a bit disconcerting to wake up some mornings and shake a rattlesnake out of one's blankets where it had crawled for warmth and sociability, but they were quite harmless—as long as one didn't roll upon them. Some of the boys, however, never did become accustomed to them as bedfellows.

We found tarantulas also to be quite harmless—if handled properly. The post-office authorities of that section threatened open revolt if the soldiers continued to insist upon mailing them home in bottles. A ruling was finally made against this.

The days that followed were devoted entirely to the routine of camp life: drills, hikes, target practice, and guard duty. We had heard a great deal about the Mexican bandit raids, but the only action we engaged in occurred late one night.

The sentries, along the bank of the Rio Grande, were attracted by a violent splashing in the water, and at once gave the alarm. Men piled from their tents, half dressed with their rifles in their hands, and rushed to the bank, prepared to capture at least a company of bandits.

The splashing came nearer. The men tensed for action, when lo and behold, out of the darkness comes a raft containing a woman, numerous children and a burrow. The motive power was soon revealed to be the husband and a couple of sons, kicking along in the water behind. This Mexican family, it seems, had almost starved to death on their side of the river, and were coming across to the American side for something to eat. This was our first and only engagement.

The division was commanded by General O'Ryan, and it was brought to his attention one day that the men were seeking too much recreation in the saloons of Mission. The town, it seems, was poorly named. The general thereupon issued an order forbidding members of his division from patronizing these places. For some reason or other this order had not been read in the company streets of the Sixty-ninth.

A few days after this order had been made I went in town for a little food to supplement the army grub which was none too dainty. I first went to the bank for some money—I had received no pay since my arrival because of the fact that I had under protest signed up with the regular army, and my records had become confused. The bank in Mission had agreed to lend any soldier four dollars and fifty cents if he would sign an agreement which would allow them to collect five dollars from his next pay.

Upon receiving my money I went into a lunch counter next door to a saloon. When I had finished eating I came out on the street and saw the general and several members of his staff. A sergeant, evidently under the impression that I had come out of the saloon, grabbed me and stuck me into a line of men. The general then sent us under the command of a lieutenant up to the officer in charge of the summary court marshal. The officer, having received no instructions, herded us all in the guardhouse to stand trial that evening.

At the time of our trial, the officer, still without instructions, lined us up and made the following historic speech. He was Irish, by the way.

"Now, men," he said, "this cour-r-t is to be listened to and not spoken to. What have ye to say fer yerselves? Shu-u-u-u-t up!"

Whereupon we were all thrown back into the guardhouse where we remained eight days. During this time we didn't feel that we were suffering any particular hardship. In fact we were quite content. Our food was just as good as that of the other men, and the work decidedly less. Only one unpleasant incident occurred to mar our visit.

The rainy season had just set in, and one day it started to pour. I use this word advisedly because never before in my experience have I seen such a volume of water descend in such a short time. All the rain storms that I had ever experienced up to that time were mere drizzles as compared with this downpour.

The guardhouse was situated in a rather deep depression, and as the rain continued the water began to settle in this low spot. At first it just covered the floor, and we climbed around on boxes to keep our feet dry. Soon it even reached the top of the boxes, and we were wading around up to our knees. The boys began praying that it would reach our necks so they would have to let us out, but this they decided to do when it had arisen no higher than our waists.

After about a week of confinement—still awaiting the general's orders—we all began to become restless and irritable. I had contracted a slight fever. I was working about the guardhouse one day when the major came up.

"Mel," he said, "you're not lookin' so well."

I admitted that I was feeling about the way I looked, and then in a flash of inspiration I said:

"Will the major give me permission to talk to him as man to man?"

He looked surprised but told me to go ahead.

"Well, major," I began, "I don't know why I'm in here, or how long they intend to keep me here. But if I don't get out soon, I'm afraid my disposition is going to be so ruined that I'll be inclined to write the New York papers and give them a few details they'll be glad to print."

Instead of ordering me hanged or some other suitable punishment the major chuckled, and walked away. The next day we were all released and I was assigned to the regimental canteen, where I ate regularly and heavily for the first time since arriving on the border.

Sometime later the Sixty-ninth was turned over to a regular army officer, Colonel Haskell. Up to this time the regiment had been subjected to no real discipline, but under the command of Colonel Haskell we began to develop into a real outfit. In fact, through the training of the colonel, the Sixty-ninth was later accorded the distinction of standing as the guard of honor at President Wilson's inauguration.

A large part of our training consisted of cross-country hikes, which usually ended or started from the ranch of one of the wealthiest ranch owners in Texas. It was the custom of this man to charge the soldiers for water. It was said that once when the Seventy-first Infantry, while on a hike, had been hit by a terrific storm which destroyed practically all their supplies, this ranch owner had charged them from ten cents to three dollars for a canteen of water.

This same storm, by the way, almost completely wrecked the camp at Mission, tossing the tents about like umbrellas on a windy day, and causing a food shortage which almost ended in a riot.

But to go back to the patriotic ranch owner. He would always follow the men on their hikes with a great tank of water into which he had dumped a couple of bottles of grape juice. He would sell this to the hot, thirsty men for ten cents a canteen. At his ranch he had run a pipe with a few holes in it from his main water tank. This he called a shower bath and would let the men, for ten cents apiece, stand under the pipe and let the water dribble on them.

The Sixty-ninth spent the night at his ranch one time. In the morning, it was found that his whole water tank had, in some mysterious manner, topped to the ground. The uprights looked suspiciously as though they had been sawed.

I remember one hike in particular which we made to a distant water hole, which was fed by a windmill and kept for the purpose of watering cattle.

Upon arriving there with our own water supply exhausted, we found the pool to be in a terrible condition with a dead steer partially submerged in the center. The windmill was broken.

There was only one thing to do and that was to man the pump. We worked in shifts under the merciless sun, but our best efforts failed to produce more than a tiny trickle, from which we attempted to fill our canteens. I stood in line for three hours and a half before my turn came, and it was the only time in my life that I have ever known the horror of suffering from thirst. I can imagine few worse forms of torture. Some of the boys even drank the water which had collected in the imprints of horses hoofs from a rain the night before. Others, in the motor transports, drank the rusty water from the radiators of their trucks.

But even though the days were almost unbearably hot and filled, as we sometimes thought, with hardships, the evenings and nights on the border more

than repaid us for the uncomfortable days.

Darkness each night was preceded by the most magnificent of sunsets. One would think that we would have become accustomed to these gorgeous manifestations of nature's art, but each one was so completely different from any we had previously seen that we could only gaze in wonder, as we had done the night before. And with the darkness came coolness, and then stars, great white stars that seemed to hang suspended from a velvet background. It almost seemed as though we could reach up and knock them off with the point of our bayonets.

Often the coyotes would come after dark around the outskirts of the camp. They were attracted by the odor of bacon from the cook tent. In the starlight their coats would gleam almost like silver, which lent them a dignity not in keeping with their natural instincts. We got in time so that their noise did not bother us at all.

My enlistment with the National Guard expired on September 21. When this date arrived I applied for my discharge so that I could return home from the dangerous war at the border. When I applied to the colonel, and he sent my application in to headquarters at Brownsville, word came back from there that military authorities had been searching all over for me, inasmuch as I had enlisted in the regular army. It will be remembered that this mistake was made by the captain in Camp Whitman when I appeared to take the Federal oath to transfer me to the Federalized guard.

I therefore remained in camp some time longer till my official status was determined, but as nothing developed, I again talked the matter over with the colonel. It developed that he was unable to give me a furlough because my time was already up and I was no longer a member of the Federalized guard, and that he himself did not have the authority to discharge a member of the regular army. We decided that because of my connection with the regular army I would never be able to get past Brownsville without credentials of some sort, so finally he agreed to give me a conditional furlough which would allow me to return home and attempt to untangle my affairs.

Upon arriving in New York I at once went to Governor's Island military headquarters, and learned several interesting things. In the first place I learned that I was not a member of the regular army, because the captain who told me to sign the blank did not have the authority to enlist me in the regular army and that it would have been impossible for me to have enlisted anyway while I was still a member of the National Guard. I next learned that I was no longer a member of the Federalized guard but was still on the three-year reserve list of the organization. I received my back pay from the authorities at Governor's Island but learned that traveling expenses were only paid to the man's home from the place where he was discharged. So inasmuch as my expenses from Governor's Island to the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory were five cents, I was presented with a nickel, the only traveling expenses I received from the border. I didn't argue this point, however, because I was too glad to get things straightened out.

I returned to my work with the customs service and shortly afterward received an official letter from Washington asking an explanation as to how I happened to be on the customs pay roll and that of the regular army at the same time. A little correspondence served to explain this to the satisfaction of every one, and shortly after that I applied for and was granted a discharge from the Federalized national reserve. So as a private citizen once more I felt as though the honorable discharge had just about counterbalanced the dishonorable one inasmuch as the character report on the former was "excellent."

My military activities, however, were by no means finished, for on April 6, 1917, the United States declared war on Germany, and the men of this country began flocking to the training camps. In the summer of 1917 I applied to Washington for an athletic directorship in one of the training camps.

I was finally appointed with thirty-one other men, one for each of the large cantonments. I learned later that I was the only one of these to receive the appointment without the credentials of a college education.

We were appointed by the quartermaster general as civilian aids on the general's staff under authorization made possible by an executive order of President Wilson.

I became a civilian aid on the staff of Brigadier General W. H. Sage, in command of the Thirty-eighth Division at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. After entering upon my duties, which made me responsible for the entire athletic program of about thirty thousand men, I received the following personal letter from General Sage which, I believe, is a fair example of the importance which this country attached to athletics in the developing of her soldiers.

DEAR SIR: In connection with letter from Mr. Stringer, would state in my mind the importance of athletics in the army is secondary only to the importance of drill and military instruction. It aids materially in carrying out drills and instruction by making the men alert, and keeps them in a good physical condition.

Men who have not athletics to fall back on are liable to devote their spare time to pursuits which are neither good for their morals nor their efficiency as soldiers. It also gives them no time to mope and brood about conditions at home which are not good for them. Men who haven't anything of this kind to fall back upon are a good deal more liable to homesickness than men who can enjoy healthful exercise.

For years athletics have been recognized in the army as an exceedingly important factor, and everything has been done to encourage these sports. Very respectfully,

W. H. SAGE,
Brigadier General, U. S. A., Commanding.

Needless to say, this sudden advent into the surroundings in which I now found myself made me appreciate the feelings of Alice in Wonderland when she stepped through the looking-glass. In all my military experience I had been nothing more than a buck private, with the private's instinctive awe of all that pertained to gold braid and shoulder bars. And now here I was, an aid on the general's staff and practically a member of his household. I'll admit that I walked up and down in front of headquarters for some time before I summoned courage enough to enter and announce myself.

I soon found, though, that even generals can be human, and in all my experience as athletic director in the army camps I always received the heartiest and most intelligent coöperation from the general in charge of the division. The only reprimand I ever received was for not seeing the general more frequently.

It was here that I was deeply impressed by the momentous possibilities of this work and its tremendous influence in developing men, both physically and mentally. The camp was situated in a lonesome section of the State, heavily wooded with great stately pines, and was practically isolated from all outside influence. Athletics, therefore, represented practically the only available recreation for the men, the number of which varied from thirty to forty thousand.

With the great amount of athletic talent in the camp the inclination was, at first, to develop divisional teams which would compete against the teams of other divisions. Our baseball teams played games against big league teams, and practically every divisional team we

turned out was just as formidable in proportion as the baseball team.

It soon became evident, however, that too much time and attention was being paid to these few individuals, so in the face of a lot of opposition, I started out to abolish this practice and to confine competition to the companies and regiments of our own division. In this manner I figured to stimulate the interest of the sport in every single man. My pet argument in this respect was, that it would do no good to produce one man who could run one hundred yards in nine and three-fifths seconds. He'd only get out in front and get shot to pieces. The real value of the training lay in our ability to produce an army of men who could cover one hundred yards in eleven seconds, inasmuch as an army moves only as fast as its slowest men.

To this end I organized a pyramid system whereby I made every attempt to "multiply myself." By that I mean, I would train a certain number of men and then make them responsible for their regiment. They in turn would make certain men responsible for certain sports in each company of their regiment. In this manner we organized a system of athletics, which enlisted the services of every man in the division, and, as General Sage suggested in his letter, the influence of mass athletics proved, beyond a doubt, their value in the training of the men.

I remained in Camp Shelby until the division was sent overseas. I was then transferred to Camp Green, Charlotte, N. C., where I remained until the armistice was signed.

