UNDER TEN VICEROYS

CHAPTER I

WHY I BECAME A SOLDIER

"I'M damned if I do," said my father, with a stamp of his foot, and a chilling silence fell over the Vicarage drawing-room.

The Reverend Edward Woodyatt was in a bad temper; indeed, he was in what his mother, the last of the Drakelow Gresleys, used to call "one of Edward's little pets." His mother's darling and spoilt from his cradle he was, although the most lovable of men, not too practised in self-control.

I can picture that scene in the drawing-room now, after a lapse of forty years. My mother, very disturbed and fanning herself, for it was a hot June evening, my eldest sister looking pretty and bright-eyed with excitement, my father walking up and down in the dickens of a rage, but very handsome in his wrath, whilst I, the cause of this most unclerical outburst, sat in a very low chair, my feet well apart, my elbows resting on my knees, my hands on either side of my head and my eyes fixed upon the carpet.

My father was one of those men who, while possessing plenty of energy and initiative in the small things he liked doing, much preferred procrastination in anything big. In such matters he took as his motto, "Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow." Being myself the opposite and very adverse to havering, I am afraid I must have been a dreadful thorn in his side. Yet we were great friends, and I enjoyed his whole-hearted delight in any

humorous happenings in our little village, where he was immensely liked and much respected.

He was an extremely good-looking man, with a neat figure. In his younger days a bit of a dandy, and to the end a great admirer of the fair sex. Dissent from the Church of England was becoming more general in my early youth, and very marked in our parts; yet, being broad-minded, he remained quite popular. I remember there was a good deal of discussion amongst the neighbouring clergy when, on the death of a local and prominent dissenter, my father invited the pastor of the deceased's persuasion to conduct the burial service in our churchyard.

I can recollect during the Russo-Turkish war, how he returned one day to luncheon bubbling over with merriment about a chance encounter that morning with the local tax collector. This man was an advanced Radical (classed, in those days, as we should now class an extreme communist), a rabid dissenter from the Church and possessing an extraordinarily good opinion of himself and his fund of general knowledge. The latter, derived entirely from the county newspapers, was pretty superficial, but he didn't in the least realise it. My father, being a practised public speaker, had often come up against this local politician and found occasion to put him right. This didn't change the man's views, but gave him a very sincere regard for the vicar's real knowledge and learning.

Well, they discussed the war, the stubbornness of the Turk, the endurance of the Russian, the probable outcome of the struggle, etc. Then, just before parting, the tax collector made the following enquiry, and this was what had upset my father's gravity so much: "And Measter Woodyatt, them Turks, I suppose, they're all 'Cartholics'!"

My mother, one of the Yeomans of Woodlands, Whitby, was very clever and a great linguist, speaking French, German, Italian and Spanish. Her humour was most quaint, her fund of general knowledge prodigious, for she was a most voracious reader, and her memory quite extraordinary. For instance, her great-grandmother (Mrs. Hale, wife of John Hale who raised the 17th Lancers, as the 16th Light Dragoons) had twenty-one children, eleven sons and ten daughters. She only *once* saw them all together,

when she fainted! As most of the daughters married, here alone was a nice mix-up of cousins of sorts. Yet my mother remembered them all, their names, the number of children they had, where they lived, and how they prospered.

In addition to this she had the most wonderful spirits, making her a very delightful companion. No sickness, no pain, no trouble, daunted that brave heart. A few minutes before she died my brother Barney (Dr. Bernard Hale Woodyatt) came to her bedside. She was too far gone, poor dear, to either move or speak, but smiling at him she actually *winked*; just to show that her spirits were game to the very end. To my lasting regret I was in India when we lost one upon whose like we shall never look again.

At the time of which I am writing I was in the well-known Liverpool firm of Phipps & Co., coffee merchants. The head of the house lived at Chalcot, in Wiltshire, where he was Member for Westbury. His eldest son, Charlie, a junior partner, who later succeeded his father as Member for the same constituency, then lived in Cheshire, and went daily to business in Liverpool.

One day Mr. Phipps took away my father's breath by a letter asking if I would like to enter the firm as soon as I left Shrewsbury School. The offer was accepted, and my mother could talk of nothing but what her eldest son would do when he became a merchant prince.

But when the time arrived, it was found my destination was to be Rio de Janeiro, then notorious for its yellow fever. My parents, therefore, refused the appointment on plea of too extreme youth for such a climate. The result was that a boy from the Liverpool office was sent instead and I was given his post. Three months later he died of yellow fever, and my people thought they had chosen wisely.

