

A 'Tomboy' Who Became World's Premier Girl Athlete

Miss Camelia Sabie, Product of Newark Playgrounds, Leads All Competitors in International Meet in Paris.

CAMELIA SABIE was a "Tomboy." She lives at 182 Jefferson street. It is a neighborhood where dwell some of the humble toilers of the city. When other girls played with dolls and jacks and things, Camelia frolicked about with the boys of the neighborhood. Games like "Kick the can," "Prisoner's Base" and "My sheep run" had it all over "Ring around a Rosie" and "London Bridge is falling down." In an environment where no household flowers are expected to bloom, Camelia grew up and developed. Today this "Tomboy" of the yesteryears—a demure little miss and gentle with her athletic proclivities—is the world's premier girl athlete. She won that title in the first international championship games for the feminine sex held at Pershing Stadium in Paris last month. Leading the American team and all her European competitors, the Newark girl won the 100-yards high hurdle race, finished first in the standing broad jump and was placed second in the running broad jump, scoring a total of thirteen points. In the hurdles she skimmed over the timbers and traveled the distance in 14.2-5 seconds, which stands as a world record.

The team which Uncle Sam sent to Paris for the meet of the International Feminine Sportive Federation, ranking on a par with the Olympic games for men, numbered twelve entrants. Besides Miss Sabie there were two other Jersey girls, Maybelle Gilliland and Elizabeth Stine, both of Leonia. Then there were Florida Bateson, a Southern miss from New Orleans, who was captain of the American team; Lucille Godbold, another Dixie maid of Estelle, S. C.; Nancy Voorhee and Betty Voorhee of New York city; Kathryn Arar of Chicago; Janet Snow of Rye, N. Y.; Frances Mead of Tarrytown, N. Y.; Esther Greene, all the way from the Panama Canal Zone, and Maude Rosenbaum, an American girl who had been in Europe and joined the Yankee team in Paris. Miss Sabie, captain of this city, director of girls' athletics at Leonia High School, made the trip as assistant coach, and Joseph D'Angola of Newark served as physical director. And trainer, the entire team being under the direction of Dr. Harry Eaton Stewart of New Haven, the man chiefly responsible for sending an American representative to the Paris meet.

Americans Scored 31 Points. As a team the American girls finished second with 31 points, first honors going to England, which scored 50 points, due principally to her superiority in running the hurdles, a department in which the Americans had a departmental advantage. The American team, including all competitors in individual achievements with 11 points, Miss Sabie

ran anchor on the American relay team. The American team was fourth when the Newark girl received the baton. By her fleetness of foot she carried the Yankee colors to second position by the time the finishing mark was reached, though the games committee placed the Americans fourth, contending that the Czechoslovak runners interfered with the French team, which was third at the tape. Miss Godbold, the South Carolina girl, contributed nine points to the Yankee total. She excelled in the shot-put, wherein she broke the world record for girls and finished third in the javelin-throw and fourth in the 500 and 1,000-meter running events. Another prominent performer was Nancy Voorhee, who tied for first honors in the running high jump. The New York girl cleared the bar at 4 feet 9.1 inches a mark that was equaled by an English entry, Miss Holt, by name. Miss Stine, one of Leonia's representatives, gained third place in the running broad jump. The best of the European performers was an English girl, Miss Lines by name. The British entrant was the girl who beat Miss Sabie in the running broad jump with a leap of 16 feet 7 inches, and again led the Newark girl to the tape in running anchor on England's team in the international relay race. Withal, the showing of the American team, considering the brief period devoted to preparing for the games and the scarcity of entrants in the dashes, was highly commendable, chief honors of course going to the little Newark miss who led the entire field.

Product of City Playground. And how came Miss Sabie, champion of the Newark playground, to climb to the heights in the athletic realm? It was Miss Ruth Stevens, now Mrs. Alexander McBride, who recognized the athletic fiber of the Newark girl and tutored and encouraged her to strive for supremacy in competition. It was at the East Side Playground in this city that Camelia began to blossom as an athlete. It was here that she won her first medal seven years ago, when as a girl of 12 years she won a running-broad-jump with a leap of thirteen feet. While attending East Side High School Miss Sabie won three cups in various events, and she added to her success while a student in Newark State Normal School. The girls at the Normal School were convinced that there was no athlete of the feminine sex who could come up to Camelia Sabie. Then came the day when the word was passed that America would assemble a team of girls and send a representative to the first international meet in Paris. It was unfeasible to bring together the athletes of the entire country in tryouts for the purpose of selecting a team to represent the United States. The girls at the Normal School were convinced that there was no athlete of the feminine sex who could come up to Camelia Sabie. Then came the day when the word was passed that America would assemble a team of girls and send a representative to the first international meet in Paris. It was unfeasible to bring together the athletes of the entire country in tryouts for the purpose of selecting a team to represent the United States. The girls at the Normal School were convinced that there was no athlete of the feminine sex who could come up to Camelia Sabie.