My work in these camps was one of the most pleasant and valuable experiences of my life. It gave me the opportunity to test my theory of athletics for the masses, and the results of the experiment went a long way to confirm the theory. It seems that the colleges of the country could draw some rather important conclusions from the data on this subject that the army camps made available. I have always felt that the physical condition of the mass of the college students was subordinated to too great a degree to the condition of eleven men on a football squad, or nine men on a baseball team. A great many institutions, however, are adopting systems along these lines, which hold up a student's diploma until he or she are able to conform to certain athletic requirements. It's a mighty good idea.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

PART X.

Widespread interest in the recent Olympic games in France adds a special interest to this installment of Mr. Sheppard's reminiscences, in which the famous runner tells of his experiences at the Olympic games of 1912.

IN the preceding chapter of these reminiscences I confined myself entirely to my varied experiences of military life, and attempted to illustrate the far-reaching effects that athletics may have even in matters far removed from spiked shoes and cinder paths.

My last mention of A. A. U. competition was in the fall of 1910 after I had followed my successful summer at record breaking with a brief but eventful reign as king of the Coney Island Mardi Gras, which all but ruined me physically, mentally and financially, and was partially responsible for my defeat in the National Championships at New Orleans.

A glance at my notes, then, show that after making a clean sweep of the three championships—Metropolitan, National, and Canadian—in 1906, '07 and '08, my name did not figure once among the winners of these championships during 1909 and 1910. In 1909 I competed in none of them because of an infected foot.

It was a peculiar fact, and one of the queer things that are always popping up in athletics, that, although 1910 was my most successful of any year in competition and although I was awarded the high-point score trophy, presented each year by the Irish-American A. C., I did not succeed in winning a single championship.

In the indoor championships Gissing again beat me both in the thousand and the six-hundred yards. For the remainder of the indoor season I eased myself along and gradually felt myself returning to form. This was first evidenced by a victory over Gissing at five hundred yards in one of the first outdoor meets of the season.

My real return to form came in the outdoor National Championship of 1911. I was entered in the half-mile which turned out to be one of the most spectacular races I ever ran.

The meet was held in the big league baseball park at Pittsburgh, on July 1. Because of the baseball games, the field was unavailable till two days before the meet, and in these two days an attempt was made to lay the track for the National Championships. For this purpose cinders were hauled in and spread about two inches deep in the space which had been surveyed and staked out for the

track. The cinders were then wet down and heavily rolled. The track makers then called the job completed and prayed for a nice hot sun. Their prayers were answered, and when the time for the meet arrived the track was covered with a nice crust of baked cinders, which was scooped up at the first dig of spiked shoes, exposing the loose cinders underneath.

There was a great deal of interest centered about the half-mile event, principally because Edmundson, of Seattle, the national champion in 1909, would be on hand to attempt to regain his title. Edmundson had won this event in San Francisco in 1909 and inasmuch as he had defeated Gissing in that race, he was considered practically unbeatable. It will be remembered that Gissing defeated me at this distance in the Championships in 1910 at New Orleans, although Edmundson was not entered in that race.

Edmundson, then, was the strong favorite this year at Pittsburgh. I was conceded no more than an outside chance because of my indifferent showing up to this time.

At the start of the race, Edmundson took the lead and set a mighty stiff pace. This suited me all right, because I figured that if I was in condition I would prefer to be pulled out in the early stages. So I tagged along within easy striking distance of the leader and let him run his race.

And I must admit he ran *some* race. It looked for a while as though he was strong enough to hold the pace all the way through. I felt the strain beginning to get me in the legs and chest, so as we came into the home stretch I started my sprint. It was a rather feeble attempt at a sprint, but it served to draw me even with Edmundson and I noted with satisfaction that he was in just as bad shape as I was. His head was back, and his breath was whistling in queer gasps from his lungs. I remember this in a sort of a haze as I passed him in the last few yards.

I learned a few seconds later that, just as I passed him, he collapsed in a heap within two yards of the finish line. Riley of the Irish-American A. C. passed the fallen Edmundson to take a second place, and, just as he crossed the line, he also collapsed. I had staggered a few yards beyond the finish when my knees suddenly refused to bear my weight any longer, so I followed the example of the other two and toppled to the ground. All three of us had run ourselves completely out. I have never before seen three men pass out at the same time at the finish of a race of that distance.

The time was 1:54:1, which established a new championship record, and which I believe, under the circumstances of the poor track, was one of the best halves I ever ran.

In the Metropolitan Championships a few weeks later I again regained my title by winning the 880 in 1:54:3.

In the Canadian Championships, held on September 23 at Montreal I also brought that title back into the fold. The time was practically the same as in the Mets, 1:54:4. After a half-hour rest I decided that I felt fit enough to enter the 440, and soon found that I was justified in this decision by winning that event also in forty-nine and two fifths seconds.

During that indoor season and the spring of 1912, all meets pointed toward the Olympic games to be held that year in Stockholm, Sweden. In the majority of my races I was successful enough so that I was conceded a place on the team.

I was watching myself carefully, however, and trying for once in my life to use a little intelligence in the number of meets I signed up for, and to take as many precautions as possible against burning myself out before the try-outs. The result of these precautions was that I had myself in a mighty satisfying condition at the time of the try-outs which were held in the Harvard stadium at Cambridge, Mass., on June 8. I entered these games with none of the misgivings that I had felt at the time of the previous try-outs in 1908. In fact my confidence almost resulted in disaster.

In the trial heats of the 800-meter race, I won mine without a great deal of trouble, but upon finishing, was accosted good naturedly by the man who had run second.

"You ran a good race that time, Sheppard," he said, "but if you don't travel a whole lot faster than that in the finals, I'm going to beat you."

I didn't pay much attention to this because I had heard the same thing before on various occasions. I inquired, however, who the chap was, and learned that his name was Dave Caldwell, but nobody had ever heard of him before or knew anything about his running. The time, by the way, for the heat was 1:53:22. I wondered how fast he expected the final to go.

As the finals came around I trailed for the first lap and then jumped into the lead. The pace was pretty hot and when I swung into the home stretch I figured that I had the race all to myself. Imagine my surprise, then, when a form flashed by me and set sail for the tape. It was Caldwell, and my astonishment was so great that it was a second or so before I could uncork enough sprint to head his wild rush. He certainly took me completely by surprise, and I managed to beat him only by a scant yard.

This race always serves to remind me of an extremely significant thing in athletics. I have always believed that there are any number of potential record breakers and champions, walking the streets every day and engaged in the ordinary routine of education and business. It is one thing of which a person is never sure until he tries. It is easily possible that there are men, who have never worn a track shoe or who are not interested enough in the sport to know a discus from a hurdle, but who, nevertheless, if properly trained could go out and smash a few of the existing records.

There are any number of cases on record where boys have learned through pure accident that they possessed running ability. It is reasonable to expect then that there are any number to whom this accident has never happened.

Take for instance, the case of Caldwell. Here was an unknown runner, coming through in the biggest meet of the year, with a burst of natural speed that completely astounded the spectators, and established for himself a place on the American Olympic team.

So when any one asks me if I think they may be able to run, my only advice is to purchase a pair of spiked shoes and find out. You may be a world beater.

About one hundred and fifty men were finally selected to compose the team which sailed June 14, one week later. Of this number, most of the men were for the track and field events. There were also, swimmers, boxers, wrestlers, fencers, tennis players, bicycle riders, and riflemen along. Mike Murphy was again head coach and James Sullivan had been chosen once more as United States commissioner.

A great crowd was at the docks to see us off, and there was the usual excitement of farewells. The crowd became so large and enthusiastic in its demonstrations that the police reserves had to be summoned to keep numerous excited track fans from getting shoved into the water.

Before sailing I was in receipt of numerous letters and telegrams from friends to wish me luck on the other side. One telegram which was delivered aboard the ship was from Congressman E. F. Kinkead. Mr. Kinkead had befriended me on several occasions, and in this instance he had attempted to arrange for my salary as a customs em-

ployee to continue while I was abroad with the team.

He wired as follows:

Under the law the secretary of the treasury is prohibited from making the disbursement requested by me. I sincerely regret that I was not able to help you out in this matter, but want you to feel that any time I can be of service to you in any way that my best efforts are at your command. Best wishes to you and my other friends on the Olympic team for a pleasant and successful trip. We will all be rooting for you to bring back the championship.

E. F. KINKEAD.

While I was in Europe, Mr. Kinkead made further attempts to have my salary continued while I was away. He even went so far as to introduce a bill to this effect in Congress. The bill passed the House of Representatives but was killed by the Senate.

I was also tremendously pleased and just a bit embarrassed when, just before sailing time, two men bore a huge floral horseshoe on board and presented it to me in the names of my friends in the customs service. It was all of six feet high, and made a fragrant but somewhat bulky ornament for my state room, before it became so withered that it had to be thrown overboard with fitting solemnities.

The Olympic committee this year had chartered an entire ship, the *Finland*, for the athletes, and I doubt if a more strangely equipped ship ever took to the water.

There was a cork running track, circling the promenade deck, with an eighty-yard straightaway for the sprinters. Forward on the lower deck were two great swimming tanks made of canvas. From supports overhead harnesslike straps hung suspended from trolleys that permitted the swimmers on the team to take daily practice all the way across the ocean. With the harness around their bodies they could go through all the motions but could make little progress. It looked like discouraging practice.

At the other end of the ship was a tennis court. Where the net should have been was a board wall with a line, net high, painted across it. The tennis players would stand back and bang their ball against the wall which made a fine substitute for an opponent.

Midship, on the decks below the promenade, were real sand pits into which the broad jumpers, high jumpers, and pole vaulters could practice. The weather had to be pretty smooth before the coach would allow the men to work, but they were able to practice a couple of days.

There were also stationary bicycles for the bike team, and all the athletic apparatus one would expect to find in a well-equipped gym. There were wrestling mats, boxing rings and even a target range.

Shortly after the *Finland* cleared port, the team adopted an official mascot, in the person of a fifteen-year-old stowaway by the name of Harry Naughton. Harry was found by one of the crew in a lifeboat, and it was planned to send him back to shore with the pilot, who was about to leave the ship. But when it was learned that the lad, an athlete himself, had worshiped from afar the exploits of the famous men of the team, and, although unable to raise the money for such a trip, had determined to sail with the boys, and that this determination had inspired him to ride the rods of the Twentieth Century Limited from Toledo, Ohio, and to slip aboard the ship, hide in the lifeboat and live for two days before the ship sailed on the hard-tack and water stored there, then it was decided that here indeed was a worthy mascot for any team. The athletes raised such a protest when they learned the youngster was to be sent back, that Colonel M. D. Thompson stepped forward and said that it would be a pleasure to pay the fare of a lad with as much perseverance as that.

The boy's stubbornness and gameness in the face of such tremendous odds struck a sympathetic cord in every athlete aboard, and we were all mighty glad when Colonel Thompson advanced the youngster's fare and allowed us to keep him as a mascot.

The trip across was uneventful, but extremely pleasant. Intelligent routine and discipline kept every member of the team in excellent condition, and we arrived none the worse for the voyage.

The *Finland* carried also a cargo of freight which she put in at Antwerp to discharge. To reach Antwerp it was necessary to go through the southern corner of Holland, and this brief passage through the flat low lands of the Netherlands painted a picture in my mind which will never die.

Often I had seen pictures of windmills, in Dutch landscapes, but somehow or other on canvas they had looked lifeless and artificial. I don't know why, except perhaps, that it is impossible to confine within the frame of a picture the surroundings of these windmills which actually give them life and character. In a picture a windmill is a windmill. But when seen from the decks of a slow-moving ship, they arise unexpectedly in all their quaint dignity from the low, flat shores on either side, and represent, not the means of harnessing an element, but a living symbol of Holland herself. The sails on some are furled and the four latticed arms point grotesquely at the earth and sky. Others are open for business and the great blades turn lazily as the mill, like some intelligent beast of burden, goes patiently about its task and continues its work of centuries.

In glancing over the above it seems that the country must have affected me even more seriously than I had at first imagined. I never attempted to put my impressions of the windmills into words before, and I believe in the future I will be cautious of the manner in which I approach this subject for fear I may break right down and weep.

As we were towed by tugs into the river at Antwerp, we passed hundreds and hundreds of canal barges; long, narrow boats, about a hundred feet in length, most of them representing the home and the means of livelihood of their owners. From the high decks of our ship we could get a fine bird's-eye view of these barges, which were packed one against the other along the banks. It was significant that everything about the craft positively shone with cleanliness. The occupants clattered about the spotless decks in wooden shoes, which they were careful to remove when they entered their living quarters. They had the knack of slipping out of these without breaking their stride, and leaving them neatly lined up beside the door. That must have taken a lot of practice.

