

RACE WALKING

A PRIMER OF THE SPORT

By

Hugh W. Innes

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HUGH W. INNES

LONDON

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PREFACE

(ADDRESSED MORE PARTICULARLY TO MY COLLEAGUES ON THE
S.C.R.W.A.)

THIS primer has been written amid great pressure of business, and also of sport, in which I have taken an active part. It is, therefore, in more senses than one, a work "*multi sudoris*." The project was urged upon me by Mr. W. T. Sheppard, the strenuous assistant honorary secretary of the Surrey Walkers and editor of their *Gazette*. If my book were big enough to justify a dedication, I should dedicate it to him. The *scenario* is my own, but into the framework of the chapters I have fitted "unconsidered trifles," snapped up from every available quarter. Almost every walker of eminence in the south has unconsciously contributed his quota. On the other hand, I have not plagiarised from any matter previously published by others: and that is more than some of my predecessors can say of their treatment of my work. Lifting is just as objectionable in literature as in race-walking. Chapter I. settles finally the definition of walking, on the unimpeachable authority of Dr. Johnson and Teddy Knott. I hope it will put an end to the inanities now in circulation. Chapter II. analyses the race-walker's action. I have written about this before, and the improvement in the present treatment is due to the criticism of a talented writer on the *Sporting Life* staff. After two years' careful observation, I am bound to admit that he was right when he maintained that the formula $S = \frac{f \cdot t^2}{2}$ is not applicable to a "walker's" lift. Chapters III. and IV. deal with the record and its recent developments. I have spoken about these with absolute candour, but I have no doubt at all that those best qualified to judge agree with me. My silhouette "impressions" of that great trio, Perkins, Howes, and Thatcher, cause me some anxiety, for I wonder whether they will commend themselves to the memory of our past president, Mr. H. Stessiger. He and I probably rubbed elbows without knowing it at many a professional event thirty years ago. The distances on the Brighton Road are taken from the old surveys as they are faithfully reproduced in the excellent road-books published by Messrs. Gall & Inglis. If any future official

survey should prove that the more recent measurements made with a wheel are nearer the mark. I shall be happy to make the necessary corrections in a later edition. Chapter V. deals with training and schedules, and touches incidentally on such matters as piety, music, etiquette, milestones, and pork. Some people may regard these as digressions: I don't. Chapter VI. is a combative essay on the problem of judging: combative—yes: but its criticisms are directed just as much against myself as anyone else. Things were getting too lax on road and path some years ago. I am inclined to think that now and then we made them too strict on the road. Thanks to the good work of such officials as Messrs. Andrew, Ball, Dorking, Gray, and Peters, and to the good sense of athletes and club committees alike, we have now reached the happy mean, and those who watch the team races of our Association are no longer forced to witness either a fandango or a funeral procession. The writer of this primer is under the fond impression that he knows his subject thoroughly. If he does not, at all events no one will deny that he has made exceptional efforts to study it at first hand. Finally, he is generally spoiling for a fight. He will welcome with all his heart the plain-spoken comment of any critic who does not dodge rejoinder by applying the closure. But if anyone disapproves of my primer, let me suggest that he can deal with it more effectually in another way. Don't trouble to criticise it. Write a better one!

HUGH W. INNES.

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TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL, by an early Tuscan Master.

The story will be found in the Protestant Apocrypha, in the Book of Tobit, or in the Catholic Bible in the Book of Tobias. Note that the "sociable archangel," Raphael, is walking on his toes, and Tobias is walking "flat foot." Neither of them is "lifting."

CHAPTER I.

The Definition of Walking (Running and Walking Defined and Distinguished).

HUMAN beings have only two usual and natural methods of progression—running and walking. Under ordinary circumstances, if we are in a hurry, we run; if we are more at leisure, we walk. Running, then, is the swifter method; walking the slower. And that is why it is so important to distinguish exactly between the two when we come to deal with race-walking. Every running race is, in reality, a "go-as-you-please" race. You can walk if you like, and no one will interfere with you. Indeed, in reports of running races we often read that "the winner walked in." But you must not run in a walking race, for that would give you an unfair advantage over your opponents.

The Man in the Street's Definition.

If definition were itself an easy art, we ought to find no difficulty in defining the meaning of a term in common and daily use. But, unfortunately, definition often leads to disputes even among experts; and the more familiar the object dealt with the more embarrassing does the discussion prove. And so it has been with the plain English word "walk." We all know what it means, but the attempt to put the meaning into words—among athletes and athletic authorities—has given rise to endless controversy. The truth is that neither athletes nor athletic associations are the real authorities in this debate. We ought to consult the recognised dictionaries of the English language. They are not infallible, and they may differ, or emphasise unessential particulars, where they ought to confine themselves to the one true line of distinction. But in all probability the majority of them will agree on what is right.

The true distinction between running and walking is this—in walking, both feet must never be off the ground at the same time. Running, as commonly practised, and walking, as commonly practised, differ in some half-dozen particulars. But with the exception of the one mentioned above, the particulars are merely accidental. I propose to take them in turn and prove that this is so.

To Run and to Walk.

(1) Running is naturally the speedier gait, walking the slower. This fact ought not to serve as the distinction between the two; it is a consequence of the true distinction. If mere speed were the essential difference between running and walking, we should have to assign all progression beyond a certain speed limit to the one, and below that limit to the other, and no man in his sober senses would persist in doing that if his attention had once been called to the absurdities which would result from so doing. This distinction is a superficial one, and yet the dictionaries are all too prone to lay emphasis upon it. For example, the Century Dictionary, published by *The Times* (1899), tells us that "to run" means "to move swiftly by using the legs; to go on the legs more rapidly than in walking . . ."; and the Imperial Dictionary, edited by John Ogilvie, LL.D. (1882), explains that to run is "in the strictest sense, to pass over the ground by using the legs more quickly than in walking." Again, in Worcester's Dictionary (1889) I find that to walk is "to move with slow or moderate steps," and the learned Dr. Johnson associates "leisurely steps" with walking. Clearly, none of these had a walking race in mind when he spoke thus. I shall cite wiser words from the same authorities and other compilers when I come to speak of the true distinction.

Ratios of Speed.

When Merrill, the American amateur champion, visited England in 1880, he was fond of showing how 100 yards can be walked in 17 seconds. The record for the same distance running is 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, and every sprinter of any merit at all would expect to finish in between 10 and 11 seconds. A quarter of a mile has been run in 48 seconds and walked in 80 odd. A mile (start and stop) has been run in 4 minutes 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, and walked (in a three-mile race) in 6 minutes 23 seconds. Without going further into details, let us sum up the relative speed of runner and walker at characteristic distances. At 100 yards the ratio of speed is 10 to 6; at a quarter-mile, 7 to 4; at a mile, 3 to 2. When we come to longer distances we find that the ratio diminishes continually, though it never disappears. At 10 miles it is still 3 to 2; at 20, 4 to 3, and the same up to 100 miles. At 200 miles it is 5 to 4; and finally, at 600 miles (beyond which point reliable records do not go), it is 6 to 5. Thus, as the distance increases the advantage of running over walking decreases.

Still, after an entire week's effort, running has a decisive lead; and I feel sure that, however far the race might be prolonged, this lead would never be entirely lost. On the other hand, at shorter distances, the

advantage of running is tremendous. In a two-mile race—the favourite distance for track walks—it is overwhelming. And that shows how necessary it is to distinguish between running and walking.

The Straight Knee.

(2) In running, the knee is generally noticeably bent; in walking, the legs are kept much straighter. But this again is a mere consequence of the essential difference between the two methods of progression. It has nothing whatever to do with the definition. It is not even mentioned in any dictionary I have been able to consult. The "straight knee" is a device of sprint walking strongly recommended by trainers. I shall have much to say on this detail in the next chapter.

Some critics go so far as to say that you cannot walk fair and fast without keeping the knee of the propelling leg straight; and, consequently, it has been urged that this item ought to be included in the definition of fair walking. It is past my comprehension how any educated Englishman can favour such a fallacy. Most of us are on the move for a large part of every day, and we call our movement "walking," and we don't trouble in the least whether our knees are straight or no. If the straight knee is essential to the definition, many a sturdy walker has never walked in his life.

But this item has had first-class advocates—not merely as a device, mind you, for about that claim there is little dispute; but as an integral part of the definition of walking. Charley Westhall, the noted pedestrian, insists on it with some vehemence, and so does a very talented writer, the author of the chapter on walking races in the volume on "Athletics" of the Badminton Library.

To go further into detail, it is contended that in walking the front leg must be quite straight when the heel reaches the ground, and that if there is any bend at the knee at that moment, the gait is not walking. Now, quite apart from the appeal to popular usage, as applied to street walkers and country strollers, I should like to point out that popular suffrage, as shown in walking races, does not by any means favour this extraordinary contention.

We all like to see a man hold himself up and "brace" his knees, but among those who are in favour at the track side for their "fair walking," there are many who show a distinct bend at the knee at the commencement of the stride. In the next chapter I shall speak of the advantage of the straight knee in sprint walking, and shall point out that a slight bend followed by a gentle straightening of the leg is better for distance work. But the question for the present is not what is better or worse, but what is essential to comply with the true definition. Plainly, the straightness or otherwise of the knee has nothing whatever to do with the matter.

Upright Carriage.

(3) Speedy runners generally lean forward as they run; sturdy walkers affect an upright carriage. In each case, the runner or the walker acts as he does from motives of convenience. The carriage of his body has nothing whatever to do with the definition. It has been noticed, however, that in walking races those who lean forward are apt to "lift," and that, of course, is incompatible with fair walking. Consequently, it has been proposed to include "upright carriage" in the definition of walking. To deal effectively with the folly of this proposal it would be necessary to discuss the real nature of a definition—in other words, to define a definition. That is the province of a department of logic. It is quite easy to show by examples drawn from daily life that there is no incompatibility between stooping and walking; and if it is maintained that in rapid walking a stoop must inevitably lead to lifting (which is perfectly true), the reply must be that as soon as the lifting begins the judge must interfere. You cannot disqualify a man simply because you think he is likely to lift. The contention I am criticising is an outrage on our native tongue. The true definition of walking will have nothing whatever to say about upright carriage. The dictionaries make no reference at all to this point.

(4) Most runners, in shorter races at all events, run on their toes; in longer races the runner generally lands on his heels, but almost "flat foot." It is possible to walk on the toes only, as when crossing a muddy road; or on the heels only, as when coming downstairs; or on the instep only, as when descending a ladder. But it is impossible to walk at any pace except "toe and heel." That is to say, the heel first comes into touch and the stride ends with a "push off" from the toe. Running, then, is generally on the toes; walking is "toe and heel."

Walking, unfortunately, is often erroneously defined as "heel and toe." This is clearly misleading. Running may be, and often is "heel and toe," while, on the other hand, walking might not be "heel and toe." I have seen a competitor in a distance walk limp several laps, never putting one heel to the ground at all. Would any judge venture to disqualify in such a case?

Nevertheless, "heel and toe" is the normal habit of walking; it is an absolutely necessary device of fast walking, and therefore little harm is done in associating this phrase "heel and toe" with record efforts. But I appeal to popular usage of the word "walk" in support of my contention that the phrase has no right to a place in the definition.

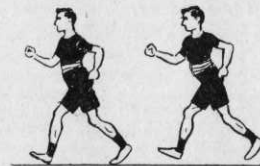
Not that all popular applications of the term are intended to be taken in absolute seriousness. There are metaphorical uses of the word "walk," such, for instance, as are found in religious writers—"Blessed is the man who hath not walked in the way of the ungodly," and so on.

Again, there are instances in which the word is applied analogically, as when we talk of "walking on the knees," "walking on the hands," and the like. But in the instances I adduced in the earlier lines of this section, there was no suspicion of any use of the word outside its ordinary everyday meaning.

So good-bye to a long-cherished delusion! "Heel and toe" has no right to a place in the true definition of walking. The dictionaries say not one single word about this item.

The Art of Speed Walking.

(5) Finally, we come to the essential difference. In running, at the beginning of the stride, one foot is in touch with the ground, and during



the remainder of the stride both feet are off the ground. In walking both feet are never off the ground. The back foot, on which the body is resting for the time being, must not leave the ground until the front foot has come into touch. It follows that for the greater part of each stride one foot



only is on the ground, and completion of each stride, at the same time. The lasts the more obviously

It is the object of the art this condition, and yet to to the smallest possible that is the subject-matter are dealing here, not with recommended, but with a definition which must be insisted upon. The whole essence of the definition of walking is contained in this "both feet" rule. There is nothing about upright carriage, or heel and toe, or the straight knee—nothing whatever, but simply this: both feet must never be off the ground at the same time. If they are, however the athlete may shape, his gait is a run, albeit perhaps a clumsy run.



Some Standard Definitions.

It might be supposed that the mere use of the phrase, "progression by steps," would be sufficient to denote this requirement, but I find, on

referring to the dictionaries and in conversation with friends, that the word "step" is by no means restricted to walking. A well-known athletic authority has proposed the formula, "steps from heel to toe." This would never do. The term "steps" is ambiguous, and "heel and toe" is superfluous. "Heel and toe, with a locked knee," is another formula. It was given to me by a very fine professional walker. It is a trifle worse than the one just cited. It includes two superfluities. And now listen to the real authorities on the meaning of an English word. We have to deal with three terms—"run," "step," "walk." We will cite a string of well-known lexicographers:—

"Johnson's Dictionary." Seventh Edition. (1785.)

To Run.—To ply the feet in such a manner that both feet are at every stride off the ground at the same time.

Step (noun).—Progression by one removal of the foot.

To Walk.—To move by leisurely steps, so that one foot is set down before the other is taken up.

"The Imperial Dictionary." John Ogilvie, LL.D. (1882.)

To Walk.—To advance by alternate steps, setting one foot before the other, without running, so that one foot is set down before the other is taken up.

"Worcester's Dictionary." (Revised, 1889.)

To Run.—To move on the ground with the legs in such a manner that both feet at every step are off the ground . . . as distinguished from walking.

To Walk.—To move by alternately setting one foot before the other without running, so that one foot is set down before the other is taken up.

"Webster's Dictionary." (Revised, 1889.)

To Walk.—To proceed at a slower or faster rate, but without running or lifting one foot before the other is set down.

"Chambers's Dictionary." (1898.)

Step.—The distance crossed by the foot in walking or running.

"Century Dictionary." (1899.)

To Run.—In bipedal locomotion the usual distinction between running and walking is that in running each foot in turn leaves the ground before the other reaches it.

Walk (noun).—In the walk of bipeds there is always one foot on the ground.

Step (noun).—A completed movement made in raising the foot and setting it down again, as in walking, running, or dancing.

"Standard Dictionary." (Isaac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D., Editor-in-Chief. 1906.)

To Run.—Specifically, in athletics, as distinguished from walking, to move by rapid steps in such a manner that both feet are off the ground during a portion of each step.



DR. JOHNSON.



TEDDY KNOTT.

Walk (noun).—An advance movement, in which one foot is always on the ground.

In treating of walking, I should like to have quoted from "Walker's Dictionary," a volume that shares the reputation of Johnson's, Worcester's, and Webster's works; but as I cannot lay my hand on it, I will refer to yet another edition of Webster's "Unabridged." This is revised by Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D (Yale); and is published by Bell and Sons, 1900. The definition of a walk seems to me perfect; that of a run makes the mistake of including the word "rapidly," even as Johnson associates "leisurely steps" with walking. Here are the definitions. I recommend them to the A.A.A.

To Walk.—To proceed at a slower or faster rate, but without running or lifting one foot entirely before the other touches the ground.

To Run.--To move (rapidly) by springing steps, so that there is an instant in each step when neither foot touches the ground. So distinguished from walking in athletic competition.

Such are the definitions of the learned. As for athletic authorities, who have defined the word "walk" otherwise than as above, they have erred through ignorance. I will conclude this chapter with the weighty words of an authority who is both learned and athletic, "Teddy" Knott, once the holder of the London to Brighton record, president of the Garratt Walking Club, past-president of the Surrey Walking Club, and first president of the Southern Counties Road Walking Association. "It's so simple," quoth Teddy. "If you're on the ground, it's walking; if you're off the ground, it's running." Exactly so!

CHAPTER II.

The Special Devices of Speed Walking (An Essay on Style).

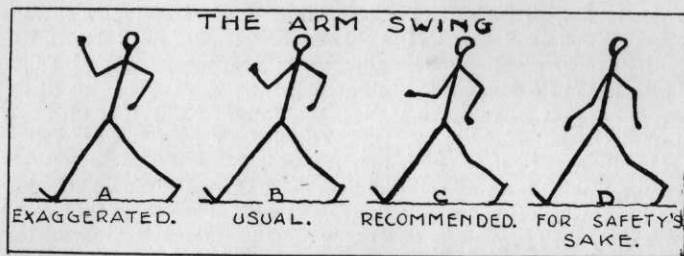
I TURN now to a totally different aspect of the subject. All the trouble about settling the definition of walking has arisen through confusing what is essential with what is merely desirable. It has been supposed that because certain faults tend to produce a lift, we must bar them in our definition. That is due to a complete misunderstanding as to the duties of a definition. In the last chapter, we were defining: in this, we are only recommending. The athlete who does not comply with the "both feet" rule deserves to be disqualified; but anyone is at liberty to accept or reject the recommendations that follow. Only, if he neglects them, he is not likely to succeed. The devices described are those habitually used by the fastest and fairest walkers.

Race-walking is a very artificial business. If a man is in a hurry, he had better run. If you want to hurry and walk at the same time, you can't carry the process very far without modifying the normal methods. Between the comfortable stroller and the panting competitor, differences will be noticed in the carriage of the head, the use of the shoulders and arms, the balance of the body, the swing of the hips, and the working of the knees, ankles and feet.

(1) There is not much to say about the carriage of the head. Hold it up, don't drop it forward, for that leads to stooping, and stooping is dangerous when you get going at full speed. Don't droop it towards either shoulder, for that looks bad. By so doing, you may give your rivals the impression that you are exhausted. Curiously enough, a much criticised record-breaker in the professional ranks, Thatcher, the three-hours champion of the early eighties, was much addicted to this fault. Finally, don't look round in a desperate finish. It cannot do any good, and it has cost many a man a prize seemingly already within his grasp. There is one variation I have left unnoticed—look straight to the front, don't look up. Among eminent walkers of our day there is only one star-gazer. When others recognise the advantages of his method, it will be time to recommend (or criticise) it.

(2) It is impossible to put into print, or even to demonstrate by designs, what one has to say about the action of the shoulders. In a first-class sprint-walker you will see that not only do the arms swing

from the shoulders, but the shoulders themselves swing. Let me try to indicate what I mean. Bend your arms at the elbows, clench your fists; now swing forward with the right hand, back with the left. The *right* hand is brought forward and upward to a position a foot or more in front of the *left* shoulder; the *left* hand is swung backward and outward past the left hip. At this climax of the swing both shoulders have risen; there is a "shrug" of the shoulders, so to speak. Now reverse the swing. The right hand swings down and back, the left forward and up. As the hands swing both shoulders drop, and as the swing is completed both rise once more to the shrug. I have described a common method of "shaping" with the shoulders and arms. It is rather a dangerous one for those who are inclined to lift. When a walker has found out (from the hints of friends or officials) that his style is not above suspicion, it will be well for him to modify his



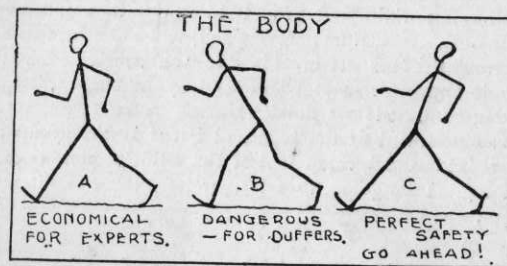
armwork. Let the hands be kept low, swinging well *forward* and not higher than the breastbone, and back again to the level of the hip. When still greater precaution is needed, the hands should be dropped still lower.

