

# The Evergreen.

Floyd Bean

Published every Thursday during the College year by the Students of the State College.

Vol. XI.

Pullman, Washington, Thursday, May 11, 1905.

No. 32

## Idaho Track Team Defeated

Score 59-63. Most Hotly Contested and Exciting Track Meet in History of the College. Records Lowered. W. S. C. Takes Relay.

Never, since Achilles and Hector originated track meets at old Troy town, has anything in the meet line taken place like the Moscow "jamboree" of last Friday. Beside that exciting affair, all other contests must take the same place that the star actor of the Idaho team, the celebrated Spud Murphy, took in the high hurdles. That meet was a "hummer." It was the hottest, most closely contested, most exciting, most excruciating, and most hilarious meet ever indulged in by the track team of the College. Everybody did go, and nobody wants his money back. The W. S. C. special carried some 360, and about 100 drove over. The Crimson and Gray, as usual, was so much in evidence that Moscow took on a bewildered appearance, and looked like the hole in a doughnut. We had with us the best college band in the northwest, also, the way Prof. Strong's boys livened up that "simple life" town was good to behold.

Well, all of us went down to the north end of town, bought tickets and entered the renowned Moscow amphitheatre. The Idaho rooters came likewise. Their numbers were supplemented by a crowd of the most "pestiferous" street gamins ever on exhibition. Bye and bye the show began. The big event was opened with the hundred yard dash in which the Ripley-Coe combination scored 6 points. Myers, Idaho's hairless wonder, took second; Coe was a close third. 6 to 3 wasn't bad for a starter. Then Baby Thayer leaned out and "chucked" the hammer some hundred and fifteen feet. Thomle put it 107.5. Larson, the "Terrible Swede", put it 107.4 and almost disjointed his anatomy in trying to put it a fifth of an inch further — in vain, he couldn't do it to save his Swede heart. That made it 4 to 14. Things were starting quite favorably. The Hammer-Putman combination sprung a surprise and made the wonderful Spud jump his limit in the high. Both Hammer and Putman made 5 feet 6 inches. Spud made 5-7, tried to break Tilley's record of 5-8 and failed. Things looked still brighter. Then the Ripley-Coe twins jarred Idaho's wisdom

teeth by taking both 1st and 2nd in the 220. 10-26, that was our greatest lead. In the pole vault Murphy took first at 10 feet, 5. Cowgill made 10-2, breaking his own and the College record by 6 inches. We were not feeling a bit bad. Idaho now worked the Mathews-Edmundson twins combination on us and took all three places in the mile. Crawford, although sick to start with, held out with gameness worthy of the College, and ran until he dropped within a few yards of the tape. The 440 was taken in splendid style by Thomle, with Faucett 2nd and Cowgill a close third. Then came the surprise of the day. Hardy, in one of the prettiest high hurdle races ever seen, completely outclassed the wonderful Murphy and won the race in College record time of 16 2-5. Gee, but didn't that jar Idaho; and didn't we feel like celebrating? 31 to 41 in our favor!

The "Terrible Swede" captured first in the shot put at 36 feet, 2 inches. Halm, "fair, fat and funny," took second at 34 feet, 6½ inches. We would like to see that event again after Halm has trained a day or two. Hardy took 3rd. Idaho now had a streak of good luck. Murphy took first in the broad, as we expected. Moffat jumped 20 feet, 1½ inches, which looked very much like second to everybody. Then a certain Keyes, of Idaho, who had never jumped a board bill even (that anyone knows of) went in and covered 20 feet, 4 inches—and we got one point. 44-46 in our favor. Gosh!! Then came the great 880. Perhaps the finest race ever run in these parts. Maloney and Thomle—Edmundson and Mathews. Maloney led, then the Idaho runners, then Thomle. In the last hundred yards Thomle woke to the realization that Maloney was failing and could not take the race as planned. In a wonderful burst of speed he cut down the distance, passed Mathews and pressed Edmundson hard to the finish. As Thomle closed in Edmundson ran as never before and won in 2.02 with Thomle barely behind him.

The greatest of races was done; the Northwest record in the 880 was broken,

50-49 in favor of Idaho. Queer feelings were maneuvering up and down more than one spinal column about this time. Then Jerry Nissen took 5 points with the discus and the score was tied—54-54. Two more events—the 220 hurdles and the relay race! Then we did some excited and rapid calculating. We didn't hope to beat Spud in the hurdles. If we won the meet we must take second in the hurdles and take the relay. Could we do it? "Excruciating" comes as near as we can express it. And to intensify the feeling, the blooming hurdles had to be run in heats. Murphy against Hammer—first; Murphy won. Then Wadsworth against Richau and Freddie did it in true jackrabbit style—bless him!—Murphy 1st, Richau 2nd, Hammer, 3rd. Wasn't that heavenly; 58-59 in favor of Idaho? Everything depended on that relay. Twenty minutes intermission; 20 minutes of indescribable feelings; 20 minutes in which the microbes of hope and fear chased each other through our various "anatomies," 20 minutes during which strains of "There are no flies on us" and "Nearer my God to thee" alternately floated down from our quarter of the grandstand! An aeronaut with a "bum" balloon did some stunts that nobody seemed interested in. Would the suspense never end? It did after some ages, and the relay teams were ready.

The pistol was fired. The men were off like a flash. Breathlessly we watched them as they flew around the track—Cowgill, the prettiest runner of them all, leading, stepping with a trained precision beautiful to see; hanging on desperately behind him was Idaho's runner, straining every nerve to make up the intervening distance. Slowly but surely this distance lengthened. As they neared the end of the quarter everyone watched breathlessly and anxiously for a spurt from Idaho. Great bumps began to go down and great hopes to rise as we saw, instead, of a spurt, Idaho's man holding out in sheer desperation, while Cowgill, never faltering for a moment, finished in splendid style and gave Moffat a lead of about 40 feet. Then things broke loose, for Moffat not only held his own but increased his lead. Pandemonium was no name for it about this time. Then Maloney took it up. Myers, of Idaho, ran a most desperate race and pressed Maloney close during the first half. Great, anxious lumps rose, but subsided in a few moments as Maloney let himself out and made a wonderful finish, increasing the lead for Thomle. And Thomle—Oh, Thomle didn't do a thing! Oh, joy divine! Oh, bliss unutterable! Oh, cream of tartar! What a finish! Life had suddenly become