We spent several days at Antwerp, but for fear this chapter might resolve itself into a travelogue I won't cover our sight-seeing in detail.

The cathedral there impressed me more than any of the other points of interest. I remember particularly a fine strip of brass laid into the stone of the floor diagonally across the center of the floor. This aroused my curiosity and I asked one of the attendants what it was there for. He pointed to a tiny round hole high up in the stained glass of one of the windows and explained that at a certain time of the year the sun, shining through this opening, would cast a little disc of light on the floor and as the earth rotated the disc would follow the brass line. When this day arrived all the timepieces would be regulated and given a fresh start for the following year. I couldn't help but think that it would have been rather unfortunate if it had rained on the appointed day.

The cathedral was filled with original paintings of masters. In one dark corner, visible only by the light of a candle, was an original by Leonardo da Vinci, the head of Christ done on marble. It was an exquisite piece of work. I had

seen his Mona Lisa in the Louvre at Paris, and the guide in Antwerp, covering the lower part of the face, called our attention to the remarkable resemblance of the expression of the eyes in the two pictures.

From Antwerp we sailed up through the North Sea into the Baltic and put in at Stockholm, our destination. We arrived about two o'clock in the morning, and were awakened by shouting. We rushed to the portholes and found that we were steaming slowly up the fiord.

It was at the time of the year when Sweden was getting the full benefit of the midnight sun, and we noticed, to our astonishment, that it was almost as light as day. Out of curiosity I picked up a newspaper and found that I was able to read easily by the light coming through the port. I called the attention of my roommate, Lawson Robertson, to this peculiar fact.

We were passing between high, wooded banks, and we soon learned that the shouting came from crowds of natives grouped high along the shore. The brilliant color of their costumes stood out distinctly in the dim light and formed a most picturesque and beautiful setting. Awakened, as we had been, and still a bit drowsy, this unusual welcome had all the characteristics of some weird fairy tale. They were shouting "Welcome, Americanos," English obviously learned for the occasion, but mighty pleasant to hear, nevertheless. If this, we told one another as we climbed back into bed, was an indication of Swedish hospitality, we certainly had a lot to look forward to. We learned later that this was merely a sample.

The water was too shallow for the *Finland* to dock so we were taken ashore in motor launches which the boat carried. It was necessary to maintain a regular ferry service to bring the athletes to and from the ship, which served as our headquarters.

We landed on Sunday morning and at once found ourselves surrounded by a brand of hospitality that we never dreamed existed. I have never seen the equal of the Swedes as hosts, and I have heard the same thing from numerous athletes who have had the good fortune to compete there at various times.

One reason, I believe, that we found the Swedes so congenial, was that they resembled Americans more than the citizens of any other country we had ever visited, not even excepting England. For Sweden was different from the other countries we knew because of the fact that they were anxious to adopt all things American. If they were able to learn a lesson in industry, education or athletics from America, they were broad-minded enough to admit as much and eager to take advantage of the lesson. So even though our languages were different, we soon found that we had a great deal in common. Even our sense of humor coincided, and that, I believe, is one of the most unifying elements I know.

When I say that they showed us every consideration I am putting it mildly. Nothing, it seemed, was too much for them to do for the visiting Americans. Before we had exchanged our money into krone we wished to make certain purchases at the stores. When the proprietors learned that we were members of the American team they gladly gave us anything we wanted and told us to come back and pay later.

In this connection I am extremely sorry to say that a couple of the boys took advantage of this kindness. It is something that any American should be ashamed to admit, but I am mentioning it at this time merely to illustrate the point that, unfortunate as it may be, there are always members of a team who are too morally weak to support the standards of their country. A few of these men can do more harm and create a worse impression than an entire team will be able to overcome. For this reason, I cannot help but feel that one of the most important factors entering into the selection of a team is the character of the men. I place this above a man's athletic ability, because the main object of the Olympic games is not to roll up points. A team in defeat can still be splendidly victorious if each man has so conducted himself that each country represented in the games regards him with the respect due to a good winner, a good loser and a gentleman.

While we were becoming acclimated to the country and taking our daily work-outs, the Swedes did not allow us to forget for a moment that we were their guests and any of our wishes within reason were granted as though by magic. They took particular pains to present the city of Stockholm to its best advantage, and were continually arranging sight-seeing tours, either in or about the city or down the fiords, which present some of the most beautiful waterways in the world. Stockholm is called the Venice of the North and the Swedes have every reason to be proud of this magnificent city.

Among the points of interest which were called to our attention was the birthplace of the famous Jenny Lind, whose immortal voice thrilled all of Europe. Upon her visit to New York in 1850 there was no building large enough to hold the vast throngs who flocked to hear her sing.

During all our round of sight-seeing and entertainment, however, we did not forget for an instant the purpose of our presence in Sweden. And when the opening day of the games arrived we were all in the best possible condition, mentally and physically.

The opening ceremonies, attended by royalty, were very impressive. They were held in the new stadium, which had not only been constructed from the standpoint of beauty, but also for service. We were mighty pleased to find that all the labor had not been placed on the structure of the grand stand, and that the track itself was splendidly constructed and fast as lightning.

The 800-meters was the first event in which I was entered. There were no great upsets in the preliminary heat and America qualified six men for the finals, Meredith, Putnum, Davenport, Edmundson, Caldwell and myself. Our most dangerous competitor was Braun, of Germany. Brock, of Canada, was the eighth man.

Previous performances all went to show that I was the favorite in the race, and as we were talking the matter over before, we decided that Braun was the one we had to fear. Ted Meredith, therefore, volunteered to set a pace at th start and kill off Braun if possible. It was decided that I could come up later and go through to win. So much for our previous plans.

As the race was called it was found that Meredith had drawn eighth position from the pole while I had drawn third. I figured, then, if I allowed Ted to go out and get the pole it would mean that I would be caught in the triangular jam that would at once form after the start, when each man crowded in toward the pole, and in order to get up among the leaders I would have to run wide around the pack. My only salvation then was to grab the pole myself, which I did at the crack of the gun. I set a terrific pace in order to perform the duty myself of running the German into the ground.

It is needless to say that I was never before in a race containing so many wonderful half-milers. And the unusual part of the whole thing was, that each one happened to be in the best of condition at that time. Therefore, the pace I set seemed to have no effect at all and we were all bunched and running strong when we swung into the home stretch.

Then the real fight started. First one man and then another would force his way up and challenge for the lead.

Braun held it for a while, and then the schoolboy, Meredith, came from nowhere, and with one of the most remarkable sprints I have ever seen, slowly forged to the front. His terrific burst pulled Davenport and myself also ahead of the German, but neither of us were able to head Meredith in his wild rush for the tape. As he broke it there was not daylight between his body and my own, with Davenport so close to my shoulder that the judges hesitated for a long time before finally awarding second place to me. Braun was fourth. Both the world's 800-meter record and the half-mile record were smashed in this race. The former went in 1:51:9 and the latter in 1:52:4. Critics, who saw the finish, claim that the first three men all finished well within the old records for both distances.

And so it goes with the running game. You never can tell when or how a thing will happen. We were all dazed at the results of the race, and none more so than Ted himself. It just happened to be his day, and even though he had never beat me before in the numerous races we had run, this was his day of days, and, like the great athlete he was, he made the best of it. This, after all, is the true test of a man's greatness, and it proved beyond a doubt that he was no slave to the mental hazard which would have engulfed an ordinary man who had seen another finish so many races ahead of him. Even though I had always won on previous instances, Ted had never even admitted to himself that I was the better man. If he had he would never have won at Stockholm. It was a magnificent victory over the finest field I have ever seen. I actually believe that if the race had been run five times, there would have been five winners. History, in a way, repeated itself, because Ted's victory in Stockholm was very much the same as my unexpected victory in the 1500-meters in the previous Olympics at London

I was also entered for the 1500 in these games, but had no hopes of repeating my spectacular performance of 1908, my main idea being to aid as much as possible those of our men who were conceded a chance to win. An amusing thing happened in my trial heat.

I had volunteered to set the pace for L. C. Madeira, one of our men whom we hoped to qualify in the finals. In the first stages of the race I figured Madeira was saving too much so I called over my shoulder, "Come on up here with me, if you want to get in the money!"

He followed my suggestion and we finished first and second, but as we were going back to the dressing room, one of the Englishmen in the races, who had overheard my remark, came up to me and said:

"I say, you're not satisfied with winning these races, but you must boss them also." I let that pass.

The finals presented the most formidable list of milers that I have ever seen gathered together for a single race. There was John Paul Jones, intercollegiate champion and world's amateur record holder for the mile; Norman Tabor, who lowered Jones' record the following summer, and Abel Kiviat, holder of the world's amateur record at 1500 meters, not to mention the greatest milers that all the other countries could produce.

Therefore, when A. N. S. Jackson, of England, won the event, there was much lamentation in the American camp. It seemed actually impossible, but the English flag fluttered, nevertheless, at the top of the staff. With no wish to detract from Jackson's well-deserved victory, I believe he would have been closer pushed if the Americans had been worrying about him rather than about the other members of their own team. With all the imposing talent from this country, it was only natural that our men, one of whom it was believed would inevitably

win, were watching each other and regulating their races accordingly. This is not an alibi, but merely a probable solution to the mystery, because if the United States was unable to win the event, there was no one to whom we would have rather lost than Jackson of England. He is a sportsman of the highest type and no one could wear the crown more becomingly than he.

Several amusing things, of course, occurred while we were in Stockholm. One, which I forgot to mention, took place just before the 1500-meter finals.

On the morning of that race, it seems, several of the team had felt in need of a little diversion and had amused themselves by wadding up wet towels and heaving them through the portholes at the crews of the ship's launches that took us to and from the boat. One of the towels, unfortunately, scored a direct hit on one of the officers of the boat, with the result that they declared transportation temporarily suspended for the remainder of the day.

Our race, however, could not wait, so those who were expected ashore were compelled to lower one of the lifeboats and man the oars. I never realized before that a lifeboat was of such generous proportions or that the oars bore such a resemblance in weight and size to telegraph poles.

There is another rowing incident, also, that I always recall with a smile. I was awakened late one night by the splash of oars, and the sound of voices. Curiosity finally urged me out of bed and to the porthole, where I beheld a strange craft, manned by a stranger crew.

The boat, the part of it which was visible, seemed to be a rowboat, and the crew, which was highly visible, seemed to be a trio of our weight men, or "whales," as they had been affectionately dubbed. They had missed the last launch and had borrowed a rowboat, with very little consideration for the capacity of said boat. None of the leviathans would have tipped the scales at less than two hundred and fifty pounds, and the boat had not been constructed for this sort of cargo. Even the slightest shifting of one of the bulks would bring the water splashing threateningly over the edge, which was a scant couple of inches from the surface.

Pat McDonald sat as lookout in the bow, while Ralph Rose ballasted the stern. The motive power was furnished by Mat McGrath, who gingerly manned the oars.

I held my breath in pleasant anticipation, expecting each moment to see the whales deposited without warning in their natural element. A good sneeze or even a deep breath would have turned the trick, but they proved their seamanship by reaching the ship without mishap.

We all had our difficulties with the Swedish language, but Lawson Robertson, I believe, deserves the award of first prize for originality in this respect.

He was presented one day to a Russian count. The count was small, with a beard so fashioned as to make him resemble a cross between an Airedale and a walrus. His manner was brusque and, when introduced, he squinted up at Robbie without a word. Robbie accepted his hand seriously and looking down at the count said, in his most respectful tone:

"Well, count, you're sure one queer-looking bird."

The count looked a bit startled, but replied haughtily in perfect English: "I don't think so, do you?"

Robbie didn't stop to argue the matter, but in the future was always careful to assure himself that strangers did or did not speak his language.

But to get back to the games. I was also entered in the 1600-meter relay race with Meredith, Reidpath and Lindberg. The event was the closing event of the games. We won easily in 3:16:3, estab-

lishing a new world's record for that distance. In this connection it might be interesting to mention the fact that each member of the relay team had a quarter-mile record of 48:2 or better.

In the closing ceremonies the point winners received their medals from the king. The winners were accorded the especial distinction of a laurel wreath placed upon their brow. A very impressive proceeding, but just a bit uncomfortable and embarrassing.

I was impressed with a certain incident which occurred while the games were in progress. The King of Sweden had made his headquarters on a warship, anchored in the harbor a short distance from the *Finland*. One evening he sent a delegation over to our boat bearing the message that the king would like to talk to James Thorpe, the wonderful all-around athlete from Carlisle Indian School. Thorpe, unfortunately, was not on board at the time, but I was impressed with the heights to which athletics might raise a man, and the importance they cause him to assume in the eyes of others. I don't imagine there are a great number of men from any country whom a king would consider worthy of a personal invitation to call.

