O'DONNELL WINS AT CORONA; THREE KILLED BY BURMAN'S CAR.: MANUAL TAKES ...

Howard, Angus

Los Angeles Times (1886-1922); Apr 9, 1916; ProQuest Historical Newspapers: Los Angeles Times pg. VI1

O'DONNELL WINS AT CORONA; THREE KILLED BY BURMAN'S CAR.

MANUAL TAKES STATE HONORS.

Multitude of Entries Gives Them the Meet.

Paddock Takes Both Sprints in Speedy Time.

Weeks of Santa Rosa Takes Weight Events.

BY HOWARD ANGUS.

The California Interscholastic Federation's track and field meet turned out to be a wildly exciting three hours at the Y.M.C.A. field yesterday. From the first heat in the 100 until the relay, thrilling finishes, collapsing athletes, busted records and hysterical coaches kept the nerves all ragged and the voices all husky.

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Charley Paddock of Pasadena was the most talked-of athlete, the 16-year-old wonder winning the two dashes laughing. All along the line southern athletes were jumping into the limelight. So from this ead of the State the meet was a real howling success with about 1000 excited preps doing the yelling.

BECORDS FALL.

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The meet started at 2 o'clock with the grandstand crowded full of perspiring preps and the starter's pistol smoking in Coach Pipal's hand, Down the straightaway Sarrall was win-

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the straightaway Sarrail was win-Four federation records were ning the first heat in the 100-yard broken in the field events and the dash. Athletes were standing in little broken in the field events and the Manual relay quarter tied its own record in that event. Big, powerful Weeks of Santa Rosa set new marks in both the shot put and discus throw. He heaved the 12-pounder out 47ft. 4½ in, and hurled the discus buzzing through the air for 117 feet.

Lincoln Hall of Santa Paula added three more inches to his pole vault record, lifting himself over the bar at an elevation of 11ft. 9in. He tried once to clear twelve feet and then stopped, Being only 17 years old and having still two more years in high school ahead of him,-he did not want to put the bar too high all at one time. Tomorrow must have its glory.

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the mile. There were six entries. Gil-

(Continued on Eighteenth Page.)

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lingham of Reedely jumped into the lead and ran the first lap as if he were doing a quarter. The punishing pace strung the other six far behind in a long loose line, like Chinamen walk. But the pat, pat of the feet grounded around the track, Gillingham kept going slower and slower and the gap between him and the others filled up. Strickfaden jumped into the lead, but he could not hold it, Silvas of Oakland Poly came up from somewhere in the rear and pulled and twisted his way past every runner and finished first. Cooper of Pasadena ran poorly as if he was sick. finished first. Cooper of Pasadena ran poorly as if he was sick. Both dashes were won easily by Charley Paddock. The youngster was

Charley Paddock. The youngster was last man in the 100 finals at the fifty mark. Before the tape was reached he was a good three yards in the lead. He won the 220 even easier, although Hutchson was rushing up strong at the finish. His time was remarkable considering that he was bucking into a wind that Lamport could not fight against.

LUCKY HARRY.

against. LUCKY HARRY.

The first real exciting thrill came in the high hurdles. Harry Lamport was to have won easily and as it turned out he did, but he was almost a beaten man, two hurdles from the end. Hill of Coalinga was just ahead of him. As the San Joaquin runner came down from this hurdle, he crumpled up in a heap and rolled over three times finally landing in the jumping pits. By the time the officials could reach him he was holding a foot and writhing in pain. He had broken a bone in his ankle. Harry Lamport continued to the tape without being pressed, and won.

In the low hurdles, Harry Lamport had another close call. Again it was a Coalinga man who pressed him. Again it was a fall that gave him the race. Only this time there was no question about his being beaten but for this fall. Kilby of Coalinga ran down the outside lane with Lamport next to him. From the start Kilby led. The two runners were out ahead of everybody else. Kilby would come down off the hurdle as Lamport was raising to clear it. This up and down motion gave a teeter board effect. On the last hurdle, Kilby more than a

Takes State Honors. State Honors. Surched forward and fell. He crawled across the line, with Lempert berely winning. So the hero of Manual Arts wears gold medals today chiefly because two Coalinga boys fell down.

VERY TOUGH.

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"Gee whiz," mourned little Jennings of Coalinga, "maybe that ain't tough luck. There was Hill out ahead and he had to break a leg. Kilby had to go and fall down with the race cinched. Last year Iran the sprints in 10 1-4 s at the State meet and I've got a medal at home to show for it. What did I do but bust my leg a month ago. Gee whiz, ain't that luck?"

A short time later Kilby was to bring a smile to "Gee Whiz' Jenningss face. The hurdles were cleared away and the half-mile runners took their places. At the pole stood "Bogus" Kilby, streaks of blood were running down his legs and his face was squinted from the smart of it.

