

## BOBBY KERR TELLS OF THE WORK OF THE CANADIANS AT THE GREAT OLYMPIC MEET

In the October 1st issue of MacLean's Magazine, Bobby Kerr, captain of the Canadian Olympic Track and Field Team, contributes an article which he confesses "looks as if it is going to be a recital of refutations." As a matter of fact, it is an intensely interesting account of what really happened at Amsterdam, written by a man who was in a position to get all the "inside dope" and who had no interest in sending out sensational and misleading cablegrams. Says Mr. Kerr:

At the 1928 Olympic games at Amsterdam I wasn't a competitor—but I got as big a thrill as ever fell to the lot of a competitor; I saw the red maple leaf go to the top of the mast twice in token of the fact that, for the first time in history, a Canadian, frail Percy Williams, of Vancouver, had won a double world's championship with victories in the two major sprints events of an Olympiad.

"And this thrill—a thrill that I felt the achievements of the Canadian men's track and field team had amply justified—was more than a little stilled when I reached Montreal. For I was bombarded with questions, which, in the sedate atmosphere of Amsterdam, I had never dreamed of.

### Some Barrage.

"This is the kind of barrage that was hurled at me:

"Why did the United States, and the United States only, have the use of the main stadium? Were we housed in a hotel situated in an unsanitary Amsterdam slum? Why did Jimmy Ball of Winnipeg, lose the 400 metre race. Did Fanny Rosenfeld get a raw deal?

"Well, before answering these questions I have to take a good, deep, long breath and answer the questions asked of me with all the moderation at my command.

"The first question has furnished sensational news for a number of newspapers—most of it provocative and misleading. As a matter of fact, the truth of the matter is very simple if a little difficult of relation. The Dutch had built a magnificent stadium—the finest I have ever seen—but they had found that the job of building a perfect surface was one quite beyond their power. About a week, I think before the opening day of the games, they wired to a Swedish engineer—he had been assistant to Perry who had built all the Marathon tracks since the famous games were revived—to come to Amsterdam and perform this very delicate operation. Needless to say, the Swedish engineer didn't have much time on his hands.

"Naturally, everyone wanted to see what the stadium was like and the number of curious athletes in town were by a large margin, Americans. A few of these wandered out to the stadium one day and begged the Swedish engineer to let them have a brief prance around any of the tracks on which the surfacing was completed. Being a good-natured soul, he consented.

### An Ugly Rumor.

"What was the result? Some of the Americans noised it abroad in the training stadium that the new stadium was a peach, implying that they had tried it out. Rumor at once, its voice growing angrier at every repetition, roared out the news that the American track team had, unfairly and secretly, been training at the main stadium. I don't think that any of the officials of the forty-two nations represented at the Olympic games really believe this report but it was an ugly rumor. For my part, I went out to the stadium and asked the engineer in charge if it was true that the Americans had been training on the track. He told me the situation as I have outlined it and said we could bring our boys along and give them the same chance. At the same time, he pointed out that if we came on the track, forty other nations would have a perfectly good right to follow, in which case the date of the opening of the Olympic games might be a very indefinite date, indeed. I saw his point. The Americans had gained no advantage from their trot around the track and I wanted to see the Olympic games started. So that's the story of the Yankee atrocities at Amsterdam.

"This article looks as if it is going

to be a recital of refutation. Don't let anybody tell that we were badly housed! I'll give you the darkest side of the picture first. The Canadian field and track team was billeted at the Holland House—from its name it might have been located in a small rural Ontario town—which was situated in a narrow street not much more than a stone's throw from the Grand Central station—for Hollandt. sche spelling see Daedeker. To an athlete of a nervous disposition, the nocturnal noises of this narrow street might have cheated him of a few minutes slumber, but most of us were "making the welkin roar" a minute or so after we hit the hay.

### A Dutch Meal.

"I'll admit, also, that when we arrived at the hostel on Nieuwerdyk Street, the first meal served to us was Dutch—very, very Dutch, and, therefore, very greasy.