At the close of the games the team broke up into groups, some to go sight-seeing and others to combine sight-seeing with invitations to compete in meets in various countries. Most of the boys went back to Antwerp on the *Finland* and started from there, but our program was so complete that we started directly from Stockholm.

Our party consisted of Joe O'Donnell, whom I have mentioned from time to time, as one of my best friends and one of the heartiest athletic fans I ever knew. He always managed to be present in some manner or other at all track meetings of any importance. In this instance he had been of the greatest service to his friends on the team, in the capacity of morale builder and adviser. He had taken the interests of every one of the boys to heart and had made every effort to help the team in any way he could. Joe, by the way, accompanied us in the capacity of manager, arranging for our expenses and taking charge of all our money, so that we would be sure to get home comfortably.

Ted Meredith and Don Lippincott composed the other two members of our party.

We left Stockholm by rail for Malmo, a port at the extreme south of Sweden. From there we took a boat for Germany. The sea, fortunately, was smooth enough for us to enjoy a meal while en route. The meal consisted of the Swedish *Smorgasbord*—"bread and butter board"—which can best be described by picturing an entire delicatessen store piled on a single table. If there was anything lacking in the way of cold meats, salads, cheeses and relishes, I can't imagine what it could have been, and the best feature of the whole thing was that each person took a plate and helped himself. A rather pathetic incident happened in this connection.

Ralph Rose, one of the "whales," somehow or other conceived the impression that everything eaten had to be paid for after the manner of a cafeteria. This was unfortunate for him but fortunate for the rest of us, because as it was, he only ate his normal amount—about a three-man meal—but if he had known that everything was included in the passage, he would have most likely cleared the table. He learned later of his mistake and the discovery practically ruined his trip.

We arrived at a German port, I forget the name, and started for Berlin by rail. We arrived there late in the afternoon and were met by a committee which informed us that they had arranged for our entertainment.

Our first sight-seeing trip, under the direction of the committee, was to the zoo. As we passed through the turnstile, we were slightly surprised to be asked for an admission fee. This we paid, thinking that something had slipped up in the arrangements, but later, at a banquet, when each of us paid for his own plate, we decided that it was the German custom for entertaining guests. We were also at a loss to explain the true derivation of the term "Dutch treat"—perhaps just a slight error in geography.

Quite a large number of the American athletes had been invited to compete in the meet next day. I had been invited to run in no particular event, so I decided that I would prefer the 1000-meters to the 800-meters. I therefore entered in the former event and learned, much to my surprise, that this was much against the wishes of Braun, of Germany, who took a fourth in the Olympics. Braun, it seems, was perfectly confident that he was a better man over that distance than I, and he wouldn't have been a real runner if he hadn't thought so. It seems also that he was possessed of a passionate desire to lead me to the tape, a desire which had been formed when I beat him in the 1908 Olympics in London, and which had been uppermost in his mind ever since. When he learned then, that he was not to run against me in Berlin, he was keenly disappointed. He came over to me and said:

"You are not running in the 800-meters because you are afraid of me. You know I am the better man. But never mind, we will meet shortly in Glasgow, Scotland, and we will surely decide then who is the faster."

It seems to me that a desire like this to win was a distinct strain on the principle of amateur athletics, so rather than consent to a "grudge" race at this time, I stuck to my plan of running the 1000-meters, which I won and made a new record for the distance. Ted, by the way, entered the 800 and was beaten by Braun.

In another set of games we were invited to run a medley relay, but inasmuch as there were only three runners in our party, we, at first, could not see our way clear. Finally, however, we decided that O'Donnell was a good enough manager, but that he had a pretty easy job considering the fact that we were doing all the work. We therefore held a conference and decided to make Joe do a little work too. So we entered a four-man team.

Joe had not had on a shoe in years, and when he was running he was a distance man. We figured, however, that I would run the 800-meters, Meredith the 400 and Lippincott the 200, and that each of us should be able to gain at least four yards, which would make a total of 12 yards we would turn over to Joe for his 100 meters. Nobody, we felt, could lose 100 meters with a 12-yard lead.

Our plans went smoothly and we turned the lead over to Joe. He tore down the track like a two-year-old, but about seventy-five yards out his legs seemed to stiffen at the knees like a rusty hinge. We could almost hear the joints creak as Joe pumped them bravely up and down. The German sprinter began to close the gap, but Joe struggled along. As the tape approached he had slowed almost to a walk, but with a desperate lunge he managed to break it about an inch ahead of the German. And thus it happened that the famous American relay team that beat the flower of Germany, was composed of Sheppard, Meredith, Lippincott and O'Donnell.

After the games we decided that as long as German hospitality offered no prospects of lightening the load on our own pocketbooks, we might as well entertain ourselves in a manner most agreeable to us. In this connection we were fortunate to meet a New York theatrical man who had for years spent his summers in Berlin. He was able, it

seems, to pay his passage first class to and from Germany and to live there in luxury for the entire summer, for less than his hotel bill and living expenses in New York would amount to. This chap volunteered to act as a guide and, under his direction, it is doubtful if we missed much of anything that was worth seeing.

We visited the summer home of the Kaiser, in Potsdam, about sixteen miles from Berlin. The quaint one-story palace is situated on an island in the River Havel and is notable chiefly from its association with Frederick the Great by whom it was built.

We had to pay a small admission fee before entering and when inside, were compelled to slip into a pair of large felt shoes by means of which we skated over the polished floors from room to room.

We also visited the Kaiser's winter home in Berlin where we were subjected to the same skating process. Here we witnessed that famous ceremony, the changing of the guard. It was unusually impressive.

In the palace itself we saw the historic Red Room which so pleased the fancy of Theodore Roosevelt that the Kaiser ordered dinner served there. The Kaiser later renamed the room the "Roosevelt Room."

In another of the rooms was the coronation chair, elevated on its pedestal and protected by a rope of red plush. At this point we hung back until the guide with the rest of the party was out of sight, then we each took turns climbing over the rope and sitting in the chair. It would have been quite impossible for me to have passed an opportunity of that sort, inasmuch as I had already stolen one brief sit in the coronation chair of England.

We were taken also to the Ice Palace, one of Berlin's chief amusement places. It was larger and more beautiful than anything I have ever seen in this country, consisting of a huge ice arena, surrounded by terraces of tables for the guests, each terrace increasing in price as it approached the arena. On the ice was a continuous, swiftly moving, rapidly changing mass of performers. One ballet would give place to another and expert skaters would thrill the watchers with their speed and grace.

We were principally impressed in Berlin with two things, the cheapness of living conditions and the subjection of the women. By the latter I mean that the man in Germany seemed to be supreme and his attitude toward women was that of a person toward some inferior thing necessary to his pleasure.

We left Berlin for Budapest where we had been invited to attend another set of games. We went by rail and passed through many places of interest such as Dresden, Prague, and Vienna, although we were unable to stop at any for any length of time. We were especially pleased with the method of serving meals while en route. It was possible to purchase for a couple of marks a huge basket of food at any of the towns we passed through. There was enough to keep us eating for the next twenty-five miles, at the end of which time we could leave the basket at any station and it would be returned to the place where we had received it.

The trip was uneventful except for an amusing incident at the Austrian border. There was another man in our compartment, a German, whose disposition seemed to be in a bad state of fermentation. Throughout the trip our traveling companion insisted upon keeping the shade lowered to keep the sun out. Then one of us would raise it and he'd pull it down again. By the time we had reached the border matters were verging closely upon assault and battery, but hostilities were suspended while the customs officer examined our baggage.

When he reached our compartment we signified by signs that we were

Americans and by pointing to the emblems on our suitcases, informed him that we were members of the Olympic team. The inspector turned out to be a mighty decent sort, and upon learning we were athletes, smilingly signified that he would not bother us by examining our baggage. He then turned his attention to the German, who had noted our exemption with much disapproval.

So when his turn came to be examined, he evidently felt that he also, should be spared the trouble of opening his bags. The inspector, though, had other ideas on the subject, whereupon the pair began to swap ideas in a manner highly pleasing to the rest of us. Of course we were unable to understand what it was all about, but their tones and expressions gave us a pretty good idea.

To our immense joy the inspector turned out to be a man of action. The passenger lost the argument with a suddenness that brought tears of gratitude —or maybe it was mirth—to our eyes, and the last we saw of our recent companion, he was raging up and down the station platform, with his baggage piled about him in a confused heap.

The railroad from Vienna to Budapest followed the lovely Danube. The beauty of this section of the trip almost took our breaths away. We were especially impressed by the ruins of great castles on the high banks of the river; castles, which we learned had been stormed and partially destroyed in ancient religious wars. They were tremendously impressive as they towered in all their crumbling dignity above the tree tops, and fought a slowly losing fight with the great mats of ivy that covered almost every inch of their remaining walls.

In the sections where the river passed through the low level country, a great deal of agriculture, mostly truck gardening, was in evidence along the fertile shores. The women, it seemed, attended to the bulk of the work. Few men were visible as the women toiled in the sun, hoeing in the fields and gathering the crops.

Toward evening we noticed, on several occasions, women, apparently going home from their labors, followed by a long line of geese. Often there seemed to be as many as one hundred or one hundred and fifty of the birds, all waddling seriously along behind.

We arrived in Budapest early in the morning, shortly before daylight, and found, to our amazement, that the cafés and amusement places were as busy as though it were only ten o'clock in the evening. After we had secured rooms at a hotel, we went out into the streets again. It was daylight now and we noticed all the cafés and shops closing up for the day at the time one would expect them to be opening for business. We soon learned that the life in Budapest was mostly night. It seemed to be a clean, wholesome sort of merrymaking, though. It appeared that everybody simply forgot the cares and troubles of the day, set aside all thoughts of business, and dedicated the night to play. It's just a bit mystifying when they slept, but none of them seemed to be the worse for this custom.

We found the committee which welcomed us in Budapest to have different ideas of hospitality than those natives, with whom we had come in contact, of the country we had just left. They started to entertain us right away and practically every moment of our time, until our hour of departure, was taken up by our hosts.

Budapest, we learned, was composed of two towns, Buda and Pest. Buda is much the older of the two and is situated on the high banks of the Danube. It is here that Franz Josef, King of Hungary and emperor of Austria, spent three months of each year. The other nine months he spent at his palace in Vienna. The view from the high hills of Buda

was beautiful. A great deal of the surrounding country was visible, and the Danube could be seen winding in and out for miles.

Pest, the more modern of the two cities, is built on a low, sandy plain on the opposite side of the river, and, though the younger city of the two, is by far the larger.

We found everything there moderate in price, and the clerks and proprietors of the stores most courteous and eager to please. The tipping system in the restaurants and hotels was a bit unusual but extremely practical. It was customary to tip ten per cent but the tip had to be divided up by the customer into several parts. The headwaiter would get fifty per cent, your own waiter, twenty-five per cent, the rest to be divided up among the bus boys or whoever else tendered any minor services. The mathematical end of this system was sometimes slightly confusing, but the headwaiter was always on hand to offer his services. For this purpose he was equipped with a leather bag, hung to his belt, which contains sufficient change for any emergency.

There was a distinct American atmosphere around Budapest, contributed for the greater part by American sportsmen who had come there to follow the races and to enjoy the gay life of this remarkable city.

The Magyar Athletic Club, where we spent a great deal of our time, and where we were allowed to train, was situated on an island in the middle of the river, between the two towns. It seemed to be an unusually wealthy club. The equipment was of the finest and no expense had been spared on the athletic field, tennis courts and other devices for recreation which are found about clubs of this sort.

It could be reached both by bridge and boat. The current of the river was so strong that when the trip was made by boat, a great deal of skill was required in making a landing. Small high-powered motor boats were used, and it was more than fascinating to watch the pilots of these tiny craft scoot them across the water like some huge water bug, head for the landing at an apparently impossible angle, and be carried snugly to the wharf by the treacherous current.

At the meet we were, of course, the guests of honor. Meredith and I were entered in the 800-meter, but during the race became possessed of such a gentlemanly attitude toward each other that we were both badly beaten. It was too much a case of "After you, my dear Alphonse," and while we argued back and forth the question of who should win the race, one of the Hungarians shot by us and gained everlasting fame by beating the first and second men of the Olympic games.

Just before we left, the officials of the club requested an interview with me, and offered me the job of coaching their athletic team. The salary they mentioned was more than fair. In fact it was more than the secretary to the king was receiving at the time. They even offered to pay the traveling expenses of my wife and family to Hungary, as well as the transportation of all my furniture and household goods.