At thme gun he jumped into the lead and gilded around the track. The others were strung out behind him. He did not try to get out far ahead. He just kept in the lead. When anybody tried to pass him, he spurted until the other fellow dropped back. On the last lap Loveland of Poly began to go. He skirted past runner after runner. As he pulled up along side of Kilby the bleechers let out a yell and Poly rooters began shouting on the last lap Loveland of Poly began to go. He skirted past runner after runner. As he pulled up along side of Kilby the bleechers let out a yell and Poly rooters began shouting at Loveland to pass him. Jennings turned and looked up at the howling mob and shook his head. mob and shook his head.
QUITE USELESS.

"What are they yelling for?" he inquired with an expression of wonderment on his face. "Loveland can't pass Bogus. Nobody can when he's out ahead."

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Jennings was right. Loveland struggled and almost had a fit trying to got by. But every time Loveland jerked forward Kilby jerked forward. He went into the tape a yard to the

He went into the tape a yard to the good.

After the race, while Kilby was lying unconscious on the ground Jennings leaned over him. "Those guys up there actually thought Loveland could pass you. Can you beat it?"

The quarter brought forth a runner that would have made Sloman stretch those world-record-breaking legs of his. Kellogg was his name. At the start of the race he had the outside lane. He was so far on the outside lane. He was so far on the outside lane. He was so far on the jumping around for joy, thinking the race already won. The Manual rooters were were waving white handkerchiefs at him.

A POOR START.

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The race started. Fitzsimmons leaped into the lead. He left the nearest man ten yards to the rear, and Kellogg was almost fifteen, back in the ruck next to the last man. Then Kellogg: and his flaming, orange-colored shirt began to go. He shot past runner after runner and went into second place as if he was just starting a 100-yard dash. Fitzsimmons was going into the curve twelveyards ahead.

The fact that he was running a turn did not bother Kellogg. He dashed on and passed Fitzsimmons in the middle of the bend. At the straightaway Kellog was first and going like a runaway locomotive. He broke the tape easily ten yards ahead of Fitzsimmons. His time was 51 1-5s., the fastest anybody has ever gone at the Y.M.C.A. track.

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THE HIGH JUMP.

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There was an incident at the track meet that cannot be passed by. It happened in the high jump. Three boys were trying to clear 5 ft., 8 in. One was Moore of Pasadena, the negro jumper. Five or six were rubbing him down. Another was Beggs of Manual. A flock of Toilers were rubbing his slim legs and talking to him. Off to one side pouring black juice on his legs and rubbing them down himself was a little redhead. If ever a little fellow was all alone he was. Moore tried and missed. Beggs tried and missed. Then Muller, the looked up at the bleachers and smiled.

There was a girl standing up and

smiled.

There was a girl standing up and leaning half way out. Her two arms were extended and she was shouting at him. As Muller ran for the tape, she pulled with her arms and one could see her bite her lips. He missed and she sank back. Finally Moore went over. Beggs missed and then Muller. Then the jump was between Beggs and Muller for second place. Beggs cleared it. He came back and stood behind the little San

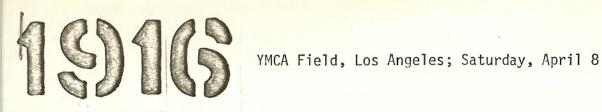
Diego boy, trying to fuss him. Again the girl was leaning out of the bleachers, her arms stretched out. Muller jumped and missed.

She sank back in a heap. The tears came to her eyes. Muller started to go toward the bleachers. Somebody told him the training quarters were the other way. He said that he was going to let his sister know he had won third place anyway. She showed him to tears. Her congratulations were so enthusiastic that Muller smiled all afternoon as if he had won first place. SUMMARY.

Track events: Summary.

Su

440-yard dash—Won by Kellogy (Frenc), Pfile-simmons (Jannal) second, Everett (Orage) third, McKellar (Manual) fourth; time 51 26, a truck transport of the property of the pro



All day Friday, trains from the North brought in little bunches of athletes to compete in the 2nd State Meet. The athletes were selected by the process of elimination. In each of the four associations into which the high schools of the State were divided, sectional championships were held. Only the athletes who finished 1-2-3 in these meets made the State Meet. Thus no more than 12 entries competed in any event.

Fourteen events this year scored points, the thirteen from last year plus the javelin. The only sad note was the fact that Frank Sloman (SF Poly). champion prep quarter miler in the US, was not allowed to compete. He attended one of the three California high schools which stayed unaffiliated with the C.I.F., and was even denied the chance of running an exhibition. Advance thinking about the meet was centered on Charley Paddock, Pasadena's 16 year old sophomore sprinter, and on the anticipated great half mile between Kilby of Coalinga and Loveland of LA Poly. The meet started at 2 o'clock with the grandstand crowded.

State Meet Records

In four events, 1915 marks were bested and the 380 relay mark was tied. In addition, State records in both hurdles were established because the 1915 marks had been disallowed, and a javelin mark was established in its first meet as a scoring event.