(3) This arm action is a very marked point of distinction between the stroller and the sprint-walker. The stroller lets his hands dangle and swings his arms almost at full length. The sprinter holds his hands up; the arms are bent at the elbow, and are swung (or rather, worked) vigorously forward and back, with a swing, too, from side to side. This vigorous use of the arms has many advantages. First, for some reason which I cannot explain on any principle of mechanics, it seems actually to *impel* the walker forward. Secondly, the arms balance the body, and must therefore act alternately with the legs, the left hand being forward when the left leg is back, and *vice versa*. The suggestion, made by some incompetent, that there is a species of sprint-walking, in which the left hand comes forward with the left foot, is sheer moonshine. Such a thing is never seen.

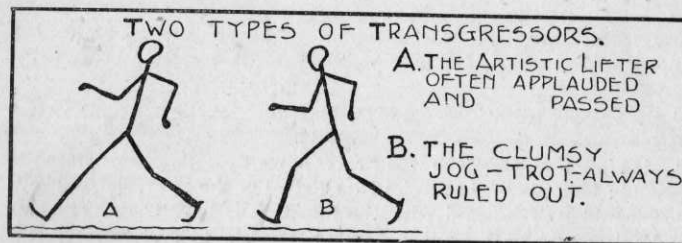
The quicker the action of the legs, the quicker must be the swing of

the arms, and that is why it is desirable to bend the elbow. The time of swing of a pendulum varies as the square of its length. The more you shorten the arm by bending it, the quicker you can swing it.

(4) In fast walking the body should be carried upright. If there is any forward slope at all it should be of the slightest—such, for example, as was seen in the case of Sturgess and Lerner. This is a



maxim of plain common sense, amply borne out by experience. It is generally justified on mechanical grounds by some such explanation as this. It is said that in running the weight of the body should be borne principally by the toes; and that in walking it should be borne as much as possible by the heel. In fast walking the heel comes down first and bears the weight of the body for the first part of the stride. Then, as you swing forward, the foot comes down flat, and the



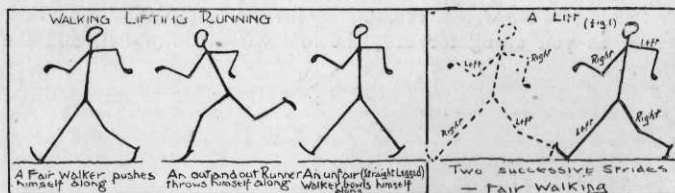
pressure is on heel and toe together. Finally, one rises on the toe and completes the stride. If you hold yourself well up the pressure on the heel is prolonged, and that on the toe is shortened; and thus there is less opportunity or temptation to jump. For what has been said by certain critics about jumping from the heel is wholly untrue. No walker ever jumps from his heel. If ever you see a portrait of a man doing so, you may know the photo has been "faked." Be that as it

may, it is a settled maxim among experienced trainers that to lean forward in fast walking is dangerous. It tends to turn the walk into a jog trot. That is to say, it not only leads to lifting, but it leads to a form of lifting which meets with no sympathy whatever from judge, critic, or spectator. If you lift like that, you are sure to "come out," and the onlookers will applaud the verdict. It is often quite otherwise with the artistic lifter, who swings himself clear of the ground, while he holds himself upright and propels himself with a "straight knee." An offender of this sort, if he gets stopped, will often receive tokens of sympathy from the inexpert crowd. He "shapes" like a walker, and so wins their approval. But whatever way he shapes, if he swings clear of the ground he is not walking.

(5) The management of the hips and knees is absolutely the most important point in the development of the artificial style necessary for sprint-walking. I am going, therefore, to treat these two items at very great length.

The Hips and the Knees.

We will take them together, because the one is the complement and, at the same time, the corrective, of the other. First for a bit of theory. A walker pushes himself along: a runner throws himself along. An "unfair" walker, who is, of course, a "walker" only by courtesy,

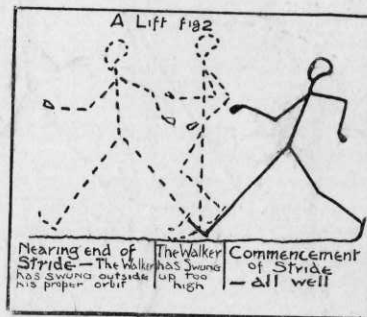


bowls himself along. The true walker never rises quite clear from the ground: he is always in touch with one foot or the other, and is always pushing himself forward with the foot that is in contact. The out-and-out runner, on the other hand, rises clear at every stride. He impels himself by vigorous springs, swinging himself onward and upward with a bent knee, and losing touch with the propelling foot before the carried foot is in a position to come down on to the ground. The unfair walker infringes in the same way, but by a different method. So long as there is no marked action of the knee (bending and straightening), there cannot be said to be a throw. The straight-legged lifter rather bowls himself forward. The heel is planted on the ground. The body is urged forward while the leg is kept approximately straight.

But—for want of a compensating device to be spoken of in the sequel—the forward movement is "up" as well as "on."

And when it is time for the back foot to leave touch with the ground, the body still retains so much of this upward and onward momentum that it is carried outside its true orbit, and there is an interval between the rise of the back foot and the fall of the front foot. Consequently the heel comes down an inch or several inches (according to the vigour of the swing) beyond the spot which it ought to have reached, if it had come into contact before the back foot was lifted. That is a common form of lift.

Let us watch it, detail by detail, in a clumsy transgressor. Down comes the heel. The body commences to move forward over the foot that is on the ground; and as the body swings forward it also rises. The head bobs up. Then when the whole frame should come down again to its normal level so as to place the front foot (the foot that has been carried forward) within reach of the ground, the body swings onward outside its proper orbit. The walker fails to come down in due time, and both feet are brought off the ground simultaneously.



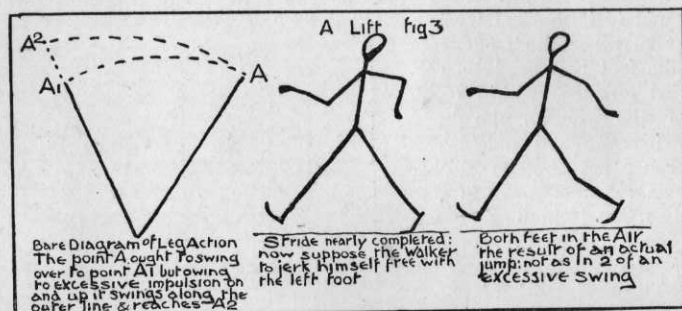
The whole motion is something like that of a spoke travelling forward in the topmost quadrant of a wheel—with this essential difference: when the spoke has reached its highest elevation, the wheel itself pulls it down; whereas, in the case of the walker, after the highest point in the stride is reached, there is absolutely nothing but the action of gravity to bring the body down.

The "Lift" Explained.

Now, the extent of the lift must depend on one or two considerations. The back foot might leave the ground while the body is still swinging up; or exactly at the highest point of the swing; or at some point in the downward fall. In the last of these cases the lift might be due to the residue of the momentum imparted to the body, or to a fresh effort, an additional jerk or jump; and in that case, the fall already begun might be partially checked, or momentarily stopped, or even reversed. The matter is far too complicated for calculation—at all events it is outside my range—and I regret that I ever tried to reduce it to figures.

In all these varieties of lift there is one point of resemblance. If the athlete is at any moment completely out of contact with the ground, there is only one way in which he can come back into contact, *i.e.*, by a drop. And a drop can only be downwards. And since the total stride ends with a drop—down; and since, again, the end of each stride is the beginning of the next, this drop down must have been preceded by a previous rise up. Otherwise each stride would begin at a lower level than the last, which is—or soon would be—absurd.

A lift, then, must consist of an upward push or an upward throw, followed by a downward drop. There cannot be a lift without some up-and-down—great or small. Judges, please note! I say this with the approval of a well-known official; one who acts in many races



every year. The lift need not necessarily occur until the fall of the body has begun or has almost ended: in that case the transgression will be small.

Here, then, is an irrefutable proposition. You cannot lift without some sort of a rise and fall, though the "up-and-down" may be very slight. What is the best guarantee against this undulatory motion? Without doubt it is the "give" at the hips, shown by all skilful sprint-walkers. There are many fair walkers who bob up and down dreadfully. But in these the joint effect of the upward push and the onward swing is not sufficient to cause infringement. A little more of either, perhaps, and they would begin to jump. On the other hand, there are among our front-rank men some beautifully smooth movers. The head seems to travel forwards at an absolute level. This is due to the sideways "sag" at the hip, which compensates for the rise which the "spoke action" of the leg would otherwise tend to produce. With each step the hip of the propelling leg sways outward; and when the stride is finished and the other leg begins to propel, the framework of the loins

shifts right over to the opposite side, and the other hip begins to sway outward.

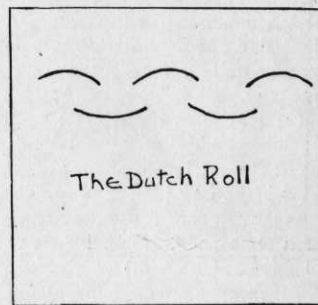
The motion of the hips is, in fact, a pair of curves facing each other, like the marks left on the ice by a skater who does the Dutch roll. This lateral swing confers yet another advantage. It helps to keep the footmarks in line. Let us look at it from the performer's point of view—imagine you are doing it yourself.

An ordinary road walker leaves behind him a double track, the marks of the right foot lying along a line parallel to those of the left foot. Not so in an expert race walker. In his case the footmarks lie along one straight line. The swaying of the hip makes it possible to swing the foot forward and inward and plant it right in front. And then, when the weight is transferred to the front foot and that foot begins its task of propulsion, the hip swings out and round towards the back. Here (as Sturgess, champion and record-breaker, pointed out to me), it ought to be "locked"—

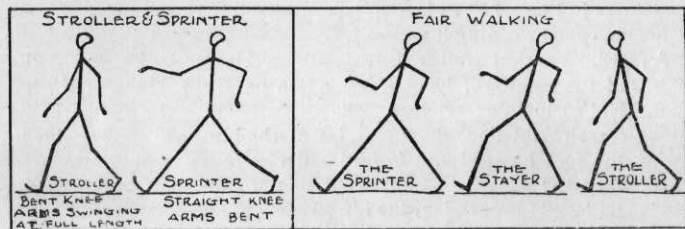
i.e., forced back and round as far as it will go; otherwise the stride loses a possible inch or two. This is at first an embarrassing and fatiguing process. But it bears excellent fruit, and practice will amply repay the trouble expended on it. Mark out a line and walk so as to plant the feet alternately on this line; and take care at the same time that the stride is pushed through to its full extent—hip locked, knee locked, and full play given to the capabilities of the foot. I shall speak of the foot later on. For the present I must complete what has to be said of the action at the knee.

Overleaf are outline designs of a stroller and a sprinter. In the case of each the "snap" is supposed to have been taken just before the end of the stride. The knee of the back foot is therefore no longer straight—it has "given" a little, as it always does after the body has come forward over the foot. Now contrast the two in this sketch. When the stroller sets his heel down the knee will be noticeably bent.

The sprint-walker, if he is going at a great pace, ought to have his knee quite straight at the beginning of the stride. The reason is obvious. You can reach further forward with a straight leg than with a bent one. And so, in each case, the heel comes into contact with the ground; the weight is transferred from the back foot to the front; and the leg that has swung forward now begins to propel the body. If the stroller is a fine vigorous walker, he will now straighten the knee that



was bent. He will push it right back into the socket: that is, he will "lock" his knee. This is not necessary to moderately fast walking, but it is desirable in all cases. In sprint-walking the knee-lock should be complete and decided; in distance work it should be very gentle,



and need not be complete. But, in either case, it is a mere device, to be recommended by the trainer, and in no way whatever an item in the definition of fair walking. As far as the true definition goes, a walk may be quite fair even though the knees be bent throughout. Thus one may walk in three ways:—

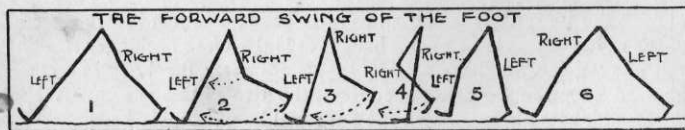
(a) Knee straight at first; and afterwards locked. This is the orthodox method in "sprint walking."

(b) Knee (slightly) bent at first, and afterwards (gently) straightened. This is the best plan for distance walking.

(c) Knee bent throughout the stride. This is how most men proceed at a slow pace. (The leg tends to become straight, but is not completely straightened.)

All three may be "fair walking," but the last will inevitably lead to lifting when the pace is increased to racing speed.

All that has been said above about the bent knee and the straight knee applies only to the leg that is urging the body forward. The action



of the leg that is being carried to the front, ready for action in the next stride, is the same in all cases—the foot is raised; the knee bent; the thigh swings forward as a radius moving round some point in the hip; the shin, meanwhile, swings still more rapidly forward as a radius moving round the knee. The thighs are stretched to their widest extent. The stride reaches its climax, and the next step commences.

The Action of the Foot.

(6) The foot is not merely a spring which by its pliability can render the walker's progress equable: it can be used also to supplement the stride with an additional push. The device, however, is not to be recommended except in extreme moderation. The extra "hoick" (to borrow an oarsman's term) just before the completion of the stride gives a bad impression if it is at all exaggerated. There is a jerk which leads one to suspect a jump—and I have known disqualification to follow. Moreover, marked action at the ankle exaggerates to the full the tendency to bob up and down in walking, and I know one widely respected judge of walking who looks out for this fault before all others.

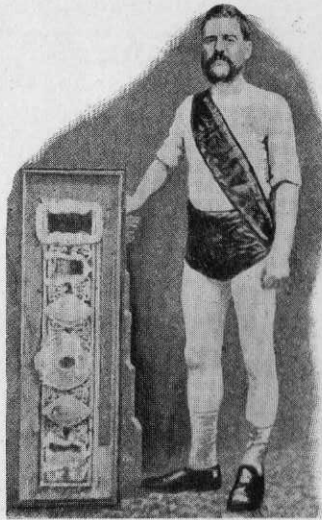
Quite a different point that requires notice is the outward play of the foot. Where the walker keeps his footmarks to one straight line and swings his hips well, it must necessarily happen that the toes of the back foot tend to turn outwards at the end of the stride; and this lateral play of the foot must tend to lengthen the stride. And every little helps!

I have now reviewed, and, I fear, at inordinate length, the modifications in style shown when an ordinary sturdy walker develops into a race-walker. They are best learnt by copying an expert performer. But I feel sure that even a novice who has no expert to copy can acquire them all to a large extent, provided, first, that he bears in mind the "both feet" rule of fair walking, and then practises for speed, with a fixed determination that his walking shall in no way resemble a run, but shall be fair and firm to the satisfaction of expert and ignoramus alike.

CHAPTER III.

Walking Records (A Critical Review).

If you are unacquainted with athletics, you have many surprises before you when you begin to study the records of race-walking. Time after time, doubt has been thrown upon a record because it has been affirmed that it is impossible for anyone to walk fairly at the speed



BILLY HOWES,
Long Distance Champion, 1882.

named. Doubtless in many instances the continued improvement in the record figures has been due to progressive laxity (or shall we call it liberality?) of judgment as to what constitutes fair walking. But apart from all this, the novice has many a surprise awaiting him within the limits of what is universally admitted to be possible. He will find

much to astonish him in his own improvement as well as in the statements of the record list.

The first of these is the discovery that it is just as easy to walk six miles an hour on a track, when stripped and using your arms freely, as it is to do five on the road in ordinary clothes and hampered by umbrella or stick. The second is the difficulty you find in abstaining from "trotting" when you attempt to walk a short course at top speed, and the rapid improvement you make over the same course at every successive attempt after you have once acquired the necessary control over your knees and can stride out in a style which is both safe and effective.

When first I became aware of the existence of "records"—that is, about thirty-five years ago—the professional figures were on the eve of being brought up to a standard of excellence not noticeably different from their present position. The amateur figures were altogether different. They have improved since then beyond all recognition. I propose to deal with the professional figures first; not that there ought to be any rigid line of demarcation between the one series and the other, but because the professional records, even where they are not in front, are throughout sufficiently developed to serve as a standard of excellence for all athletes.

It must be understood that I am neither writing a detailed history of pedestrianism, nor compiling a reference list of past or present records. The latter must be looked for in current issues or old issues of the recognised annuals and almanacks. And as for the history of "heel and toe" contests, my sketch may prove useful as a guide to those who wish to investigate further, but it is a mere outline of the matter, and those who want fuller information must look for it in the files of *Bell's Life* and our sporting contemporaries.

Charles Westhall.

Omitting previous details, which are curious rather than instructive, I come at once to the traditional pioneer of pedestrianism, Charles Westhall. Westhall was a runner as well as a walker; and he was also a writer of terse and vigorous English. His little book on training—now out of print, I fear—was a masterpiece. I remember well two phrases which especially struck me; one, a description of speed walking as "the grandest action of which the human form is capable," the other, a warning that "volume of muscle does not prove punishing power." The former must always appeal strongly to those who have been privileged to see Perkins and Sturgess. Westhall held records for one or two sprint distances, *e.g.*, 150 yds. in 15 secs. He was the first man in the history of athletics to run a mile in $4\frac{1}{2}$ mins. And he set up a standard in walking for seven miles and for three hours, still

good enough for many a championship. I forget the exact figures for the seven-mile walk—it was something under 54 mins. The race was held on the turnpike road, and it led to a heated dispute, each party accusing the other of unfair walking. Again, Westhall walked twenty-one miles in three hours in a match against time over a measured mile on Newmarket Heath. The weather was stormy, and, to save the ped from the wind, a waggon with a canvas shield was driven in front of him. A sharp turn, right about face, was made at the end of every mile, and this was commonly supposed to be equivalent to a loss of three seconds. This performance is still famous. Westhall flourished about the year 1850.

George Davidson and Jimmy Miles.

From Westhall to George Davidson (of Hoxton) the history of walking yields much that is notable but little that is satisfactory. During an era of strict supervision, when walking *was* walking, Jimmy Miles (of Brixton) made three attempts to equal "21 in 3," and failed in all of them; once, by five seconds only. Later on, when the standard of "toe and heel" had degenerated, he did all manner of astonishing things, but others, who profited still more fully from the prevailing laxity, did things still more astonishing; and not a single feat of them all found an abiding place in the record book.

Spooner and Topley.

The heroes of this epoch are Spooner and Topley. Their performances seem somehow or other to have passed the referee, but they never found favour with the inexorable critic of those days, the pedestrian editor of *Bell's Life*. Spooner, if I remember right, could travel at eight miles an hour; Topley was quite in the habit of walking "21 in 3." Once he did it in a snow-storm—just as half a century later Tommy Hammond fought his way through the falling flakes and broke the Brighton record. But there the resemblance stops. No one ever questioned the fairness of Hammond's walking; and no one ever credited the claims of Spooner and Topley.

It must have been somewhere between 1860 and 1870 that George Davidson gave the three-hour record a lift. It was his last big performance, for the effort so strained him that he was never able to get fit again. The distance walked (and there was no adverse criticism of the walking) was twenty-one and three quarter miles, putting it in round figures. It may have been 50 yards less or more—I forget the exact figures. Previously Davidson had walked many notable matches: one, in which he gave a start to Joe Stockwell, one of Perkins's earliest opponents, and the pair of them walked six miles at a speed of eight in

the hour. In these two matches we find at last a distinct and satisfactory advance on the standard set up by Charley Westhall.