Work in the Liverpool office was pretty strenuous, for we youngsters had to be at our desks by 9 a.m., and never got away before five o'clock. We received no salary for five years, during which period we were supposed to be learning the business. Indeed, we were thought to be lucky that our parents paid no premium for the supposed advantages their sons gained in entering the firm.

This might be quite right in cotton, where you got many

valuable connections outside, but coffee was quite another pair of shoes.

The work consisted mainly of book-keeping, letter-writing and checking bills of lading, while the correspondence, being mainly with New York, Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro and Valparaiso, did not enable us to get to know anyone at all. Fellow clerks kept going out to Rio de Janeiro and returning. Men like myself, who had started in this firm doing five years' work for nothing, and then were "articled" for another five years on a moderate salary in the South American branch.

After two years I began to wonder what prospects the future held. I did not propose to be a clerk for ever, but there were dozens of sons, nephews or cousins of the name of Phipps, who would all be preferred for partnership before me. The life was by no means objectionable, but there was nothing tangible to look forward to. Many of my friends were soldiers, and I began to conceive a great hankering after the Army.

Another disturbing factor was the increasing influence of a newly-made partner, a German, called Gorstenhoffer, whom I detested so cordially that it seems now a sort of premonition of the feelings we should all bear, later on, towards his fellow-countrymen.

With these thoughts in mind and full of foreboding, I had journeyed home and selected this hot June evening to ask my father to sound Messrs. Phipps & Co. regarding my future prospects; adding that, if no definite promise of a partnership were forthcoming, I thought the Army offered me a much better career.

This was the bombshell which called forth the domestic storm with which my chapter opens.

In the end I got my way and, as Charlie Phipps explained in a very nice letter that it was impossible to make any promise as things then stood, I left the firm and entered the Cheshire Militia. Managing to pass the Army entrance examination at my first attempt, I was duly gazetted a lieutenant in the 1st battalion Dorset Regiment on 12th May, 1883. Unfortunately I was then over twenty-two years of age, and this was a dreadful set-back all my service.

In justice to my father I must confess that he had every reason to be upset, for my record to date had been such

as not only to cause him some anxiety, but also very considerable expense. During my two years in business, he had been obliged to allow me £300 a year, which I had greatly exceeded. I had also been much addicted to hunting, football and running.

The first had his sympathy, but hardly his countenance because of its costliness. The last he detested because he considered the whole surroundings low, and unfit for one of our class to indulge in. As regards football, I am afraid I did let it interfere with my studies considerably.

Having given up the Rugby game, after playing it a good deal in Liverpool and London, I founded a "socker" club in our village, called the "Over Wanderers," which soon embraced the adjoining town of Winsford. This was, I believe, the beginning of real football in those parts, and I heard afterwards that later on the little club achieved some prominence. If this should catch the eye of Mr. Hamlet, of Winsford, it will call to mind the many jolly games we had together.

Living in the middle of the hunting in Cheshire, I had attended all "meets" anywhere near my home from my earliest years, commencing the riding part on a female donkey, bought to provide milk for a sickly baby brother —rather to the detriment of the milk!

She was really an excellent animal, but only went her best pace when one bestrode her extreme hind-quarters. The usual procedure was to beat her hard with the open hand while on foot and, when she got into a good canter, leap on behind; she would then gallop for about two hundred yards, when the process had to be repeated.

It is not everyone who has been "blooded" by old Reginald Corbet off a donkey, yet such was my privilege. The meet was not far from my home and my age about ten years. After finding in the nearest covert, hounds went off with a burst and the donkey and I were soon done to the world with the strenuous exertion required by our method of progression.

Riding homewards somewhat disconsolately, and when passing my father's churchyard, I suddenly heard the music of the hounds behind me, and they actually ran into their fox amongst the tombstones! It was not long before, pushing open the gates, I was in at the death, whilst very

shortly the M.F.H., "Old Corbet," as we boys called him, jumped the low wall of the churchyard, followed by his huntsman.

Having had a nice burst of twenty-five minutes and now a kill, he was in a high good-humour and, calling me up, blooded me very liberally, saying: "You're a damned good boy and that's a damned good donkey. Now go home and tell your father to give you a glass of port."

Having seen and spoken to me last at the meet, I firmly believe he imagined I had followed a considerable portion of the run.