"But let me say, right here and now, that the two managers of the Holland House hotel are two of the finest men any touring Canadian could wish to meet. After we had explained to them that the, no doubt delicious but greasy decorations of the Dutch menu were not calculated to step up the average Canadian's vitality they strode into their kitchens and worked wonders. Thereafter bacon and eggs, large luscious steaks, and white meat of chicken held the centre of the stage. So much for the accommodation.

"About Jimmie Ball! Great occasions seem to produce unexpectedly great men. Before the games Jimmy Ball was quite unknown in Eastern Canada; at the trials in Hamilton he won the 400 metres race in the remarkably good time of 48 and 2-5 seconds but, said the eastern wisecracks this argued nothing at all. "He will have to run heat after heat against the best men of his distance in the world and his Hamilton showing doesn't mean a thing." Well, Ball beat Barbutti, of the United States, in the semi-finals in 48 and 3-5, a fifth or a second slower than his Hamilton time and in the finals was beaten only by Barbutti.

"Now remember Ball was never regarded as a possible winner in this race. Save for the Hamilton trials he had never raced before in a really important event. With the race clearly between Barbutti and Ball, the latter, for a fatal instant, forgot the cardinal rule in all field events and turned his head to watch the progress of his competitor. In that slim instant of time, Barbutti dived straight for the tape and beat out Ball by a scant six inches. Then the United States representative fell to the track in a pitiable state of collapse while the Canadian finished as fresh as the proverbial daisy. Keep your eye on Ball. He is one of the great runners of the world!

"Flip a coin in the air, watch all the slow motion pictures that will be shown of the Fanny Rosenfeld-Robinson 100-metres race, listen to all the chatter of everybody who saw, heard or read anything about this breath-taking event, and, if you are a fair-minded critic, you will decide that your opinion is no opinion at all. And that goes for me, too. I suppose I must mention that I was one of the judges at the Amsterdam games—there were seven of them—but on this occasion I was the seventh, so that I haven't any right to say anything about the much discussed finish. On the advice of an estimable French lady, who was in no position to judge the finish, Canada made its one and only protest against an adverse decision and lost out four to two. And that seems to be that.

"Oh, yes! Everyone will want to know why we lost the sprint relay (400 metres) with the team composed of such flying flashes as Fitzpatrick, Hester Adams and the incomparable Williams. It would seem that we had a combination of runners who could be counted upon to extend any team put up against them. Instead of which they finished sixth.

"When Adams was nearing Hester, he was so surprised that Hester had not started that he yelled to him to 'get going', but it was too late, and Adams over-ran him and had to turn and hand Hester the baton. The baton

was not dropped as was reported in Canada.

"As might be expected, Percy Williams was the outstanding hero of the games. A slender, frail-looking lad, he succeeded in doing what has been done only twice before in the history of the Olympics—he won the two principal sprints.

"Williams competed eight times in four days, running one of his heats in the 100 meters in the world's record time of 10 and 3-5 seconds, while in the 200 meters he made the good time of 21 and 4-5 seconds. Percy Williams will be placed with the greatest sprinters of all time. His victories this year are all the more outstanding when one thinks that he was barely heard of a year ago. Winning a few races in the Pacific Coast cities, he came east to the championships in Toronto last year, where he made a fair showing. Returning home, he trained faithfully, and his work was rewarded when he was selected on the Canadian Olympic team for winning the 100 and 200 meters in the trials at Hamilton, defeating such men as Coaffee, Fitzpatrick, Hester and others.