I thought of this offer mighty seriously for a long time but finally decided against accepting it because of the school conditions in Budapest. I had the education of my children to think of before anything else, and I believe, that if it had not been for this, I would surely have accepted the position. My decision turned out to be a mighty fortunate one, however, because shortly after that war was declared. If I had had my family in Budapest at the time it is hard to imagine what might have happened. It is certain that we would have had to make a hurried trip back to the United States. Fortunately we were spared all this. From Budapest we set out for Paris. We stopped for a short time in

Vienna, and made a hurried sight-seeing tour of the city. We visited the Austrian palace of Franz Josef, the art museums and other places of interest. We were especially impressed with the beautiful streets and the large number of picturesque fountains and statues at the street intersections. We also made brief stops at Munich, Germany, and Berne, Switzerland.

Our stay at Paris was short and uneventful. Because of the fact that we had come directly from Budapest, we were especially antagonized by the attitude of the French, all of whom seemed to have their hands out for the American dollar. We left Paris for England and proceeded by rail to Glasgow where we were expected for other meets.

We were met by practically the same committee, headed by William Maley, whom I had met on the occasion of my previous visit there after the Olympic games in 1908. After Maley had expressed his pleasure at seeing me again, his first question was, "What kind of shape are you in?"

I was a bit surprised at this and hesitated to say that I had not been as strict in my training for the last few weeks as I should have been, but that I still thought I could stagger a half mile in a little better than two minutes.

The reason for his concern in my condition was soon evident when he explained that Braun, of Germany, had been on hand for some time, training faithfully with the idea of making a certain Melvin Sheppard look like a second-rater. This news could hardly be termed exhilarating from my viewpoint, especially as several match races had been arranged and given a great deal of publicity. Braun, himself, contributed to this publicity, by the seriousness with which he was taking the coming races, and by his firm belief that he was still the better man. He had brought along a whole army of doctors, attendants, rubbers and trainers.

A couple of two-day meetings had been arranged. The first was to be held Saturday afternoon, in the football stadium of the Rangers. The event was a half-mile handicap. Braun, Meredith and I were running from scratch, and as it turned out, we all needed a handicap ourselves. The first two places were taken by handicap men. I took third and Braun a fourth. The time was 1:54:1.

On the second day of the meeting, late Monday afternoon, a special half mile had been arranged, with Braun as confident as ever. I think, however, he began to have his doubts when he again finished second to me in 1:56:2. Meredith was third.

We spent the remainder of the week in a short "barnstorming tour" through England while Braun stayed in Glasgow and trained. We returned there for the meet at Celtic Football Club the following Saturday. Again a half-mile race had been arranged and for the third time we finished in the same order. It was after this race that the German grudgingly admitted that I was the better man in the half, but insisted that he was undoubtedly the faster man in the quarter-mile. One of the officials of the games overheard this statement and offered to put on a special quarter-mile race on the second day of the games. I agreed to this much against my better judgment, but I figured that Braun's disappointment had been so terribly keen that he deserved an opportunity for at least one victory over me, inasmuch as that had been his main objective for the last four years. So the race was staged.

Braun, as I expected, opened up a gap in the first two hundred and twenty yards, and then I began to gain slowly. I caught him about fifty yards from the finish, and as I passed him I heard him say something in German. The ejaculation was almost a sob, and I learned later from one of the spectators in the grand stand who understood German

and had overheard the remark, that his exclamation could be translated to read, "It can not be done!" Braun was convinced at last.

And after he had realized this and had recovered from his first bitter disappointment, I found him to be a mighty splendid chap. We became excellent friends before we parted and he even asked to be allowed to model a bust of me, which he would send to the United States when completed. I forgot to mention that Braun had ambitions to be a sculptor. The war, however, interrupted his work, and the bust was never completed.

I didn't realize the interest our series of races had stirred up in Scotland and England until I had received stacks of mail from unknown well-wishers from both countries. The following, which is a good example, was received from an English sport writer, before one of the races:

MY DEAR SHEPPARD: I was delighted to read that you had again beaten Braun. It took the wind out of the sails of those who said he should have won at Stockholm. See to it that the pace is very hot to-morrow. You can run him to a standstill if you do *your* running early. Wish you luck to-morrow and in the future.

Will you please accept the inclosed little gift from an old champion to a record breaker of the present. Yours sincerely,

A. B. GEORGE.

A. B. George was a former British champion himself, and a brother of the famous W. G. George, professional world's record holder of the mile, with a time of 4:12:3. The gift, by the way, was a beautiful little metal match box.

We attended several more meets in England before crossing to Ireland. We had decided that it would be impractical to return home before having visited Blarney Castle. We landed at Belfast and took a train through Dublin into Cork.

The village of Blarney is situated about four miles from Cork. To get there we engaged one of the jaunting carts, characteristic of Ireland, which are drawn by one horse. The passengers are perched two to a side, on seats running lengthways. Each pair face outward and sit with their backs to the others, making a four cornered conversation somewhat difficult. We finally arrived at the village and approached the famous Blarney Castle.

The castle is still in fair condition, although no attempts seem to have been made to preserve it. It was somewhat smaller than we had expected, and the moat, which characterized most of the castles we had visited, was missing. The main part of the castle consists of a large square tower, with an abutment projecting all the way around the top. There are only a few small windows in the walls, and, even though the inside contains nothing more than the walls themselves and the winding staircase to the roof, there is an indescribable atmosphere of mystery about the castle that prompts one to speak in whispers.

We made our way to the roof and found it to be well protected by a six-foot stone wall, the top of the abutment, with openings through which we were told the old defenders of the castle shot the arrows from their long bows and hurled rocks and missiles on the heads of attackers below.

The Blarney Stone was set in the abutment about four feet from the top on the outside, and formerly it was necessary for the one who wished to acquire the gift of blarney to be held by the heels from the top of the parapet so that he could kiss the stone below. This manner of performing the rite was so risky and inconvenient for all parties concerned that the system was changed after one devout worshiper had been dropped head first from the top of the castle. It might be mentioned, however, that he landed in a tree below and escaped without a scratch.

The present system is much easier and less hazardous. The kisser wiggles through an opening which has been made directly below the stone. In this position he is able to lie on his back and osculate up. Of course it is necessary for somebody inside to sit on his feet, but I believe this to be much more desirable than to be dangled upside down by the same members.

The point where people were formerly held over the parapet is now protected by long iron spikes, for the protection of those who are apt to place too much confidence in their holders above and the tree below.

And so we kissed the Blarney Stone, which I hope has not been evident up to this time.

We had already made reservations on the steamship *Majestic*—not the new one—on which we sailed the next day from Queenstown. The trip was uneventful, but we learned, upon arriving in New York, that the rumor had been spread that we were stranded penniless in Europe.

We dissipated this idea, however, as healthy and well fed as ever, and even adding to the dignity of our arrival by "wearing" canes.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

RUNNING

Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths

An Athlete's Story

By Melvin W. Sheppard

In this final installment one of America's greatest athletes tells of his last races—and retirement from the cinder path. He discusses, with frankness, just what his outlook is now with the glory and fame in the past—telling also of his work in bringing athletics to the places where it is most needed.

PART XI.

AT the end of the last chapter, I told how Ted Meredith, Don Lippincott, Joe O'Donnell and myself arrived from the Olympic Games in Stockholm, 1912, after having visited and competed in meets in Germany, Hungary, Scotland and England.

In some manner or other, due I believe to a slight trouble we experienced in London, when we attempted to exchange our steamship reservations, word had been spread in this country that four of America's Olympic athletes, meaning us, were stranded penniless in Europe. At any rate it made a good story for the newspapers, and when we finally arrived we found quite a crowd of friends to meet us, most of them with their hands in their pockets with the idea of loaning us enough money for a square meal.

Some seemed almost disappointed that this chance of philanthropy was denied them by our unquestionably well-fed appearance and by our insistence that we were in no way financially embarrassed. As proof of our prosperity, we even called their attention to the canes which we had learned to carry with some degree of naturalness. This latter, by the way, is no mean feat, in my estimation, because the tendency of an American with a cane is to carry it after the fashion of a baseball bat or a golf club. All members of the team, of course, equipped themselves with these accessories shortly after landing in Europe, which made it unusually easy to recognize an American as far as he could be seen.

The first thing, I believe, which a person must learn in order to carry a stick well, is the art of sauntering. This, in my estimation, practically eliminates the United States, for good and all, as a cane-carrying nation. I greatly fear that a cane in the hands of every American would cause no end of trouble, and that they, the canes, would be more likely to resolve themselves into weapons of offense and defense rather than articles of apparel.

My friends and fellow workers among the customs officials made quite a fuss over my arrival, and even though they refused to examine my baggage for smuggled diamonds and such trifles they took the liberty of helping themselves to whatever they thought would make a good souvenir from among my belongings. My beloved cane disappeared in some mysterious manner and my Olympic cap and other items were missing in the final check up. They informed me at the time that they had arranged a banquet in my honor, so what mattered a few souvenirs more or less?

SPO 6A

We had managed to arrive in time for the welcome-home celebration which had purposely been postponed till all the athletes arrived from their sight-seeing tours. We were the last to come.

New York had planned quite an elaborate celebration. The great parade was said to have contained some twenty thousand people. A large number of military organizations took part as well as thousands of athletes and school children. The parade wound up at the city hall where several speakers, including the mayor, welcomed us back and told us how proud they were of our victory. In the next few days we were entertained at numerous luncheons, and went through practically the same round of receptions that we enjoyed after the games of 1908.

Ten of the athletes on the team were from Philadelphia, which gave that city an excuse to hold a celebration of its own. Another parade was held there after which we were all taken to the ball game. We arrived after the stands were almost full, and when we entered the field, we were given a surprisingly cordial reception by the crowd. It actually appeared as though they knew what they were cheering about. In the evening we were the guests at another banquet, attended by numerous local notables.

The reception, however, which I appreciated the most, and felt to be the most sincere, was the banquet given to me by my friends in the Customs. It was staged at Coney Island and was of such a nature that I realized it must have been somewhat of a strain on the resources of these men who were drawing practically the same salary as I. It was a warm demonstration of real friendship, and I regret to say that my vocabulary proved inadequate when I attempted to express my appreciation of their kindness. The toastmaster for the occasion was Supreme Court Justice Stephen Callaghan.

SPO 7A

Then followed a round of meets to give the track enthusiasts in this country the opportunity of seeing the Olympic men in action.

I attended the annual meet held in conjunction with the New England fair at Worcester, Massachusetts. This was called the electric meet because it was held at night and the track was lighted with electricity. For this purpose a small track of about ten laps was always constructed directly in front of the grand stand on the regular horse-racing track. I had attended this meet for several years previous and had always won the quarter with apparent ease. The officials of the game thought this quite an accomplishment, but, were unacquainted, it seems, with the real facts, which are as follows:

The track was so laid out that the turns at each end were of the hairpin variety, and my secret of success was, that, instead of running these turns, I practically walked them. I would let the rest of the bunch run into the turn, which was so sharp that they would all swing wide, leaving a nice vacant pole for me, which I could negotiate easily by slowing almost to a walk. Thus when the rest of them again got their bearings, I generally had a nice comfortable lead.

At another meet in Scranton, Pennsylvania, we arrived at the time when the town had experienced one of its numerous cave-ins. This was explained to us by the fact that the earth beneath the city was practically honeycombed with the tunnels of coal mines and that every now and then one of these tunnels would collapse, which would result in a miniature earthquake on the surface of the ground. We were told that those houses still using the oil lamps, suspended the lamps from the ceiling after the manner of a ship, so that if the house should take a sudden slide into one of these depressions, there would be less chances of fire. The

cave-in that we saw had occurred in the middle of one of the streets of the residential section. It was possible to look down and see the coal, which was the primary cause of all the trouble.

I also attended a set of games in Toronto, held in connection with the International Exhibition Fair.

About this time the safe at Celtic Park was robbed. I was also in trouble with the M. A. L. about then and they had ordered me to return the medals I had won in the last M. A. L. Championships during my illegal enlistment in the Fourteenth Regiment. When Lawson Robertson asked me what I had lost in the Celtic Park robbery I thought he was joking and told him that my military medals had been in the safe.

Robby took me seriously and told the papers. So, inasmuch as there had been quite a little publicity over the fact that the M. A. L. had ordered me to return the medals, there was still more publicity when it was learned that they were stolen. I had to explain that the whole thing was merely a misunderstanding, and thereby spoiled a perfectly good newspaper story.

