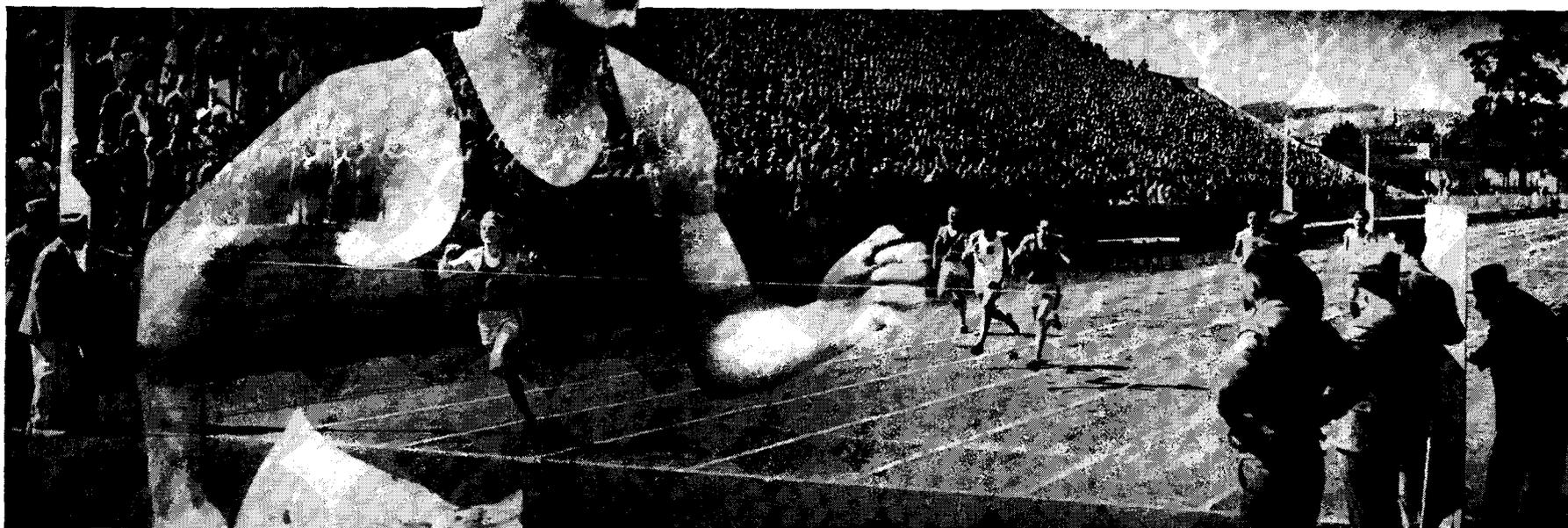


Falling Star

By Charley Paddock



Wide World

"Bullet Bob" Kiesel, the California flash, winning the 220 in the Stanford California meet

International

THAT boy should become the fastest 220-yard man the world has ever known," said Bernie Wefers, coach of the New York Athletic Club, and himself the record-holder in this event for more than twenty years. Wefers had just seen Robert A. Kiesel, University of California sophomore, win a heat in the 220-meter Olympic tryouts at Palo Alto last summer.

Earlier in 1932, "Bullet Bob," as Kiesel is known at Berkeley, had won the Intercollegiate 220-yard championship of the United States in his first year of varsity competition and had proved himself a human dynamo of speed. This powerfully built blond, who weighs 170 pounds and stands five feet nine inches, has every qualification of a champion.

Though Kiesel of California has just recently come into his own, American sprinters have been hearing of him ever since the spring of 1928. Dink Templeton, the famous track coach of Stanford University, told members of the Olympic team on the boat bound for Amster-

dam: "It is a lucky thing for all of you that you do not have to run against a preparatory school wonder I know!"

We did not take Templeton's remark seriously at the time, but we had not seen young Kiesel in action. Dink had attended a high school meet at Palo Alto one afternoon and had observed a streak of light flash past the field in both the 100 and 220 yards. He hunted up the youthful prodigy and discovered to his amazement that it was the boy's first competition.

"And it's my last, too," Kiesel told Templeton. "Baseball is my game. I'm not interested in sprinting."

"You've the gift," said Dink. "And America can use you very nicely at Amsterdam."

"But I don't want to run," Bob demonstrated. "Besides, I'm not good enough."

The Reluctant Speedster

"We'll see about that," said Dink, and immediately got in touch with Bob's parents, whom he found to be enthusiastic sports followers. It was arranged for Kiesel to compete against the best sprinters of Northern California in the Olympic tryouts. The boy had other ideas and went fishing. He was brought back, against his wishes, just in time to run against Russ Sweet, one of the finest sprinters in America, Hec Dyer, an Intercollegiate champion, and several other fast men.