We come next to the era of Billy Perkins, Billy Howes' and Harry Thatcher, a period in which the record was developed to high-water mark at all normal distances, where, but for the licence permitted in the period of decadence which followed, it would probably have remained to the present day. The study of this series of records is particularly important, since they still furnish an ideal standard for the ambitious, be they amateur or professional.

Billy Perkins, the Model of Fair Walking.

Before the advent of Billy Perkins, *Bell's Life* had been for some time protesting against the ridiculous way in which walkers "left the



Billy Perkins — the great Sprint-Walker.

mark." This faulty start and the scramble down the final straight are still the chief trouble of walking judges. Perkins at once made a great impression. He was hailed, just as Sturgess was hailed twenty years later among amateurs, as not only the fastest but also the fairest of walkers. Both met with some criticism later on, the amateur because he was unduly pushed to attempt the sensational, the professional because of certain careless exhibitions at galas, Bank Holiday sports and so forth. But, if we use due discrimination, we can find in the feats of these two an ideal exposition of "scientific" walking. We shall speak of the amateur later on. Perkins came to the front with a record three-mile walk. That was in 1874, in a match with Joe Stockwell, who has already been mentioned in connection with George Davidson.

If I remember right, Stockwell had previously set up a mile record—6 mins. 25 secs. On this occasion Perkins won the match and beat the mile record *en route*. The times were—

One mile	6 mins. 23 secs.
Two miles	13 mins. 30 secs.
Three miles... ..	20 mins. 47 secs

The two-mile time is sometimes given as 13 mins. 20 secs.—probably a mistake. I cannot remember ever to have seen the intermediate figures for the quarter miles. "Pendragon," late editor of the *Referee*, and a weighty authority on pedestrianism, used to speak of the intermediate mile from the quarter to the mile-and-a-quarter as the finest piece of fair walking he had ever seen. This was walked in 6 mins. 46 secs., and from that we can infer that the opening quarter of the race must have taken 1 min. 20 secs. or so, and that the style so far was not above suspicion. The performance is well authenticated, and it met with general acceptance.

How Perkins Walked Eight Miles an Hour.

Subsequently Perkins had three shots at walking eight miles in the hour. Once he failed; once he forfeited; finally he succeeded. His performance—four miles in 28 mins. 59 secs., eight miles in 59 mins. 5 secs.—is probably about as good as anything that has ever been done since. Where these figures have been decisively eclipsed, it is often certain and always probable that the judging has been lax. I am not referring to any professional performance that beats these and intermediate figures by a moderate margin, but only to certain sensational reductions by whole minutes or more. Nor, again, do I cast doubt on amateur performances that are approximately equal to this of Billy Perkins's—*e.g.*, Webster's seven in 52 mins. 34 secs. in 1879, Harry Curtis's 52 mins. 28 secs. in 1890, Sturgess's eight miles in 58 mins. 56 secs. in 1895, or Larner's Olympic win, ten miles in 1 hr. 15 mins. 57 secs. in 1908. I am referring to feats much more startling than any of them. Frankly, I don't believe in them. I saw them both.

Perkins and Billy Howes.

Finally, Perkins made a clean sweep of all the figures from nine miles to twenty-two in his three-hour match with Billy Howes in 1877. These can best be given and remembered in round figures.

Perkins took the lead at the start, and both he and Howes covered over four miles in the half-hour. Here Perkins led by 20 secs. In the hour Perkins walked 100 yards less than eight miles, Howes was

one minute behind. At fifteen miles Howes was two minutes and a half in arrears. The times were—

Perkins, fifteen miles	1 h. 56 mins. 13 secs.
Howes, fifteen miles	1 h. 58 mins. 47 secs.

and the leader was within fifty yards of 15½ miles at two hours. I give the figures for the fifteenth mile exactly, because I shall have to refer to this record further on. From this point Howes hunted Perkins home. The scores at the finish were—

Perkins	22 miles 218 yards.
Howes	22 miles 20 yards.

The Dope of Thirty Years Ago.

This is the one and only occasion on which twenty-two miles has been walked in three hours by two men in the same race. The variation of speed as the hours go by is somewhat astonishing. The winner went off at sprinting speed, and just lasted home. Everybody nowadays speaks of champagne as the final "dope" for the finish of a big race. Perkins was doused with cold water externally and pulled round in the final stage by a dose of port wine.

Harry Thatcher.

In 1879 Perkins's championship came to an end. Previous to this he had been beaten only in long walks, for which his style was utterly unsuitable. When Weston and O'Leary were popularising immense tramps, Perkins had been chosen, by backers who ought to have known better, to oppose the Americans. That made little difference to his splendid reputation. But every champion has his day. Perkins's colours were first lowered in a three-hour walk by Harry Thatcher, an aspirant whose style was the direct opposite of his own. Thatcher was always widely criticised until his last and greatest performance; but to this even his former censors gave their approval. We shall come to that later on. As a novice



Harry Thatcher — middle-distance champion.

he had had a brilliant career, but I remember some remarks in *Bell's Life* about "a suspicion of a lift." When he beat Perkins the latter was wholly off colour; the winner did not reach twenty-one miles in the three hours. Later he beat Perkins in a one-hour match, with a score of less than $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and the old champion's career ended, if I remember right, with a defeat by Cash (of Billingsgate) in a short walk, one or two miles. Perkins will always be remembered as the model scientific walker—long stride, straight knee, toes well up, complete hip action, upright carriage, vigorous arm swing. And now he is succeeded by Harry Thatcher, who differed from him detail by detail—short, quick, regular stride; knee bent and then vigorously locked; a slight forward inclination; hands held low. He remained champion till 1882, winning outright a belt given by Sir John Astley for the three hours walking championship.

A man who has good eyesight and common sense can trust his own judgment when he has an opportunity of using it; otherwise, he must rely on the evidence of others. At this period there were three well-known London sporting papers, and it was interesting, for those who could not get to see a professional walking match, to compare the comments of the rival contemporaries. There was a great difference of opinion as to fair walking. The oldest of the three—"laudator temporis acti"—stood out for a very strict ideal of "heel and toe," and often questioned the ruling of its younger *confrères*. Thatcher's career affords a good example of variant criticism. When he first won Sir John's belt with a fine score (far short of record, however) no one had a good word to say for his style. In a second win he walked very fast indeed up to fifteen miles, at which point he was ahead of record—

Fifteen Miles in 1 hr. 56 mins. 8 secs.,

and then, easing up, won at his leisure with a score well over twenty-one miles. On this occasion his fairness was warmly commended by two of the three authorities; and I mention the above figures exactly because very possibly they ought to be world's record now. No one who knows anything about the business would dream of accepting the slightly faster figures that have replaced them; they were made in the darkest days of shifty walking.

Fortunately, Thatcher can claim a still finer record which no one questioned. In 1882, in a match against time, he walked 22 miles $45\frac{1}{2}$ yards in three hours. This beat Perkins's figure by a furlong. The walking was perfectly steady in more senses than one. The fairness of the feat was generally acknowledged; the uniformity of the pace was astonishing, and possibly had much to do both with the fairness of the style and the success of the attempt to beat previous figures. The following should be noted:—

Seven miles, 55 mins. 3 secs.; 14 miles, 1 hr. 50 mins, 37 secs.;

15 miles, 1 hr. 58 mins. 46 secs. ($2\frac{1}{2}$ mins. behind record); 20 miles, 2 hrs. 40 mins. 22 secs. (25 secs. behind record); 21 miles, 2 hrs. 49 mins. 8 secs. (record); 22 miles, 2 hrs. 57 mins. 45 secs. (record, by more than 1 min.).

As a boy I always had an especial enthusiasm for Thatcher. As he was wont to say of himself, he was a "good man to back." And, therefore, I will venture to add a few more details about him. He offered to back himself to walk $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles in three hours, taking odds of 3 to 1. No one took him on.

He once beat world's record at eight miles in the hour, but even the referee did not take it seriously. This was in a match in which he was to walk against a rival who ran with a stone jar balanced on his head. Thatcher won with a score of 8 miles 300 yards (and more) in the hour.

He was nettled at the adverse criticism of the sporting Press, and tried to repeat the feat, gratis, before a group of critics. The result was a very fine performance, seven miles in 52 mins. 20 secs., but nothing like his previous feat, and thus, though Thatcher beat Perkins at one hour, he never disturbed his record at that distance.

Subsequently he brought out some very hot novices—one-mile champion walkers—but did not compete again. When last I saw him, at Ascot in 1886, he was laying the odds, and wore his accustomed smile.

Within the period just reviewed, ending with 1882, we get a very respectable set of professional records right up to six days, a sufficient limit for our purpose. Among subsequent records, there are a few I shall refer to presently, but I do not propose to go into the series in detail. I have my reasons, and chief among them is, that I like to feel I am on sure ground.

The Records in 1882.

Here is a summary and outline of the record as it stood by 1882:—
50 miles within 8 hours. Billy Howes, on an eight-lap tan track.
The second man, Arthur Hancock, also beat 8 hours. 1878.
100 miles, $18\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Billy Howes, twice, in 1878 and 1880, on both occasions in the course of a 24-hour walk, and on an eight-lap tan track.



Billy Howes
— long-
— distance
— champion.

127 $\frac{1}{2}$ in 24 hours. Billy Howes, in 1878. The second man beat 125 miles.

215 miles in 2 days.	} By George Littlewood, Sheffield, 1882.
308 " 3 "	
396 " 4 "	
470 " 5 "	
531 " 6 "	

(There was some inaccuracy in the lap scoring.)

There is no need to touch on intermediate distances where the records are sometimes unreliable, sometimes without special significance. The above table gives the essence of the matter, and details can be looked for in the usual handbooks.

And now, with the assistance of the advice given in the last chapter, the novice can go in and rival the achievements of the old heroes of pedestrianism. We shall see, shortly, how far amateurs have succeeded in doing so. Meanwhile, I would warn the novice that he will be doing remarkably well if he can walk two miles, fair and square, inside 17 mins. in the course of his first season: or 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the hour: or 18 miles in 3 hours: or the Brighton journey (51 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles) in 10 hours 30 mins. Of course, there are novices and novices; I am speaking to and of the man of average ability, not of a Bostock or a Martindale or a Larner, who reach the front rank in their first year.

Tom Griffiths and his Records.

When first I began to study the record book, the amateur figures for one and two miles were attributed to Tom Griffiths—1 mile, 6 mins. 48 secs.; 2 miles, 14 mins. 20 secs. These were made in the same race, and on a grass track which had been worn bare. This is the same Tom Griffiths who was seven-mile champion in 1869 and 1870, and who in the latter year walked twenty-one miles, under very informal circumstances, in 3 hours. In the championship of 1870, Tom had walked seven miles in 55 mins. 30 secs., which was "record," if I remember right, at that date. His career, therefore, may well serve as a starting point in our survey of amateur achievement, since it furnishes us with specimens of sprint-walking and seven-mile work, and gives us an idea, to say the least, of what amateurs aimed at in a three-hour tramp. Unfortunately, the twenty-one-mile feat is not satisfactory as a record. It was made in what purported to be a match against an opponent; possibly it was really a match against time. The opponent, who had a long start—I have entirely forgotten his name—was caught at seven miles, and retired. The judge then left the ground, declaring the match at an end. The winner, however, walked on, completing fifteen miles in 2 hours 27 secs.; twenty-one miles in 2 hours 57 mins. 25 secs. The timing and lap-scoring, it seems, were carefully looked after, but the responsible referee was absent after the first hour. Unless I am mistaken (and it

is more than a quarter of a century since I read the full particulars) the second stage of seven miles was walked much faster than the first—55 mins. odd against 57. Griffiths was a noted fair walker, but the record is a matter demanding scrupulous observance of all formalities; and a walking record without a judge is an impossibility. We shall refer to the amateur three-hour record further on. Meanwhile, with regard to the sprint record and the seven-mile.

A Difference in Standards.

Tom Griffiths left the two-mile figures at 14 mins. 20 secs. I have seen this record dethroned and reinstated more than once. It disappeared and reappeared at intervals, and was still to be found in the books at the end of the 'eighties. Every now and then sensational reports were brought in from the North of crushing performances at this distance. Sometimes they found a place in sporting almanacs, but afterwards faded again into oblivion. Sometimes they were altogether disregarded. It depended on the calibre of the claimant. No Southerner in those days had the slightest faith in the decision of a Northern judge of walking: the standard adopted in the two districts was so entirely different. The same trouble attended the mile record, and the three-mile. No one questioned Harry Webster's intermediate figures in the seven-mile championship of 1879, and the three-mile time (22 mins. 8 secs.) took its place as a record. But when Harry Webster in the following year, after a sensational disqualification at Lillie Bridge (he was stopped in the championship after passing the post a lap ahead!) proceeded to set up new figures for one, two, and three miles in the North, no one knew exactly what to do. Previous to the clean sweep which was made by Bill Sturgess, I saw the mile record fluctuate as follows:—6 mins. 48 secs., 6 mins. 36 secs., 6 mins. 39 secs., 6 mins. 41 secs.; the two-mile as follows:—14 mins. 20 secs., 14 mins. 18 secs., 13 mins. 55 secs., 14 mins. 20 secs., 14 mins. 4 secs.; and the three-mile from 22 mins. 8 secs. down to 21 mins. 28 secs., back to 21 mins. 42 secs. down to 21 mins. 25 secs., and so on. A doubtful record is of no value. We get on surer ground in Bill Sturgess's first (and greatest) year.

The Seven-Mile Figures.

The seven-mile figures come down peaceably with the progress of the years:—

1870	...	55 mins.	30 secs.	...	Tom Griffiths.
1873	...	54 "	57 "	...	W. J. Morgan.
1875	...	53 "	47 "	...	W. J. Morgan.
1879	...	52 "	34 "	...	Harry Webster.
1890	...	52 "	28 "	...	Harry Curtis.
1895	...	51 "	27 "	...	W. J. Sturgess

(and 8 miles 270 yards in the hour).

There was no serious adverse criticism of any of these. They were generally accepted as quite satisfactory—though I remember reading some comment on Webster's seven mile of 1879, written several years later by a critic who objected to the rejection of a rival record made in 1878. This critic stood alone, I believe. He described Webster's walking as the "jog of a heavily-laden Covent Garden porter," and declared that any able-bodied man could cover eight miles an hour in that style! Such is the variance of opinion about walking—and such are the aberrations of a partisan.

In 1895 Sturgess made a clean sweep of all records up to the hour. The fifteen years that have elapsed since then include the careers of Jack Butler, Tommy Hammond, H. V. L. Ross, and G. E. Lerner. For lovers of pedestrianism, a long story replete with interest and instruction is attached to each of these names. It is hard for us amateurs to imagine a day when their brilliant work will be put in the shade. Nor are they likely to fall into obscurity in the meantime, for lack of appreciative notice, as less prominent performers have done.

"Carent quia vate sacro."

But there is appreciation—and appreciation; and therefore there may be some individual value in the estimate of these and other contemporaries by an old and eager observer of walking races, who, above all things, is no man's flatterer. A separate chapter will, therefore, be given to record-breakers still on the path.

CHAPTER IV.

Recent Developments of the Record.

In the last chapter I traced the development of the professional record. We left it at a point where, in the early 'eighties, the figures at all distances had been brought down to a mark which would still be regarded as belonging to the very first class. As a matter of fact, those same figures in most instances still indicate the record. Where they have been improved upon, the new "best" has invariably been open to criticism in some particular or other. They are to be found in the sporting calendars that are published year by year, and it would be invidious to delete them now. Perhaps some day they will be beaten under more satisfactory supervision. It would not suit my purpose to say more of them; my only object is to indicate the genuine high-water mark of pedestrian achievement.

At the date indicated, and for many years afterwards, the amateur records gave little promise of equalling or surpassing the professional figures.

Archie Sinclair.

At twenty miles, for instance, the amateur record was over 20 mins. behind the professional. At thirty miles, Coston's time—4 hrs. 47 mins. or thereabouts—was outside what would now be expected of any would-be record-breaker going for the fifty odd miles of the Brighton journey. The fifty-mile track record was 8 hrs. 25 mins. This was made by my old friend Archie Sinclair, in a time trial; and the same walker later on put up 19 hrs. 41 mins. for 100 miles, and crowded 120 miles into the 24 hrs. The last-mentioned feat is still good enough to satisfy most men and win a place in an open race; but in a first-class "fifty" we should expect to see the winner and half-a-dozen of his immediate followers well inside Sinclair's time.

C. W. V. Clarke and Harry Curtis.

And so matters remained for ten years and more. C. W. V. Clarke, I remember, in the course of a perturbed career, twice got his name into the record book by a fast performance at three miles; but the curious thing was that no one seemed to know what was previously the

best for that distance. His successor, Harry Curtis, chipped a few seconds off the seven-mile time, and set up fresh records at some intermediate distances on the way, and also shifted the two-mile figures once or twice. But there again complete confusion reigned as to the previous record at this latter distance. Then came Sturgess, and after him the "walking craze," and, between them, the two have effected a change which makes the old state of things unrecognisable and almost incredible.

Bill Sturgess.

W. J. Sturgess—Bill Sturgess—became champion by winning the A.A.A. four-mile walk in 1895. Before the year was over he had altered all the amateur records up to one hour. There was doubt as to the one mile, but as no one seemed to know what the mile record was, it didn't particularly matter. But the best of it was that Sturgess excited universal admiration by his style as a walker. With the exception of Perkins, no other sprint-walker has ever been hailed with such unanimous praise. Except a three-mile spin at Wembley Park (three miles in 21 mins. 16 secs.), not one of his great feats evoked any protest as to style. I am referring to his first year only. During that year he was generally acknowledged to be a fair walker, and his records surpassed not only the accepted performances of recent champions, but also reputed "bests" of former days which had always proved embarrassing owing to the debate they aroused.

"The Slaughter of the Innocents."

This "slaughter of the innocents" began with a two-mile walk at Stamford Bridge. The time was 13 mins. 45 secs.—or within a second or so one way or the other. It may seem offensive to say so, but I wish this were still recognised as the amateur record. Sturgess himself beat it handsomely, walking the same distance in 13 mins. 33 secs., and again in 13 mins. 24 secs.; and since then Larner has made a record of 13 mins. 11 secs., and Yeoumans has covered the distance in 12 mins. 54 secs. To me, all of these amendments appear to be open to very grave doubt. And in saying that, I am saying the least that can be said.

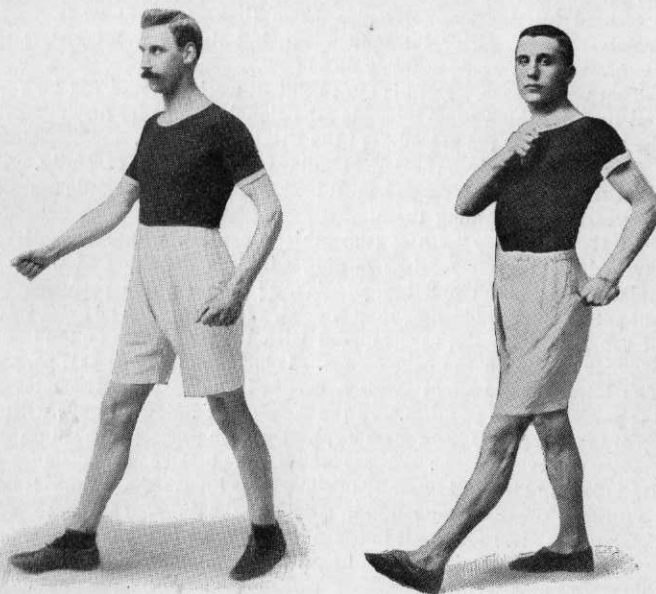
Sturgess's first year's work was wound up with a one-hour walk, also at Stamford Bridge—8 miles 274 yards in the 60 mins. As usual in such cases, the intermediate figures from four miles onward were all shifted. I am convinced that this also has a just claim even now to be regarded as amateur record.