A great many special races were staged during the fall for the purpose of bringing Meredith, Kiviat and me together. I managed to win most all the half-mile specials with Meredith and Kiviat alternating in second place.

All these preliminary meets led up to the three annual championships. In the first, the Metropolitan championships, I managed to win the 880 in 1:55:2.

In the nationals, held in Pittsburgh, September twenty-first, I also won the 880 in 1:57:2, and finished second to Halpin in the 440. His time was 49:2.

I made a clean sweep of the three for the fifth time by winning the 880 in the Canadian championships in Montreal, September twenty-eighth. The time was 1:58.

This was the next to last championship race I ever won and practically completed my collection of championships. It might also be regarded as practically my last race of national or international importance. I had competed steadily, now, for ten years, and inasmuch as ten is a good round number, I am going to take space here to present a brief outline of my accomplishments on the cinders over that period of time.

The following list has, of course, been greatly changed by time, but I will present it as it was compiled up to December 31, 1912.

Winner of the following events, Olympic Games, London, 1908:

800-meter run, time 1:52:4.
1500-meter run, time 4:3:2.
1600-meter four-man medley relay race, time 3:27:1. Two, 200 meters, one 400 meters, and one 800 meters.

Olympic games, Stockholm, 1912.

Second 800-meter run, time 1:51:9-10, my time 1:52.
1600-meter relay race, time 3:16:3. Each man 400 meters.

Holder of the following world's amateur records:

500-yard run, time 57:3.
550-yard run, time 1:4:0.
600-yard run, time 1:10:4.
660-yard run, time 1:21:2.
700-yard run, time 1:26:4.
800-yard run, time 1:43:3.
900-yard run, time 1:57:1.
1000-yard run, time 2:12:2.
2-3-mile run, time 2:44:2.
Scottish amateur record: 880-yard run, time 1:56.
British amateur record: 880-yard run, time 1:54.

Member of relay teams which holds the following world's records:

One-mile four-man team, 3:18:4.
One-mile five-man team, 3:17:1.
2400-yard four-man team, time 5:06:1.
Two-mile four-man team, time 7:53.
Four-mile four-man team, time 17:58.
1600-meter four-man medley team, time 3:27:1. Two, 200 meters; one, 400 meters, and one, 800 meters.
1600-meter four-man team, time 3:16:3. Each man 400 meters.

Won the following championships of America:

1906—880-yard run, time 1:55:2.
1907—880-yard run, time 1:55:1.
1908—880-yard run, time 1:55:3.
1911—880-yard run, time 1:54:1.
1912—880-yard run, time 1:57:2.

Won the following Metropolitan Association Championships:

1906—880-yard run, time 1:56:4.
1907—880-yard run, time 1:56:3.
1908—880-yard run, time 1:57:4.
1911—880-yard run, time 1:54:3.
1912—880-yard run, time 1:55:2.

Won the following Canadian Championships:

1906—880-yard run, time 1:55.
1907—880-yard run, time 1:58:2.
1907—440-yard run, time 50 flat.
1908—880-yard run, time 1:58:3.
1911—880-yard run, time 1:54:4.
1911—440-yard run, time 49:2.
1912—880-yard run, time 1:58.

Won the following indoor championships of America:

1905—1000-yard run, time 2:23:2.
1906—1000-yard run, time 2:17:4.
1906—one-mile run, time 4.26:2.
1907—one-mile run, time 4:25:2.
1907—1000-yard run, time 2:25.
1908—600-yard run, time 1:14:4.
1909—600-yard run, time 1:14:3.
Member of American Cross-country Championship team, 1906.

It was a peculiar fact that in all my attempts at the 880-yard record, the distance which I considered really my best, the record on three separate occasions eluded me by a mere fraction of a second.

The first time that I gave this record a bad scare was in the New York A. C. fall games, September 29, 1906. The record was held at the time by C. H. Kilpatrick and I came within one-fifth of a second of equaling it when I covered the distance in 1:53:3.

Emilio Lunghi succeeded in lowering it in 1909 in the Canadian Championships in Montreal. His time was 1:52:4; and in my attempts at the record at the State fair at Syracuse, New York, September 4, 1911, I again came within one-fifth of a second of equaling it.

And when the record was lowered to 1:52:½ by Ted Meredith, in the Olympic Games at Stockholm in 1912, I finished right at his shoulder, about one-tenth of a second behind.

The indoor season of 1912 and 1913 was more or less uneventful from a competitive standpoint. One incident, however, in a set of games held in the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, stands out rather clearly in my mind because of a rather odd incident connected with it.

The Irish-American A. C. team was matched in a mile relay against teams from the New York A. C. and the Boston A. A. There was a great deal of excitement over this race, and the race itself was close enough to justify all the publicity it received.

On the last leg, Tom Halpin, of the B. A. A., got away to a pretty good lead and held it up to the last lap before I began to cut it down. Coming down the home stretch I was rapidly closing the gap when the crowd got so excited that they rushed on the track in order to get a better view of the finish. One of these intelligent spectators managed to get pushed by somebody else so that he bounced into me.

Naturally my stride was more or less shaky at that stage of the race, and the shock caught me at such a peculiar unbalanced angle that I fell on my back. It is the only case I have ever known of a runner falling in that position, but I certainly can't recommend it as a very pleasant method of hitting the boards, especially as this track in particular had been badly chewed up by spiked shoes. Afterward in the dressing room, a doctor removed twenty-eight splinters from my legs and shoulders.

The annual indoor games of the Kansas City Athletic Club were scheduled that year for March first. I had made

the trip several times but when I accepted their invitation to run in 1913, I had no idea that my acceptance would be responsible for one of the most harrowing experiences of my life, or perhaps I should say series of experiences. It was responsible for the only nervous breakdown I ever suffered.

The railroads at that time were competing to such an extent that they solicited the patronage of those whose names were before the public. The names of these passengers would then, of course, be used for publicity purposes.

When the Wabash learned that I was planning to go to Kansas City I was approached with the invitation to use their road. I had already made my plans to go by another road but told them that I would be glad to take advantage of their offer on my return trip, providing they would agree to hold the train at St. Louis Sunday morning in order that I might be able to make connections from Kansas City. This they agreed to do.

As I was leaving Chicago for Kansas City the first disturbing incident occurred. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul was noted for the famous dinners it served for the unusual price of a dollar, and I had just finished one of these meals and had scarcely left the dining car when the car was side-swiped by a freight car. Practically every window on one side of the diner was broken and the table where I had been sitting was a mass of shattered glass. I congratulated myself upon being absent at the time.

The meet at Kansas City was without incident. I won the event I was entered in. I took a Pullman out of there that night for St. Louis where I was to make connections with the Detroit train in the morning.

We were just pulling into St. Louis and were at the point where the track cuts through a corner of Forest Park. For some reason or other the train stopped, and before the passengers in the car knew what the delay was all about, we found ourselves looking into the muzzle of a revolver, and I for one, was mighty glad to obey the curt suggestion of the masked figure behind the gun, to reach for the top of the car. The other man, there were a couple of them, started systematically at the end of the car to relieve the passengers of their belongings, but as the train started to move again, the bandits got "cold feet" and left their job only half done. I couldn't complain of this, inasmuch as I represented part of the uncompleted work.

The train pulled into the Union Station quite a bit behind time, and the officials, it seems, were running around in circles, and plenty excited because of the forced delay of the Detroit train which they were holding for me.

As I descended from the Kansas City train, I found a small army of red caps waiting for the distinguished passenger for whom the other train was being held. I don't know what they expected to find or how much baggage they expected to have to transfer, but they were decidedly puzzled to find the passenger in question no more distinguished than myself, with no other luggage than the small bag which I always carried.

I inquired the direction of the other train, frustrated the designs of numerous red caps on my modest bag and set sail for the waiting train, which was at the far end of the shed. The "distinguished passenger," I believe, created quite a sensation as he tore at top speed down the platform. At any rate no one could say that I was responsible for more delay than necessary.

Upon arriving at Detroit that evening I was transferred from a chair car to a Pullman sleeper and learned that my birth was lower No. 5. There were only two other passengers in the entire car, a young chap from Detroit and an

elderly man from Chicago. All three of us had checks for lower No. 5. But, inasmuch as there seemed to be plenty of room in the car, we didn't squabble over this point.

We were ferried over to the Canadian side and started that evening on the last lap to New York. There seemed to be a lot of stops that night. I was awakened frequently by the jerking of the cars and was also conscious of a great deal of pounding about the forward end of the train as though some repairs were being made. The weather was bitter cold and there was at least a couple of feet of snow on the ground at the time.

I awoke about seven o'clock in the morning and lay awake for a while debating with myself whether or not I should arise. I finally decided, however, that the porter would awake me in plenty of time, so I turned over for another little nap.

I don't know how long it was after that, perhaps about half an hour, that I awoke with a start. The train had jerked violently and now a series of heavy bumps told me, even in my half-awake condition that the car was off the tracks and bumping along on the ties.

Time again became a blank, but it must have been only a matter of a few seconds, although it seemed a lifetime to me as I waited, pinned helplessly in the tiny berth, for something to happen. And then I experienced a sensation which I actually believe constituted the most horrible moment of my life.

The jolting became slower, and I thought for a second that the car would come to rest. Then it began to tilt—slowly, then faster, till with a sickening lunge it seemed to leap into space. It was my helplessness that made the situation so terrible. If I had been able to assist myself in any way, the physical action would have relieved the strain, but to lie inactive, waiting for the inevitable crash was an experience which I have no desire to repeat.

I believe I was stunned temporarily when the car struck because my first definite impression was finding myself in the top of the car, all tangled up in the bed clothes. The upper berth must have closed up as the car rolled over, and dumped me through the opening.

My next impression was of a black kinky head, the eyes bulging with fright, rising slowly from another heap of bedding.

"Is yo' all right, boss?" he chattered.

It was a question which I was unable to answer before I had felt myself over carefully. I thought possibly I might have lost an arm or leg or something, but was mighty relieved to find that the extent of my injuries was a slight cut in the head.

We next turned our attention to the other two occupants of the car. The young man we found to be in excellent condition still, but the older man had suffered a wrenched spine so that it was necessary to carry him from the car. This was accomplished with no little difficulty, as the car was lying on its side. It had jumped the track at a twenty-foot culvert just at the point where a road ran under the tracks. One end of the car had nosed into the bank and the other rested on the other side of the road, forming a sort of bridge over the road. Our only means of exit from the car was on the under side. We had to let ourselves through a window to the ground about six feet below. The car had nosed in on the end where the men's dressing room was situated, and when I noticed this end, a crumpled mass of steel, I thanked the good fortune that prompted me to turn over and take another nap.

All four cars of the train had left the track. The Pullmans had only taken a half turn down the steep embankment but one of the day coaches had taken two complete turns and rolled into

a field. It had snapped a telegraph pole off as though it had been a match.

The ensuing scenes about the wreck were so pitiable that I will not attempt to picture them in detail. The railroad later claimed that no one had been killed, but at the time, when I saw the numerous injured lying unconscious in the snow, I feared that the death list would be high. How every one escaped death is a miracle.

Aid was slow in arriving. Those of us who were able worked to make the injured as comfortable as possible. A country doctor finally arrived on the scene but the excitement was almost too much for him, and his clumsy efforts at first aid were practically useless. Some of the more seriously injured were removed by means of an old sleigh to a near-by farmhouse. A relief train did not arrive until late in the afternoon even though the wreck occurred at seven thirty in the morning at Cayuga, Ontario, about fifty miles from Buffalo.

A peculiar thing happened during the wreck that is rather hard to explain. I always keep my watch inside the pillow case, when sleeping in a Pullman, and place the opening next to the wall. When the occupants of our car untangled themselves, however, the young man, whom I mentioned before, found my watch in his hand. His own watch, in his vest pocket, had been completely smashed.

I took the D. L. & W from Buffalo to New York and proceeded to spend one of the most miserable nights of my life. The train winds in and out among the hills and when I felt it lean into each turn I'd shut my eyes, hold my breath and break out in a cold sweat. I don't believe I slept a wink, and I was mighty glad when we hit New York in the morning.

Upon arriving home I found my nerves to be in such a jumpy and untrustworthy condition that I decided to spend a week at the seashore in an attempt to forget such things as running and railroads. I succeeded fairly well in this and when I arrived in New York once more I learned that my mother was seriously ill, in Camden, New Jersey. I left at once for Camden, and as I was coming in from Long Island City, the trolley car, upon which I was riding, struck a heavy garbage wagon and almost managed to derail itself. Upon arriving in the Pennsylvania Station I found that I had missed the train I had expected to take to Philadelphia. I waited for the next one, and just as we were pulling into Philadelphia we passed the engine of the train I had intended to take. The engine was lying in the ditch.

