

Down With Champs.

# ATHLETIC IDOLS BROKEN WHEN TROJANS BEAT OXY.

*Kelly a Poor Third in Low Hurdles — Annin Beaten by Tipton—Sweggett Gets Beating of His Life from Pritchard—Drew Loafs in the Sprints — Borgstrom Fails to Break Record.*

**A**THLETIC heroes of resplendent fame went down in a sobbing sea yesterday when the University of Southern California beat Occidental by ninety points to forty-one.

It was in many ways an agonizing

ran a white apparition appeared at his elbow. An expression of savage disgust came into Kelly's face as he half turned his head and saw Laird, his team mate, pass him with a rush. The great Kelly finished third. At the finish, he stopped for a second and

victory for among the scalps that Occidental carried back as its rather slender share, were the Olympian locks of the great Fred Kelly.

For weeks past, Harry Kirkpatrick has been made to understand that his one mission in life was to lower the proud crest of Kelly, the hero of Stockholm. They met first in the high hurdles, but this was a cruel test for Kirkpatrick. It was like trying to beat Ty Cobb at stealing bases or William Jennings Bryan at drinking grape juice. Kelly's technique is so perfect that he can win without his best speed. So he ran away from Kirkpatrick over the high hurdles.

In the shot put, Kelly, looking like a young Greek statue, strolled out with a blase air as though saying, "This bores me, but I'll win it for you;" heaved the shot and returned to the clubhouse hardly waiting to see his effort taped, so easily had he won at 39 ft., 10 ins.

When they came out for the 220 low hurdles, the other athletes watched Kelly settling to his marks with the awe with which a sky terrier surrenders the walk to a St. Bernard. But as they tore around in the stretch, Kirkpatrick overhauled and passed the Olympic champion. Kelly turned on more speed and tore into the stretch, after Kirkpatrick; but as he

glared at the finishing tape; then returned to the clubhouse.

The next time Kelly emerged, it was for the relay race that was to finish the meet.

Franklin of U.S.C. had won the first lap from Wells of Occidental. As they came down the stretch two swarthy runners were waiting for them with eager hands outstretched. One was Young, a colored boy of U.S.C.; the other was Montijo, the Mexican student at Occidental. Young got away first and rushed around the track, bent low like a frightened hen. He led for nearly the entire lap; but as he came to the finish, his pace faltered. He looked distressed and in trouble, and the Mexican fled past him like a jackrabbit. The finish was so close, however, that Kelly and Creighton got away almost together.

Kelly was in the lead as they disappeared through the stone arches where the running track dives under the university building; Kelly was further in the lead as they reappeared again beyond the training cottage. He was obviously loafing to coax the Occidental boy into sprinting. But as he half turned his head, something happened; a pair of fluttering white panties shot around past him and scooted down the track.

#### A NEAR SPILL.

This was too much: the Olympic

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champion dug his spikes down into the stretch and overhauled the impudent young speeder as an old battleship might run down a torpedo destroyer.

As Kelly caught him, Creighton reeled and swayed from the track; then raced on while the Occidental bleachers screeched "Foul," claiming interference on Kelly's part.

The last lap of the relay was one of the most thrilling ever seen in a Southern California track meet. With the twenty-foot start that Kelly's finish gave him, Laird got away to what looked like a sure victory, over Cook. The Occidental rooters watched the runners in nervous silence as they rounded the long curve with Laird in the lead. Cook, running with a magnificent stride, was glued to his flank—a game, determined little figure.

As they turned into the banked curve at the stretch, some one in the grand stand gave a yell of dismay, "Laird has lost his stride." You could see the U.S.C. runner waver, and Cook, a tow-headed boy from Occidental, forge ahead. They came to the straightaway in front of the grand stand in a terrific struggle. The tow-headed boy with the black and gold on his running suit gathered all that was left of his strength in one last outburst of effort; passed Laird, and won the relay.

#### LANKY PRITCHARD.

One of the most interesting races was the two-mile, in which the two chief figures were Swiggott of U.S.C. and a long, lanky country boy named Pritchard. This was Pritchard's first race and he was loaded with intricate instructions from the coach. He lit out like a runaway turkey at the start and nobody ever saw him again. Swiggott, the practical track runner, started out well behind in the ruck, but as the first lap drew to a close Swiggott pulled up to the front, but the patter of his feet filled the long-legged one with alarm, and he tore off down the track again.

This amused Swiggott. As he ran he pointed out the retreating figure of Pritchard to the grand stand and laughed, confident of pulling him down any time he liked.