Of Sturgess's later career one hardly knows what to say. He won race after race, and often beat record under the same judges who had passed his first year's feats. In reading the reports of these races, one

misses the enthusiastic encomiums showered upon his earlier efforts. He remained the champion for many years, and always showed the same mastery of all the devices of a "scientific" walker. But the result was—to say the least—not so obviously fair as at first. There were protests, cautions, and finally a disqualification at the Oval. After following Sturgess's career for years, it almost took one's breath away to think that anyone would venture to disqualify him.

Jack Butler.

In 1897 Jack Butler sprang into sudden prominence by winning a three-hour walk at Putney. The distance covered was twenty-one miles



JACK BUTLER

BILL STURGESS.

and fifty yards—a mile better than Coston's previous best. Whether the style was justly open to criticism, I cannot say, for I was elsewhere; but it was widely criticised, and so was that of Sturgess, who led for thirteen miles. Up to the end of the second hour the pace was very warm. As some of the figures still stand as official A.A.A. records, I give them below in order that the reader may see how sensational the work was. Fast as

they were, I feel sure that Butler could have improved on them throughout, and could have absolutely smothered the figures for the third hour, if he had been given an opportunity of so doing at the zenith of his triumphant career. And at that later period he could walk fair and fast, combining steadiness and speed as few others have succeeded in doing.

Here follow the more striking records of the Putney "Twenty-One":—Twelve miles, Sturgess, 1 hr. 34 mins. 34 secs.; thirteen miles, Sturgess, 1 hr. 42 mins. 59 secs.; fourteen miles, Butler, 1 hr. 52 mins. 18 secs.; fifteen miles, Butler, 2 hr. 0 mins. 43 secs.

From this time onward Butler became known as a first-class man at most distances. At fifty miles he was an absolute marvel. He established his position as long-distance champion by winning a 49½-mile road walk promoted by the Essex Beagles. The time—I forget what it was exactly—created general astonishment, but thanks to Butler's later performances, it would scarcely do so now.

That was in 1900. But his most brilliant work was reserved for 1905 and 1906, in which years he made sensational records for fifty miles on the track and for the 51½ miles of the Brighton journey.

I propose to analyse these and similar feats somewhat carefully. To show their true significance I must hark back to the fifty-mile races of the years just preceding these.

In 1897, "Teddy" Knott (the athletic expert), whose authority I invoked in Chapter I. when dealing with the definition of walking, walked to Brighton in 8 hrs. 56 mins. 44 secs.: a fine performance, but yet obviously not better than Sinclair's track fifty. The exact value of the Brighton walk, as compared with the rival races on the track, depends on the length of the course. It has been given as 51½, 52, 52¼. The latest measurement—with a certified wheel—gives the total as 153 yards short of 52 miles. In the sketch that follows, I have written up my matter partly from memory, partly from reports founded on the previous surveys of 52 and 52¼ miles. I believe the distance is 51½ miles, and if I fall into any mistake as to intermediate times it will be through the difficulty found in adjusting the different surveys. The difference is often too small to cause serious error in my comment, and my fondness for round figures will go far to minimise any inaccuracy that passes undetected.

The Brighton Road.

My belief as to the true measurement of the Brighton Road is based on the milestones. On that rock I have founded my faith. I am convinced that the average milestone marks out a true mile. Occasional errors may and do occur. There are long miles, as in the third mile of the Godstone course of the Surrey Walking Club. There are short



TOMMY HAMMOND AND HARRY PAXTON.



TOMMY PAYNE.



G. E. LARNER AND E. J. WEBB.



H. V. L. ROSS.

miles, as, for example, that which passes "Jolly Jumbo's" hostelry on the road to Rickmansworth. It is strange how long it takes to cover that short mile, especially if "Jolly Jumbo" is at home!

On the other hand, I am convinced that the various series of mile-stones do not go far wrong. On the Brighton Road there are some half-a-dozen series, laid out by different surveyors, in different counties, probably with different instruments, possibly in different centuries. Yet they all give the same average mile. The rival surveys with the certified wheel make out that this average mile is twelve yards too long. I don't believe it. I believe the wheel is wrong in its verdict, not necessarily in its construction. I cannot lightly dismiss the testimony of half-a-dozen consentient witnesses, such as are the successive chains of stones from Kennington Road to Preston Park. These in all probability are laid out with a surveyor's chain. It might seem that a wheel should be equally satisfactory. But a wheel may wobble, a wheel may bounce, a wheel may diverge, if entrusted to inexperienced hands. Finally, the reading of the clock indicator appears—from certain marvellous intermediate measurements included in the latest survey—to require the eye of an expert.

When Surveyors Disagree.

Since, then, for the present, we have no reliable evidence except the milestones and a corroborative cyclometer survey, I must be content with their verdict. The milestones form capital landmarks. The inscription is often embarrassing, owing to the different points from which the series are measured. But one soon learns to interpret the variants. For example, "Whitehall" is one quarter mile further than the Clock Tower, and "Westminster Bridge" (*i.e.*, the Surrey end) is one quarter of a mile less.

Thus, milestone "2½ miles from Whitehall" would read as 2¼ from the start, and "12 from Westminster Bridge" is 12¼ from the start. A milestone is easily detected. Even in the dark, or after you have been dining out, a milestone is a milestone—except when it is a county boundary or a stray sheep. Finally, if we distrust the Brighton milestones, it might be urged that we should distrust the Oxford series too, and that will give an enhanced value to Hammond's record over the latter course.

To sum up, then, the milestones over the Brighton Road, when we regard each series as true in itself and make allowance for the intervals and tags *en route* and at either end, indicate a distance of 51½ miles.

Just before this digression we were speaking of Teddy Knott's Brighton record, 8 hrs. 56 mins. 44 secs. In 1903, Jack Butler did the same journey in 8 hrs. 43 mins. 16 secs. This time there is an approximation to the amateur track record, as it then was. It all depends on whether the last mile and a half was fast or slow.

Tommy Hammond's "World's Best."

In April, 1904, Tommy Hammond walked to Brighton in 8 hrs. 26 mins. 57 secs., showing a vast and unexpected improvement not only on his previous efforts, but also on all amateur fifties on road or track. Making reasonable allowance for the odd mile and a half, we have fifty miles in something like 8 hrs. 10 mins. It is interesting to note these figures. You will see that Hammond's form fell off somewhat for two whole years after this event. It was on Good Friday, 1907, that he first gave us a taste of his quality as a genuine "World's Best." But what is still more interesting is that, though clearly out of form and generally playing second fiddle during that two years' interval, yet he was still putting up performances that would have been looked on as marvellous in earlier days of amateur walking.

It is considerations of this sort that show us how absurd are the jeremiads of those croakers who are for ever bewailing our athletic decadence.

Old Records Beaten.

In the autumn of 1904, in a fifty-mile track walk, organised by the Blackheath Harriers and the Surrey Walking Club, Archie Sinclair's old record, made thirty years before, was at last completely eclipsed, and with it went Billy Howes' time made at the Agricultural Hall in 1878. The latter was beaten by a bare six seconds. The race was brought off at the Crystal Palace, and resulted as follows:—

	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.
1. F. B. Thompson (Ranelagh H.) ...	7	57	38
2. C. W. Mawson (Hallamshire H.) ...	8	8	14
3. T. Heastie (Birchfield H.) ...	8	11	17
4. T. E. Hammond (Blackheath H.) ...	8	13	20
5. F. Unwin (Surrey Walking Club) ...	8	20	27
6. E. Ion Pool (S.L.H.)	9	12	34

Jack Butler, who led from the start, retired after beating record from twenty-two miles to thirty.

Jack Butler's Great Walking Feats.

But Jack Butler was capable of still better work. In 1905, at Putney, he improved materially on all previous records from twenty-two miles to fifty. The complete list may be found in any current athletic almanac. I will merely call attention to the salient points:

	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.
22 miles in	3	11	36

This indicates 20¾ miles in the first three hours, a brilliant performance in itself. The speed thus far had been at an average of nearly

seven miles an hour. Then follows a drop to a trifle over six, and this is maintained right up to the finish.

	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.
25 miles in	3	40	20
30 miles in	4	29	52
40 miles in	6	11	17
45 miles in	7	3	25
50 miles in	7	52	27

And that is world's best for amateur or professional. In this race Hammond, who was clearly out of form, failed to beat 8 hrs. 20 mins. This shows a still further falling off from his Brighton Road form. On the other hand, it is better than Sinclair's old record.

In September, 1906, Butler won an open walk to Brighton, promoted by the Polytechnic Harriers—

	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.
51½ miles in	8	23	27

This was a record, of course, for the route. Hammond finished second in 8 hrs. 42 mins.

Hammond Again.

On Good Friday, 1907, Hammond walked from London to Oxford, 54¾ miles, in 8 hrs. 51 mins. 14 secs. Trusting the milestones, I treat this as full measure, and no more than full measure. The certified wheel, we must remember, alleges that the milestones on the rival course indicate long miles. One can but wonder what would be the estimate if this course were measured by some similar instrument. I assume, then, that these 54¾ milestone miles are 54¾, and not 55¼. And making that modest assumption, I affirm that this was as fine a piece of walking as it has ever been my privilege to witness. There was no hurry, no anxiety about it. There were no patent "bad times." The style was delightful to watch, precisely because it did not require an expert eye to appreciate it. It was walking, in the plain undiluted meaning of the term, without any artifice whatever. A more striking combination of ease and efficiency one could hardly imagine. The record breaker was quite fresh at the finish.

In this walk Hammond took the lead before the end of the third hour. In three hours he covered nineteen and a half miles, and thirty-two in five. Then followed a slow two miles, the long climb to the summit of the Chilterns. The following should be noted:—

	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.
40 miles in	6	23	0
50 miles in	8	4	23
52 miles in	8	25	23
53 miles in	8	35	25
54¾ miles in	8	51	14

Other Notable Brighton Walks.

Meanwhile, though no one had tackled Archie Sinclair's "twenty-four" on the track, two fine races had been witnessed to Brighton and back, 103 miles. The first, in 1902, was won by Butler in 21 hrs. 36 mins. 27 secs. The second, in 1903, by H. W. Horton, in 20 hrs. 31 mins. 53 secs., followed at a short interval by the well-known poet and connoisseur, F. W. Wakefield. Horton's time for 100 miles must



F. J. WAKEFIELD
(Record-breaker, Poet, Connoisseur).



A. T. YEOMANS
(2-mile Champion, 1906).

have been outside the track record. E. H. Neville, who is now President of the Surrey Walking Club, was a good third; and E. Ion Pool completed the long journey within 24 hours.

Thus matters stood as regards the long-distance records in the spring of 1907. The three following years, which bring us to the date of writing, have been full of remarkable changes, chief among them the fresh figures recorded on the track by Hammond, from 51 miles to 131, and new records on the Brighton Road, made first by Hammond, and finally by H. V. L. Ross.

In June, 1907, in a Surrey Walking Club "time trial," London to Brighton and back, 103 miles, the achievements spoken of above were

completely eclipsed. There were six starters—T. E. Hammond, W. Brown, J. R. Barnes Moss, H. Swabey, W. G. Pryor, and T. Bland. All of them finished. The details of the intermediate records scored by the winner are somewhat embarrassing, owing partly to doubt as to the true distance, partly to the odd yards, and fractions of miles attributed to the various landmarks. It will be noticed that most of these are inns. That is a characteristic of the Surrey surveys. The Polytechnic Harriers have used the carefully numbered telegraph poles as their landmarks. Each club has been influenced, apparently, by the "genius loci" of its headquarters, for the Poly Harriers hail from a scientific institute, and the S.W.C. from the "Swan and Sugarloaf," Croydon. There are inconveniences in both methods. Inns would be all very well if they occurred at regular intervals. But they do not. Sometimes they stand as "single spies," sometimes in battalions. Telegraph poles are hard to identify. The numbers are often affixed so high up that one cannot read them without getting up the pole, and there are objections to that. Best of all are the milestones, when you have learned to read them right.

The race was walked from the "Swan and Sugarloaf," Croydon, to the Clock Tower, Westminster Bridge, 10 miles 3 furlongs; then right about face and back to Brighton, $51\frac{1}{2}$ miles more, making a total of 61 miles 7 furlongs. Then, wheeling round once more, back to the "Swan and Sugarloaf," thus completing the double journey of 103 miles.

Hammond's times were :—

Miles	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.
$39\frac{1}{4}$ ("The George," Crawley)	6	37	5
$61\frac{1}{4}$ (Brighton Aquarium)	10	30	36
$71\frac{1}{4}$ ("King's Head," Albourne)	12	11	40
$75\frac{1}{4}$ ("Queen's Head," Bolney)... ..	12	59	20
$79\frac{1}{4}$ (Handcross)	13	46	28
$89\frac{1}{4}$ ("Chequers," Horley)	15	35	0
$95\frac{1}{4}$ ("Feathers," Merstham)	16	46	58
103 ("Swan and Sugarloaf," Croydon)	18	13	37

I have adjusted the figures to the nearest furlong from the published reports, reducing them in each case from the wheel survey to the milestone standard. Interpreting these figures cursorily, we get—

	Hrs.	Mins.
60 miles in	10	10
70 miles in	12	0
100 miles in	17	40

There are reputed records better than these, but none that are undoubted. The style of the winner was as easy and efficient as in his Oxford walk, and he was still full of go at the finish.

In September, 1908, at the Stadium, Hammond walked 131 miles 580 yds. in 24 hours. Up to 103 miles his times were not equal to those made on the road; beyond that limit the following should be noted. They are all world's records, unless we accept the reputed records of Joe Scott, made in New Zealand—namely, $72\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 12 hours, 100 in $17\frac{1}{4}$, and 133 in 24. Hammond's figures were :—

Miles.	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.
105	18	58	21
110	19	58	40
115	20	54	20
120	21	52	58
125	22	48	21
130	23	45	51

The Brighton Records of 1909.

During 1909 the Brighton record was improved twice. On May 1 Hammond walked the distance in 8 hrs. 18 mins. 18 secs., thus cutting five minutes off the previous time.

It was an extraordinary walk, accomplished under trying circumstances, such as obstructed roads and intermittent snow showers, but specially noteworthy for the magnificent determination shown in the last six miles. From forty miles to forty-six the progress had been comparatively slow. This section of the road ends in a steep climb. From Pyecombe to the finish the gradient is favourable. Some improvement was therefore to be expected after the summit of the slope was passed; but what actually occurred was better than anything I should have ventured to predict at this point. The last stretch—nearly five miles and three-quarters—was walked in 52 mins. 14 secs. Hammond's style, though still as obviously and undoubtedly fair as it always has been, was not so even and easy as on the occasions singled out above for comment. At times the stride was hurried through without completing the knee-lock. That, of course, is a matter of choice; but the device indicated, if carried out gently, adds much to the grace and effectiveness of a long-distance style.

Finally, in September, 1909, in the open race promoted by the Polytechnic Harriers, H. V. L. Ross, of the Tooting Athletic Club, set up the present record. His times were as follows :—

Miles.	Hrs.	Mins.	Secs.
10	1	30	14
20	3	1	6
30	4	35	29
40	6	13	22
45	7	8	21
50	7	57	53
$51\frac{1}{2}$	8	11	14

These should be compared with the corresponding track records of Jack Butler. Considering the difficulties of the road, they are equally meritorious. In this case again there was a remarkable finish. Ross walked the last $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 40 mins. 46 secs. He should have a great career in the coming years. Being a natural walker, without any marked use of those artificial devices that are resorted to by successful sprinters, he has not yet shown to great advantage in short events. He was the twenty-mile road-walking champion in 1908. Perhaps we must look to him for the perfecting of our three-hour track record.

The Last Twenty-four Hours' Walk.

In the 24-hour race promoted by the Blackheath Harriers and held at the Stadium on September 17—18, Bill Brown beat Hammond's records by a small margin at fifty-one miles, and on to 12 hours, and at intervals up to eighty-five miles. The winner, T. Payne (of North Shields), after getting in front of record, from eighty-six to ninety-three miles, covered $127\frac{3}{4}$ miles—four miles behind record. The first three men all beat 120 miles, and twenty-five out of the fifty starters beat 100 miles. These are "records" with a vengeance. For the first time in his life, Hammond failed to finish. He was stopped by illness before forty miles. Payne is as plucky an athlete as ever trod the cinders. His style is laborious, but he "gets there all the same." Bill Brown's stride is perfect. He covered 124 miles, and will do more next time.

The Sprint Records.

Thus my survey of record has been brought up to date. It will be noticed that for many pages past no mention has been made of sprint-walking. About this there is much to be said, and the saying of it is a matter of some difficulty. If on any occasion a formal decision is required as to whether "record" has been beaten or no, a loyal follower of athletics is bound to abide by the official figures of the recognised authorities—the record list of the A.A.A. and the annuals and calendars issued by the leading sporting journals. If it were a mere matter of "paying over," I should not hesitate to bow to the decision of such authorities. But I am just as much entitled as any other observer of equal experience to say exactly what I think about the actual state of the case, and that is, that undue laxity has been shown in both lists of records, the amateur and the professional. In both we find performances which, at the best, are "doubtful."

The Test of a Record.

A walking record is of no use to anybody unless it is above suspicion. In addition to the official approval of judges or referee, there ought to

be the endorsement of popular suffrage. Where I have found, from inquiry among frequenters of pedestrian events, or from a comparison of rival papers, that an alleged performance is approved by all, I think of it and speak of it as a record. Otherwise not so. There is one test the cogency of which no reasonable man can deny. A walker shows us, let us say, a fine performance in London, under the observation of the usual judges—which is a minor matter, and also under the eyes of a critical crowd—which is a much more important point. We applaud his fine effort, and we notice that he is fully extended, and could not do



THREE VETERANS.

J. BUTLER (World's Record Holder, 50 Miles Walking).
H. F. OTWAY (Winner Central Markets Walk to Brighton).
E. KNOTT (ex-London to Brighton Record Holder).

much better without transgressing. Next, the same athlete goes far afield, to some district, perhaps, where judging is lax or eccentric, and where the competitors in a "walking" race are expected to "spring a bit, lad!" and there he makes mincemeat of all previous records, including his own. What are we to say about it? For my part, I suspend judgment and ignore the claim until the feat is repeated under the earlier conditions. Among the records of which I shall now speak, there are some I cannot believe in, because I saw them made; others, because the evidence of those who saw them made is contradictory or insufficient.

G. E. Larner and Others.

In 1904 G. E. Larner became seven-mile champion, winning the race in 52 mins. 57 secs. In the next year he won again in 52 mins. 34 secs., a very fine piece of walking, in style as in pace. These points were very noticeable in the style: the immense stride—nearly fifty inches, attained apparently without any exaggerated effort—and the very slight use made of the arms. There was a small forward inclination. Larner has more than once been our two-mile champion, showing a speed of about 13 mins. 50 secs., and an irreproachable style. He won the ten miles' walk at the Olympic Sports, 1908, in time which is world's record, or just equal to it. Not a single note of dissent was heard from any critic of repute, consequently it is a true record. Eight miles within the hour, then—

9 miles in 1 hr. 7 mins. 37 secs.
10 miles in 1 hr. 15 mins. 57 secs.

The former beats anything ever done before, except in one of Raby's later walks, and no one took them seriously. The latter ties with Perkins's time in his three-hour record race.

Larner has also been credited with one mile in 6 mins. 26 secs., and two in 13 mins. 11 secs. These were made in Liverpool.

Also, three miles in 20 mins. 25 secs., and four in 27 mins. 14 secs. These were made at Brighton.

Yeomans, of Swansea, has walked a mile in 6 mins. (exhibition), and again in 6 mins. 15 secs., and again in 6 mins. 19 secs. (in competition); and also two miles in 12 mins. 53 secs. All these were made away in the West Country.