"Williams has a beautiful style. He has smoothness and grace in his running, is a fairly fast starter, and a wonderfully strong finisher. In fact in some of the heats at the Olympics he seemed to be beaten fifty yards from home when he would gather himself and literally fly at the tape. A great deal of credit for Williams' success should go to Bob Grainger, also of Vancouver—his coach, trainer and faithful friend. After a chat with Grainger at the trials in Hamilton I came to the conclusion that here was a man who knew more than he boasted. He had studied Williams very carefully and the results of his efforts certainly have been shown. It was great to see the smile on Grainger's face—as Percy came through heat after heat. Grainger was also a tower of strength in assisting other members of the team, and when another Olympiad comes around, here is one man who should not be forgotten.

"Percy Williams had a style of training more or less all his own—never working very hard, but reserving everything for that one great final effort. Yet, in his training he has acquired, beyond a doubt, the three great principles of sprinting, namely, the start, the stride and the finish.

"With all his triumphs, Williams remains a modest, unaffected lad with the germ of a comedic genius within him. After he had been carried off the field on the shoulders of his comrades, following the winning of his second championship he grinned at a group of us as he watched Canada's flag flutter out in the breeze in commemoration of his victory and said: 'And four years ago a doctor man in Vancouver told me I had a leaky heart. Look at me today. It is to laugh.'

### AUTUMN'S RETURN

We hear her footsteps in the rustling leaves;  
O'er all we see the magic of her hand;  
The broadly waving fields of ripened grain  
The golden harvest scattered o'er the land  
The hush that rests within the hazy air,  
The faint sweet echo of the bob-white's call  
The distant hills, bathed in the mellow glow  
Of autumn sunlight, lingering over all.

We read her greeting in the yellow leaves  
That down the forest aisles are thickly spread;  
We hear her voice amid the sighing wind  
That blows among the branches overhead  
And day by day upon the landscape wide

We see the glories of her wealth unfold  
Till, lo! the earth a dream of beauty lies,  
Clad all in robes of crimson and of gold.  
—DOROTHY E. V. PHELPS in Detroit News.

### PEANUT BUTTER AND RAISIN SANDWICH

Mix equal amounts of peanut butter and raisins, put through the food chopper with mayonnaise to make a spreading mixture. Use on thin slices of white bread.

## HOW THE ANIMALS WASH THE GATES AT HOLLYWOOD, CAL. THE MONKEY A HARD WORKER

(Jack Casey in Chicago News.)

Hollywood, Cal.—If you have a facility for training animals, birds, fleas or what have you, take old Pop Greeley's advice and come west. Hollywood's the spot. If your pets can work you won't have to. Hollywood's always primed for something new in animal freaks. You may even crash the flickers yourself. But if you don't it's a cinch your bird friend will. Heart Break down has been good to a lot o' folks who were raised on animal crackers, so understand the quadrupeds.

Coupla nice little gals came in from a western town a few years back possessed of the usual ambition to make bums of the Negrils, the Pickfords and Bows. They found the going tough. Didn't even get an extra job. Forlorn and lonesome, they swapped kisses and tears and thought longingly of home. One night an alley rabbit joined their weep-fest. She was a skinny puss but she knew how to cry, so was enrolled in the wake. The kids fattened her up, sharing their slim groceries, and puss purred her thanks. She did more than that. Apparently sensing calamity was riding high and how, Puss leaped the table one day and unbagged a few tricks. The girls were delighted. The kit had talent. They went to work with it and soon the once run-down "alley, alley" had a repertoire that would make Barnum get us. Then, being smart, the little femmes did with puss what they couldn't do themselves. They got her into the movies. She clicks for twenty-five smackers a day and works plenty. And in every picture pussy works the kids work too, as atmosphere. The cat crashed the gates they couldn't crash themselves. A cat laugh at kings! Don't be sill'. They laugh at producers—and what's a king compared to a producer, in the opinion of the producer?

### A Pet Deer.

Another lady in Cinland has a pet deer. We said Deer. She leads it around on a leash and it's as tame as that bleater Mary owned. It works but, not as often as she would wish for. Reason is that while plenty of "dears" are written into screen plays most of the "deers" are of the castiron, lawn variety. But if you've ever seen any closeups of the lovers in

the garden, moonlit by gauze-screened sun arcs, when just as they are about to kiss, the pet deer parted them with his snuzzle great laughs from the audience), well that's the deer. And some producers think that fade-out, done beaucoup times, is still original.