We boys always knew what sort of a day Old Corbet had had when we saw him jogging home, for, if good, his cap was tilted backwards; but if bad, the peak was pulled right down over his eyes.

Many celebrities came Cheshire way. Amongst them the late Mrs. Cornwallis West caused me to fall in love before I was in my teens, for I thought her the most beautiful woman imaginable. She was not a hard rider, I remember, but she had a very large circle of admirers, who regularly jostled one another to see her home.

A great flutter was caused in the Tarporley Hunt by the attendance two seasons of the late Empress of Austria, piloted first by Bay Middleton and then Rivers Bulkely. She was a fine horsewoman, splendidly mounted and rode quite hard. Two other things about her I can recollect as striking me:

(*a*) Her marvellously fitting habit. (*b*) The extraordinary slimness of her waist. Mentioning these to a boy friend, he told me his eldest sister assured him she had worn tight stays since her cradle, and that her habit had to be done up with a button-hook after mounting.

No conveyances were ever seen at meets in those days, except perhaps a farmer's gig or a child's pony-cart, whose occupants hoped to see some of the fun by following tracks and by-ways.

People hacked to their hunting, sometimes a very considerable distance, and were content to jog home afterwards. There is no reason to suppose our forbears had more stamina than we ourselves, so when one hears a man talking of his father or grandfather hunting six days a

week through a season, one takes it with a large grain of salt.

The days I write of were those of the old Tarporley Hunt (whose members wore a green collar) in the sixties and seventies of the last century. I can recall quite easily the names and faces of such "green collars" as Corbet, my first M.F.H., Squire Wilbraham, Tom Cholmondeley (afterwards my Militia C.O.), J. Tomkinson (Jamie), etc. And many who were not "green collars," like Charlie Phipps, my business boss, "Monkey" Hornby, John Birkett, Harry Rawson, with John Jones (the First Whip and then Huntsman for a total period of thirty-three years), and many others. And later the younger generation, including Willie Court, Bo. Littledale, Will Higson and Mosley Leigh.

Tom Cholmondeley was a fine judge of a horse, and a great horse-master. Jimmy Tomkinson, on account of his hard riding, was always called "Tommy Jumpkinson," and was the only man I ever heard say he could catch hounds when they had once got a start. This, however, he was frequently known to do. Squire Wilbraham used to confess that his going entirely depended on his horse, because when he got near a fence he always shut his eyes until he landed on the other side. Mr. Rowland E. Egerton-Warburton, in his famous Cheshire ballad, "Farmer Dobbin," says of him:

"Squire Wilbraham of the Forest, death and danger he defoies,
When his coat be toightly buttoned up, and shut be both his oies."

Of Tom Cholmondeley he wrote:

"An' a chip of owd Lord Delamere, the *H*onerable Tum."

John Birkett I don't think I ever saw take a fence, but he was a great man down a lane. "Monkey" Hornby was a sort of privileged person and could go anywhere he liked, even into covert. In his early days he rode all sorts of crocks and got many croppers off them, for nothing stopped him.

I had an amusing morning one day with old Harry Rawson, who had lost his horse. I think he had meditated attempting to ford a brook. He certainly wasn't going to try and jump it. Anyhow I was some fields away browsing the

donkey, which I was getting too big for. I saw old Rawson's lanky figure on foot and the horse careering in front of me. Leaving the donkey for the old man to ride if he liked, and making a short cut, I caught the mare behind a wood, and getting up had a nice gallop towards hounds, who had turned their fox back to covert. Then very demurely I dismounted and led the mare back to her owner, who thanked me effusively, but eyed me, I thought, rather suspiciously.

As time went on and the donkey was discarded, I ran with the hounds for miles and miles, and later on got an occasional mount, while every fiver given me was spent on a hiring. Some very good animals I got, too. I think the fiver gave me the horse for something like seven days, and I am afraid he went back always very much finer than when I got him. My father had to feed him.

To lead up to the running mania, I must record that, before going to Shrewsbury School, I had been much bitten with it because of the enthusiasm of my old nurse's nephew. At his periodical visits to his aunt, I used to sit at his feet in the nursery, and listen to the wonderful performances on the running-path of Jack This and Billy That, until I knew quite a lot about it.

At school I took it up strongly, scoring many victories in the winter term "cross country runs," due probably to my early training in the hunting field. In my second or third year, though fully young for it, I had the temerity to enter for the Senior Steeplechase. It was a very barbarous performance in those days, as the course was three miles of stiff country over thorny hedges and other obstacles. Quick-set hedges, four feet to five feet high, were called "belly hedges," because you had to learn to take off some way in front, hurl yourself on your belly on top of the hedge, and then wriggle over.

