

## No Son of Mine

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Besides the torture of daily aches and pains and the perpetual pounding that you get in scrimmage, which is many times multiplied in the game itself, you have the unceasing worry of trying to win for a fickle student body, and the responsibility of making good before thousands of screeching fans who have paid their money to see you deliver. In every big sport, it is the same thing. The sheer love of the game is overshadowed by stakes of victory that are continually being flaunted in your face.

Your peace of mind is further menaced by the thousand and one technicalities which are forever being raised by amateur athletic officials, keeping you in hot water and eventually robbing you of your effectiveness in your own particular field of sport.

### The Olympic Tryouts

Allow me to relate a personal experience that possibly will give the reader a clearer insight as to what I mean. After fourteen years of competition, I decided to try for a place on the 1928 Olympic team. It necessitated a long period of training to get back in running form again. After several months of work in California and a series of races in the South and in the East, I had reached the point where I stood a good chance to attain my goal.

During this time I was making a series of personal appearances with a motion picture, the theme of which was the Olympic Games. Vague rumors came to me that certain Amateur Athletic Union officials frowned upon this work and were doubtful as to my amateur status. Three months before the final Olympic tryouts, a meeting of the American Olympic Committee was held at the New York Athletic Club, and was presided over by the chairman, General Douglas MacArthur.

Not wishing to continue in training, if my entry was to be ultimately refused, I wrote a letter to the general in which I said that if I was so fortunate as to make the Olympic team, and if my presence was likely to prove any kind of an embarrassment to the International Olympic Committee, I would be willing to retire from future competition. I further requested that a decision on my case be made at this meeting.

After the committee had ended its session, General MacArthur informed me that those present found no reason why I should be barred and, if I did no more in the future than I had done in the past, I would be perfectly eligible to represent this country in the Olympic contests.

The committee also expressed the desire that I should return to my home in California and there compete in our sectional tryouts. Ambitious plans had been formulated for these local games and a quota of \$75,000 had been established as a goal for the Olympic Committee of the Pacific Southwest. The chairman of that committee, Robert S. Weaver, of Los Angeles, wanted to hold a special hundred-meter race to include Frank Wykoff, the school-boy sensation; Charles Borah, the national champion of the previous year, and myself as a special feature of this meet.

Though it interfered with my training schedule, I went back to California for this June 16th meet and found Charlie Borah not well enough to run. Frankie Wykoff, however, was very much in evidence. In fact, I had an unobstructed view of his back from start

to finish in both the hundred and two-hundred. The same night I started back across the continent again for a final two weeks of work before the Boston tryouts.

This meet had also been extensively advertised, and the Amateur Athletic Union officials and the American Olympic Committee had exploited the sprinters in much the same way as Barnum & Bailey would their paid performers. So another great crowd was on hand when the finest group of athletes this country has ever put on a single field went out to vie for places on the 1928 Olympic squad.

Particularly was the competition keen in the hundred meters. From the South had come the Dixie Flyer, Claude Bracey of Rice Institute, as well as Aubrey Cockrell, the champion of Texas. From the Middle West there were George Simpson, the sensational sprinter of Ohio State; Fred Alderman, of Michigan State, and the schoolboy star, Bennett; Southern California alone had sent back no less than seven outstanding dash men, while other sections had similarly large and representative delegations.

When we lined up for the first heat, I found myself facing no less than four celebrated champions, with only three to qualify. There was Henry Russell, of Cornell, who eventually made the team; Karl Wildermuth, of Georgetown, the national indoor champion; Cockrell, of Texas; and Russell Sweet of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, who since that time has been clocked at 9 2-5 seconds for the century. Lawson Robertson, the head coach of the Olympic team, was standing near the start, and I asked him if he did not think this competition was a trifle stiff for a first round. "Robbie" smiled and said that his own drawings for the race had been overruled by the A. A. U. officials.

