

THE SPRING DRIVE
OF
THE "WASTE BASKET"

Published by the Track Men of Cornell University every
so often, or when the spirit moves.

John F. Moakley	-----	Commander in Chief
Dr. McCormack	-----	Hospital Attendant
N. E. Elsas	-----	Camp Follower
E. A. Leinroth	-----	Military Censor
Hoskins		
Hettinger	-----	Despatch Bearers
Ashton		

K. A. Mayer - Chief of
Staff

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EDITORIAL

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Which Will It Be?

All of us in hard races, when the other fellow was leading, and when our legs felt as though they were made of lead, and our lungs ached at every breath, have thought of how fine it would be to be satisfied with second place, rather than put everything into one last supreme effort which was sure to culminate in temporary, but complete exhaustion. Or, at other times, when we were hopelessly outclassed, the old question of "What's the use" has arisen. "What's the use of finishing when there is no chance of winning?" In other words, if a man is forced beyond a certain point there comes a desire to quit and it is this point which separates the "successful" athlete from the "unsuccessful" ones. By "successful" athletes we do not mean necessarily those who win, but those who have the satisfaction of knowing that they were beaten by better men, and not because they failed to do their best. The "successful" athletes are the ones who have mastered the desire to "lay Down", the "unsuccessful" have yet to acquire the art. Of course we do not urge that a man should go on when he knows that he is permanently injuring himself by so doing, but what we do mean is that a man should keep on until his muscles and sinews and not his brain tell him to quit.

Those who were fortunate enough to hear C.W. Whitehair give his talk on "Conditions in France" last term, probably recall what he told of the wounded soldiers. He said in part,-

"White posts are placed in a line leading from the trenches to the hospital tents, and the wounded men are guided by these in crawling back from the front. People sometimes ask me 'How can the severely wounded men get back?' and I answer 'They CAN'T, but they DO!'"

Those remarks are worth thinking of when you feel like quitting.
If everybody, when they feel "all in", will adopt the policy of
thinking of the poor half-dead soldiers who CAN'T but who DO,
unless we are very much mistaken it won't be very long before the
"unsuccessful athletes" will be a thing of the past.

OLD COUNCIL TREE
BOND

COACH'S COLUMN

COACH'S COLUMN.

Spring track on Schoelkopf Field started in good style. We are now on our way for records and high class performances. We have such a record of classy work left by the teams gone before, that no man can feel that he is a Cornell Track Star unless he equals or surpasses his Cornell predecessors. Cornell's victorious track teams seldom showed brilliant performances until the second week in May. By hard effort on the part of all the candidates, I look for surprising results by that time.

Things track men, particularly freshmen, should know: Cornell's reputation for the highest type of sportsmanship in athletics was mainly won by the Track Team. Her popularity among college men was also due to the type of champions we produced; they were the best of mixers and never a swelled head bunch. That Cornell methods in track and cross country have been copied by all the other American Colleges; that the development of distance running in the college world is due to Cornell runners; that the record of victories is the greatest in the history of any sport.

"Fan" Starr, 1916 Varsity hurdler, is an Ensign at the Great Lakes Training Station. He has 1700 mechanics under him and he says they are some huskies. Starr is hurdling on their track team.

It was very gratifying to me and it must have been the same to all the members of the Track Squad to know that the Undergraduate would finance a track team to the Penn Relays. If it were normal times, I would have gladly consented, but there will be other calls on their purses and none of us would like to have it said that they couldn't help out in war contributions because they had given their money for a track team trip. We know they are back of us and should

we need their aid for a greater purpose in track, the sending of an inter collegiate team, they will cheerfully come across.

Every man who is a candidate for this year's Varsity or Freshmen team should know all about the rules of competition for his event. Be sure to read the rule books hanging in the Varsity and Freshmen rooms.

I was greatly pleased at the reception our Cross Country runners received at the Junior Smoker. Dresser's ovation certainly gave food for thought and showed that the Cornell Undergraduate body recognized class in athletics. They have been used to champions and they paid their homage to the only one present in no uncertain manner. Let's give them more for the next Junior Smoker.

I hope the Freshmen banquet will develop some class spirit for their track team. A lot of likely 1921 men who have registered for track have little sense of what steady practice is necessary to develop them into track men worthy of the name.

Every field event man should memorize his runway distance. Do not miss the Saturday meets.