Here's a new term for your sports vocabulary: "Foot-spring" promises to revolutionize the running form of all track men. The runner using it appears to be stumbling constantly—it's awkward in appearance, but mighty effective in winning races. Gene Venzke first used it in this country, and it is now being taught to the latest speed wizard, Bob Kiesel of California

When Bob Kiesel stepped to the line, he did not even know that a sprinter is supposed to dig starting holes. The officials had to show him, and then the starter himself demonstrated the crouch position. Kiesel almost fell on his face when the starting gun was fired, and he was ten yards behind his field in the first twenty-five. He knew none of the fundamentals of sprinting, but he decided that the situation called for immediate action. So he dug in as if running to a fire, and the field commenced to drop back as though it were standing still. He made up all but a few inches on Russ Sweet, the winner, and later in the afternoon he again spotted the best 220 men ten yards at the start and proceeded to beat them by about that much in the longer distance.

Hailed as a sensation by the San Francisco papers, predictions were made that Bob Kiesel would run that other phenomenal high school sprinter of the day, Frank Wykoff of Glendale, off his feet in the final Olympic tryouts. But Kiesel did not make the trip East. He went fishing again.

From that time until the track season of 1932, Bob's interest in sprinting did not increase. He liked sports in a general way, but he continued to derive far more pleasure from playing a trout than in pounding down a cinder path. After his private school days were over, he enrolled as a freshman at California, and the boys, remembering what he had accomplished in the San Francisco tryouts, made life miserable for him until he turned out for track. The same old speed was present, but so was the same lack of incentive. He won simply because he was in a class by himself. His

sprinting form remained atrocious and his method of starting gave Walter Christie, the veteran coach, a constant headache.

Eligible for varsity competition as a sophomore in 1932, but still devoid of experience, Bob Kiesel was sent out to run against the great Wykoff, then a senior at Southern California. "Flying Frank" was generally regarded as the fastest sprinter in the world. But his reputation held no fear for Kiesel. The powerful blond speedster, still handicapped by a wretched start and a complete ignorance of the technical side of "pick-up," raced Wykoff several times over the 100-yard distance. Kiesel closed the gap between them with such a rush that there was no doubt left in anyone's mind, including Wykoff's, that Kiesel, bad start and all, could beat him in the 220.

"Bullet Bob" Tries the Furlong

Wykoff, however, did not run the furlong until the Intercollegiate meet, and then only to silence Northern California track fans who seemed to be laboring under the impression that he was afraid to meet Kiesel. The track was slow and heavy, but Wykoff, away to his usual fast start, was well in the lead at the end of the first fifty yards. Though Frank's smooth, rhythmic stride made him look like a winner during the first half of the course, his form could not match the sheer power of Kiesel's pounding legs, which commenced to close the gap between them. Slowly the strong Californian forged to the front and he won over the champion by a clear two yards.

The cry then went up for Kiesel to compete in the Olympic Games. Bob did not care to try out. He said that there were plenty of good American sprinters in competition, including Wykoff, Tolan, Metcalfe, Simpson, Toppino and Dyer. He felt that the season had already been a long one, and then, too, he understood that the fish were biting extremely well. But undergraduates and alumni of California would not heed his protests, and his family insisted on his competing.

So Kiesel ran at Palo Alto. But his heart was not in it. He took part only in the 200 meters, and did not display the same kind of speed which he had

(Continued on page 45)

A Perfect Gentleman

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

The story of a lass who loved a sailor—but not just an ordinary sailor. Mr. Bosker was a perfectly marvelous man. You'll see

NAOMI didn't care what the other girls said; Mr. Bosker was different. Mr. Bosker wasn't just an ordinary sailor. Ordinary sailors—why they might act like how the girls said, but not Mr. Bosker. For some reason Florabelle and Anna Marie and Pearl were down on sailors and told the most awful stories about them. They giggled horrifiedly whenever sailors came into the dime store, which was on Broadway in Los Angeles.

"I wouldn't go out with no sailor. They take you to Tia Juana and try to get you tight on beer" . . . "Margaret, that's my oldest sister—why she went with a sailor once. He said he'd show her the dead Marine . . . down in a storeroom on the battleship, and if she hadn't screamed . . . sailors!" . . . "I know a girl that married a gob. It turned out he had another wife in Panama and he was paying allotment to a girl in Seattle. Yeah, imagine!"

Even Mr. Ennehew, the floorwalker, had it in for sailors. He scolded the girls at the toy and candy counters if they talked to them. Naomi worked at No. 17, tinware, and sailors never seemed to need any tinware. Not that Naomi would of flirted. Grandma Stillson had raised her better. Naomi knew that a girl—why she couldn't expect to meet a nice sailor by flirting.