There was nothing which could be done, so the five of us ran with the certainty that two sprinters at least were sure to be eliminated.

### Conflicting Stories

At the end of the first half of that race Sweet was leading, but he dropped back as we neared the tape and finished fourth. He had come more than three thousand miles for less than eleven seconds of competition. This particular heat had found me feeling great, and I was convinced that I had run my best. I was astonished when the time was announced as 10 4-5 seconds. Three unofficial timers whom I knew to be men of long experience, Dink Templeton, the coach of Stanford University; Feg Murray, a former hurdling champion, and Pete Gerhardt, an old-time sprinter, had all caught me in 10 2-5 seconds.

Right then I commenced to worry. In the second round, George Simpson, Karl Wildermuth, and I managed to qualify, which left nine men for the semi-finals. Jimmie Quinn, the intercollegiate champion, Claude Bracey, Jack Scholz, of New York, and myself were in the first heat. Scholz and I, having competed in two previous Olympics, held a conference, and decided that if we stayed in front of Quinn, we would be able to save ourselves for the finals.

Mr. Quinn had other plans. He was away with a glorious start and gained so much in the first fifty yards that the rest of us were convinced we could never catch him. Scholz and I were running even, with Bracey well behind.

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## Pride of Kentucky

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ADMIRAL GRAYSON, himself a politician of a good deal of natural ability, tells a story about Ollie James, who used to be a senator from Kentucky, a story which illustrates the politician's habit of mind.

Ollie was busy in Washington with a tariff bill when a celebrated race was about to be run in Kentucky. Now there was nothing that Ollie loved so much as a horse race.

Admiral Grayson himself has a racing stable. He was going to Kentucky to attend the great race, and the day before they were to start he and some friends interested in horses met for dinner. Ollie was present, sad at heart because he felt that it would hurt him politically if he deserted his work in Washington to go to Kentucky for the horse race.

As the admiral came into the room where they were to dine, a man stopped him and spoke to him in a low tone for a few minutes.

When he left, Ollie asked, "Who is that fellow, Grayson?"

"Why, he's a man," replied the admiral, "who has given me four good tips on the races. I've won on every one of them. He told me he could give me a winner down in Kentucky the day after tomorrow."

"Did he tell you what horse it was?" asked Ollie eagerly.

"No," replied Grayson, "he's going to give me his name at the track."

"You'd better come too, Ollie," said one of the dinner guests. "No," answered the huge senator from Kentucky, "can't do it. If I went down there some reptile would publish it in the papers that I was present at the races when I should be here looking after Kentucky interests."

He lapsed into gloom. "Say, Grayson," he said a moment later, "what did you say that feller's name was that spoke to you as you were coming in?"

### A Disconsolate Guest

"I don't recall his name, Ollie. I have only known him at the tracks as a man who has mighty good information about the horses."

Ollie applied himself to the food and the drink, while the others talked about making the train for Kentucky the next day and speculated about the chances of the horses in the race they were to witness. As the talk went on, Ollie ruminated upon the sad fate of being chained to duty in Washington when horses were flashing by the starting flag down in Kentucky.

Finally he spoke up truculently: "If a feller ever did attack me for being at the race tracks when I ought to be up

on the hill making a tariff or something like that, I'd settle his hash for him. I'd make him sorry he'd ever started anything.

"I'd go down to Kentucky and arrange to have a barbecue held there. You fellers don't know what a barbecue in Kentucky is like. Folks come to it from fifty miles away in carriages, on horseback, and afoot. And they eat—Lord! how they eat, in a way nobody in this effete, dyspeptic city can eat. They get to feeling mighty good, cheerful and friendly like, as they take in all the food.

### The Place for a Loyal Son

"When everybody was full, I'd have some friend of mine get up and say, 'Senator James is with us. We want to hear from Ollie.'

