

**Cecil Healy in memoriam.**

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# CECIL·HEALY

IN · MEMORIAM



Cecil Healy in memoriam.

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### HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way  
With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hid your face from the light of day  
With a craven soul and fearful?  
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,  
A trouble is what you make it;  
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,  
But only—how did you take it?  
  
You are beaten to earth. Well, well, what is that?  
Come up with a smiling face;  
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,  
But to lie there, that's disgrace,  
And the harder you're hit, why, the higher you'll bounce;  
Be proud of that blackened eye!  
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,  
It's how did you fight—and why?  
  
And though you be done to the death, what then?  
If you battled the best you could,  
If you played your part in this world of men,  
Why, the critic will call it good.  
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,  
And whether he's slow or spry,  
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,  
But only—how did you die?

—E. V. COOKE.

*Recited by Mr. Lawrence Campbell at a complimentary dinner to Cecil Healy  
on his return to Sydney after the Olympic Games at Athens in 1906.*

*Wholly set up and printed in Australia by  
John Andrew & Co., 21 Phillip Street, Sydney.*

#### FOREWORD.

**T**HIS memorial of the late Lieut. Cecil Healy has been prepared at the request of many friends and admirers who wished to have a permanent record of his achievements. It comprises only a selection from his literary contributions to the press, and many tributes to him which appeared before and after his death have been omitted through limitation of space.

As far as possible acknowledgment has been made of the sources from which the photos. and other information have been obtained and thanks are tendered to the many friends who have generously guaranteed the cost of production. The profits from the sales of the booklet will be invested in War Loan Bonds, and the interest accruing will provide prizes for the encouragement of swimming amongst Juniors, under the scheme controlled by the N.S.W. Amateur Swimming Association.

H. HEALY.

*N.S.W. Sports Club, Ltd.,  
10 Hunter Street, Sydney.*



*Judith Fletcher, Photo.*

# CECIL·HEALY

## IN · MEMORIAM



*Born . . . . November 28, 1882*  
*Enlisted in A.I.F. September 15, 1915*  
*Killed in Action . . August 29, 1918*

Cecil Healy in memoriam.



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# CECIL HEALY

SWIMMER AND SOLDIER

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

*From The LONE HAND, March 1st, 1916*

**C**ECIL HEALY, the Australian swimming hero of two Olympiads and countless other amateur contests the world over, enlisted Sept. 15, 1915, and is now serving the Empire. At the time of writing it seems likely that the scene of his first fighting will be somewhere in Greece, probably not far from Elio in Olympia, the original centre of the Ancient Olympic Games which of recent years had been revived and held every ten years in various centres of Europe and America. Sturdy young amateur athletes, representing the foremost of the modern world nations, have met together in friendly rivalry at these Olympiads, and fought out in chivalrous spirit contests in all sports and games.

Cecil Healy has represented Australia at two of these famous meetings, the first being at Athens, and on his return from the last one (held at Stockholm, 1912), wrote a prophetic article, which was published in a Sydney paper, in which he referred to the great strength and resources of Germany, and predicted that the next Olympic Games intended to be held in Berlin in 1916 would never eventuate, as the threatened great war would have burst upon the world before then.

The third son of the late P. J. Healy, Barrister-at-Law, Cecil was born at Darlinghurst, Sydney, in the early eighties. He was educated at Mr. J. Lee Pulling's school, Bowral, New South Wales, and made his first public appearance as an amateur swimmer in 1895, when he won

a silver cup for a sixty-six yards handicap in the old Natatorium, Sydney. Following up this encouraging opening he competed in many East Sydney Club and interclub handicaps with considerable success, and steadily improved his powers as a swimmer until in 1901 he was chosen as one of the East Sydney Club's representatives for the five hundred yards championship teams race, doing next best time to the speedy F. C. V. Lane, and having the satisfaction of helping his team to carry off the championship honours, which they held against all comers for several years, in course of which they lowered the world's 500 yards teams record. In all of these teams contests Healy was one of the quintette representing his club.

During 1902, 1903 and 1904 Healy frequently finished second to the then famous Dick Cavill in a number of sprints and middle distance championships, and in 1904 won his first individual championship, defeating Alick Wickham in the 100 yards Championship of New South Wales. In 1905 he won the 100 yards Championship of Australasia, equalling the then world's record of fifty-eight seconds. He retained this title for a period of six years. In 1911 he lost the title by a bare touch, although he succeeded in retaining the New South Wales State Championship for another season. It was in 1907 that Healy lowered the Australian record to fifty-seven seconds, which was unbeaten for many years. It is evidence of the consistency of this swimmer's form that

he was able to put up similar times for this distance right up to last summer.

Healy represented Australia at the Olympic Games held at Athens in 1906, but was beaten by Daniels, the meteoric American sprinter, and De Halma, of Hungary. He would probably have done better had he not made such a hurried departure at practically the eleventh hour, which left him only a short time to prepare for the contest after a long sea voyage. A few weeks afterwards he almost dead-heated Daniels in the 100 yards Championship of England, and vanquished De Halma and Derbyshire in the same event, although the swim was in a short bath, necessitating two turns, at which Healy never excelled. In the same season he gained the 220 yards Championship of England, afterwards visiting Scotland and Ireland, where he won more swimming honours and established new records for those countries. He met similar success in Paris, winning the 100 metres International Scratch Race in record time for France, also winning a 200 metres race in two minutes thirty seconds, which, under the conditions of the race—turning on a rope—was described by Mr. Wm. Henry, the great English swimming authority, as being equal to the world's best time for the distance.