MISS CAMELIA SABIE

This performance was regarded as remarkable. Even sagas of the superior sex who viewed the achievement were staggered. Her height and weight were noted and it was determined that Miss Sabie had served a place on the American team for the international games. The girls of the Normal School by voluntary contributions raised the funds for sending their champion abroad, so such financial aid being provided by the government as in the case of the Olympic games for men.

Good-bye, Newark; Hello, France. Then came the day when the American team sailed for France. The chosen twelve competitors, among them three Jersey girls, with director, coach and trainer, embarked on the good ship Aquitania on August 17, landing at Cherbourg six days later. Arriving in Paris, the Americans took quarters at the Hotel Montreal. There followed two weeks of training. Each morning the Yankee girls would practice at Colombes Stadium. In the afternoons they were at ease, permitted to ramble about the French capital to visit the many points of interest. The sight-seeing trips included visits to Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood, where four years ago the Americans were taken the German hordes. The championship meet took place in Pershing Stadium on a balmy Sunday afternoon, August 26. They attracted a throng of 20,000, mostly Parisians, of course, who were waiting for the success of the French team, but were not lacking in courtesy to the visiting athletes, especially the Americans. As each event was decided the

winner was escorted to the center of the stadium, facing the stands, and proclaimed to the throng, all the announcing being in French. In each instance, too, the bands struck up the national anthem of the respective winners. Four times the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" were carried on the wings of the breeze, indicating that an American girl had won. Miss Sabie was first to score a victory for Uncle Sam's fair delegation. The Newark girl won the standing broad jump with a leap of 8 feet 2 inches. Scarcely having had time to recuperate, she entered the running broad jump. In that our Camelia cleared 16 feet 8 inches, being placed second to Miss Lines of England. The jumps, though having regular places on the program and netting the Americans ten points, were comparatively unimportant. The real thrill was provided by the running of the 100-yard hurdles. Here was where Miss Sabie scored her crowning achievement, winning the spectacular race in 14.2-5 seconds. Those not acquainted with the meaning of figures in athletic events might have gained an idea of the Newark girl's speed in viewing motion pictures of the race shown last week at the Newark Theater. The finalists were scarce-

ly off their mark before the pride of the Newark State Normal School reached the tape. The entrants of other nations were still seen bobbing over the hurdles in the distance when Miss Sabie breasted the finishing line. The French populace fairly marvelled at her speed. There was another thrill in store for the American colony when it was learned that Miss Sabie, a South Carolina miss, had broken the world record in tossing the 5-pound shot and again cheered went forth for the Americans when the announcement was made that Miss Nancy Voorhee, one of two sisters entered from New York, had tied with Miss Hatt of England for first honors in the running high jump. The timing mark was 4 feet 9.1 inches. Quite a leap for girls. Each winner was presented with a small gold medal and a bouquet of flowers. Silver medals were awarded for second places, smaller silver medals for third and gun metal trophies for fourth. After the meet the competitors, victors and vanquished, were dined at a banquet given by Le Journal of Paris. For the Americans there was a rousing farewell party at the hotel where they were quartered. Here and there the next morning the Yankee delegation departed for Cherbourg and there took passage on the steamer Saxonia, which arrived in New York on Saturday, September 2. Miss Sabie and the other American representatives received an enthusiastic reception at the pier. Private receptions followed as the girls arrived at their respective homes. These were flowers and decorations and presents for Miss Sabie, the best of the American team, as she stepped into her humble home in Jefferson street. The "present" that stirred her heart most was a letter bearing the signature of Dr. David H. Corson, superintendent of the Newark public schools, appointing her as teacher of a grammar grade class in the John Catlin School, not far from the modest dwelling where she was born.

This was the fruition of hopes and long years of study at a sacrifice to the Sabie family, which cheerily stunted itself during the years of schooling so that Camelia might attain a career as a teacher. Last Tuesday the world's champion girl athlete, who has still to reach her twentieth year, began teaching reading, writing and arithmetic, commanding all the more respect from her little pupils because of her fame. Her teaching was her success on track and field in Paris. Some day Miss Sabie may turn to physical training teaching, which is her fondest hope, unless—well, unless a Romeo comes along to take her from teaching into private life. Such is the story of a girl who was once called a "Tomboy" and who became the world's leading athlete of her sex.

POLITICAL PLATFORMS--How They Are Built and Why

THE other day a lawyer who is seeking the Republican nomination for State Senator in a neighboring county, announced through the news papers his declaration of independence. He was not a candidate for the nomination, and it seemed somewhat ironically, to his announcement as the thing "commonly called a platform."

When you consider the fate of the platform which almost every candidate for office from United States Senator, to not constant dress in the light with him; when you sit down and analyze its purpose, and use abuse you can better appreciate the motive of the State Senatorial candidate who announced this apologetically.