It is to be presumed that Swiggott had some peculiarly subtle intention as to the winning of that race, but he never got within half a lap of Pritchard again to explain it to him. The coach had told Pritchard to win, so he had to win. That was all there was to it; he just had to. As he came down the stretch at the finish so far ahead of Swiggott that he could look across the infield and see him coming, Pritchard suddenly started in a guilty manner and dove down the track at a furious pace. They had told him to sprint at the end, and he had almost forgotten. He didn't know why you had to sprint, but if the coach said so, it must be so. Wherefore Pritchard, with 250 yards lonely and empty track behind him, sprinted for his life.

#### SCARED STIFF.

After the race was over they found him wandering around, scared stiff, and trying to hide out from the coach. "Gee," he said, "I'm scared to meet the coach. He told me to let this guy Swiggott get forty yards ahead of me, and I forgot to do it. At the first part of the race I waited for him to pass me, but I couldn't find him, so I went ahead and just ran around myself. After that I forgot that I was to let him get forty yards ahead. What do you suppose the coach will do to me?" he added anxiously, shaking off the fans who were trying to congratulate him.

No account of high spots of this meet would be complete without Howard Drew. He is the color of a brown Manila envelope, and he is one of the athletic marvels that come once or twice in a century—an abnormal speed marvel. He runs with the ease of a big six-cylinder racing car, with the other runners panting and straining along in the rear. Nothing that he appeared in yesterday could, in any sense, be called a race.

In the 100 yards he finished at least five yards in the lead.

In the 220 he got so far away in front that he turned clear around and looked with polite amusement at the pack, puffing and panting and grunting along in the rear with screwed-up faces and bulging neck cords. Then the smile faded from his face as one who says: "Well, boys, I'd like to loaf along here with you, but I'm a little busy." For half a dozen strides he burst down the track like a demon of speed; then he stopped as though to say: "Aw, what's the use?" and jogged contemptuously across the line so far in the lead that he had lost interest.

#### SUMMARY.

Hammer throw—Wieman (O.) first.

Bailey (U.S.C.) second, McNary (O.) third; distance, 124ft. 7in.

The 100-yard dash—Drew (U.S.C.) first, Bradley (U.S.C.) second, Foster (O.) third; time, 9 4-5s.

Mile run—Annin (O.) first, Welfer (U.S.C.) second, Bamesberger (U.S.C.) third; time, 4m. 47 2-5s.

The 120-yard high hurdles—Kelly (U.S.C.) first, Ward (U.S.C.) second, Kirkpatrick (O.) third; time, 15 3-5s.

Shot put—Kelly (U.S.C.) first, Livershush (U.S.C.) second, Craig (U.S.C.) third; distance, 39ft. 10in.

The 440-yard dash—Laird (U.S.C.) first, Cook (O.) second, Franklin (U.S.C.) third; time, 52 3-5s.

Pole vault—Watkins, Cookman and Bettinger of U.S.C. tied for first; height, 11ft. 6in. Bergstrom and Watkins cleared twelve feet in exhibition.

Two-mile run—Pritchard (O.) first, Swiggett (U.S.C.) second, Bickford (O.) third; time, 10m. 27 2-5s.

The 220-yard dash—Drew (U.S.C.) first, Bradley (U.S.C.) second, Foster (O.) third; time, 23 2-5s.

High jump—Ward, Watkins and Kendricks of U.S.C. tied for first at 5ft. 9in. In exhibition Ward cleared 6ft. ½ in. and Kendricks made 5ft. 11 ½ in.

The 220 low hurdles—Kirkpatrick (O.) first, Laird (U.S.C.) second, Kelly (U.S.C.) third; time, 25 4-5s.

Discus throw—Smith (U.S.C.) first, Clements (U.S.C.) second, Livershush (U.S.C.) third; distance, 117ft.

The 880-yard run—Tipton (U.S.C.) first, Annin (O.) second, Thorne (O.) third; time, 2m. 5 2-5s.

Broad jump—Cookman (U.S.C.) first, Lawyer (O.) second, Lockhart (O.) third; distance, 20ft. 10in.

Relay—Occidental (Wells, Montijo,

Creighton, Cook,) won, U.S.C. (Franklin, Young, Kelly, Laird;) time, 3m. 39 4-5s.

Officials—Referee, Seward A. Simons; timers, Best, Easterly, Whitmer; judges of finish, Robb, Bointon, Lickly, Cromwell; judges of field events, Holly, Frees, Mitchell, J. Donahue, T. Donahue; starter, Weaver; announcer, Matoon; clerk of course, J. Raymond Hunt; inspectors, S. C. Simons, H. Donald; marshal, Carl May.