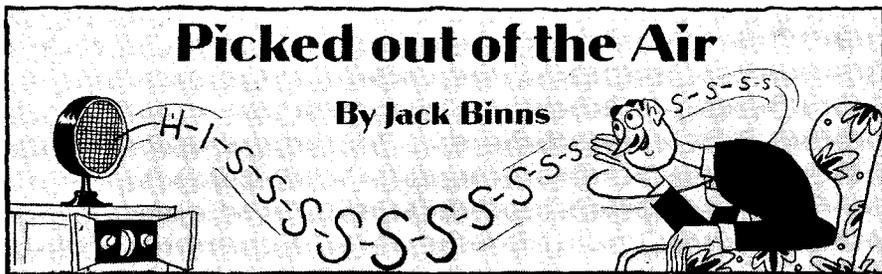
"There'd be a roar like you never heard from the crowd standing around the grounds or sprawling on the grass, letting the digestive juices work. And I'd come forward and say a lot of nice things about Kentucky and Kentuckians.

"Then I'd get around to the real business that I had in mind. I'd say, 'It has been charged that I was down here at a race track when I ought to have been in the Senate helping make a tariff bill.

"Well, I was at a race track. And out here in this blue-grass region where the most glorious horses in the world are bred, horses that have made Kentucky famous from Ormuz to the Ind, I am not ashamed to say to you, my fellow Kentuckians, all of you lovers of horses, that I was at a race track.

"There was a Kentucky horse running in that race, one of the greatest horses that ever fed on this wonderful blue grass of yours. And where should I be, a Kentuckian like yourselves and proud of Kentucky's great horses, but watching that grand horse run to victory, cheering him with my voice, seeing him come through the back stretch running easily behind the horse that was killing himself trying to beat the kind of horses we breed down in Kentucky, watching him challenge the leaders as they rounded the turn, and jumping in the air as he swept past the grandstand, well in front and an easy winner, one of the unbeatable horses of Kentucky. I was at that race. I was there as the representative of Kentucky."

Ollie's great voice died away. He had shaken off his gloom with the vision of his oratorical triumph. Before anyone else could speak, he said, "Boys, I'll be at the train tomorrow." And then, "Grayson, do you think that feller'll be sure to be at the track?"



### Loud Hisses

**I**N THE glorious days toward the end of the Victorian era there were innumerable persons well-versed in the noble art of hissing. Now, this art, like the kindred art of boeing, is a most important one. But to those of us whose memories go back far enough it is quite apparent that the art of hissing has deteriorated seriously in these effete days. There is no longer the reverence, nor the awe, that gripped audiences in days of yore when the villain pursued the frail and unsophisticated heroine.

As an old devotee of melodrama this decadence has grieved me—that is, until the NBC produced a mystery program. Suddenly, like all other listeners, I realized that there was still a first-class hisser able to carry on the glorious traditions of the Victorian gallery gods. Inquiry elicited the fact that it was Raymond Knight, production man of the NBC, who has been hissing ever since he entered college so that he could be prepared for the great day when opportunity came along. Sometime when the Camoah Mystery is on the air, listen to him. There are no less than six villains in that microphonic drama, and as a consequence Raymond has more fun playing his part than the well-known one-armed paper-hanger.

### Dangerous Self-Expression

Percy Hemus, end man in the NBC's radio minstrels, is a believer in individualism. For Percy the expression of personality means the use of red ink in his fountain pen.

Red ink is all right for that purpose, but for heaven's sake, Percy, don't drink any of it. The kind you get in these Volsteadian days may destroy your individuality.

### Making History

"The psychological, social and national potentialities of radio, not to mention international implications, are sufficiently great to warrant the assertion that its application during the next ten to fifteen years will predetermine the history of the United States throughout the remainder of the Twentieth Century."