So after a series of demonstrations of this sort I was pretty well converted to the idea that I had a lucky star of some sort which watched over me, especially while I was traveling on railroad trains.

I made no attempt to do much running during the following spring and summer. My first meet of importance was the Metropolitan Championships, which were held at Travers Island on September 20, 1913. Homer Baker was beginning to make a name for himself, and inasmuch as I had been practically inactive for the past several months, all the critics conceded the race to Baker. The day was cold and a fine drizzle was falling. The track was slow and soggy so that I surprised myself as much as anybody else by leading Baker to the tape by about ten yards and turning in a time of 1:57. Experts claimed that I could have done at least two seconds faster on a dry track.

Not satisfied with a single victory in the half mile, I decided to try my luck at the quarter. This event was run in heats. I took a second in my heat, but as I started for the dressing room for a light rub before the finals, my nose started to bleed. I didn't think much of this until I suddenly became very

nauseated, and this brief spasm of illness caused the blood to actually gush from my nostrils. It seems that the strain had broken a small artery.

Two physicians, Doctor George Breen and Doctor Arthur Kane, both members of the New York A. C., were called, and it was with some difficulty that the flow of blood was finally stopped. To accomplish this it was necessary to pack my head in ice.

All this first aid took place outside the dressing room, and the crowd practically deserted the games to come over to where I was stretched out on the ground. They lined up in a solemn line and passed by, one by one, for all the world like a funeral congregation passing by the coffin. It was so funny that the seriousness of the demonstration escaped me at the time. They evidently were under the impression that I was about to pass on to the Great Beyond, but I fooled them and pulled through all right.

At the fall election of the Irish-American A. C. I was elected captain of the track team. It was an event that will always hold a high place in my athletic recollections, because the Irish A. C. had, for the past ten years, been practically supreme on the track and in the field, and to be the captain of such a team was a distinction that I appreciated to the utmost. In connection with my duties as captain I felt that a closer organization of the track team could be maintained if the responsibility was divided a bit. With this in mind I appointed six "lieutenants" and found the system to be very practical.

The Irish A. C. about this time, adopted the life membership plan for those athletes who had won a national, international, or Olympic championship. Those of us who were fortunate enough to receive this membership were presented with a sterling-silver plaque, small enough to be easily carried in a card case. The plaque was engraved with our name and our qualifications for becoming life members.

I was entered in a good deal of competition during the winter of 1913 and 1914, but no particular race stands out in my mind with the possible exception of the international relay races which were becoming quite popular at the time and creating a great deal of excitement.

I remember one race, which was widely advertised, between Canada and the United States. The members of each team presented quite an imposing list. The Canadian team consisted of Jack Tressider, Jack Tait, Mel Brock and H. Phillips. Running for this country were, Ted Meredith, Homer Baker, Tom Halpin and myself. The race, one mile, turned out to be a corker. We won by a small margin in 3:26:7 which is pretty fair time on an indoor track.

I did very little running the following summer and fall. And it was not until nearly a year later, in the winter of 1914 and 1915, that I began to take running seriously again. At this time I made an important change. I left the Irish A. C. to affiliate with the Millrose Athletic Association.

The Millrose was composed of employees of the John Wanamaker department store of New York, and was a young organization, whose initiative in securing members created a good deal of excitement among the other athletic clubs of the Metropolitan district. The reason that I changed was because the Irish A. C. seemed to be rapidly losing interest in track-and-field athletics. I am unable to explain their sudden loss of enthusiasm, but the fact remained that they seemed to be making no efforts to fill the places of the old veterans who were slowly dropping out of competition for one reason or another. I suppose it is only natural for most of us to follow on the heels of progress, so the sight of the young Millrose Club with all its interest and pep was too much for me to resist. I therefore

joined their ranks upon their invitation. My change of affiliations not only created quite a stir in the papers, but also seemed to be influential in causing the transfer to the Millrose of a good many of the stars of other clubs. These clubs naturally became quite indignant at this turn of affairs, and protested long and loudly that the Millrose was securing recruits by unfair methods. It was understood that the Millrose athletes were the employees of the Wanamaker New York store, and some of the disappointed clubs took occasion to question this.

In fact, the Millrose caused so much dissention that it was dubbed by the papers, the "Athletic Federal," which compared it with the Federal baseball league that was attempting at the time to compete against the big leagues. And so in the course of events an A. A. U. committee was appointed to get to the bottom of the mix-up and to find out if possible what it was all about. The fact that they were finally forced to admit that the Millrose was nothing more than a clean, live-wire organization, does not detract from the humor of a situation which arose during the trial.

A suite of rooms had been engaged for the purpose at one of the hotels. The committee sat in judgment in one room while the athletes awaited their turn to be questioned in the adjoining room. Time hung heavily with the boys as they awaited their turn, and as the night was hot, some one made the appropriate suggestion that some refreshments be ordered, which was acclaimed by all as an excellent idea. The refreshments were therefore piled high in the bath tub with cracked ice, and when a member of the committee came out to summon an athlete he was at once invited to indulge. It was no time at all before the members of the committee found almost as much business in our rooms as they found in theirs. But that is neither here nor there. The peculiar part of the situation developed when it was found that no one knew who had ordered the refreshments, but that they had been added to the bill for the rooms. The athletes were content to let matters rest in that way.

Then came the final race of my career. It was on February 10, 1915, in the New York A. C. games in Madison Square Garden. It was the practice then to lay a temporary floor for track meets, but the floor had become badly worn through constant usage.

Carpenters had been at work on the afternoon of the meet, repairing weak places and replacing new boards for those which sagged. Everything was thought to be in readiness for the evening.

I had entered the 300-yard handicap that night and it was in one of the heats of this race that the accident occurred which finally put an end to my long years of competition. It was better, perhaps, that the end came the way it did; better, I believe, than to have finally been forced to face the cold facts and to concede a victory to old man Time.

It was on the home stretch. I was making my last struggle to cut down the lead of the handicap men, when my foot struck one of the weak boards that the carpenters had missed. Fortunately, the board was laid in the same direction in which I was running for my foot crashed through and came out clean through the opening as I lunged forward. As I drove into the floor I instinctively raised my arm to protect my face, and it was upon my elbow that I received the full force of my fall. I was stunned temporarily by the impact.

Those who saw the fall said I slid about twenty feet. At any rate my arm was in pretty bad shape when they picked me up, and I was at once placed in charge of Doctor Gignoux. My condition did not turn out to be serious,

but it certainly served the purpose of bringing me to my senses and of giving me a clearer idea of the running game than I had ever before experienced. I don't believe it required the urgent advice of the doctor to make me decide that I had had enough. I hung up my shoes at last.

I was deeply touched by the manner in which the papers and the sporting public at large accepted my retirement from the cinders. I received innumerable letters from all parts of the country, some of regret and some of congratulation. It was significant that many papers treated my decision almost in the light of a death, and the write-ups closely resembled obituaries. These final tributes impressed me as a subtle acknowledgment that athletics after all are only as one makes them. That a man is famous only so long as he wins, and that he must resign himself to the inevitable advance of Youth. The following is a portion of an article by George B. Underwood:

"Mel Sheppard called us up last night to tell us that he had bade a long and last farewell to the track-and-field game.

"What are you springing, Mel, another 'Adelina Patti?' we queried, for we have buried Sheppard in his track-and-field grave several times within the last few years.

"'It's for keeps this time, old man, and you can take my word for it,' answered the once-peerless Mel. 'That fall I got last night in the Garden shook me up a bit. I reckon it also jounced some sense into my fool head. I'm through, I've shot my bolt—so what's the use?'

"Shucks, Mel, old boy. Sure you're through. The trouble is, you old war horse, that you've been through for a couple of years. We, who saw you in the heyday of your glorious career, knew it, old man. We knew it for many months, and way back in the corner of that wonderful racing head of yours, we reckon you knew it too, but your stout heart wouldn't let you give in to it.

"Many a youngster has flung his feet in your face in the last few months, Mel. Some of the younger fans haven't thought you so much. But we who have seen you battle your way to victory in hundreds of hard-fought races, never could see anything else except:

"Melvin Sheppard was one of the greatest athletes that ever donned a spiked shoe!

"As a matter of fact, Mel, old boy, the experts will have to think a long time before they can think of an all-around runner that compared with you. With the possible exception of Lon Myers you stand in a class by yourself. Young Ted Meredith is doing some great running, Mel, and eventually he may equal, or even surpass your wonderful record. But he's got some distance to travel yet, old scout. You bet your life he has! You're still 'Peerless' Mel!

"Let's see—you've been running for more than twelve and a half years. You ran your first race in a meet held in Washington Park, Philadelphia, on August 2, 1902. It was a 100-yard dash, and you finished third. On the same day you scored your first victory, winning the half-mile event that came after the sprint. You followed your victory in the half by entering the mile event and pulling down third laurels.

"You were just lacking nineteen years of age when you broke into the game. Our records show you were born at Almonesson Lake, New Jersey, on September 5, 1883. You were nineteen when you started running and now when you are quitting, you are thirty-one.

"For twelve long years you have been at it, bang-banging away summer and winter, on board floors and on cinder paths, at home and on foreign shores, with never a let-up. In your twelve

years of competition, old scout, you have made a record that probably never will be beaten.

"The half mile was your true distance, 'Shep,' but you were a wonderfully versatile performer, and in the full glory of your career we would have backed you against any man in the world at any distance from 440 yards to two miles. You also could go more than two miles.

"That you showed convincingly back in 1907 when you won the Middle Atlantic Cross Country Championship, covering the six-and-one-half-mile course in one minute and a half under the former trail record held by George Orton—and all of us know George Orton was some distancer.

"If it hadn't been for the spiked shoes you wear, you probably would have won the junior cross country championship in 1907, also. The race was held here in New York under the auspices of the Mohawk A. C. Part of the trail led over macadam road, and what the crushed stone did to your spike-shod feet was a caution. We remember seeing you in the dressing room after the race. They had to cut your shoes off. Even with your feet mashed to a pulp you finished second.

"No, Mel, old boy, it will be a long time before we look on another all-around runner like you. No man deserves a worthier niche in the hall of fame. Some of the fellows who have seen you licked will be saying:

" 'Well, so old Mel Sheppard has retired, eh? He wasn't so much after all!'

"But those of us who saw you in the days when your greyhound limbs, your lion's heart and your wonderful racing head were humbling champion after champion, will sadly look at each other and say:

" 'So Peerless Mel has hung his togs in the closet? Peerless Mel! We'll never see his like again!' "

And thus I was honorably discharged from the ranks of the amateurs. It was hard, yes, but as Underwood suggested in his article, I had waited almost too long as it was. The step, however, was made immeasurably easier by the publication of articles similar to the one I have just quoted. A bit elaborate and exaggerated, of course, but nevertheless sincere and mighty pleasant to look back upon at those times when the lure of the cinders proved almost too strong to withstand.

But, as I have hinted several times before in these reminiscences, it is, in a way, a hollow satisfaction. Twelve of the best years of my life were practically consecrated to athletics. During this time, every waking thought and effort were directed toward the end of making myself physically fit to win championships. I won them, it is true, but when all is said and done, what, after all, had been accomplished? Some will say that I acted as a pioneer, and helped blaze a trail for the future generations to follow. Some will say that my career as an athlete might well serve as an example for the youngsters of today, a supposition which I want to discourage from the start. The only factor of my career which I would even suggest as a model for others is that athletics are available to everybody, no matter what walk of life they may be in. It is not necessary for a lad to have every facility for training. If the desire is there the means of training and competition will provide themselves.

I broke records, I covered myself with glory, but to what end? Is it enough for one to look on years crowded with competition and see himself, always in the limelight, always winning, and sacrificing everything to the game? It is mighty satisfying in one way, I'll admit, but that way can only be regarded as a selfish way. There is nothing constructive to look back upon. It is destructive, rather, from the viewpoint

that a man has squandered all his God-given physical perfection in one great effort to glorify himself. As I see it now, it is a supremely selfish ambition, built upon the shifting sands of public fancy. It is nice to win. It is nice to be famous.

But suppose, for instance, that the tremendous efforts I spent upon myself were turned into different channels? Suppose, for instance, that during my twelve years of competition I had felt the desire to impart the knowledge that I was constantly accumulating to the generation behind me? To teach the youngsters what I had learned, to instruct them in the proper development of their bodies, not with the idea of making champions of them but with the really worthy idea of making stronger, healthier citizens.