### A Hard Worker.

One of the hardest working animals is a monkey. It was once just a low-brow hand-organ ape with beastly manners. Tony, his boss, lost the hand organ two payments before the last one, and he and the monk were stranded. Tony tried to rustle up a job, but jobs are scarcer than snow shoes in Los Angeles, and the day arrived when Tony was enroute to an animal shop to unload the monk. It was a sad journey, as Tony liked the monk and the monk like Tony. When Tony poked the simian at night and growled, "move over," the monk moved over. A wife won't do that. She'll poke back. Hence their love was built on a lasting foundation.

"I'm a sorry Mac", Tony told the monk as they trudged along down 7th street (the State street of Los). "I'm sorry, Mas, we hav' to part, but you gotta eat, I gotta eat, so you un'stand Mac. I get some gooda mon' for you. I eat and the man who buy you see that you eat. Sacre Poughkeepsie!"

But near the animal shop Tony weakened. He didn't think he could go through. He cried. So did Mac. Then a fairy waved her wand (don't you believe in fairies?) and a studio machine pulled up at the animal shop. A buys-looking assistant director got out. He was about to enter when he spied Tony. Came over. A minute's conversation and Tony and Mac were in the car speeding for Hollywood.

A monkey was wanted in a hand-organ scene in the filming of a famous play. Mac and Tony filled both bills, and got \$50 for a day's work. They've been working ever since and despite Mac's outstanding success he still "moves over."

An ex cow hand has a bird shop which is listed with all studios. He specializes in trained buzzards. Von Stroheim used half a dozen of the birds, at \$25 per day apiece, in "The Wedding March," not yet released. We saw the scene filmed, eerie and powerful. The buzzards were used both sym-

bolically and otherwise, representing death descending on a hut in snow-capped mountains during a fierce storm. Creepy? Plenty. On the lot at the same time a tame lion, led on a leash, was being used in a western. Publicity men posed the lion on the shoeblack's stand and had the rag-slapping maestro pose laying on a shine. The nearest thing to Nubian's mouth was Sam's head, and if you don't think his wool was wire, pointed toward the stars, you're just a sill'.

Yeah, Hollywood's full of animals, including jackasses, of course. But if you have a cute elephant or two around the house, bring 'em out. If they don't crash the films they'll certainly crash something.

## SHEIKS SHOW GRATITUDE FOR A GOOD TURN

London, Oct. 8—A curious story of a sheik's gratitude is told by Sir Hugh Trenchard, marshal of the Royal Air Force.

An expedition, he said, was sent across a desert. Taey were warned by tribesmen that if they ever returned they would do so stripped of everything. But on this trip the expedition picked up a wounded sheik in the desert and took him to a hospital 200 miles away. Two weeks later he was brought back, fit.

Ever since then whenever a Royal Air Force plane has had to descend in that part of the desert five or six silent horsemen have appeared at a distance of a few hundred yards and stood sentry all night.

The woman has a friend who is a successful camp director. She glories in her work, and yet when September comes to take her charges away from her she breathes a great sigh of contentment and relief to see them filing back to the city, well and happy. For amid all the cheering and singing amid the fun of niking and play acting there is the strain of responsibility, the constant guarding against ill health and accidents.

To this director, reveling in the peace and quiet of her lovely country spot in September, came a letter from one of the eleven-year-old girls who had spent the summer days with her.

"I know it must be very dreary at camp," wrote the girl. "You must be very lonesome, for after all it takes children to brighten up the home."

**Viceroy**  
CIGARETTES

The finest of all blends and, delightfully mild. With or without cork tips. (Cork of pure natural growth).

Twenty for 25¢

CORK TIPPED-RED PACKAGE-PLAIN ENDS-BLUE PACKAGE