Like H. G. Wells, the officials of the Pacific Western Broadcasting Federation of Los Angeles believe that it is possible to calculate the general course of future history. They have summed up their thoughts on the subject in the sentence quoted above, and now they are seeking to perform their part in shaping the destiny of this country by obtaining a license from the Federal Radio Commission to erect the most powerful radio broadcast station in the country. They desire to use one hundred and fifty kilowatts, an amount three times greater than that used by the most powerful transmitter now operating for broadcast purposes. With this they hope to cover the country with an educational program, either directly or by re-

broadcasting through any other station that may desire the programs.

The station will be purely non-commercial, supported by voluntary contributions. The Federation is said to be backed by leading educational institutions which plan to furnish the programs that will be governed by a broad and unprejudiced policy. It is an ambitious plan. Let us hope it will succeed.

### Magic in Melody

Some few years ago a young fellow labored in a half-hearted way at New York University trying to extract two parts of hydrogen with each part of oxygen that he took from Mr. Volstead's favorite beverage. Back of this loveless task was a vague ambition in the youth's mind that some day he might mix other things as a chemical engineer and so increase the wealth and comfort of his kind. But Fate intervened and impressed melodic notes upon the mind that sought to absorb the mystic symbols of chemistry.

Fate won out and Harry Salter became one of the quiet workers behind the microphone who mix rhythmic vibrations to produce those pleasing sounds which lull the radio listener to contentment. Harry determined early in his college career that it was much easier to draw a bow than pound a pestle, so he began to handle a violin instead of a vial, and thus advanced one step towards radio. He next organized a band, which, out of sheer necessity, was rather poor in numbers but somewhat rich in effort.

The knowledge Harry gained while mixing things in college undoubtedly stood him in good stead when it became necessary to provide music for the "rube" shows such as Real Folks, which cause the radio audience so much mirth each week. If you doubt this, try to get a bunch of first-class musicians to play sour notes so that the ensuing melody is funny rather than blatant or disgusting. If you tune in to Real Folks sometime you will realize what a good job Harry does.

Harry's claim to radio fame, however, does not rest upon acid notes. He is one director who can perform seeming miracles with a small orchestra. Give him a drummer, a cornetist, and a pianist, and then with the aid of his own violin he will create for your enchanted ears the illusion that they are picking up the strains of a symphony orchestra.

### Step-in Trade-ins

A progressive store in Worcester, Mass., takes in old trousers as part payment for a new pair. It is said that used male step-ins, in fair to middling condition, have a trade-in value of fifty cents.

Fine! If some enterprising radio dealer will do the same thing for me, now that the moths have finished with my last year's suit, I might be able to afford a new vacuum tube for my poor old 1923 Complexodyne.



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As we neared the string, I came up to Quinn's shoulder, but could not quite overtake him. I was sure that I had qualified.

The announcer immediately read the results of this heat: Quinn first; Pad-dock second; Bracey third. Time 10 3-5 seconds.

The crowd was convinced that Scholz had beaten Bracey and roared its disapproval of the decision. All this time the judges had been in a huddle. Finally they called over the announcer and gave him a new result to megaphone the crowd: Quinn first; Scholz second; and Bracey third.

In the other heat, Simpson and Wykoff were battling on even terms a few meters from home when the Ohio lad pulled a muscle and fell screaming to the track, while MacAllister and Russell captured the remaining places. Francis Hussey, former schoolboy sensation of New York, was the only one to be eliminated.

Before the finals were held, I went to the judges and asked them if it would be possible for me to run in the seventh lane, inasmuch as there had been a dispute over the result of the first semi-final heat. There was already a precedent for such action from the games of 1924, but the officials refused me this opportunity, claiming that it would be unfair to Hussey, who had finished fourth against Wykoff, MacAllister, and Russell. I then went to Hussey and asked him if he was willing to meet me in a special race, the winner to run in the seventh lane of the finals. Hussey agreed, but the officials again refused.

### He Shall Not Pass

I realized, as did the officials, that my best chance was in this event rather than in the 200 meters. But nothing was done, so at the end of the first day, after four hard races, I found myself as far from making the team as I had been at the beginning.