HH - Harry Lamport (Manual Arts LA)	16.4
LH - Harry Lamport (Manual Arts LA)	25.8
880 Relay - Manual Arts LA	1:34.2 (Tie)
Shot Put - Wayne Weeks (Santa Rosa)	47'-414"
Discus - Wayne Weeks (Santa Rosa)	117'
Javelin - Neilson (Oakland)	143'-11½"
Pole Vault - Lincoln Hall (Santa Paula)	11'-9"
Broad Jump - Harry Lamport (Manual Arts LA)	21'-54"

Highlights

Four individuals stole the show in the 1916 State Meet, but first and foremost was Harry Lamport of Manual Arts. He won 3 events (HH, LH, BJ) and set new State Meet records on all 3. Winning three events has only been accomplished three more times since Lamport did it in 1916! The

other stars were Charley Paddock, who won both sprints in 10.4 and 22.4, Wayne Weeks of Santa Rosa who set records in the shot and discus, and Colin "Bogus" Kilby of Coalinga who won the 880 (2:02.8) and finished 2nd in the lows. Kilby's win in the 880 has survived the passage of time with the newspaper quotes of his teammate Jennings. Kilby led at the quarter but on the last lap Loveland of LA Poly started to move. He passed runner after runner, and as he pulled up along side Kilby the bleachers let out a roar. Jennings in the infield looked up at the howling crowd and shook his head. "What are they yelling for?" he asked with an expression of wonderment on his face. "Loveland can't pass Bogus. Nobody can when he's out ahead."

Jennings was right. Loveland struggled and almost had a fit trying to get by, but Kilby went into the tape a yard ahead of him. After the race, while Kilby was lying unconscious on the ground, Jennings leaned over him. "Those guys up there actually thought Loveland could pass you. Can you beat it?" !!!

Team Championship (Meet scored 5-3-2-1)

For the second year in a row, Manual Arts walked off with the team crown, this time with probably the best or second best team in all-time State Meet history (Jefferson LA 1950 is the other). Lamport's 3 firsts, a first in the 880 relay, plus 9 other point scorers (including Lamport's brother) show the depth of this team, and their $37\frac{1}{2}$ points are an all-time high with this scoring system. Pasadena with Paddock was a distant second with 21 points. Next came Oakland Poly with 18, followed by Coalinga and Santa Rosa with 10.

5 - 1st in 880 relay Manual Arts 37½ pts. 15 - H. Lamport, 1st in HH, 1st in LH, 1st in BJ 3 - Fitzsimmons, 2nd in 440 3 - Beggs, 2nd in HJ 2½- Childs, tie for 2-3 in PV 2 - Sarrall, 3rd in 100 2 - W. Lamport, 3rd in 220 2 - Blewett, 3rd in SP 1 - McKellar, 4th in 440 1 - Brockman, 4th in SP 1 - Haberlein, 4th in Jav 2 - 3rd in 880 relay 21 Pasadena 10 - Paddock, 1st in 100, 1st in 220 5 - Moore, 1st in HJ 3 - Fuller, 2nd in HH 1 - Cooper, 4th in Mile 3 - 2nd in 880 relay Oakland Poly 18 7 - Silvas, 1st in Mile, 3rd in 880 6 - Hutchson, 2nd in 100, 2nd in 220 2 - Calden, 3rd in BJ

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The meet started at 2 o'clock with the grandstand crowded full of perspiring preps and the starter's pistol smoking in Coach Pipal's hand. Down the straightaway Sarrail was winning the first heat in the 100-yard dash. Athletes were standing in little bunches all over the field. Youngsters were hanging dangerously far out of tree tops, all over the field, their eyes riveted on the race. But there was one lonely figure, Frank Sloman was leaning up against a post, chewing at a plece of paper. The champion high school quarter-miler of the world was barred and he wanted to feel the blood surge in his legs. As it turned out later there was an athlete in the 440 who would have made the blood in the legs of Sloman smart from the strain. His name was Kellogs.

A LONG GRIND.

The first race of the afternoon was the mile. There were six entries. Gil-

(Continued on Eighteenth Page.)

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Trucks

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BLANKENSHIP IS

VERY DISGUSTED.

BALT LAKE CITY, April 8 .-Cliff Blankenship, manager of Salt Lake's Been, is very much riled tonight and he is "going to get a ball club right away."

"I have seen enough of the near-pitchers," said he tonight, after delving over the third straight trimming at the hands of the Oaks, "and I'm going to get two real right-handed pitchers right away-two who I know will deliver. I am going to spend the money to get them and will cut my staff to five or even four real heavers if I have to in order to get under the salary limit."

The Salt Lake manager also

wired transportation to Second Bassman Morris Rath with inatructions to report at once.

The National Commission he

awarded the player to the Bees and he should be here in time for Tuesday's game with Los Angeles.

All this means that several pitchers and an infielder or two are slated for the block within a few days.

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More of IL

RIPLE TIE FOR ROQUE HONORS.

WARE SHOWS CONSIDERABLE CLASS AND LICKS LATCHAM.

Van Duyne Wins from Downing in Only Game of Second Division. This Win Cinches First Honors for Player—Heiliger Meets Gess and Creg for Final Position.