Remember you are in strict training. No more dances. Everyone has had knowledge of these rules for the past two weeks and no excuses of previously made engagements will go. Your friends know you are out for track and will certainly respect you in holding up to the rules and not finding excuses to break them.

When the war is over and things become normal again there is every evidence that athletics in schools and colleges will be given a more recognized place than they have at the present time.

Interecollegiate Competition will be greater for it is recognized that specialists are necessary as leaders and teachers in sport. A man of reputation as a classy athlete will get more recognition as a coach than a man who has not won honors. Most athletics will also be more general and I believe compulsory. This will necessitate a certain part of each day being allotted for practice and Cornell will be the gainer in such a move. Athletics will undoubtedly be financed on a sounder policy, either by a tax on each student or a university appropriation along with our present system of season ticket selling and gate receipts. You should keep this in mind when you leave college and aid in bringing it about.

The large athletic plant which we now have cannot be maintained as it is today and have us keep our self respect by having to meet colleges solely for the gate money attained when we despise their sportsmanship. As the leading college in America in all that stands for true sportsmanship we should select our rivals from among those colleges that play the game fair and not from those whose policy is: "anything to win."

"ON THE TEN YARD LINE"

BY H. E. SHACKELTON '19.

THE CAPTIAN SPEAKS.

"ON THE TEN YARD LINE"

"Whoever heard of a ten yard line in track? Come off that stuff this is a track magazine," I hear someone say. "You're thinking of the time we had the ball on Harvard's ten yard line and Shiverick and Barrett took it over". You bet I'm thinking of that, but furthermore I'm thinking of a ten yard line in track. If you believe that there "ain't no such animal" ask Jack or else read the dope.

It isn't the ten yard handicap that "Turk" Dresser gave "Joie" Ray in the mile when "Turk" broke the record, that I'm thinking about. It isn't the ten yard line in the hurdles, high jump, pole vault, shot put, broad jump or discus. But listen!

It's the "big game" in the last quarter. The ball is ours - we have carried it down the field to the ten yard line. The students are wild - howling for a touch-down! By "Mac's" forward pass and an end-run by Jack the ball has been brought down to the ten yard line.

The pessimists boasted that we "would never get thru" the war scare Guard but we did. But there was a fumble when we did not get sufficient funds from the sale of Season Tickets; we were penalized by one of the coldest winters in recent years; we were "held" from doing our best by military drill on four successive Saturdays and by the snow of the last week.

The ball in spite of all these handicaps is on the ten yard line. The goal is in sight - the intercollegiates! There is hard playing ahead. This is no time to "lay down".

We all realize that we must work hard - harder than ever

before. We're going to show the spunk and fight that Dan Reed says characterizes our American athletes. We're going to show the stuff that's in us. We're going to rise above our handicaps and win in spite of them.

More specifically let us think about the Intercollegiates. This year they come ten days after school closes. Some will say that patriotism demands that you leave immediately for your home so that you can get to work after you have had a short visit with your folks. Very well. Why not have your folks come down and see you here? You could show them the University and all the Ithaca sights. Besides that you will be able to catch up the odd ends that you've been wanting to do but have not been able to do for want of time. You will be able to get to bed early (no university work) and have the best sort of a rest before you begin your work for Uncle Sam.

Are you willing to make a little sacrifice for a big cause? Then plan to stay over for the Intercollegiates.

Ten yards to go.

Let's come thru for the Intercollegiates. How about you? Would you like a stripe and your varsity letter.

S-I-G-N-A-L-S ! 28!-11!-36!-48!.

LETTER FROM SAM LEONARD ' 17.

LETTER FROM SAM LEONARD

Dear Jack,

Today is one of those wonderful spring days, which coming after a week of rain and snow, makes one feel glad to be alive. And to have good health along with it is all that I desire in this world. On such days as this my thoughts return to Ithaca, and I thought I'd let you know how I was getting along.

I was disappointed when the team was down at the Hopkins meet and you were not with them. I journeyed over to Baltimore with the thought of seeing you uppermost in my mind. It did me a world of good to see the boys again, but I wanted most to see you. I shall try to get up to Ithaca before I go across, but the chances right now look pretty poor.