Larner, again in London, has walked 8½ miles in an hour, beating all records from 4¼ miles onwards on the way. To match these feats we must turn to Raby once more, in that later style which was forced on him by the laxity of the judging. Raby—an amateur champion who had turned pro.—left behind him records from two miles to fifteen. Here are some specimens:—

	Hr.	Mins.	Secs.		
2 miles	...	0	13 14	} (all in an 8-mile race in London).	
3 "	...	0	20 21		
5 "	...	0	35 10		
8 "	...	0	57 58		... (America).
12 "	...	1	30 34		} (in a 3-hour race, London).
15 "	...	1	55 56		

And now—pass the salt, please!

Among pro's, there were several who walked eight miles in the hour. Perkins did it once, Billy Griffin twice, Franks half-a-dozen times. There are only two amateurs, as far as I know, who have accomplished

the feat—Sturgess and Larner. Why, the list of those who have walked four miles in 30 minutes is brief enough—barely a dozen. These, if we remember right are: Venn, Webster, Meek, Murray, Curtis, Sturgess, Topple, Butler, Larner, Webb, W. G. Yates, and Billy Palmer. The last-named did so when making the pace in a heat of the Olympic ten miles, walking (as a brother enthusiast told me) "beautifully."

CHAPTER V.

Training and Tactics.

I HAVE now dealt in succession with the definition of walking; the special devices resorted to in race-walking, and the history and value of walking records. It remains for me to explain how the aspirant may best fit himself to win races, or even to beat record fairly, and what precautions athletic officials should take to ensure that races are not won nor records set up unfairly. The present chapter, therefore, will deal with training, its preamble and its sequels; the next with the vexed question of judging.

The whole theory of training has been summarised in a few words by Aristotle in his "Ethics." Training, says he, "involves eating much and undergoing great labours."

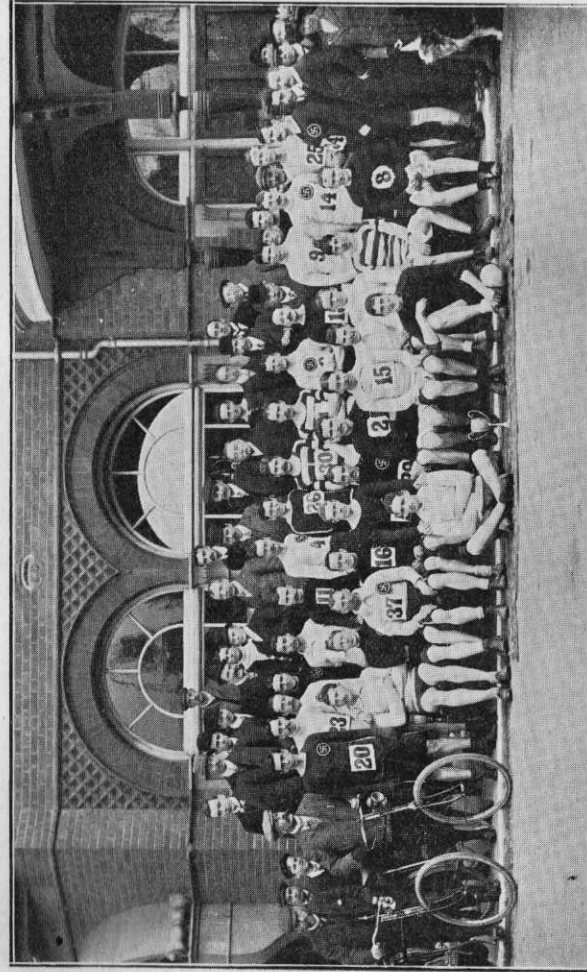
You cannot expend energy unless you have the energy to expend. This is stored up in our bodies in the various tissues which are manufactured out of the food we eat. A man who is really ill-fed or under-fed does not possess the necessary capital on which to draw.

Old-fashioned Training Notions.

There is no need to be over-anxious about the quality of the food eaten. As for the quantity, that is instinctively regulated by the appetite. A man in hard training will have no difficulty in deciding for himself where to draw the line.

The compilers of books on training have been accustomed to draw up what they consider ideal tables of diet. The details are generally somewhat as follows. Breakfast: stale bread or toast, white fish or lightly boiled egg, weak tea. Mid-day dinner: fresh lean meat, lightly cooked, with a strict allowance of stale bread and vegetables, and a little sound ale. Tea as breakfast, and supper as dinner, but of smaller bulk. The same manuals used to give marvellous directions about doses of medicine, which were supposed to be necessary, especially at the commencement of the course. Some went so far as to suggest emetics. There is no need whatever for all this fussiness about food. For a man in decent health, the recommendation of medicine is sheer nonsense.

The ordinary meals with which an English man of business sustains



SURREY WALKING CLUB v. MIDDLESEX WALKING CLUB.

This group was kindly supplied to me by the Surrey Walking Club. Volarities of our sport will recognise, among other celebrities, Mr. Charles Otway, President of the S.C.R.W.A.; Mr. E. H. Neville, President of the S.W.C.; Messrs. Ross and Schofield, the 20-Mile Champions of 1908 and 1909; and Messrs. Barclay, Ball and Gray, Judges of walking widely respected for their courage and common sense.

his faculties are fairly sufficient for an athlete; the usual breakfast and lunch and dinner. There are some few things which are best avoided, but unless they have been used in excess there is no need to be over-careful. These are, pickles, sauces, condiments; salted foods and highly-seasoned dishes; preserved meats, pastry, pie-crust—and so on. Pork is often barred—quite needlessly. It was the staple food of the Greek athletes who trained for the ancient Olympic games.

Take a Tip from the Working Man.

Again, the food with which the British artisan maintains his energies is quite good enough for the athlete. A breakfast of tea and bread and butter, with a bloater or a "pair of kippers" or a "half haddock," or two fried eggs or a rasher of bacon. Dinner, consisting of a cut from the joint, with potatoes and cabbage or some other green vegetable, followed by jam roll or "boiled plum," with a glass or two of "ale." Tea, a repetition of breakfast. Supper of cold meat or fried fish or bread and cheese. This may not be an ideal diet, but it is quite good enough for the average athlete. It is a great deal better than meals made up of patent foods. The mechanic, at all events, thrives on it.

The Vexed Questions of Beer and Tea.

Beer is a vexed question. So is tea. The latter should not be drunk too strong. If tea tastes bitter, refuse it. And it should not be drunk after nightfall, nor with a meal of fresh meat. Curiously enough, with salted and compressed dishes, the bad effect is not so noticeable. Fresh meat and strong tea taken together mean trouble. With beer it is a question both of quality and of quantity. The old training books—which, as I have hinted above, were absolutely wearisome on the question of diet—usually recommend "sound old ale." They do not however, indicate the address from which this desirable article is to be procured.

The ordinary London "Burton" will not do at all. It is bad for the joints and for the digestive system.

Ale—"four ale"—is a refreshing and fairly innocent drink, if you are careful as to quantity. It is not like the beer of Bradford or of the South Coast, of which you can drink as you will. I remember once making inquiries as to the daily capacity of a Dover boatman. "Sometimes," said he, "I has a quart, and sometimes I has a bucketful." You cannot do that with four ale. The "mixture"—I must name it so—has marked medicinal effects, if swallowed in bulk. Our London "bitter" is bad enough in the same respect. "Mild and bitter" gives us a modification of flavour, not of effect. Bottled beers are worst of all.

Many athletes swear by the better brands of stout. No sincere athlete has a good word to say for spirits.

Be a TT. if You Can.

Frankly, I believe teetotalism is the best of all—provided it does not worry you. That is a point to be considered. "If you fancy a glass of beer,"—I am quoting the words of a wit to whose authority we all bow—"do not ruin your health by denying yourself." On the other hand, if you do not fret at the self-denial, why dose yourself with malt and hops and chemicals? The eagle in the air, the elephant on land, the whale in the sea contrive to do without these stimulants. Why shouldn't we?

In Praise of the Vegetarian Athlete.

Much may be said for vegetarianism. Some of the most energetic races of the globe are vegetarians; and most of the workers of the



WALKING SECTION OF THE VEGETARIAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

world are small meat eaters. Except in the great mutton-producing countries, they are forced to be so for economy's sake. In Australia, on the contrary, the staple diet at all four meals is meat and tea. If you have any doubt as to the feasibility of vegetarianism, just watch the career of our vegetarian walkers. A manlier lot of fellows it would be impossible to find. They are absolutely the opposite of the caricatures people used to laugh at thirty years ago.

With both of these, teetotalism and vegetarianism, it is the change that is difficult, and possibly dangerous to one's athletic ambition. I can speak with confidence about teetotalism. The trouble is soon over. Abandon "the accursed" altogether, and you are the better for it in a week or two.

Of vegetarianism I know nothing. There is trouble, I am told, in arranging a suitable dietary, and until better provision is made by caterers, some compromise will be necessary. "You cannot" (as a convinced vegetarian said to me) "have all your meals in the street." Vegetarian restaurants providing a sufficient menu are few and far between. But, if you admit butter, milk and eggs to your list, you can get all you want at any "Good Pull-up for Carmen."

"Three Pipes a Day."

There seems to be a consensus of opinion that if you smoke at all it should be in strict moderation. You can generally tell when a man has begun training by his short temper and his refusal of tobacco. All men agree that a pipe is better than cigars or cigarettes. Some men contrive to smoke "shag" even when in training. It is the best of tobaccos—in the open air, on the cliffs, or on the hill-tops. But I speak as a connoisseur, not as an adviser. In truth, of course, it is extremely harmful to an athlete, and nothing but a robust constitution could enable a man to combine heavy smoking and hard exertion. There can be no doubt about the difficulty in giving up the habit. Whether you do it as a penance in Lent, or as a preamble to training, it is sure to make you irritable. It must be done, for all that, You must put yourself on a strict allowance—say, three pipes a day. Best of all, give it up altogether. Once more we can take example from the strongest species of the lower creation. I have noted above—on the authority of Sir W. B. Richardson—that neither eagles nor elephants nor whales use alcohol. Naturalists will bear me out when I say that they do not smoke cigarettes either.

With regard to sleep, it is absolutely essential that the athlete should have long and deep sleep. There is an old adage, not much quoted nowadays, that the proper allowance is six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool. I should say that the gentleman who composed that formula required his eight hours regularly. Six is too little. Seven may be all very well for a sedentary man of law; and that limit is suggested in Lord Coke's quatrain—

"Six hours to Law,
To pleasing Slumber seven;
Ten to the World,
And all the day to Heaven."

Spite of the admirable last line, I doubt whether this allowance will do for the athlete. Seven hours' sleep may be enough to ensure a daily output of mental activity. It would not enable a man to break walking records. I know of one sterling athlete, however, who can do with much less: most men in training want much more. If you must do with eight hours, be sure that they are hours of deep and undisturbed slumber. Go to bed early, except on Saturday. Make a special rule of early retirement on Sunday.

There is one more word to be said before we proceed to the programme of work. There can be no compromise between athletics and an unclean life. It is not sufficient to forbid sins of deed only. Put a muzzle—"ostium circumstantiæ"—upon your mouth and (in Heaven's name) upon your thoughts. Avoid pornographic literature* as you would poison. Evil meditations are a poor sort of pleasure. What is more, they carry their own penalty with them: they break your back.

So much for the first member of Aristotle's definition. Now for the "Great labours."

Training, by rights, should be a change from mere good health to that state of specialised vigour which is needed for athletic effort. Unfortunately, it must often be something much more than this. The candidate for racing honours may enter upon his course of training feeble or positively ill or "fat and scant of breath." Properly speaking, that is no business of the trainer's. It is a matter for self-discipline or the doctor. Above all there must be no haste in getting into harness. The man who, in search of glory, is determined to change all at once from a crock into a crack is much more likely to "go to glory"—elsewhere.

Until you have done sufficient gentle walking exercise to enable you to tramp for hours together without becoming footsore or fatigued, it is no use bothering about cinder-path or stop-watch. It is mere superstition to suppose that one must "go away" in order to rectify one's health. London streets are good enough for this preliminary canter, and the vicinity of London provides lanes and highways second to none in the wide world. "When a man is tired of London," says Dr. Johnson, "he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford." The learned man is almost right. London is a repository of all good things—except pure beer.

Athletic Inequality of Men and Women.

I make it clear, I hope, that I am writing for novices, and not for the hardened sinners of the cinder-path; but I find it difficult to forget that I am not writing for Londoners alone. At all events, I address them primarily. And again, the athletes I address are men chiefly and not women. Man's characteristic virtue should be bravery and woman's

modesty. Physically, men tend to muscular development, and women to megalopygy. Men have better machinery to hoist them along, and women more ballast to carry.

Hence the two sexes can never be on an equality athletically. But the gentler sex have made vast efforts during the last generation to span the gap that used to separate them from us. It is just that period since a sporting contemporary published these lines in a comic poem contrasting the sexes:—

“A girl can dance, and a girl can sing,
And a girl can talk all day;
But she can't ride a bicycle like her papa,
Because she ain't built that way.”

And now the ladies can ride as well as we can—much better than I can. They can play golf and hockey with the best of us. They can swim for hours together in the Thames, or half-way across the Channel, and put us to shame with their high diving. This year the lady swimmer's record for 100 yards has been brought below 1 min. 14 secs., and that was amateur record, out and out, when I began to observe such things. Go to a mixed meeting where there are ladies' races. In costume, in style, in pace, the women are almost our equals. True, they have no moustaches and no votes. Otherwise they are indistinguishable from the men.

Systematically Getting Fit.

When you are well enough to begin in dead earnest, you may set yourself systematically to the task of becoming “fit” in the athletic sense. You have three things to acquire—style, speed, stamina. You must learn to walk fair and to use your energies economically. You must learn to go fast enough. You can't win unless you can go fast enough, as Mr. G. Lacy Hillier used to impress upon novice cyclists. There we have a truly instructive truism. Finally, you must learn to stand the friction of protracted effort; that is, to stay. The consideration of that point will come up again when we talk of schedules and bad times.

A good style can best be learnt by training under an experienced coach or copying an acknowledged expert. An elaborate explanation of the devices of race-walking, treated from the point of view of scientific mechanics, is one thing. That is what my chapter on “Devices” purports to be. The elementary instruction of a novice is quite another matter. The rules should be short and to the point. The greater requirements should be secured first. To begin with, the following are quite sufficient.

Style of Walking.

Hold yourself up. Stride out as far as you can to the front without leaning forward. Brace your knee and push it well back into the socket as you urge yourself on. Bend your arms at the elbow and swing them somewhat as a runner does. Let your hips go loose.

This may cause some discomfort at first, but for a sprinter it is a most important point. The greatest danger comes from failure to control the knee. Whatever you do, don't lean forward, and do not get into the way of shuffling along with your knee bent and set. No attempt at speed must be made until the tendency to do this is overcome. When you have got the mastery of your knee by leisurely striding, you can begin to put the watch on your efforts, and then training becomes doubly interesting.

March a Mile in Ten Minutes.

Any able-bodied man ought to be able to march a mile quite steadily within ten minutes at his second or third attempt. A week's practice will bring this time down close to 9 minutes. Still there must be no attempt at sprinting. Once you are below the 9-minute limit, walking with perfect fairness and machine-like regularity, you can begin to extend the distance, if you are training for distance; or to press the pace if your ambition is to become a sprint-walker. Ease your work at the slightest symptom of shin-ache. If you don't know now what that is you will soon find out. It is an absolutely unnecessary nuisance. Much better avoid it altogether than bring it on and then “walk it off.” It mars pace, and it absolutely wrecks style. When you can crowd a mile into 9 minutes you will find that you can walk six well under the hour. Probably six and a quarter.

On the Track Every Day.

I should like to see a man do easy work on the track day after day; but it is the fashion nowadays not to visit the track every day of the week. Well, there is no absolute need. Go two or three times, and be sure to make yourself perspire freely. On intermediate days warm yourself up with a smart spin in your clothes. Not smart enough to make your skin moist; otherwise, unless you make special arrangements you will soon become a burden to yourself and others. When I had more leisure I never found the least difficulty in combining some such spin with an evening's amusement. I left business, had tea, went home and put on old clothes, then strode out for a smart five or six miles, usually from the Marble Arch, along the Harrow Road, out and back, with a break at the turning point for a “half of ale.” Then followed

the last meal of the day, about 7.30, and then the evening's engagement, opera or melodrama, or whatever it might be. Finally, a quick walk home, beer, and bed. Possibly men with better resources could improve on my little programme. It suited me admirably well, as the watch and the weighing machine showed week by week.

Subsidiary Exercise.

The scheme so far sketched out carries us from Monday to Friday. A swim or two should be added, partly as a refresher, partly as supplementary training, and this should be easy or hard according as you take swimming as mere by-play or for its own sake. Every athlete ought to be able to swim, and let me add, to dive from a decent height, and cycle and dance and skate. These are the physical accomplishments of civilised men, and you have no business to neglect them merely because you specialise in walking. A man is all the better the more games he plays, and it is well to know something of shooting and fishing. But these are "extras," so to speak.

For and Against Club Life.

Again, there is no reason why a man should give up any of the real good things of life merely because he becomes an athlete. In walking circles you will find the best sportsmen in the world, and among them men who combine athlete and savant, athlete and wit, athlete and musician, athlete and poet. Each to his taste. Walking is but a part of athletics, and athletics a part of sport, and sport a part of life. And all the great world religions tell us that life is only a preface to something of greater import.

The heaviest part of the week's work should be assigned to Saturday. Before long you will find that you race on Saturdays, and the weekly or fortnightly race will itself become an integral part of your training. For this purpose a club is a convenience and a necessity. From some points of view, unfortunately, it is often a necessary evil. Most men are pretty fairly provided with friends before they take to athletics. Among the many new acquaintances you make all may not be equally congenial. Many a club that would not admit plebeians fails to exclude gentlemen who will carry familiarity too far.

Another drawback of club life is found in the functions necessarily or needlessly attached to it. You may be pressed to go to superfluous picnics and dances and dinners. It would be difficult to describe with sufficient vigour the tediousness of committee meetings and the triviality of whist drives. None but those who truly love music can realise all the horrors of a smoking concert.

Social Training Spins.

One of the evenings of the week will, I presume, be spent with your pals in a social training spin. There you will find experts to imitate, and probably "old 'uns" ready to advise. Some clubs have a training spin on Saturday afternoons. Gentle running is a very good thing for a walker at the beginning of training, and you can take an easy trot across country if you fail to make arrangements with a walking pack. Then there are combined "strolls" on Saturdays and Sundays. The Surrey Walking Club, for instance, promotes regular Sunday strolls at a pace which is supposed to be "moderate" over country routes of



A GROUP OF OLD 'UNS.

twenty to forty miles. The same club, and others, organise "strolls" down to Brighton, and—bless the boys!—up from Portsmouth. For my part I could never appreciate such exercise in packs. I can show you a more excellent way.