The costume consisted of ordinary thick under-drawers and long-armed vest, with "fighting" drawers (sort of bathing drawers, as worn by boxers) over the former. Round the stomach was a broad wash leather waistbelt to keep out thorns, and on the hands stout leather gloves.

After donning these garments the sleeves of the vest were firmly stitched with stout thread to the gloves, the legs of the drawers to the socks, the waistbelt to the vest,

round the waist, and the edge of the fighting drawers to the lower pants, all round.

There were two very old traditions about this steeple-chase on foot, namely, that neither the boy who "broke" the first hedge (i.e. was first over) nor the boy who led across the cavalry field (a huge pasture of forty acres used for yeomanry training), ever won. You don't think of these things when excited, and I happened to do both without realising it at the time.

Then came a set-back. The next fence was a "belly hedge," at which I had never been good. Getting much too close before jumping, I never got on top at all, but slithered down to the near side. A run back for another attempt, and the same result. A third shot and I was over, but not before the whole field had passed me.

The favourite, Ffolliott Sandford, was now leading, and it was veritably a case of the "first shall be last and the last shall be first." At the same time a great feeling of sickness came over me, and I remembered how some blighter had persuaded me to swallow two raw eggs half an hour before the race as "very good for the wind."

General fitness and a long stride helped me to keep going and, after a couple of meadows, even to overtake two or three of the field. Then came the bend home, and though I felt I was catching up, still Sandford was a field ahead with two others at his heels.

Over the last "belly hedge" and my eye saw the final obstacle but one, in front of Sandford, and I knew it for a teaser of a fence, with a really wide and deep ditch on the near side. Away went the sickness, and I sprinted hard, for there was just a chance that the leader would miss his jump and fall back into the ditch, which was exactly what he did.

Not only that, but the two others, rather spent, did the same, and all three were in the ditch together, greatly impeding each other in their panting and clutching efforts to get out. Much exhilarated by the sight, feeling now absolutely fresh and putting on all the pace I knew, I jumped the whole lot clean—men, ditch, hedge and all—and once more regained the lead that I had lost.

It is impossible to say how it was done. It must have been the two eggs! There is little more to tell. Blind

with joy, I burst through the last fence anyhow—a stiff bullfinch—and rushed up to the winning flags. Even equipped, as we all were, with thick drawers, leather waist-belt, gloves, etc., I finished in tatters, and it took two men quite an hour to get the thorns out of my body and limbs. Brandy was then rubbed in, which, for a few minutes, made one dance with pain.

Good old Shrewsbury, with hundreds of years of tradition, quaint customs and old-world appearance. I talk as it was over forty years ago, and before the school moved to the beautiful site across the River Severn. Those were very happy days, though I fear I did little for the school in the scholar line. My one and only form prize was a classical one, my first term, obtained simply because of being put too low down at the time of entry.

Not satisfied with long distance running, I then took up sprinting, and at the annual school meeting managed to win both the senior hundred yards and the quarter mile. This fired me more than ever.

On going into business in Liverpool, I found my old nurse's nephew, Harry Ellis, had blossomed into a kind of professional trainer in charge of some running-grounds. During the following summer, getting some leave, I lived with him, for a six weeks' course of training, to the great disgust of my people.

Running was a good deal the rage then. It was the old days of Lillie Bridge, where the Amateur Championships were held annually. These took place the week after the Oxford and Cambridge Sports and generally resulted in University candidates carrying off several events.

These were the days also before the advent of the Amateur Athletic Association. Although the status of amateur was clearly defined and the professional debarred from competing at amateur meetings, still a great deal of betting went on, with crowds of "bookies" on every course; while, under false names and false entries, the "pro" was always trying it on.

When I got on to the back mark in the 120 yards and the quarter mile many such gentry were encountered, some of whom never saw their "number go up," but ran at shortened odds as "first past the post."

One "Sheffield handicap" runner, to whom I was con-

ceding six yards in the 120 and twenty-five yards in the quarter, at a meeting in Shropshire (attended without my trainer), waylaid me on the way to the railway station with two villainous-looking bookies, and treated me to the most insulting remarks. After a "set to" of three or four rounds, which it was quite impossible for me to avoid, he knocked me out badly by a smart left-hander to the jaw.