If I had done this, then, would I not have had a really pleasant career to look back upon, and would I not have laid a foundation for future work which might have been of incalculable value to the country's youth? I sincerely believe that efforts expended in that way would have been worth while. But, with no idea of excusing myself in any way, there is another big factor which I hold more or less responsible for the inability of young Americans to receive such instruction. It is the ruling of the Amateur Athletic Union that all men engaged in the instruction of athletics for money shall be considered professionals and be excluded from amateur competition.

From the common-sense viewpoint this ruling is defeating the very basic principle of amateur athletics, which, as I understand it, should be considered strictly from the standpoint of providing recreation and athletics for everybody. And how can an aim of this sort be better accomplished than by starting at the very beginning—with the youngsters of the country? And who is more qualified to instruct these youngsters of the art and science of playing than those who are actively engaged in that very pastime themselves?

It stands to reason that men who have made themselves famous in certain branches of athletics should be regarded as heroes by the boys who have ambitions along these lines, and that if these lads were given the opportunity of receiving the advice and personal attention of their heroes they would avail themselves of it with an eagerness nothing short of devotion. Their enthusiasm would, in turn, enlist any number of recruits, whose interest could perhaps not be reached by the ordinary methods of compulsory athletics.

But no; any athlete attempting to devote his time to the development of other athletes, is a wicked professional and, therefore, unqualified to compete with the "simon-pure" athletes who receive nothing more than a mere college education as the result of their athletic ability.

The ruling encourages rather than discourages the development of the individual. A runner has practically no other alternative than to spend all his energy in the development of himself. One might argue in defense of the ruling that nothing prevented an established athlete from offering his services gratis. Nothing, of course, except that in many instances he is faced with the problem of making a living for himself, and in other instances is under the watchful eye of some college coach.

And a man in competition is constantly learning things which would be of the greatest value to the boy who is in the process of development. It seems then, to be a case of the most unfortunate misdirection of effort when such a man is not allowed to pass on his knowledge to those whom it would benefit the most. I have touched upon the "cinder fever" sufficiently, so that it will not be necessary to explain why an athlete would be unwilling to sacrifice

a career for the purpose of coaching. The only solution then, it seems, is to make it possible for a man to coach and compete at the same time. This, I believe, will only be a matter of time.

The question naturally arises then, is individual competition worth while? Without hesitation I would answer that it most undoubtedly is. But I would qualify this statement by suggesting that it can only be beneficial to the greatest extent through moderation. If an athlete dedicates his life to his legs, he obtains a lot of personal satisfaction, but the final summing up, after he has retired, is a bit discouraging.

The personal benefits which are derived may, I think, be expressed in two words, "liberal education." Van Dyke, the famous educator, expresses it concisely in this statement: "Facts are teachers; experiences are lessons."

Athletics will place a man in contact, at one time or another with almost every type of person, and it is strange indeed if the athlete does not emerge from these contacts either sadder and wiser or gladder and wiser. In either case the experience may be placed on the instructive side of the ledger, and he will not be at a loss next time as to how to conduct himself under similar circumstances.

Competition also serves the valuable purpose of bringing out the worst and the best in a man's character. If he finds, to his surprise, that there is a bad element in his make-up, which he never suspected, there is still plenty of time to learn the code of real sportsmanship and to correct these faults as they appear. If, on the other hand, nothing but the finer traits are evidenced, he is doubly fortunate in that he has the most splendid of opportunities to crystallize these traits for life.

Another factor of the educational value of athletics is the opportunities a man has to travel. And travel, after all, is perhaps as broadening an influence as a person may experience. It gives him the privilege of visiting places and countries which, more than likely, he would never be able to see if left to the resources of his pocketbook rather than his legs. And to go as an athlete is a further advantage, inasmuch as an athlete is always accorded certain privileges which the ordinary citizen or tourist may not enjoy.

I would hesitate to even estimate the thousands of miles of travel which I owe to athletics. It is sufficient to say that through the natural ability and speed in my legs I have been abroad twice, and have been in at least fifteen countries. Besides that I have been in practically every State in the United States, forty-two, to be exact.

And then, of course, a successful athlete accumulates prizes and trophies, which are the only tangible evidence of his victories. I have won, I believe, approximately one thousand prizes in all, most of which I still possess. I keep a safety-deposit box in the Produce Exchange vault for this purpose. I usually experience the desire about once a year to look over these medals, cups and trophies, at which time I make a trip to the vault. Even now it is possible to feel any number of thrills as I touch the various medals which bring back vividly to my imagination, many a hard-fought race and a tight finish.

In fact, I believe I am becoming more easily thrilled in this respect as the years roll by, because it is a strange fact that the older an athlete becomes and the farther he finds himself removed from the days of his prime, the more garrulous he becomes and the more he loves to recount in detail the victories of his youth. I don't believe I have quite yet reached this stage, but I hope that, if I do, I won't make myself any more disagreeable than necessary.

When I finally admitted that my running days were over, I began to realize to some extent how self-centered my activities had been up to that time, and I realized further that, inasmuch as the amateur bugaboo no longer threatened me with its sinister finger, this was an excellent opportunity to make amends, to some extent, for the years I had spent in the development of a single pair of legs. So to this end I accepted the position as athletic director of the Millrose A. A., and decided to devote my time to the development of other legs besides my own.

In this capacity, however, I found that my traveling days, through the medium of athletics, were not yet over. The national championships were held that year, in San Francisco, in connection with the Panama Pacific Exposition. I took a team of six men from the Millrose Club and Joe Higgins, New England, 880 intercollegiate champion to compete in these games.

The route had been planned in advance so that the athletes would receive full advantage of the trip. I planned to do all our traveling at night in order that the boys might be able to visit and see the sights of various towns along the way. The trip to the coast was a huge success, and by managing light work-outs at several towns along the way, the boys arrived in fine shape.

One of our most interesting stops was at Salt Lake City. We all, of course, had to take a dip in the waters of the lake, the only advantage of which, in my estimation, was to be able to boast about it afterwards. The lake, which is all that remains of a great body of water that once completely covered the surrounding country, is, of course, so full of salt that one is unable to sink, and it is easy to imagine that a water of that density is not one of the most pleasant solutions to bathe in, especially if one is unfortunate enough to get it in his mouth or eyes. When a bather comes out of the lake, the salt is even encrusted on his eyebrows, and on the boardwalk where the water had dripped from the bathers through the cracks, long icicles of salt have been formed on the under side.

The Exposition itself was a wonderful experience for me and every member of the team. On our return trip we also managed to make numerous stops along the way, so that upon reaching New York once more, all the boys were convinced that the athletic game was pretty well worth while.

I was with the Millrose A. A. until the war, when I was enrolled as a civilian aide on the staff of General Sage, and served at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, in the capacity of divisional athletic director, an experience which I covered briefly in one of the preceding chapters.

It was while engaged in this work that it was impressed upon me more strongly than ever the tremendous need of athletics for the masses. It was then that the efforts I had made to win championships and break records, seemed puny indeed, when faced with the thousands of men who were totally unacquainted with recreation in the form of athletics.

It was one of the most pathetic things I have ever seen to see full-grown men who apparently had never learned to play, and it was one of the most interesting works I was ever engaged in when I set about to try to solve the problem of how to teach them to play.

Organized athletics turned the trick. It was almost uncanny to watch a man's character develop under the influence of organized sports, and the result of this form of training alone in the army exceeded even the fondest expectations of those who had suggested the use of athletics. It served to unify the men and teach them to fight for a common cause. It instilled a certain amount of discipline into them, and, according to the officers, made them much easier to instruct in the methods of warfare.

But these are times of peace and it is toward the development of peaceful

industries and of finer, more peaceful citizens, that we are now concerned, toward which end we may enlist the services of organized athletics and expect just as great, and even greater, results than were evidenced during days of the war.

It was the contact with these men in the army, who had never learned to play, and the sight of their development under the influence of sport, that impressed me so strongly with what a tremendous value it would be to the country at large if all people were taught to play while still children.

Toward this end, then, after leaving the army, I secured a position with the Playground and Recreation Association of America, an organization supported by public subscription, whose purpose it is to make recreation available to all people.

I served in the capacity of a field secretary, whose duty it was to visit certain towns wherein the town officials had recognized the advantages and the need of such public institutions as playgrounds and other forms of recreation. The secretary would visit such towns, study the conditions, and recommend to the town officials whatever improvements or equipment seemed to be necessary and instruct them in the methods of establishing recreation systems. He would then advise them in the best methods of starting a drive to raise the necessary funds, and, when the movement was well under way, would pass on to another town.

I worked with this organization for three years over a field covering practically every State east of the Mississippi, and the work was the most interesting and instructive of any in which I was ever engaged. Every situation I encountered brought out some new and wonderful phase of this remarkable remedy for all evils—athletics. It is small wonder then that, with all this evidence constantly before my eyes, I became completely dominated by the idea of sports for all.

I have seen playgrounds spring from vacant lots, used heretofore only for the disposal of refuse, and lots which had been the scenes of bloody race riots. I have seen small playgrounds opened with no more than a volley ball and net, or baseball and bat, and I have seen whole families, tasting for the first time the wonder of the spirit of play.

We all have made indignant remarks upon the constant robbery headlines that appear in the papers, but how many of us have seen any connection between these headlines and those which appear on the same page concerning a child who has lost his life under the wheels of an automobile while playing in the street. It's sometimes hard for a grown-up to realize that youngsters must play, and it's harder still for them to realize that these same youngsters, raised in sordid districts of great cities and factory centers, without the proper facilities for outdoor play, are the same ones *in the majority of instances,* whose names in later years figure as the principals in crime.

It's not fair to blame the boy entirely for this. His body and mind have been developed along the only possible lines. His only places of recreation have been the streets and gutters and later the pool rooms. Does it need much of an imagination, then, to picture the ultimate development of the same lad whose youthful energies have been directed in the channels of baseball, football, and other outdoor sports, and who had had the advantage of learning the code of sportsmanship through organized athletics?

Approximately a half-million people in the United States find their way to jail each year. I venture to say that if statistics made the number available of these criminals whose early activities centered around playgrounds, or who had had any experience at all in athletics, the percentage would be practically negligible. What is the answer to a problem of that sort?

I could cite any number of personal experiences in which I have seen the introduction of athletics perform miracles. I will state one briefly as an example:

I was consulted at one time by the owner of a cotton mill, who seemed unable to explain the attitude of his employees toward their work. They all displayed a sullen indifference toward their tasks, and toward each other. The minds of the majority of the workers were taken up with the sordid, immoral thoughts fostered by the living conditions in their homes and their forms of recreation after hours.

After looking his factory over I suggested that he clear off a space on one of the floors and turn it into a basketball court. He made no attempt to hide his amusement at the idea, but, for some reason or other decided to do as I suggested.

The employees were indifferent to this also at first, but after I had consulted with the managers of neighboring factories and induced them also to install courts, a spirit of rivalry slowly began to kindle between the employees of the factories. I left at this point, but when I returned, a few months later, it was difficult to recognize the same group of workers. The story of the manager sounded like a fairy tale.

The whole factory, as well as the surrounding factories, had taken to athletics like ducks to water. Even the girls had organized teams, and a spirit of unity had developed that was nothing short of marvelous. The teams were all provided with uniforms, new equipment had been purchased, the basketball floors enlarged and improved; in fact, the result justified my faith in organized sports and proved beyond a doubt that my time to the development of other athletics, in this situation at least, had surely furnished the key to the difficulty.

I could go on indefinitely and tell of instances similar to this, but I'm afraid I have almost allowed my enthusiasm to get the better of me as it is.

I have completed such reminiscences as deal with my career as an athlete and have taken the further liberty of stating some of the conclusions which these years of competition have aided me to form. Before bringing my tale to an end, however, I wish to express my most sincere appreciation to those whose names I have taken the liberty of using for the purpose of making these reminiscences more complete.

I have made no effort to make this work a matter of history or record. I have merely rambled along, recording the events as they came to my mind, and inasmuch as my mind is exceedingly average, I can not help but worry over the fact that I have neglected to mention many whose names are even more worthy than mine to go down in athletic history.

I have attempted to make this work as instructive and constructive as possible with the idea of adding to, rather than of detracting from, my list of friends.

If I have been successful in this, my time has been more than well spent. If I have been instrumental in encouraging any one, or of converting them to the creed of athletics I shall be supremely happy.

I sincerely hope that I have been able to maintain throughout, the spirit expressed in the simple, though immortal verse by Thackeray:

Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, the gentleman.

THE END

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Name: "Spiked Shoes and Cinder Paths," Mel Sheppard's own story, by Himself.

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