The following afternoon we came out for the 200 and the suspicions which had been already awakened were definitely confirmed by the seeding of the second-round heats. Only two men were to be selected in each race, instead of the customary three, and I found myself facing Bracey of Texas and Roland Locke, the world's record holder for this distance.

It meant that the three of us would leave our best on the track in the semi-final instead of in the last round. The two who did weather this race would have nothing left with which to stave off the efforts of comparatively fresh men later on. I had the additional disadvantage of being convinced that, if I did not win this race by a clear margin, I probably would be overlooked by the judges as on the previous day. Fortunately for Locke and myself, Claude Bracey was too weary from qualifying in the 100 meters to show his best form and we old-timers got in.

Borah won the finals, after a magnificent race in which he came from behind in the final fifty to finish with a wonderful burst of speed. I was second; Scholz was third; and Harry Cummings, of Virginia University, nosed out Locke for the fourth position.

No sooner had my faith in human nature been reestablished, than I commenced to hear those old, vague rumors about my amateur status being in question. That night the A. A. U. selection committee met to name the team, which in past years has been no more than a clerical job, as the first four winners in each event had been automatically selected in a few minutes' time. On this occasion, four hours slipped away, and the committee was still in session, and when they finally did disband, they re-

fused to give out any kind of an account of what had taken place.

About three o'clock in the morning, Bryan Field, of the New York Times, called me on the phone, and said: "I am sending in a story to my paper that you have been removed from the Olympic team after a long period of discussion. Now I want you to see if you can verify this."

I immediately got Bob Weaver, our Western representative on the selection committee, on the phone and said—"I don't think it was right for you to throw me off the team without at least giving me a hearing." Mr. Weaver replied that the committee, after taking such action, had agreed to keep the entire proceedings secret for forty-eight hours (which would make it too late for anything to be done before the team sailed). But Mr. Weaver requested that I see him at once.

It was a long story that Weaver told me of what had taken place in the committee room that night, and it all simmered down to this—that Gustavus T. Kirby, whose word had long been recognized as law in both the Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America and the Amateur Athletic Union, before sailing as the advance man of the Olympic team, had been firm in one point, namely, that under no circumstances should I be included as a member of the team. Kirby's henchmen had battled for hours to carry out his wishes, and it had been finally recommended to chairman General Douglas MacArthur that I be left at home.

It became evident enough on investigation that the A. A. U. had figured I was through as a sprinter early in the spring of 1928, and would never make the Olympic team. However, the officials felt that what speed I yet retained could still be cashed in upon at both the Los Angeles and Boston try-outs, though I would not be able to run fast enough to cause them any trouble.

Even if I did qualify, they might easily overlook me in the Boston heats. They could always rule me out as a last resort—but here they had reckoned without the intervention of General MacArthur, who was not an A. A. U. representative but an Army man, drafted for the chairmanship of the American Olympic Committee. It so happened that the general was short on knowledge of how the wheels within the wheels of the A. A. U. turn, but long on justice, and "he saw no reason why a man who had been judged eligible to compete in the tryouts should not be just as eligible to take part in the Olympic Games."

### The Aftermath of Victory

This attitude of General MacArthur, abetted by a reminder of a decision that the American Olympic Committee had made three months previously, to the effect that if I did nothing more than I had already done I would still be an amateur, led to my reinstatement twenty-four hours before the team sailed.

All this bickering had nothing to do with my own dismal showing at Amsterdam, because I was hardened to it by this time, having gone through several other equally discouraging sieges in the past years such as Ray Barbuti underwent this spring, and Arthur Duffey, Mel Sheppard, Charles Hoff, Paavo Nurmi and Joie Ray faced in former years. Though I cannot erase these unpleasant memories from my own mind, I trust that no son of mine will ever be an amateur champion, for even if he does not suffer from similar experiences, he will have the discouraging aftermath of victory to face, no matter in what sport he happens to be the leading figure.