Two's company, three's none. Get a friend to go with you, one who is content to take his fair share, and not more than his fair share, of talk. Better be alone than have with you a companion who trips you up in conversation. If you can't get one to suit your fancy, try a dog. If you can't take a dog, go by yourself. Like Tobias in our illustration, you will have your guardian angel with you—and your thoughts and your eyes and your ears. Some strollers make a great point of choosing country paths: give me the highway, out and home. Let us try a specimen day. Suppose it is a Saturday in the summer. Let us be

reckless and suppose you have a Saturday clear—no work in the morning. You have got over the early inconveniences of training and are ready for a long tramp. Breakfast over, you start—say, from Victoria Station—and push northwards across the park. You note the time, of course, and, though moving leisurely, keep an eye on the mileage. Passing through the park, there are the flower-beds to inspect. You ought to feel proud of your property. This garden is yours to enjoy, as much as anyone else's. You weather the Marble Arch and steer up Edgware Road. Dull bricks and mortar? Not a bit of it! Every busy street in a big town has a charm of its own. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson to his assiduous biographer, "if you have seen one green field, you have seen all green fields. Let us take a walk down Cheapside." With all deference to the learned doctor, green fields have their claim too, and we shall yield to it later on. It is amazing how some people can take an interest in museums and find none in the activities of city life. Collections of butterflies and birds, mummies and monuments and stuffed elephants, are very delightful in their way; but so are men and women and children and horses and trams and houses. You bear to the left at Paddington and make for the Harrow Road, and begin to note the milestones. Some are mere memorials, tablets let into the walls to denote the old position; some stand foursquare and substantial at the edge of the pavement. On this route they measure the distance from the Marble Arch. You have a mile and a half to add for your walk from Victoria. You should consult your watch at intervals and see that you are keeping true to time.

You leave Harlesden behind and pass "Jolly Jumbo's," and there first strike the open country. Wembley close on the right; fields and the railway, and, far off, the canal and Acton on your left. The hedges, perhaps, are beginning to foam over with the May blossom, or perhaps every little wood shows a shimmer of bluebells between the tree-trunks. You note that the mile between stones "5" and "6" is a short one. At Sudbury, if it were winter, and you had started late enough, you might possibly meet some harriers setting out for a spin. But it is summer, and such sports are suspended.

By this time you are deep enough into the country to note the singing of the birds. Their songs furnish material for unending study. On either side of the road there are meadows bright with buttercups and bordered with cow-parsley. From these every few minutes a lark starts carolling towards the blue. The cock chaffinches challenge one another from tree to tree in cascades of music. The hedge-sparrow whistles thin and shrill from the fence. The yellowhammer repeats his endless plaint. The linnets twitter, the blackbird flutes a mellow bar or two, the thrush reiterates his call, and the swallows keep up their never-ending chatter.

You mount Harrow Hill and enjoy the splendid panorama seen from

the churchyard. It is wonderful in all weathers, sunshine or storm. On the other side of the hill you win the highway again, and presently a short cut across the meadows brings you into Pinner. Three miles further is Northwood. Away to the left are the woods and Ruislip reservoir; and Rickmansworth lies beyond the hills that are before you. Not far from here is a little wayside inn, frequented by bird fanciers. It is here, at Northwood, that they replenish their stock. Perhaps you may catch sight of them on the waste land with their nets and their decoys. It is here, too, if anywhere, that you can get that famous "sound old ale" recommended by old-time trainers. They



A. R. EDWARDS AND W. BROWN.

keep a cask of "Scotch" on tap at the house near the foot of Batchworth Hill. You are seventeen miles from home, and it is lunch time. Try it!

Batchworth Hill and the view from the top. It was with reference to this that an Essex man, one of the competitors in the Poly "twenty-one" of 1900, told me that he could not walk for looking at the scenery. Batchworth Park, with its peacocks and its deer; the first glimpse of the canal stretching away up the valley beyond. Then Rickmansworth. Here you can get a swim, or have tea and see your friends—the habitual stroller makes friends all along the road. Or you can play billiards or go fishing or sample the local "bitter"—just as you please. You can train back if you like, but you had much better walk. There

is the sunset, remember, and the early starlight, and the moon, perhaps, and the nightingales, and the hooting of the owls in the distance; all of them "good things, brother"—as the gipsy in "Lavengro" would surely have said.

As I have mentioned old ale and bitter, I must refer to a third variety of malt liquor which forms one of the attractions of this road. Half-a-mile on the London side of milestone 9 lies a little hostel and brewery in one. If you have walked back, now is the time for bread and cheese and a pint of the famous home-brewed four ale. Not "sparkling ale"—no meretricious nonsense of that kind. Good beer does not sparkle, but scintillates as a jewel does. The longer handicaps of a certain walking club used to pass the door of this house. The hon. secretary has never ceased to chide me for offering him a half-pint—instead of a pint—of this ambrosia.

From here home is an easy three-hour stroll. If you do the double journey, it may bring you back in the small hours; but, if he wishes, any able-bodied man should have no difficulty in finishing by midnight. If so, the last hour or two of the journey will be full of life. If you are later, there is plentiful provision of refreshment at the coffee-stalls that stud the streets. You have covered forty miles, out and home, and are ready for a long sleep and a Sunday rest.

Sunday finishes the week for the athlete. It is the best day of all for everybody—in London, at all events. You will probably wake later than usual, and lie later, reading the Sunday paper with brief "results" of Saturday's sport and announcements of the week's theatre programmes. How to spend the morning? If you are a lunatic, you can remain in bed; better, you can go "strolling" with your club-mates; best, you can go to church. You cannot possibly spend the time more happily anywhere else, and, after all, it is the only decent thing to do. I assume that I am speaking to Christians. The Jew must sanctify his Sabbath, and the Mahometan keep Friday sacred. They can easily modify our programme to suit their needs. It is astonishing to find people who know nothing of the ecstasy of adoration and the privilege of prayer. If you have ever entertained doubt about the supernatural, go and hear "Lohengrin," and you will come away with a firm belief in Providence. If you have ever scoffed at the rites of religion, go to "Faust," and you will learn how deeply the devil dreads holy water. The atheist—the "fool" of the Psalms—is provoking enough; but the man who should try one's patience most is the one who regards a sermon as the chief event of Sunday's service. London caters for every variety of religious worship. If you want a service of free-and-easy type, in modern English, with plenty of social singing, you can find it in every district, often at the street corner. You can even get speeches in the local dialect, such as that sermon I once heard in Bethnal Green on "'ow to get to 'eaven,

or 'alf-way hup"! The Established Church opens her doors to those who prefer respectability and Elizabethan English. The liturgy of the Greek "Orthodox" Church is celebrated in Moscow Road and at the Russian Embassy. Finally, there is the Catholic Church. She has bred most of the historic heroes of religion. She deserves the hearty respect of all men of good will. I, for one, owe her sincere gratitude and reverence.

How you spend the rest of Sunday depends on how fresh you are after Saturday's heavy work. There are the parks and the country within easy reach. You have the museums in winter, the galleries in summer, the libraries in the evening, and the streets all day and all the year round. Go calling or go courting. A stroll up river, or a trip to the sea-side, or a leisurely bike ride, make capital variations.

The Track Trials.

And so you start the next week's work. The track trials ought to show a better result, and the Saturday tramp the same. When you can do two miles in 17 minutes you are ready for a venture in the handicaps. It will be some time, however, before you get your proper mark—600 yards or so. Perhaps you will improve, and come back to the "half-limit," where the handicapper may have put you experimentally. As soon as you can do two miles in 16 minutes you may hope to get near seven in the hour. It is from this point on that every little detail of style tells. There are two ways of getting faster, one unfair, the other fair. The first is to sprint by lifting: the second to quicken up, or lengthen out, without lifting—and it is mastery of style that will enable you to do that. Remember, when you can walk two miles quite fairly in 15 minutes, you are doing what was once deemed impossible by pedestrian critics.

The Limitations of Massage.

There is no need to devote much space to mishaps in training. The best advice is the simplest. If you are strained or over-wrought, ease up. Most walking men swear by massage and "rubbing down"; this, and a passion for beer and bananas, is characteristic of walkers. I have not the slightest faith in it—for athletes. For invalids, the question is a different one. Say, for example, a man has met with an accident and is forced to take a long rest. When he rises again he may find his muscles atrophied by disuse, and there may follow an uncomfortable delay in getting them fit for work again. Massage is an excellent method for saving unused muscles from this condition. Doctors also employ mild electric currents for the same purpose. But that furnishes no argument to justify an athlete in resorting to massage. Before a race it is unnecessary; during a race it is mere waste of time; after a

race it is a luxury. The proper remedy for exhaustion is rest. Many a man among us would be all the better for a sound pummelling; but why should an athlete, with muscles working overtime, want to be pinched and patted by his trainer? It is the same with patent this and patent that—dopes, and extracts, and embrocations. Do without them. The two finest lotions ever invented are hot water and cold—the first for a hurt newly received, the second during convalescence: for external application, I mean. I have not tried them internally—undiluted—for years past.

Your Conduct in the Race Itself.

I come next to tactics—your conduct in the race itself. Every race should be walked according to a pre-arranged plan. In a short race this is just a "plan," in a long race it is a "schedule." At one time all athletic mentors advised the competitor to go off at top speed, and keep it up for 300 yards, no matter what distance the race might be. That is absolute rubbish—unless you want to get the better of the judge, and think he is more likely to overlook transgressions during the first minute and a half than later on. Get off quite steadily, with your best and longest stride. You can shorten and quicken as soon as the strain becomes too great. Even so, in a mile walk, you will find that the first quarter is walked quicker than the second, and the fourth—if there is any incitement to finish strongly—will be quicker than the third. If you receive a caution, take it in good part, and attend to it. That is mere common sense. You can have no reason to suppose it is meant otherwise than well, and you would think little of a judge who allowed you to disregard his words of warning. Assume that the officials are good sportsmen, and be a good sportsman yourself. Above all, if you are disqualified, come off the track quietly. Make no fuss at the time, and none afterwards. Inquire if you like, and protest if you think fit—later, with courtesy, and in such a way as to cause no suspicion that you wish to give annoyance. In particular, I would affectionately urge on all walking men who have friction with the judges not to use the word "prejudice," unless they mean what the word really means. Look it up in a good dictionary, and you will avoid making a scandalous misuse of it.

Walking to Schedule.

When you have to tackle a long walk, it is always best to walk to schedule. A time-table is useful in the case of any competitor, but it is specially needed by novices and would-be record-breakers. Otherwise a man may walk himself out before half distance, or waste his opportunities in the first few hours. To compose a suitable schedule you ought to know your man's previous form thoroughly, and of

course you cannot possess such knowledge in the case of a novice. You must treat him, therefore, as a cautious handicapper would do—put him on "half-limit," so to speak. For instance, the record for the Brighton journey is close on 8 hrs. 10 mins., and 10 hours 30 mins. is a reasonable performance to expect of a first-year walker. If you have a promising novice, and wish to push him to the uttermost, put him down for 9 hrs. 20 mins., and you will give him a fair chance of finishing with distinction.

It is quite different in the case of a champion. Here you have an opportunity of knowing everything about him—his pace, the limit



E. J. WEBB, Champion.

of his staying power, how he faces a bad time, and whether he can be trusted to force himself at the start. The common cause of a "bad time" is simply pace. Go too fast in the early stages, and you'll get an attack of faintness later on that will soon reduce the average speed to a more reasonable limit. The remedy—beforehand—is to grade the mile-times properly. When you go for record or for time that you are not sure you can do, of course you must risk something. When the bad time comes on there is nothing for it but to ease up, and push ahead steadily until the faintness passes away. With some men collapse comes all of a sudden; others fight their way along, apparently

in desperate straits, and become fresh and strong again after an interval.

Steady at the Start.

The greatest difficulty a "gaffer" experiences is to keep his man steady at the start. Athletes always wants to go off at top speed. Among record-breakers, two celebrated sprinters at the start have been Shrubbs and Jack Butler. When a long journey is to be covered it is hard to believe that there is any advantage in a rush from the mark, but when a man has taken a fancy to starting so, he will often become seriously annoyed if you try to keep him back, and irritation is sometimes quite as distressing as physical exhaustion. In such cases it is better to let your man go unchecked. But if you know that he cannot safely undertake a fast start, and that he is willing to follow your advice, you must make special provision for his failings in the schedule.

Give him a fairly fast start, just fast enough to satisfy him and make a good show. Then grade the times rapidly down to the proper level. There may be a difference of as much as half a minute between the first mile and the second, but after that there is no need for any variation greater than 15 secs. between any two consecutive miles.

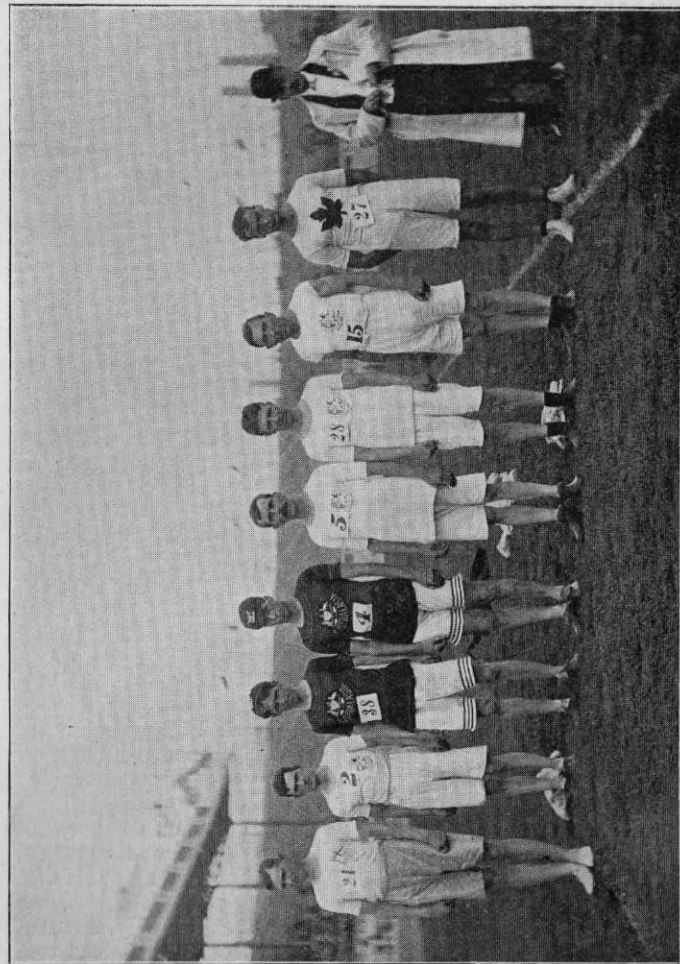
The schedule should be written out in a fair-sized note-book, the distance and times on one side and notes on the other. Insert a special warning wherever a change of speed is indicated. On a road journey the schedule should be carried by a separate attendant—I mean in case of important attacks on record.

The Recording of Records.

Where record is attempted it is very embarrassing to know how one is to deal with intermediate records. Say that a man is going for a 100-mile walk, and wants to beat the figures for 51 miles *en route*. It may well be that the pace required is too hot for the best results at the longer distance. It is said that 100 miles has been walked in 17½ hours. Supposing I send a man to beat this reputed time, it will be quite sufficient for him to cover the first 50 miles in 8 hours 20 mins. But there is a 12-hour record of 72½ miles, also "reputed." If any man is determined to beat that, too, he must be down to 8 hours 10 mins., or at least 8 hours 15 mins., for 50 miles, and that is bad for his chances later on.

The Use of Twin Schedules.

In this case there is only one thing to do. Make a pair of twin schedules—an ideal one, to be used as long as all goes smoothly; and a more reasonable one, to be resorted to as soon as things go wrong. Take the above case. Say your man has gone well for thirty or forty miles to the top schedule, and then begins to go groggy. Ease him up and switch him on to the other set of figures, which, after all, are the best for the total journey.



CHAMPION WALKERS, BRITISH AND COLONIAL, 1908.

In composing a schedule it is obviously useless to string together a lot of imaginary figures, quite unsuited to your man, or possibly to any man. You can put a competitor down to walk six miles an hour for 24 hours at a stretch, but he won't do it. The best of them fall off from that average before half-way.

Again, in road walks you must make allowance for the gradients and traffic, and in big track walks you must take account of the crowd. A steep hill calls for a sharp fall in the pace, and very often the old rate cannot be recovered. On the other hand, everyone warms up in a track walk as soon as the benches begin to fill and the cheering becomes continuous. In the old six-day walks the band set them all a going when it struck up.

How to Make the Most of One's Powers.

This chapter, which is now coming to a close, has dealt with two questions—how to prepare for a race, and how to make the most of one's powers in a race; and the consideration of the latter led naturally to the subject of schedules. In treating of them I have apparently every right to speak with confidence, because my experience in the arrangement of successful schedules for record attempts has been an exceptional one. To tell the plain truth, success of that sort is not always exactly what it seems to be. The men who have had my time-tables, and who have kindly attributed their success—in part, at least—to the use of them, have generally taken the bit between their teeth or kicked over the traces for a great part of the journey. They seldom act as I ask them to do at the start, and often do better than was expected at the finish. Clearly the credit is not mine.

On the other hand, my career as an athlete thirty years ago was not a brilliant one. What I say about training is derived from the experience of others more than from my own. So much the better. There are two sorts of duffers—the man who has not yet learnt, and the man who has over-elaborated his knowledge. The former is an ignoramus, the latter a crank. Between the two is the conscientious observer, endowed with plain common sense. This faculty should assure us that the traditional rules of training have been to a certain extent positively detrimental. Keep your eyes open, and you will learn that the most successful men, as a matter of fact, have not obeyed them. That is why I have written so positively and with such volubility. It is well, as a rule, to be taught by tradition. But in more than one art it has been found, after long trial, that tradition has gone astray, and that authoritative teaching has merely been putting artifice in opposition to nature. It is then that the expert reaches the acme of folly. His inductions are fanciful, his data are not up-to-date. He is worse than the ignoramus, he is worse than the crank, because he is crank and ignoramus rolled into one.

CHAPTER VI.

Judging.

WHEN two walkers, who know one another intimately, go for a spin together they can have a dust-up and satisfy themselves as to which is the better man without chartering a referee for the occasion. The same plan would never succeed with walking races generally. If it were adopted the form of the contestants would, sooner or later, degenerate all round into a jog trot. Supervision of some sort is an absolute necessity in walking competitions. You must have a judge to decide on questions of style, and the more arbitrary his powers the better it is for the sport.

Prevention of "Lifting."—The Function of a Judge.

If we leave it to umpires and road-marshals to see that there is no jostling or cutting the corners, the function of the judge will be fined down to its proper limit, *i.e.*, the prevention of "lifting." In small and informal races, of course, we cannot expect to see a full array of officials. The judge in a road race has often to be time-keeper, road-marshal, and universal provider as well. This is an accident which gives the happy official plenty of exercise and fun; but it cannot be recommended as an ideal arrangement. The advantage which is gained by unsatisfactory walking is too great to be neglected. In a track walk, it is an understood thing that all the competitors are to be kept under continuous observation; the same, if possible, should be done in a road race.

The Dangers of Inexperience and Enthusiasm.

There is nothing uncomplimentary to the men in such an arrangement. No one who knows our athletes could possibly suppose that there is any general wish among them to score unfairly. The trouble that occurs arises quite innocently from two causes—inexperience and enthusiasm. It is astonishing to see what antics a novice will indulge in, under the impression that he is walking. Before now I have called a man off for "pacing" the competitors. I thought he was trotting with them. It turned out that he was one of the competitors. He was

taking care to land on his heels, and thought he was thus satisfying the requirement, "toe and heel." Others have told me of intentional unfairness; but in one case only during a long experience have I myself met with deliberate running on a large scale, and there I feel certain that it was meant as a piece of fun, and no claim would have been made to a prize. Novices as a rule are a docile set. They may protest against censure, and plead for consideration on the score of physical defects, but they are ready to accept suggestions, and to act on them, and they appreciate the interest taken in them by older men.

The "Crack" May Lift Without Knowing it.

It is often otherwise with the expert who lifts without knowing it. Judges are not infallible, and the "crack" may have *prima facie* reason for thinking that he knows better than his censor. Especially does this occur where club jealousies have been aroused, and partisan officials have infected the minds of the men with animosity against some courageous judge of walking. Much ill-feeling arises from this source, and it is difficult to see how one can prevent it. Sometimes, no doubt, the expert walker who complains of harsh treatment is right. Inexperienced judges are apt to interpret jerking as jumping, and to regard hip-action as hop-action. On the other hand, many a champion's sprinting is merely springing.