The training school ends this Friday, coming, and we are to have some time off. I'm not sure how much it will be, but I don't want too much for just now is no time for play. The course has been rather strenuous, a great deal of indoor work and the let up which has come in the last week is very pleasant to me, for a very persistent rumor has it that I am ranking man in the Artillery school, and I am always pleased when I attain something I have set my heart on attaining. One day when we were running the Campus Course three or four times, "Watch the leader and not the man just ahead of you". I didn't have the "guts" to put that into practice then, but I have remembered it, and it is a part of my life now. One could not have a better motto, now.

I had a letter from Jimmy Munns the other day. He is in active service on the Arizona, now, and is very enthusiastic

over it. Roy Zander writes me from Chicago that he is still a "slacker", and I'm disappointed in him, but he'll wake up some day and I'm pulling for him to make up his inactivity when he does. This proposition of war is a very serious one to me and I'm throwing everything I have into it.

I suppose the club house and the field are as much frequented now as they used to be, I hope so anyway, and I've often wished as I came in from a long ride on the horses that I had Mac to rub me down. Those of us who are lucky enough to see the end will surely appreciate the privileges of civilian life.

Remember me to all the boys, and accept my heartiest wishes that the season will bring you nothing but success.

Sam Leonard.

A WORD FROM THE MANAGEMENT

BOND

With the Spring season well under way and the M.I.T Meet only two weeks off, the management is doing its utmost to get all the equipment up to standard. If there is anything not just right; as for weight of shots, hammers, handles, etc., we want to know about it, and you can help out a lot by dropping a word to any competitor. We are trying to do everything possible to make things run smoothly, and while handicaped by lack of the usual financial support which we have had in former years, we want you to feel that we are here for your comfort, and anything in the way of equipment will be most cherefully provided, if it is at all possible. To those who may not know of its arrival - we have secured a javelin and invite any man with a little Swede in him to try it out.

"GUTS"

BY E.C. FORTIER '18.

"GUTS".

As K Mayer might say, this word "Guts" is sure a TRICK word. And according to Mr. Webster's dictionary when used in the plural, it is vulgar and refers to the stomach. However, with several years of experience with Cornell's athletics one learns to appreciate the full meaning of this inelegant little word. In the national crisis we are now facing, it is without doubt one of the best words we have in our vocabulary at the present moment. Although we do not always hear it spoken of as such, it is being developed everywhere. Wasn't it the theme about which both Jack Moakley and Dr Sharp built two of the most inspiring talks ever given to an athlete at a Junior Smoker? Didn't Dan Reed come back from the front with a message from the leaders over there to build up above all else this quality in the prospective fighting material we are training? Why, even in such a sedentary, scholarly as mathematics, our Prof used to say: "If it is a hard one, fellows, one that you feel like laying down on, why just hang on to it with the tenacity of a bull dog until you get it." Truly a saying worthy of any of our coaches!

And so in every field of endeavor we have to show "guts". before we accomplish anything worth while. For that reason we ought to consider it a rare privilege to go through a school like this. Cornell is famed as a builder of men. In athletics we are more or less independent of the highly advertised scholastic stars so many "U's" clamor to get by fair means or foul. Our coaches possess the working formulae and the moulds for turning out teams undaunted by the whole world. Mr. Moakley in his talk at the track get-together last fall, hinted that the main idea in continuing track this year

was not to win the intercollegiates, but to show the other schools that we still had a good bunch out every day throwing all the guts they have into training.

It's interesting to know that one reason why drill was shoved up to one day only was to give the athletes a crack at the military game. In other words, the army wants athletes. The athlete has been trained in a field where keen competition has taught him to fight all the way and to face unpleasant ordeals with the proper manly spirit. How could an officer over there get away with his men if he knew he didn't have the stuff to lead them into Hell? He may be scared to death, but because he has faced one trying ordeal after another in athletics he knows he will see the thing through right.

Therefore to do ourselves justice in our branch of sport and to prepare ourselves for this big job ahead we ought all of us to be doing our damndest every day. As Windy used to say, it is one thing to come out every day and quite a different one to do the thing for all its worth every day.

In conclusion, there is no finer memorial to the inelegant little word than the quotation, with modification from Kipling's "If" which Dr. Sharp put across so well at the Junior Smoker:

"If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the will which says to them, "Hold on!"

Then you've got guts, my son!"

"FRUIT"

BY ANYBODY.

NOMENCLATURE.

Everything was going as WELL'S could be expected in the home of the young SMITHS until it came time for the meeting of the W.C.T.U. and then the house was nearly destroyed.