In the above races he had repassed me quite easily, just on the "worsted" itself, in the heats and finals of both events. His grouse was, that I had objected to him as a professional, and so the committee had refused him the first prizes until he proved his status.

As a matter of fact, I had not objected to him at all, but the third men in the quarter and sprint had objected to *both* of us, as professionals ! Having no difficulty in proving myself an amateur, the two first prizes came to me eventually, after my friend had failed, within a month, to comply with the committee's demand.

Harry Ellis was looked upon as very up-to-date in his methods, eschewing, as he did, the old raw meat theory, and training his clients according to their temperament, physique and condition on arrival. For payment of about two pounds a week, I got his best bedroom and parlour, his frequent attendance, the use of the running-ground, the services of two "rubbers-down," and his personal attention at all races.

There is no doubt he made a bit on me at meetings later on; for, walking up the strings for the final of a sprint, I often heard the hoarse cries of the bookies, "Two to one bar one," "Two to one bar one; it's Woodyatt I bar," and then I knew he and his pals had been plunging !

Life at this training establishment was very dull for one's *mind* ! Once asking an old "has been" in the Militia how he had felt when he was in good training, he said, "Splendid, just as if one was on wires." Well, my experience was exactly the opposite, for I felt deadly slack, and the slacker I felt the better I ran that day.

There were some queer people under Ellis's charge: runners, walkers, bicyclists, and even professional fighters. They came in all sorts of condition, some fairly fit, but the majority very gross; the fighters especially so, having

done nothing but "bust" since their last encounter. Such men, having come to the end of their ready cash, had got some rich young Liverpool or Manchester "blood" to finance them, and put up the money for their next "mill." Ellis had no compunction about these men. Those who were fat and lazy he tied to the back of a dog-cart, and took out for a ten to twenty mile "trek" every other day.

One boxer called Jim Crow had an insatiable thirst which he could never control. Failing any form of alcohol, water sufficed, but he would have liquid of some sort, and a great deal of it.

Crow was a good fighter with a substantial backer, and a big contest had been arranged. It was absolutely essential he should be got fit, but there was this terrible weakness to be watched, and dealt with. He used the most appalling language and remained in a veritable state of gloom when nothing but his modest glass of beer and a limited amount of water were to be obtained.

One day Ellis came to me saying he was much concerned about Crow, because he had been in such a good temper for a week; that he must be getting extra liquid somehow; that he had started a tremendous craze for shower-baths at all odd times, and that he (Ellis) was now going to put a suspicion he had to the test, by filling the shower-bath reservoir with salt.

That evening a "watcher," looking through a peep-hole, saw Jim Crow make a cup of his two hands below the shower-bath preparatory to taking copious draughts, as had evidently been his recent custom. His face and language when the briny substance reached his palate were too much for the watcher, who sank to the floor in an agony of suppressed laughter. But not so suppressed as to prevent the irate Jimmy from hearing him. Rushing out stark naked, he gave the spy such a hammering that he was soon writhing in another kind of agony.

My own daily routine was:

8 a.m. Breakfast of two lightly poached eggs, two pieces of toast with very little butter, one cup of tea.

8.30–9.30 a.m. Lie down for one hour.

9.30 a.m. Out walking, with Ellis beside me on a bicycle.

	Hands up, pace five to six miles an hour, distance ten miles. Clothes very light.
12.30 p.m.	Reach running-ground, rubbed down by two men, first with rough towel and then by hand. Run 200 or 300 yards very fast, or practise twenty or thirty starts from a pistol. (This was before that splendid position of "off the hands" was invented.)
1.30 p.m.	Dinner. Mutton chop or beefsteak, or cut off the joint, with toast, very few vegetables, and one small glass of beer; followed by milk pudding.
2–3 p.m.	Lie down again.
3 p.m.	Another ten miles as in morning.
5 p.m.	Much the same as at 12.30, but varied.
6 p.m.	Tea, one boiled egg. Watercress, toast, some butter with a little jam and two cups of tea.
9 p.m.	Oatmeal gruel, and then bed.

Of all the routine, the after-meal "lie down" was the most hateful. Somehow there was little inclination to read, and though one was really very tired on going to bed, it was most difficult to get to sleep. Weighing was a daily matter viewed with much importance. Ten stone six pounds was the first record, which after three weeks came down to nine stone six, then the weight went up until after six weeks it was eleven stone four. The result of changing flesh for muscle, so Ellis said.

