

# WORLD'S RECORDS BROKEN AND THOMSON BEATS FRED KELLY.

BY HOWARD ANGUS.

TWO world's records broken, another equalled and a world's champion beaten—those were the three shocks sent thrilling through the nervous systems of a thousand persons at Bovard Field yesterday afternoon. The electrician at Sing Sing could scarcely give one more excitement than that.

Earl Thomson, the freshman, defeated Fred Kelly, the champion, in the high hurdles. The time was 15a., equalling the world's record.

Then the king came back and gave Verle Murray the beating of his life in the low hurdles, setting a new world's record for a curve track of 24 2-5s.

To prove themselves worthy of the fast company, the Manual Arts relay team, ended the day by setting a new interscholastic record for the mile. The time was 3m. 7s.

The race of races was the high hurdles, the first on the programme, and was won in a silence so heavy that one instinctively took off his hat and looked around to see where the corpse and the bereaved were,

The race was held across the field from the bleachers. Kelly was the first out of the training quarters. He carried a big pick with him and dug his holes with it. As he went over the first four hurdles to warm up, the crowd sent him a cheer. A few minutes later Thomson, the long and lanky freshman, glided over his sticks. All of the officials ran for the finish. Coach Pipal, the starter, waved his gun. Seward A. Simons, the referee, blew his whistle. And the bleachers rose. It sounded like a flock of quail beating the brush with their wings. A heavy silence and nervous tension followed.

## THE START.

The revolver in Pipal's hand spit fire and coughed a flag of smoke. The hurdlers jumped forward. The race was on. As before, Kelly reached the first hurdle ahead of the long and lanky one. His lead was possibly two feet. He hit the ground as Thomson was sailing over. His lead was a fraction further on the second hurdle. Then came the upset.

Kelly crashed into the third hurdle and lurched forward. He almost fell over and was thrown out of his lane,

As he staggered, the lean figure of Thomson glided ahead. The bleachers could see daylight between the two and a gasp went up.

## FIGHTS UP.

By the fifth hurdle Kelly had made up this distance. Clearing the sixth, he lurched forward again. This time the hurdle did not fall, but he must have hit it. Thomson again was leading—this time only by a toe. Both jumped for the last hurdle together. But, Kelly, afraid of hitting, sailed almost a foot high. Thomson chopped over and hit the ground a foot ahead of Kelly. He held that distance to the tape.

## THE SILENCE.

The victory was so evident that the bleachers across the field could see that Thomson won across the tops of the officials' heads. Nobody on the field said a word. The crowd would have liked to see the champion end his wonderful career with a victory. The crowd felt for him as he limped back toward the training quarters defeated.

Kelly had the sympathy of the crowd, not because it disliked Thomson, but because it was strong for

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# Records Broken.

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Fred. Most of those present had been watching the champion run for five long years. They had seen him come up from an unknown schoolboy at Orange to the Olympic champion. They had seen him win race after race, never barring anybody and never falling down. They knew his courage, so they wanted him to finish champion. The silence was merely a friends' tribute to a friend. Also, the crowd felt that Thomson would break the record some day anyway, and had four years in which to win from everybody.

## THE GIRL.

That is, everybody felt that way but a girl in a Panama hat and a blue sweater coat. She wanted to see Thomson win yesterday and every other day and year as well. When last seen she was still smiling and walking home with a long and lanky tow-head.

In the training quarters, Kelly said that he had tried too hard. He was too anxious to win.

"Always when I try like that I knock over a hurdle or something," said Fred. "It was just the same way at the exposition. When I just kid along, I do the best. Funny a fellow can't do his best when he really wants to."

Kelly wanted to set a world's record yesterday. He thinks he might have had he not hit the hurdle.

Yesterday's thousand thought the same way.

## THE COMEBACK.

But ten minutes later Fred Kelly came back. The high hurdles were cleared away and the low hurdles strung around the curve in their place. Verle Murray, the redheaded pug-nose from Whittier, appeared on the scene, and began warming up.

Murray had said at the A.A.U. meet that Fred Kelly had stayed out of the low because the champion knew Murray could win. This race was to prove Kelly feared nobody. A few minutes later Kelly appeared with his left leg all bandaged. He had cut it badly in the high.

Kelly had the inside lane and, of course, started several yards behind Murray. To the turn Murray held his own. As the hurdlers rounded the curve, Kelly seemed to creep up on Murray. The crowd let out a wild little scream. This grew into a prolonged howl as the two wheeled into the straightaway and Kelly was almost abreast of the red head from Whittier.

Half-way down the straightaway Kelly caught Murray and the bleachers jumped up and down. Just in front of the crowd the king shot ahead and a gap of blue sky and fence and trees and houses yawned between the two.

## A RECORD.

The announcer shouted that the time was 24 2-5s. and a new world's record. Everybody jumped up and down. Thomson grabbed Kelly and the crowd yelled. A battery of photographers set their cameras clicking and motion-picture ma-

chines were grinding. Fred looked up and smiled for the first time that afternoon.

The relay race proved to be almost as exciting as Kelly's defeat and great come-back. Pa Gates upset all the dope. According to schedule the Manual team was to win and the picked team just push them. Gates went wild. Fitzsimmons, Griffin, Wood and Haberlein had managed to sprint a four-yard lead away from Cookman, Thomson, Gasner, Beebe and Hunt. Then came Solly Smith and Pa Gates after him with his bald head bobbing up and down in the sunlight like a cork on a wave. On the curve Pa Gates shot past Smith. Down the straightaway he seemed to gather back his youth. Verle Murray and Fred Kelly were running the last two laps and the Lamport twins stood a fat chance catching those two speed merchants. This terrific burst of speed on the part of the picked team made the Tollers break the record.

## SUMMARY.

The 120-yard high hurdles—Won by Earl Thomson (U.S.C.) from Fred Kelly (L.A.A.C.) Time, 15s. (Equals world's record.)

The 220-yard high hurdles—Won by Fred Kelly (L.A.A.C.) from Verle Murray (Whittier.) Time, 24 2-5s. (Breaks world's record for curve track, Old mark, 24 4-5s.)

Eight-man mile relay — Won by picked team (Cookman, Thomson, Gasner, Beebe, Hunt, Gates, Murray, Kelly) from Manual Arts (Fitzsimmons, Griffin, Wood, Sarrail, Haberlein, Smith, H. Lamport, W. Lamport.) Time, 3m. 6 4-5s. The

time made by Manual Arts of 3m. 7s. breaks the intercholastic record for an eight-man team.