Judging by Samples.

It is quite a common thing in a track walk to see four judges standing one at each "corner" of a quarter-mile cinder path. Each of them sees the competitors past him and on to the next. On the other hand, in certain clubs it has been considered sufficient in road races to appoint three or four unmounted judges for a circuit of several miles. The gentlemen in question might be found standing and smoking at long intervals. They thought it enough, no doubt, to judge by samples. The result, as a matter of fact, was most unsatisfactory. When the same set of "walkers" came under independent supervision in an open race, they generally failed to give satisfaction. Perhaps they did not perform up to sample.

Judging by Picket.

When walkers generally have been drilled into shape by drastic methods, judging by picket works well. Under such circumstances the insufficient supervision is eked out by the check which properly-schooled competitors exercise over one another. Otherwise the method is disastrous.

Judging from a Brake.

Almost equally bad was the plan of judging from a brake. This was at one time widely in vogue. It was claimed for the method described above that the competitors never knew when they might come upon a judge. He might be behind the hedge or round the corner. The brake, on the other hand, gave ample notice of its approach. You



BILL BROWN BEATING THE 12-HOUR RECORD.

can hear the clatter of hoofs a long way down a lonely road. The judge—for sometimes there was only one—seldom did any real work. Apparently he thought it sufficient to sit still and look important.

Judges should be Cyclists.

Neither of these methods is what is wanted. The judge in a road race should neither be a "Jack in the box" wound up to act once only, nor a ponderous "Deus ex machina" ushered in with slow music. He

should be a cyclist—even a motor-car has its disadvantages—and he should slip busily to and fro among his men, and take an interest in every stage of the race. Three or four real workers will often be quite enough to look after a large crowd. At all events, it must be remembered that it is unfair to the men to appoint too many judges. When there are a dozen or so it will often happen that men who have passed the standard of the first group, and are striding out in perfect security, will be stopped, to their utter amazement, by some of the remainder. The latter assume that "cautions" have already been given, and the end comes suddenly—punctum!—full-stop!

Walkers—Fair, Doubtful, and Unfair.

It is no part of my business to give advice to experienced officials of tried courage. They know as much about it as I do, and I have to learn by their good example, not they by mine. But the novice who has not yet won his spurs as a "judge of walking" may like to review the difficulties that lie before him, and consider the methods of compromise that do actually prove most acceptable to our fraternity. There are many types of walkers—fair walkers, doubtful walkers, unfair walkers. There are straight-legged walkers and bent-knee walkers. There are lifters who proceed with a ponderous lurch; others who step along with a quick "staccato" movement; others, both in the bent-knee and in the straight-legged division, who show a light, ambling gait. Finally, there are walkers of machine-like regularity, and others who vary their methods every few yards. The great thing to remember is, that the true distinction between running and walking is not a matter of shaping at all. It is the difference between keeping down on the ground and getting off it. It is a question of contact, not of contour. Hence the thing you must look for is "lifting." If there is an obvious lift, never mind how well a man shapes, you must check him. If there is obviously no lift, never mind how clumsy his action may be, you must not interfere with him. There remain those who show a "suspicion of a lift." The custom nowadays is to give such doubtful offenders the benefit of the doubt. One distinction, at least, must be made. If you give a man the benefit of the doubt, and he beats record time, you ought not to certify for record.

There ought to be no "benefit of the doubt" in the official lists. Further, it would be well to pass "permissive walking" only when it is associated with perfect shaping. The inexperienced judge will soon find that he can stop a shuffler without adverse comment, but he must look out for squalls if he deals severely with performers who, while equally "doubtful," hold themselves better. If he stops them, he may have trouble both with the crowd and with the critics.

There are, then, forms of unfair walking that it is easy to deal with, and others that it is difficult to deal with. The characteristics of the



THE PIONEERS OF ROAD RACES IN THE NORTH.

latter are these: the man shapes like a walker, but he "lifts." This "lift" is the *differentia* between fair and unfair. It is the thing that matters.

What is a Lift?

What, then, is a lift? A lift is a short long-jump. It is a little spring which adds an inch or two, or a few inches, to the stride. A race-walker's stride will vary from something under a yard to 4 ft. and a trifle over. I have seen a stride of 51 ins., but I doubt whether it was fair. The true walker's stride is limited by the full stretch of his legs. The lifter can get a bit further; the runner considerably further; the jumper many times as far.

At first sight it might seem that a lift must needs be a jump both up and on. I thought so myself for a long time, and I find that most walkers think so. In discussing the matter I have put my case thus: A step-dancer may jump up and down without passing on; in sliding, you pass on without jumping up or down; but where a jump is associated with a stride it must be both up and on. There is a fallacy here. The whole of the rise of a lift may be a push up, not a jump. It may be effected while the propelling foot is still in contact with the ground. Hence the lift becomes nothing more than a jump down, which begins after the summit of the push up has been reached or passed. And not only may it be so, but I am now ready to admit that in unfair walking it is so almost universally. The lifter does not lose contact with the back foot until the body has begun to fall.

In saying that, I am making an acknowledgment that certain calculations suggested by me in a debate—now, no doubt, forgotten—were based on data that are not ordinarily found. The point under discussion had no practical bearing on judging; it was merely a problem in scientific mechanics.

And now it will be of interest to examine jumps generally, and see what sort of springs—"lifts," if you like—a crack athlete can take. Taking the biggest first, we shall run down the scale till we come to the last and least—a walker's lift.

The High Jump.

First the high jump; record, 6 ft. 5 ins. odd, clear from the ground. The feat is performed in such tricky fashion nowadays that the body seems to lie right along the bar as it goes over. Hence the average rise of the whole body is nothing like 6 ft. 5 ins. The centre of gravity is raised little more than 3 ft. It would be interesting to know how far forward a champion travels in effecting such a "lift." I do not know how far it is. Howard, the holder of the traditional professional records, could clear a billiard table from end to end, and could jump 18 ft. in length, clearing 5 ft. 3 ins. on the way.

A Long Jump.

Take next a long jump. Here the competitor gets up full speed by a run, checks himself a trifle at the line, impels himself upward, and travels forward through the air with the speed still retained after the effort of the jump. There is a rise, a fall, and an ultimate landing so many feet past the line. Howard did 29 ft. 7 ins. with weights and a slightly raised take-off. The true record is close on 25 ft. If one had the data exactly given, the whole process could be calculated just as easily as any other trajectory, making allowance for time of rise, time of fall, and progress during rise and fall. If a single spring forward could be called a "stride," the maximum stride would be equal to the record long jump—that is, nearly 25 ft.

Strides.

Let us next examine what are unquestionably strides—for example, the successive efforts of hop, step, and jump, or of those matches, once so popular in the north, at two or more successive hops, strides, or jumps. In a hop you start and land on the same foot; in a normal stride you start from one and land on the other; in a jump, you start from one foot and land as you please, on both, or either, or neither. I take a few at random, just to illustrate my theme:—

Hop, step, and jump.—Olympic Games, 1908, 48 ft. 11 ins., by T. J. Ahearne. That is, an average stride of 16 ft.

Run, hop, two strides, and jump.—60 ft. 8 ins., by J. Emerson, Manchester, May 6, 1871. Four rises, average 15 ft.

Run, hop, ten strides, and jump.—153 ft., by W. Match, at Bury, Lancashire, November 12, 1881. Twelve rises, average nearly 13 ft.

I have not intentionally cited any feat performed with weights or other artificial aids. The conclusion is that, with the proper rise, a trained athlete can travel for a short distance with strides of 13, 15 or 16 ft. when each stride includes a spring.

The Sprinter's Lift.

Why, then, does not a sprint runner stride out like that? Simply because it is not economical to do so. To secure this length of stride an exaggerated rise is required, and the effort expended on effecting this rise detracts from the speed. It suits the sprinter better to take shorter and quicker steps. I have not exact details by me, but, if I remember right, 6 or 7 ft. would be considered a fine stride for a rapid sprinter. Each of these strides consists of two parts, the swing forward while still in contact, followed by the "lift," which lasts from the moment when the propelling foot leaves the ground until the other comes into touch.

I should be inclined to believe that this lift—a sprinter's lift—includes a small upward spring with a longer fall; but it may possibly be that, in this case also, the lift is nothing but a forward and downward movement after an upward push. So, at least, I am assured by a competent observer. The total stride in such a case is made up of 3 or 4 ft. "contact," followed by a 4 or 3 ft. "lift."

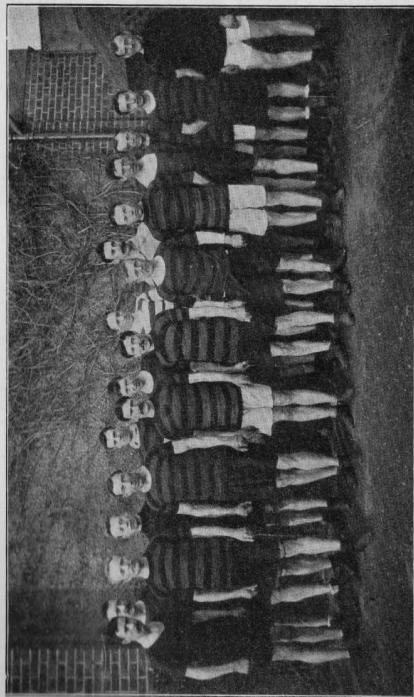
As the pace is reduced, the lift becomes less, and the contact relatively longer. In middle-distance running the interval between touch and touch is still quite clearly visible, and almost measurable by the eyes alone. But let the pace be reduced to a mere jog-trot, and we get a runner's lift that is scarcely longer than that of an unfair walker. In some of the old six-day wobbles, the competitors would reduce a run to the very fringe of walking. Rowell, of Cambridge, and his imitators, were especially expert in this gentle method of progression.

The Walker's Lift.

Now let us turn to the walker's lift. Take a man who shapes well with a good straight-legged stride. I am certainly under the impression that I have seen a man lift himself a good 6 or 8 ins. forward. It is difficult to judge exactly when the action is long and low. The quickness of the foot deceives the eye. A friend, however (who has no axe to grind), assures me that 4 ins. is the extreme limit of a straight-legged lift. I (who have no axe to grind either) am perfectly willing to agree provisionally, until we can settle the matter by experiment. Let a walker stride out with a flying start, over a measured hundred, extending himself to the very "fringe" between fair walking and running. Count the strides. Let him do the same course again, lifting all he can, but still keeping the knee straight. Count the strides once more. Compare the count in either case, and the gain in inches per stride will be apparent. Personally, I think the "gain" is only a part of the lift, because in order to lift at all you must take off sooner than you would otherwise have done. But that is a minor point.

A "One-Inch" Lift.

And now, what is the meaning of a "one-inch" lift, when that phrase is used to denote the height of a lift? I am quite at a loss to answer. When I ask a friend, "What did you think of Blank's spurt down the straight?" and he answers, "Why, he was inches off the ground," I take it, first, that my friend is exaggerating; secondly, that there was clear daylight under both of the walker's feet at the same time. If I spoke of a "half-inch lift," I should mean that at the climax, the full stretch of the stride, there was half an inch clear between each foot and the ground. The drawback in so reckoning is that the front foot is



THE WALKING SECTION OF THE HERNE HILL HARBIERS.
(Including all the placed men in the 7-mile Championship, 1910.) Well walked, Herne Hill

then falling, and the back foot rising. But, if we do not take the phrase in that sense, there is only one other reasonable way of interpreting it, *i. e.*, as indicating the height to which the toe of the back foot has risen when the heel of the front foot reaches the ground.

In either case, instead of a double contact, prolonged or momentary, that occurs at the climax of every stride in fair walking, there is an interval between the take-off from the toe and the touch of the heel—and that is a lift.

Next, what is the ratio between the height of the lift and the forward glide? It has been suggested that a one-inch lift might give a gain of 2 ins. Many factors vary the result. If the phrase be used in the second of the two ways indicated above, the statement may be roughly correct. But if the proposition is put forward in the former sense, it is a gross under-estimate of the mischief of lifting. There is no need to visit a cinder-path to assure yourself that that is so. The action of the front legs of a comfortable trotter bears a strong resemblance to the stride of an orthodox lifter. Any conscientious cab-horse hurrying to Charing Cross will show you how a substantial forward lift can be secured with a scarcely perceptible rise from the ground.

How to Detect a Lift.

Now, how is a judge to detect a lift? Naturally, by looking for it. But—looking where? I say at the feet; others, with an equal right to speak, say, at the knees, at the hips, at the head. The conflict appears to be one between direct observation and inference; but the truth is, we all use inference. That can soon be made clear.

If the walkers raced round on the skyline, and the judges were below them, with their eyes at the level of the track, a slight lift could be detected directly. Under normal circumstances, if the judge is determined to "see" the gap between foot and ground, he must either lie down or stand on his head.

Years ago, at an A.A.A. championship held at Lillie Bridge, I saw one of the judges go on his hands and knees repeatedly. But most men prefer to judge standing; and consequently, since they cannot actually see, they must infer.

Where the lifting is very gross it is perceived by an inference so direct that one fails almost to perceive that it is an inference—I mean by the separation of the foot from its shadow or by the daylight that filters through beneath the feet. Just in the same way, we can often tell that an object is not in contact with the floor, without looking under it. But the lifting commonly met with is of a far more insidious type. I propose to examine the methods of inference usually adopted.

Here is the method recommended by a walker of the very highest reputation. He urges that the "two-feet" test is all right, but that the

eye is incapable of detecting the transgression. You cannot (so he says) look at both feet at once. Consequently, you must regard the gait as a whole. Look your man over *en bloc*, and decide from his action as a whole whether he is walking or running. There is much to be said for this. The most striking justification is the fact that almost all judges, even those who criticise others most perversely, seldom trouble to see the feet at all. They judge from the inside of the track, and the toe and heel whose conduct is in question are both below the



G. LACY HILLIER. T. E. HAMMOND. HARRY PAXTON.

level of the turf. If the judge does see the feet he looks down at them—not under them—at an angle of elevation more or less obtuse.

Another good authority, once a record-breaker, and now an official of long experience, gets a clue from the head and decides from the feet. He looks along the line of competitors in front of him, and wherever he sees a head "bobbing up and down like this!" he bikes up and inspects the foot-work. It is a capital initial device, but it obviously requires completion—and that lets in my canons of criticism.

Varying Ideas of Judging.

Where I cannot plainly "see" both feet off the ground at the same time, I am inclined to think they are so (x) if the gait is an "amble"

instead of a "tramp"; (2) if, after the legs have reached full stretch, the competitor passes on before commencing the next stride; (3) if at the end of the stride the back foot is snatched up abnormally high. In justification, I would point out that these are the remnants of three properties of acknowledged running. The upward fling of the back foot, the glide "tween strokes," and the light skimming action are all characteristic of normal running. The feet kept low, the absence of interval between stride and stride, and the firmer impact are characteristic of normal walking.

"Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, or skims along the main."

To take these clues in turn: If you act on (1) it is at least a case of "serve him right"; (2) is a sure proof that there is lifting or sliding—and you can't slide on cinders or the turnpike road. Moreover, the reason given is but another way of saying that a lift lengthens the stride, which all admit. As for (3), it is only a clue, and not a conclusion. But it is a useful clue.

Finally, we come to the remoter inferences—all of them, I believe, more or less fallacious. Some judges will tell you that you can't walk fair with a bent knee; you can't lift with a straight knee; you can't lift if you lock your knee at any part of the stride. Of course, if you can't, you don't—ergo, etc. Many critics are particularly positive about the bent knee, just as if it were the judge's sole duty to watch the competitors and "catch 'em bending." This is not true; and yet most of us would be willing to make some concession to this view, because we want to use it ourselves. A judge who has too much to do naturally begins by weeding out the worst offenders—the rank lifters; then he turns to the doubtful crew. Among these he will naturally give his first attention to those who shape worst. He has a perfect right to do so. No walker is at liberty to provoke the officials by slovenly shaping. It is the duty of each and all to make it quite clear that they are walking; and I had rather be the victim of the straight-knee "confidence trick" than be bothered to run about after those who will not trouble to shape as they ought.

As to the "can't lift" arguments, they are a pair of arrant humbugs, as I shall proceed to show. The second first: "You can't lift if you lock your knee!" No shred of argument has ever been devised to cover the nakedness of this amazing statement. That is bad enough in itself. But, further, we who are in the thick of London walking see, and have seen, dozens of instances in which there is both a lock and a lift. Among other examples, we have seen records so made by a fine walker who does not always walk finely. There is absolutely nothing in the contention here impeached.



WELL WALKED, WEBB!

E. J. Webb, H.H.H., 7-Mile Walking Champion, 1908, 1909, 1910—the last two of these three in perfect style and fast time. Mr. Webb is a worthy exponent of the Perkins and Sturgess "straight knee" tradition, and, when at his best, walks almost as faultlessly as these two did at their best. We may look for records from him at some point between 10 miles and 2 hours.

The Straight-Knee Fallacy.

It is difficult to abstain from violent language in speaking of the straight-knee fallacy. The device is an excellent one; we owe all our sprint-walking records to it; but men go further and will assure you quite gravely that "you can't jump with a straight knee," as if that settled the question. We are dealing, not with the standing jump, but with the moving jump. If you stand with a perfectly rigid knee it may, or it may not, be possible to jump by ankle action alone; but take a few strides with your knees straight, and you will find no difficulty whatever in jumping when you have got up speed. The problem could be tackled still better with the arms of precision scientific mechanics. However paradoxical it may seem, it is yet a plain truth that, provided the stride contains a rise of any sort, mere increase of speed, without any alteration of shaping, will (if carried far enough) eventually swing the walker clear off the ground. I could give detailed reasons, but they would not interest the majority of my readers. As for the critics—well, if I cast my pearls before the unappreciative they may turn and rend me.

Meanwhile, I maintain that, argumentatively speaking, the straight knee has not a leg to stand on.

The Importance of being Impartial.

In conclusion, a few truisms. A judge must be absolutely impartial. All men are equal in sport. One club is just as good as another, and better, too! It must make no difference whether the offender hails from Portland Place or from the east of Petticoat Lane; nor whether he belongs to a purely "walking" club, or to the "walking division" of a harrier club, or is "unattached." Again, the judge must not let himself be cajoled or intimidated. Fair comment, coming from a legitimate quarter, and temperately worded, must be met with courtesy; unauthorised criticism should be checked as abruptly as possible. There is no such thing as authoritative guidance nowadays, such as there was when *Bell's Life* held autocratic sway over pedestrianism. The suggestion that the hard-working officials of the road brigade should defer to the "recognised judges" of the track is mere trifling. The first walking races were held on the road, between the milestones, and the finest walking is seen there now. Again, it is not enough to disregard the perverse criticism of partisans. The judge must be careful to pay no heed to the complaints walkers bring against one another. These often arise from the fact that the men see each other from the worst point of view, behind; while the judge sees them from the best, broadside on. Again, nothing can be more capricious than the favours of the "common-sense" public. They cannot bear a mild jog-trot; but they dearly love a lumbering lifter.

Long Life to Compromise.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that a man can't judge well unless he has been a "walker" himself, or to assume that fine walkers make good judges. They are the most difficult colleagues a man could have to deal with. They expect competitors in a race to walk as steadily as a policeman or a City magnate. They want everyone off the track who shows the smallest dash. The sport would die out through sheer discouragement if they had their way. It nearly did so once. The man who let them go a bit revived walking and has made it what it is. All credit to him! And long life to compromise!