"That new neighbor of yours certainly is a sloppy DRESSER, isn't she Mrs. Jones?" said one of the guests, "and her hair dress, why I believe she actually wears BANGS. As for her daughter, good gracious, now you MAYER may not believe it, but I saw her at the BAKER'S last week and she had on a gingham dress."

"I believe she is a FINN or some other sort of foreigner", spoke up Mrs. Smith, "ELSAS you say, why does she dress so queerly?" Furthermore, she isn't very young any more, I'll bet she'll be FORTIER very long."

Just then the little FERNSCHILD who had been sitting on his mother's lap, FELTER tremble from head to foot. Rising to her feet and grasping a cake knife as though she were going to SPEAR some of her listeners, she faced the accusers. The look in her eye was enough to turn one to STONE.

"The person of whom you speak", she began, "is a friend of mine and I will not have her maligned----

The wild mob made a dash and PRESTON and on despite her efforts and would have ruined the house had not GRIEGSON entered at the opportune moment and restored the good feelings by saying that ABREU-ery had just burned down and that Ithaca had taken the W.C.T.U. SEELBACH after many wet years.

T H E--C A B B A G E--P A T C H.
(Apologies to The Sun)

"Fresh Ham and Cabbage"
-Monarch-T. Th. E-II.

Three guesses as to how "Mac" voted on the prohibition question--WHAT.

When the new law goes into effect, "Mac" will either have to be more careful in the way he puts on the rub down or else supply everybody with a gas mask, or the authorities will surely "get" him for distributing alcoholic beverages.

HOW TO WIN

Training
Hard work
Effort

Sticktoitiveness
Tenacity
Resolution
Interest
Patience
Endurance

We realize that this issue isn't up to snuff, but in order that we may not be judged too harshly, we feel it our duty to ourselves to say that we were deprived of much good "copy" by the action of the censor, who absolutely prohibited our boosting(???) Penn.(In the pan--trousers)

Set 'em up on the ~~Other-Alley~~.

Since bowling seems to be the pastime of some of our number we wonder how it would STRIKE some of the adherents of the game if we were to suggest that they spend more of their SPARE time on the cinders.

AN POEM

Oh Henry came from off a farm,
To study hard at school.
He spent his time in a running suit ,
And downtown playing pool.
When Henry started making pace, the
The Short Line, it looked slow.
Oh, Henry would have had a "C"
But Henry went on "pro".
When Henry heard about the war
He up and left for France
To win his laurels in a fight-
Now this was Henry's chance.

And just outside of Berlin town
Hank started in to run.
He didn't want to get there late
And miss such royal fun.
"The first to break the finish tape"
So ran the Sun's headline
Said Hank when he read it three weeks late
"I thought Jack was taking time."

Somebody Has Been Peeking Into the Wastebasket.

Ed. Note- It was a hurdler, but it was neither Smith, Cleminshaw, Pratt, Stone nor a freshman.

You know the box on the wall near Mac'sboudoir, well it isn't locked, so our worthy grand "Ed" the old (K.Mayer)
(grey mare)

couldn't maintain absolute secrecy especially when one searches diligently for food for thought. Well one found it! It was "one" ramblin' article which could have been cut into sentences, and shuffled and then would have made as much sense dealt in any order. Now that's alright Bub, but you should always put a prologue and epilogue on "sech stuff" or we can't tell who is Gettin' it in the neck for what! Now, if you'd said something definite, like "The track needs another coat of cinders about 2 inches thick, look at the paths around here they aint got no clay" then right away one could have slapped the blame on you for saying something, but you didn't and you didn't say anything AND-- neither have I.

GAMBOLING ? ON THE GREEN.

How rejuvenating are athletics! Those who are in constant contact with athletics seem never to grow older. Only a few days ago, a member of the "Reporting Staff" of the Wastebasket heard a metallic ring, and rounding the corner he came upon Jack and Dr. Sharp pitching coins. Upon closer inspection these coins proved to be of a rather large denomination - whole two-bit pieces, in fact, and so engrossed were the two "youths" that although they were apparently waiting for a car, they let one pass by, and therefore had to continue their sport for another vast period of time, until the next car came. Our reporter being too busy to stick around any longer, continued on his way, the clink of the coins resounding in his ears until he was completely out of ear shot, but when he returned the following day Jack and Doctor were gone, so we conclude that they must have gotten the next car.