That wasn't the way Naomi had met Mr. Bosker. Naomi had ridden on the Pacific Electric to San Pedro one Saturday afternoon, all by herself. At first she thought she would just sit in the park on Point Firmin and watch the picnic parties. A girl had ought to get plenty of fresh air and, besides, when you sit looking out over the ocean it helps to develop your imagination. Naomi sat in the park for almost ten minutes, then she decided she would go down to the boat landing and see the people ride out to visit the battleships.

SO NAOMI walked along Front Street like a perfect lady, paying no attention to several sailors who said: "Hello, Baby." Some of Naomi's girl friends, like Virgie Smith, for instance—why, they often went to San Pedro deliberately to pick up sailors. It was a lot nicer to go to San Pedro to develop your imagination, and you only looked at battleships because it was real educative and every thinking person should take a patriotic interest in Our Navy.

Several boats were loading and unloading passengers at the landing. Men were calling out "New Mexico" . . . "California" . . . "Arizona." Naomi wondered if you had to know somebody on a battleship before you could ride out and see it. She was trying to get up courage to ask a sailor who wore white gaiters and a coat and a brassard on his arm, when all of a sudden she met Mr. Bosker.

Mr. Bosker was standing at one end of a longboat tied up close to some steps. There was a brass rail around the place where Mr. Bosker stood and he looked awful important.

"Arizona boat, Miss?" he said, touching his cap.

"Why . . . I dunno. I was supposed to meet a young lady friend here and we was to go out and see a battleship that her boy friend is on. But I guess she ain't coming."

"Do you know the name of the ship?"

"N-no . . . not for sure . . . but I thought it sounded kinda like the Arizona. Yes, I'm sure it did."

Mr. Bosker looked thoughtful and respectful, awful respectful.

"You know the guy's name you was supposed to visit?"

"No, sir; I don't. Except . . . he's an officer and I guess he got tied up in some work or somepin and called it off."

"Is he a C. P. O.?"

"Ye-es, I believe that's what they call him."

Mr. Bosker reflected on the problem, while a number of people were assisted into the boat by another sailor. Naomi thought Mr. Bosker looked awful strong and nice. He wore his white cap over one eye and he had a reddish brown face that had been scrubbed until it looked like shiny leather. He was young, too, and you could tell he really had brains, because he wrinkled up his forehead and really thought things out. He had a big American flag tattooed on his right forearm and an anchor on his left forearm.

"That's a tough break they run out on you," he remarked finally. "You ever seen a battlewagon, Miss?"

"No, sir; I never have."

"Why don't you ride out with this party?"

"Oh, could I? I mean is it allowed by the government?"

Mr. Bosker grinned.

"It ain't exactly, but I can fix it up."

"Oh, I wouldn't want to put you to no trouble."

"Glad to do it, Miss. Just give me your name and address and telephone number: It's for the card."

NAOMI told him. Mr. Bosker, it appeared, was no ordinary sailor. He was pretty important. After he had written down Naomi's name and address and telephone number, he jumped to the landing and disappeared for a few minutes. He came back saying: "It's okay, Miss. You climb in here and sit in the middle. It'll be steadier." He helped her in like a gentleman. She noticed that Mr. Bosker had an eagle sewed on the sleeve of his blue jumper. The other sailors standing around the boat didn't. Mr. Bosker was their boss and he ran the boat.

The ride out to the ship was swell, if you forgot to notice the smell of oil and dead fish. Naomi felt a little scared at first, but Mr. Bosker grinned at her, standing there in the back end. He certainly could run a boat. It was really wonderful the way Mr. Bosker could keep his balance. They passed a lot of ships that all looked alike, but Mr. Bosker knew the Arizona, all righty. He steered the boat alongside a ladder hanging from the top part of the ship.

"Wanta watch your skirts, Sis," he said politely. The wind was blowing pretty fierce and Naomi blushed.

Mr. Bosker turned the boat over to just an ordinary sailor and helped Naomi onto the ladder. He had to stay behind, though, saying: "I'm on duty, but there'll be plenty to show you around."

Naomi followed two dozen men and women and children to the main deck. There she saw a real officer. He wore gray gloves and had a big spyglass strapped around his neck. He was quite young and good-looking—though not as handsome as Mr. Bosker—and he was awful snooty. Naomi wanted to wander around by herself but the officer said: "Kindly stay with the party."

She didn't see anything very nice about a battleship. It was kinda like you thought a jail would be . . . all iron and painted gray and green and awful hot and stuffy downstairs. . . .

Mr. Bosker grinned in friendly fashion as the boat started back. At the landing she stopped to thank him.



Illustrated by
Harry Beckhoff

Oh, it was terrible! Bill struck Mr. Costigan some very hard blows