About cautions. These should be left entirely to the discretion of the judges. The justice of the case may require that a man be disqualified at once without warning; courtesy, on the other hand, will urge us to give warning until the limit is reached. The great thing to insist on is that notice is taken at once of any caution given. A man who settles down for a moment and then bounds forward again should be stopped there and then. A man who makes some little, fanciful change instead of settling down, he too should be stopped at once. But a clumsy walker, who is really trying his best, and who transgresses unwittingly, may be checked more than once, provided he does not gain any substantial advantage. This need not always be position in the race. A wobblers, wherever he stands, has gained in freshness by wobbling.

Unfair walking enables a man to cover the ground more quickly or more easily, and neither can be allowed.

If you see a champion (with or without a big reputation) jumping, go and tell him so. Speak to him deferentially, but with decision. The word "steady" should mean friendly warning only. Keep the word "caution" for the formal "decreo nisi." There will be trouble unless—!

The Conscience of a Walking Judge.

Walking races give rise to many embarrassing cases of conscience. Occasions will occur when the rule would, strictly speaking, require the judge to disqualify, and yet it seems brutal to do so. I speak of desperate finishes, where the interests of either competitor, and possibly of the third man, are at stake. In team competitions it is difficult to know how to deal with ragged finishes. Whatever you do, distrust your eyesight in the dusk, and compromise always where honour permits. Hastiness may work more injustice here than indecision. Surely our ingenious and energetic organisers might devise some penalty to split the difference between immunity and disqualification. In the time of Charley Westhall they had such a remedy. The referee could order a shaky walker to turn, *i.e.*, to spin round on one heel—before proceeding further. This involved a loss of distance, to say nothing of dignity and balance.

Au Revoir.

And now, my kind readers, I offer you my congratulations. You are at the death, for here my primer comes to a close. Most of you I do not know, but if you are lovers of our sport that fact alone makes us friends. Many of you I do know, and from you, old pals, I must beg pardon, not, I hope, for any single word I have said, but for the many I have left unsaid. There were innumerable stories of old times that deserved to be told once more; there are stories of our times also, and of what you and I have experienced together, that are worthy of a more picturesque record; ideal days (and nights too) of sport; days that seemed, but in reality were not, the reverse of ideal: struggles through rain and snow-drifts, heat-waves and hurricanes. Here was occasion for a host of notes on the vagaries of novices and the whims of champions and champion clubs, feuds and friendships, revelry and record-breaking, and a whole curious chronicle of your sore heels and my swelled head. But Polyhymnia calls, and I must bid Clio farewell. I have finished for the present. Perhaps some day I may have the opportunity of amplifying my outline—perhaps not. At any rate, it is to be hoped that some more skillful pen than mine will fill in my sketch and write the further history of race-walking. Meanwhile you must make it!

APPENDIX I.

PROFESSIONAL WALKING RECORDS.

- 1 MILE.—6 mins. 23 secs., W. Perkins, Lillie Bridge, June 1, 1874.
 2 TO 7 MILES.—2, 13 mins. 14 secs.; 3, 20 mins. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.; 4, 27 mins. 38 secs.; 5, 35 mins. 10 secs.; 6, 43 mins. 1 sec.; 7, 51 mins. 4 secs.; J. W. Raby, Lillie Bridge, August 20, 1883.
 8 MILES.—58 mins. 37 secs., J. Meagher, New York, November 29, 1882.
 9 TO 15 MILES.—9, 1 hr. 7 mins. 14 secs.; 10, 1 hr. 14 mins. 45 secs.; 11, 1 hr. 22 mins. 38 secs.; 12, 1 hr. 30 mins. 34 secs.; 13, 1 hr. 38 mins. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.; 14, 1 hr. 47 mins. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.; 15, 1 hr. 55 mins. 56 secs.; J. W. Raby, Lillie Bridge, December 3, 1883.
 16 TO 20 MILES.—16, 2 hrs. 4 mins. 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.; 17, 2 hrs. 13 mins. 14 secs.; 18, 2 hrs. 21 mins. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.; 19, 2 hrs. 30 mins. 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.; 20, 2 hrs. 39 mins. 57 secs.; W. Perkins, Lillie Bridge, July 16, 1877.
 21 AND 22 MILES.—21, 2 hrs. 49 mins. 8 secs.; 22, 2 hrs. 57 mins. 45 secs.; H. Thatcher, Lillie Bridge, February 20, 1882.
 23 TO 29 MILES.—23, 3 hrs. 15 mins. 45 secs.; 24, 3 hrs. 25 mins. 6 secs.; 25, 3 hrs. 35 mins. 14 secs.; 26, 3 hrs. 45 mins. 12 secs.; 27, 3 hrs. 56 mins. 13 secs.; 28, 4 hrs. 6 mins. 45 secs.; 29, 4 hrs. 19 mins.; W. Franks, Lillie Bridge, London, August 28, 1882.
 30 TO 40 MILES.—30, 4 hrs. 34 mins. 54 secs.; 31, 4 hrs. 45 mins. 15 secs.; 32, 4 hrs. 55 mins. 32 secs.; 33, 5 hrs. 5 mins. 25 secs.; 34, 5 hrs. 14 mins. 52 secs.; 35, 5 hrs. 24 mins. 37 secs.; 36, 5 hrs. 34 mins. 40 secs.; 37, 5 hrs. 45 mins.; 38, 5 hrs. 55 mins. 25 secs.; 39, 6 hrs. 6 mins. 2 sec.; 40, 6 hrs. 16 mins. 50 secs.; W. Howes, Agricultural Hall, London, March 30, 1878.
 50 TO 70 MILES.—50, 7 hrs. 54 mins. 16 secs.; 60, 9 hrs. 40 mins. 47 secs.; 70, 11 hrs. 38 mins. 35 secs.; J. Hibberd, Agricultural Hall, London, May 14, 1888.
 80 TO 100 MILES.—80, 14 hrs. 1 min. 53 secs.; 90, 15 hrs. 59 mins. 10 secs.; 100, 18 hrs. 8 mins. 50 secs.; by W. Howes, Agricultural Hall, London, May 15, 1880.
 110 TO 120 MILES.—110, 20 hrs. 9 mins. 15 secs.; 120, 22 hrs. 6 mins. 25 secs.; by W. Howes, Agricultural Hall, February 23, 1878.
 130 TO 140 MILES.—130, 25 hrs. 34 mins.; 140, 27 hrs. 36 mins. 43 secs.; by H. Vaughan, Pomona Palace, Manchester, March 19, 1880.
 150 TO 531 MILES.—150, 30 hrs. 36 mins. 28 secs.; 160, 32 hrs. 38 mins. 40 secs.; 170, 34 hrs. 36 mins. 24 secs.; 180, 36 hrs. 37 mins.; 190, 38 hrs. 40 mins. 59 secs.; 200, 40 hrs. 49 mins. 30 secs.; 200, 66 hrs. 20 mins.; 400, 96 hrs. 51 min. 3 secs.; 410, 99 hrs. 24 mins. 36 secs.; 420, 101 hrs. 51 mins. 5 secs.; 430, 104 hrs. 59 mins. 30 secs.; 440, 107 hrs. 24 mins. 5 secs.; 450, 112 hrs. 15 mins. 6 secs.; 460, 114 hrs. 57 mins. 30 secs.; 470, 119 hrs. 49 mins. 2 secs.; 480, 125 hrs. 38 mins. 30 secs.; 490, 128 hrs. 14 mins. 30 secs.; 500, 130 hrs. 23 mins. 45 secs.; 510, 134 hrs. 15 mins. 13 secs.; 520, 139 hrs. 26 mins. 30 secs.; 530, 138 hrs. 39 mins. 13 secs.; 531, 138 hrs. 48 mins. 30 secs.; G. Littlewood, Sheffield, March 7 to 11, 1882.

GREATEST DISTANCES WALKED IN STATED PERIODS.

Hrs.	Mks.	Yds.									
1...	8	172	W. Griffin, Lillie Bridge, October 4, 1881.								
1...	8	302	J. Meagher, New York, November 29, 1882.								
2...	15	824	W. Perkins, Lillie Bridge, July 16, 1877.								
2...	14	1350	H. A. Driscoll, New York, February 1, 1884.								
3...	22	455 $\frac{1}{2}$	H. Thatcher, Lillie Bridge, February 20, 1882.								
3...	21	100	D. A. Driscoll, Lynn, Mass., April 6, 1882.								
4...	27	440	W. Franks, Lillie Bridge, August 28, 1882.								
			W. Howes, Agricultural Hall, London, March 30, 1878.								
Hrs.	Mks.	Yds.	Hrs.	Mks.	Yds.	Hrs.	Mks.	Yds.	Hrs.	Mks.	Yds.
5...	38	800	6...	38	750	7...	44	500
8...	48	1300	J. Meagher, Boston, Mass., April 21, 1882.								
			J. Hibberd, Agricultural Hall, London, May 14, 1888.								
8...	50	1010	9...	56	300	10...	61	1200	11...	66	1300
12...	70	677	J. Hibberd, Sheffield, November 13, 1882.								
			W. Howes, Agricultural Hall, May 15, 1880.								
13...	74	660	14...	79	1430	15...	84	1185	16...	90	440
18...	99	660							17...	94	55

GREATEST DISTANCES WALKED IN STATED PERIODS—continued.

Table with columns: Hrs. Ms. Yds. and descriptions of walks including W. Howes, H. Vaughan, G. Littlewood, J. Hibberd, and C. Faber.

SIX DAYS' WALKS (TWELVE HOURS A DAY).

Table with columns: Days. Ms. Yds. and descriptions of six-day walks by J. Hibberd, J. Krohne, and C. Faber.

GREATEST DISTANCES WALKED IN EACH DAY (TWELVE HOURS A DAY).

Table with columns: Days. Ms. Yds. and descriptions of greatest distances walked in each day by J. Hibberd, H. Carless, and C. Faber.

SIX DAYS' WALK (FOURTEEN HOURS A DAY).

Table with columns: Days. Ms. Yds. and description of a six-day walk by H. Vaughan.

LONDON TO BRIGHTON. (Westminster Clock Tower to Aquarium, Brighton.)

Table with columns: Hrs. Ms. Secs. and descriptions of London to Brighton walks by W. Franks and G. C. Toppin.

AMATEUR WALKING RECORDS.

Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S., and descriptions of amateur walking records by various individuals.

AMATEUR WALKING RECORDS—continued.

Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S. and descriptions of amateur walking records by G. E. Larner.

Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S. and descriptions of amateur walking records by W. J. Sturgess.

W. J. Sturgess, Putney, October 23, 1897.

Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S. and descriptions of amateur walking records by J. Butler.

Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S. and descriptions of amateur walking records by T. Griffith.

Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S. and descriptions of amateur walking records by J. Butler.

Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S. and descriptions of amateur walking records by W. Brown.

Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S. and descriptions of amateur walking records by T. E. Hammond.

Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S. and descriptions of amateur walking records by W. Brown.

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Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S. and descriptions of amateur walking records by T. E. Hammond.

Table with columns: Miles, H. M. S. and descriptions of amateur walking records by W. Brown.

GREATEST DISTANCES WALKED IN STATED PERIODS.

Hrs.	Mls.	Yds.	G. E. Larner, Stamford Bridge, September 30, 1905.				
1	...	8	439				
3	...	21	49	J. Butler, Putney, October 23, 1897.			
4	...	26	1593	J. Butler, Putney, June 13, 1905.			
Hrs.	Mls.	Yds.	Hrs.	Mls.	Yds.		
5	...	33	75	...	39	1544	
6	...	52	533	10	...	57	1151
7	...	58	1407	11	...	63	999
8	...	68	1447	12	...	68	1447
13	...	73	1407	14	...	76	1638
15	...	84	574	15	...	84	574
T. E. Hammond, Stadium, London, September 17 and 18, 1909.							
T. E. Hammond, Stadium, London, September 11 and 12, 1908.							
16	...	89	150	19	...	105	260
17	...	91	585	20	...	110	200
18	...	99	1663	21	...	115	575
				22	...	120	1156
				23	...	125	1354
				24	...	131	580

ROAD RECORDS.

T. E. Hammond walked from the "Swan and Sugar Loaf," Croydon, to Clock Tower, Westminster, thence to Brighton Aquarium (62 miles), in 10 hrs. 30 mins. 36 secs., and back to starting point in 18 hrs. 13 mins. 37 secs., on June 22, 1907.

H. W. Horton, to Brighton Aquarium (62 miles) in 12 hrs. 8 mins., and back to South Croydon (starting point) in 20 hrs. 21 mins. 53 secs., on November 6 and 7, 1903.

J. Butler, to Brighton Aquarium (62 miles) in 12 hrs. 16 mins. 38 secs., and back to South Croydon (starting point), in 21 hrs. 36 mins. 27 secs., on November 1, 1902.

T. E. Hammond walked from London to Oxford (54½ miles) in 8 hrs. 51 mins. 14½ secs., on March 29, 1907.

J. Butler walked from Manchester to Blackpool (51½ miles), on July 4, 1903, in 8 hrs. 19 mins. 50 secs.; and from Bolton to Southport (33½ miles) in 5 hrs. 39 mins. 10 secs., on August 15, 1903.

T. Payne walked from Manchester to Blackpool (48½ miles) in 7 hrs. 43 mins. 53½ secs., on July 24, 1909.

LONDON TO BRIGHTON (51½ miles).

(Westminster Clock Tower to Aquarium, Brighton.)

WALKING.		H.	M.	S.	
1896	April 10	J. A. McIntosh	9	25	8
1897	March 20	E. Culbertson	10	6	18
1897	April 10	E. Knott	8	56	44
1903	March 14	J. Butler	8	43	16
1903	May 1	E. F. Broad	9	30	1
1903	June 6	H. F. Orway	9	21	11
1903	July 11	C. Furby	9	55	0
1903	July 18	G. Holmes	9	51	20
1904	April 9	T. E. Hammond	8	26	57
1904	June 6	J. Laggens	9	45	50
1906	September 22	J. Butler	8	23	27
1909	May 1	T. E. Hammond	8	18	15
1909	September 4	H. V. L. Ross	8	11	14

* Hatchett's, Piccadilly, to the "Old Ship," Brighton.

APPENDIX II.

A.A.A. WALKING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

TWO MILES.		M.	S.	M.	S.		
1901	G. Deyermond	14	17	1906	A. T. Yeomans	14	20½
1902	W. J. Sturgess	14	46½	1907	R. Harrison	14	11½
1903	E. J. Negus	14	44½	1908	G. Larner	13	38½
1904	G. E. Larner	13	57½	1909	E. J. Webb	13	56
1905	G. E. Larner	13	50				
FOUR MILES.		M.	S.	M.	S.		
1894	H. Curtis	30	51	1898	W. J. Sturgess	29	10
1895	W. J. Sturgess	30	17½	1899	W. J. Sturgess	29	20
1896	W. J. Sturgess	28	57½	1900	W. J. Sturgess	30	20½
1897	W. J. Sturgess	28	24½				
SEVEN MILES.		M.	S.	M.	S.		
1878	H. Venn	52	25	1891	H. Curtis	54	01
1879	H. Webster	52	34½	1892	H. Curtis	55	50
1880	H. Venn, w.o.	56	1	1893	H. Curtis	—	—
1880	G. P. Beckley	56	40	1901	J. Butler	54	37
1881	J. W. Raby	54	48½	1902	W. J. Sturgess	52	49½
1882	H. Whyatt	55	56½	1903	J. Butler	56	17½
1883	H. Whyatt	59	15	1904	G. E. Larner	52	57½
1884	W. A. Meek	54	28	1905	G. E. Larner	57	34
1885	J. Jervis	56	10½	1906	F. T. Carter	53	26½
1886	J. H. Jullie	56	30½	1907	F. B. Thompson	52	46½
1887	C. W. V. Clarke	56	59½	1908	E. J. Webb	53	2½
1888	C. W. V. Clarke	57	8½	1909	E. J. Webb	52	37
1889	W. Wheeler	56	20½	1910	E. J. Webb	51	37
1890	H. Curtis	52	28½				
TWENTY MILES ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE S.C.R.W.A.		INDIVIDUAL WINNERS.		TEAM WINNERS.			
1908	H. V. L. Ross.	1908	Surrey W. C., 22 pts.				
1909	S. C. A. Schofield.	1909	" " 21 "				

APPENDIX III.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES ROAD WALKING ASSOCIATION.

OFFICIALS, 1909-10.

President—C. OTWAY.**Vice-Presidents**—W. C. CAMBRAY.
H. W. INNES.H. STYSSIGER.
E. F. VOWLES.**Committee**—ASHFORD, F. W.
BROCKMAN, H. G.
FELTHAM, H.
HABISHAW, T. C.
HAWKES, W. W.
KEARTLAND, H. B.KNOTT, E.
MITCHELL, W. T.
PATEMAN, A. H.
RICKWOOD, G.
SHEPPARD, W. T.
SMITH, H. A.**Hon. Treasurer**—

H. L. MARCH, 11, Claygate Rd., West Ealing.

Hon. Secretary—J. R. BARNES MOSS,
168, COLDERSHAW ROAD,
EALING, W.LIST OF AFFILIATED CLUBS
WITH THEIR SECRETARIES.

- Belgrave Harriers**—W. MATHEWSON, 39, Langton Street, Chelsea, S.W.
Essex Beagles—F. W. DOWNES, 47, Upton Avenue, Forest Gate, E.
Finchley Harriers—H. CASTLE, 12, Lechmere Road, Willesden Green.
Garratt Walking Club—W. T. MITCHELL, 39, Grantham Road, Stockwell, S.W.
Herne Hill Harriers—W. C. CAMBRAY, 72, Fawnbrake Avenue, Herne Hill, S.E.
Highgate Harriers—G. E. CACKETT, 19, Gresley Road, Whitehall Park, N.
Kennington Harriers—A. E. WALLIS, 13, Meadow Row, New Kent Road, S.E.
Middlesex Walking Club—J. R. BARNES MOSS, 168, Coldershaw Road, Ealing, W.
New Barnet Athletic Club—A. J. WILSHIRE, Rosemeath, Lancaster Road, New Barnet.
Polytechnic Harriers—J. M. ANDREW, 309, Regent Street, W.
Queen's Park Harriers—F. W. VEXLEY, 26, Burlington Road, Paddington, W.
Railway Clearing House Athletic Club—H. B. MASLEN, 703, Seymour Street, N.
Southend Harriers—G. H. HOGSLESH, 23, Avenue Terrace, Southend-on-Sea.
Surrey Athletic Club—E. F. VOWLES, Glenlyn, New Malden, S.W.
Surrey Walking Club—T. E. HAMMOND, 2, Royal Exchange Avenue, E.C.
Sutton Harriers—H. FELTHAM, Alverstone, Fairview Road, Sutton.
Tooting Athletic Club—H. COLLDEN, 55, Gleneagle Road, Streatham.
United Harriers—G. H. SMEDMORE, 6, The Crescent, St. Ann's Road, N.

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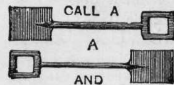
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Frunut is a scientific blend of natural products FREE FROM ALL ADULTERATION. It is concentrated nutriment, and at the same time a delicious addition to the world's dietary.

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It also regulates the functions of the body in a purely natural manner, and so tends to expel and prevent disease.

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(Signed) J.W.D."

Hampstead, N.W.
"Kindly repeat my last order for three dozen 'Frunut.' I have taken one packet of your 'Frunut' every morning, immediately on rising, during the last month, and have much pleasure in saying I have never experienced such perfect fitness and general good health before in my life. The stability and strength which 'Frunut' undoubtedly imparts to the body is certainly unrivalled by anything on the market at the present time."
(Signed) WILLIAM F. MEDLOCK."

When you are going on a journey or likely to find a difficulty in obtaining your mid-day meal, put a packet of "FRUNUT" in your pocket with a few of our Stamanut Biscuits, and you will be surprised at the "staying power" it contains.

SEND 6D. and we will send you a large Sample of "Frunut," and a copy of our booklet "A Guide to Good Things," post free, mention "Race Walking."

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