The last fortnight, the hard work, with little liquid, affected my kidneys pretty badly, and every night I was then given a small quantity of gin and water.

The first day I arrived at the running-ground, it was the case of running a full quarter mile, straight off. In vain I protested, and in vain I pleaded that I had just completed the orgy of an annual Militia training! Ellis insisted that it was to be done to enable him to gauge my powers, and not only that, but he was brutal enough to put out a man about 100 yards from home to—what he called—"pull me out."

So I stripped and ran, knowing I should be sick at the end; which I was, and so painfully, that no sea-sickness has ever been worse. The time was 58½ seconds, at which, after such an effort, I was very disgusted, but Ellis seemed

quite pleased. That I vastly improved in style and pace at this establishment is proved by a quarter-mile run, after six weeks' training, at Birkenhead Football or Cricket Club Sports, when the record would have been beaten easily had the full 440 yards been completed.

In those days there were two records, one for a cinder track (49⅘ seconds, I think), of which there were then very few (though Lillie Bridge had one), and one for performances on grass (52 seconds). The Birkenhead track was a grass one. My start was five yards, with Schofield, the North of England quarter-mile champion, behind me at scratch.

There were over twenty starters, the limit being thirty-five yards. The favourite was a Winchester boy who, although he had just won his school quarter in wonderful time, had been given the limit of thirty-five yards. A cousin's wedding three or four days before had called me. There training was broken and all sorts of forbidden things eaten and drunk, both at the old-fashioned wedding breakfast, and for two whole days after it.

With the pistol I went off as usual, as if only running 100 yards, and was most lucky in the way I got through my men. A lot of them, being green, ran wide, and in these cases I slipped past on the inside, for "a foot from the ropes," was my motto, except when passing anyone. At half distance the whole lot had been collared, except the Winchester boy, who seemed to me as far away as ever.

Nearing the "straight", I found he was coming back very quickly, and half-way past the grand-stand I passed him, but heard frenzied cries from this stand of "Well run, Schofield; well run, Schofield." Naturally I thought I was being overtaken and, running "all out" to the worsted, looked round to find that Schofield was catching the Winchester boy, and that was what the shouting was all about.

Staggering off to the dressing-tent to lie down on the clean straw, it soon became evident that there was a great hubbub going on. Schofield, on coming in, was asked by someone if he had won, and I heard the reply, "How the devil could I win with the time over two seconds inside the record."

This set me thinking, and presently up came one of the

stewards with Walter Platt, of *The Field*, the official time-keeper and handicapper. With outstretched hands they beamed congratulations, which astonished me so, that I asked, "What for?" "You've just done 49⅗ seconds, on grass, off the five yards mark," said Platt. "I most heartily congratulate you, and I'm now going to measure the track with a steel tape."

Unfortunately the length was found to be only 436 yards, or four yards short of the quarter mile. A pity, but still it was the best race I ever ran. The average pace for the distance of 431 yards I actually ran was over 8½ yards a second, and so I should have been well within the record had it been a matter of going nine yards more.

Running in those days was very exciting, but my father objected to it strongly and was right in saying that it was somewhat low, and that he would not continue my allowance if I went on with it. At first no heed was taken, and Ellis found me plenty of cash by betting at the weekly meetings.

As a sprinter, however, I was never to be compared with my brother, H. C. Woodycott, of the "United Hospitals" and "London Athletic Club" (now a doctor at Brockenhurst). "H. C." undoubtedly beat even time for the 100 yards on more than one occasion; but official time-keepers are, rightly, very chary of giving even ten seconds dead, if there has been the slightest advantage to the runner, such as a wind behind, a bit gained in the start, etc.

This brother of mine, during his time in London, won every challenge cup given for sprinting; beat the 100 yards amateur champion in a special scratch race at Crewe, and created an "United Hospitals" record for their 220 yards event (22 and ⅕th, or ⅖th seconds), which has not been equalled yet.

In the early morning, a Sunday, after my scrap, en route to the station, with the Sheffield handicap runner, in Shropshire, I arrived home, where I had practically been forbidden to go. I was in a somewhat knocked-about condition, and turned up just as my father was starting for early service. He didn't *say* much—though he looked a good deal—the only remark being, "You seem to have been in the wars; have you given up running?"

and when I answered, "Yes," he added, "Then I'm very glad to see you, and by the same token you'd better ask cook if she can give you a raw beefsteak for that left eye." That was the end of my career on the running-path