New Jersey has been fed up on platforms. Under the direct primary it has been virtually deluged in the present campaign. Candidates are being deluged with them enough planking to build another Boyle's Thirty Acres. They have cornered enough timber to keep the State supported with platforms for the next century to be continued an infinitum. They have confiscated enough potential wood pulp to supply print paper to the newspapers for the next century.

Under the old convention system the organization adopted the platform, and the entire ticket rose or fell with it. We still have the party convention, but the platform has lost much of its virility. It comes as a primary post mortem. When we get it it is run down at the heels from hard usage. The plank is grooved and warped. A myriad of candidates have been juggling them around, exposing them to the elements. And the elements—the political elements—have been gnawing at them.

When the Political Platform Builders Meet to Settle All the Ills of the World. can come only through a demand—a public demand—that he allow the use of his name in the primary. He goes through the same stages of preparation through which ninety-nine out of every 100 candidates pass before they are granted a hearing before the public office. He is at first reluctant, passive, indifferent. He will admit for publication that he has been "approached" and that "pressure has been brought to bear." From this stage he passes on to the next—the stage where he will go so far as to say (for publication) that if it is "the wish of his party" he will make a personal sacrifice and consent to run. Then he grows receptive and a little more receptive until finally he tells the world that the demand has become an imperative which he is convinced,

nothing out. He must not forget that he is making his appeal to a cosmopolitan populace. He must be all things to all men and then some. He must begin with the German reparations and work his way downward through the maze of national and international problems to those things that directly concern his State, his county, his ward and his district. On this basis he builds. When essentially the document gets to the public prints and spreads itself out into a couple of yards of type, you don't know whether he has written an Encyclopedia Britannica or another Orestes of History. And promises—Lord knows, it is a heavy burden.

Quite recently, however, this pledge compiler struck a snag. He confided to a friend that he was much perturbed over the incident. He raised also some Irish Cobblers depression earlier than the Giants, so as to distribute the berrying operations over a longer period. Rafter is not easily discouraged by adverse circumstances. The season of 1920 saw a bad break in the potato market right in the midst of the harvest season. At that time many farmers were scarcely getting enough for their coat to meet the cost of production, and consequently were feeling rather "blue" about the outlook. Mr. Rafter said he was not alarmed on account of the low market. "I am planning to grow more than ever next year," he remarked, "for I do not believe low prices will continue. This slump is due to a heavy over-production this year, and the market will recover. This apparently is good philosophy in the potato business—don't cut down your acreage on account of a temporary slump. The man with a big crop following a season of depression usually hits it right—the break in the 1920 market. He had the recovery of the potato market last year showed that Rafter guessed correctly. There is another more tangible reason why he was not discouraged by the break in the 1920 market. He had a large part of his crop months before the market broke, and at a slightly good price. Fifty-six carloads average-

David Rafter, a former motorman, lays claim to being Jersey's champion potato producer. His farms are at Perrineville, Monmouth County. The farms, three in number, total 500 acres. He expects soon to double the acreage. Twenty years ago Rafter first set foot on American soil—an immigrant from Roumania. Twelve years ago he was still driving a street car in Brooklyn, after eight years service as a motorman. Eight years back he was trying his hand at grain farming in New-katchewan. Seven years ago he bought a little farm in Jersey. Mr. Rafter's record of accomplishment is a story of bold venture, irresistible ambition and hard work, coupled with a measure of good fortune. Finding Canadian farming distasteful on account of the early frosts and severe winters, he sold out and came back to New York City. He began to look around for a nearby farm, and locating a forty-seven-acre place in a badly run-down condition at Perrineville he moved his family there and took possession. Seeing that potato growing was the principal line of farming in the county he decided to go for potatoes, but did not risk a very large acreage until he had an opportunity to observe the methods used in this section, and to see whether his soil was adapted to the crop. So the first year he increased his planting ten-fold, and with another successful crop he planted the entire forty-seven acres in 1917. Machinery Much in Evidence. With good yields and good prices he now knew that he had hit his stride. A golden opportunity came his way when an excellent farm of 148 acres adjoining his first place, and with soil particularly suited for potatoes, was offered for sale. He bought it, and the next year, with the help of his five boys jumped his acreage to 129. Another farm of 232 acres was added, and the following year he planted 140 acres. The season of 1920 saw 300 acres under his care, and his 1921 crop covered 335 acres. How He Grows Them. This year we used about 1,800 barrels of seed. Six carloads of this, or about 1,000 barrels, we got from Prince Edward Island, Canada. I made a trip down there purposely to see the potato growing and ordered them from the ground," said Rafter. "We also got some second-crop seed from Virginia. The Southern seed seems to do better than the Northern-grown, so another year we expect to use more from the South. We are also going to try some certified seed from South Jersey. We

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