Healy won the 100 metres at Hamburg in the same season in one minute seven and two-fifths seconds, establishing a world's record, although the start, was according to the conditions of the race, without a dive. Continuing his Continental Tour he also won the 100 and 200 metres championships in Belgium with record figures for that country, and beat the Champion of Holland at Rotterdam. In addition to figuring in so many races in Europe, this representative Australian swimmer went to much trouble in teaching the crawl

stroke to swimmers of other countries, where it was practically unknown. Some of his pupils profited so well by his lessons that they became champions shortly afterwards, amongst these being Meyboom of Belgium, R. Andersen of Sweden, Haynes of Scotland, and Bretting of Germany. Returning to Australia too late for the 1907 swimming season, Healy gave more attention to longer distances, and in 1908 won the 300 yards, 440 yards, and 500 yards Championships of New South Wales, also the 220 yards Championship of Australia, using the trudgeon stroke.

In 1911 he had developed his crawl stroke (hitherto only used for sprinting) for long-distance swimming to such purpose that he lowered Beaurepaire's three-quarter mile Australian record, and thereafter decided to use that stroke instead of the trudgeon for all distances. Visiting Tasmania during that season he added to his laurels by winning the 100 yards, 220 yards and 440 yards Championships of Tasmania at the Hobart Jubilee Celebration, creating three new Tasmanian records, and defeating that fine swimmer, Alick Wickham, over the first-mentioned distance.

His race with the world-famous Victorian, Beaurepaire, in 1911, over the three-quarter mile course drew by far the biggest crowd to the Sydney Domain Baths that had up till then witnessed a swimming carnival. This event was a memorable one, and brought to light the hitherto almost unknown swimmer, William Longworth, who, going to the front early in the race, sprang a surprise upon everyone by keeping in the lead and winning the Australian Championship by twenty yards. Healy, however, succeeded in defeating the Victorian for second place.

In 1912 Healy was again chosen as one of the team to represent Australia



*Photo Block from  
"La Vie Sportive"  
Brussels. . . .  
September 21, 1906*

at the Olympic Games at Stockholm. The Australians won the 800 metres teams Championship of the World, and Healy finished second in the 100 metres after an exceptionally brilliant finish, being defeated by the Hawaiian coloured swimmer, Duke Kahanamoku, thus becoming virtually the white champion swimmer of the world. At the conclusion of this race Healy received one of the greatest tributes ever accorded him by followers of swimming, due principally to the following incident, which is worth recording as an example of his true sportsmanship. In the semi-final of the 100 metres, Kahanamoku and two other American representatives did not, through some misunderstanding, make their appearance on the starting board, and the semi-final was swum without them, and resulted in Healy and Longworth from Australia, and Ramme and Bretting, of Germany, qualifying for the final. The position was a difficult one for the officials, and the matter was referred to the International Jury to decide. Healy strongly urged the Australian representative to insist on the Americans being given an opportunity to compete in the final, insisting that it would be unsportsmanlike to bar their entry. Finally, mainly owing to the Australian's attitude, and in spite of the opposition of the Germans, the Americans were allowed to compete in a special semi-final, with the result that Kahanamoku and McGillivray qualified for the final, in which the Hawaiian swimmer finished first and Healy second. This incident is typical of Healy's chivalry to his opponents on all occasions, which has gone far towards making him such a popular figure whenever he appeared at swimming carnivals in this or other lands.

After the 1912 Olympic Games he again toured Europe, when he won a

half-mile scratch race at Spa (Belgium), a 440 yards scratch race at Brussels, a 100 metre scratch race at Paris, in which contest he met all the Continental champions, and successfully upheld the prowess of Australian swimmers. At Genoa he defeated the Italian champion, Massa, in a 100 metres scratch race in which he lowered the Italian record to sixty-three seconds. Returning to Great Britain, he disposed of the Irish champion in a 220 yards race at Dublin, and in Scotland was successful in winning an all-comers 220 yards race, on which occasion he reduced Beaurepaire's world's record by over three seconds.

Excepting for his two European trips, Healy's business kept him continually occupied in earning his livelihood; nevertheless he kept himself in splendid training by mid-day and week-end swimming. One of the many good things he did for swimmers was to establish and encourage the custom of mid-day swimming, which has attracted a number of business men to the Domain Baths every lunch hour, winter and summer, for several years. This band of enthusiasts has provided some fine soldiers, amongst them being the late Major Blair Swannell, Lieut. Chas. Helsham, the late Geo. T. Hill, Major Philip Chambers, Lieut. Arch. Lockhart and J. McKinlay.

Healy was awarded the Royal Humane Society's silver medal for life saving at Manly, a gold honour badge of the Manly Surf Club for saving life on another occasion, a gold watch and chain from the father of one lad he rescued, and on numerous other occasions has used his great swimming powers and courage in saving persons from drowning. He was a member of the Executive Committee and a Vice-President of the New South Wales Amateur Swimming Association for several years, and a Vice-President of the Surf Bathing As-

sociation. From the very early days of surf bathing Healy was an enthusiastic supporter and devotee of that pastime; in fact, he was one of the small band who battled for the right to surf at any hour of the day, which at one time was strenuously opposed by the authorities. He was also one of the founders of the Manly Surf Club. As an exponent of the art of shooting the breakers there have been few better seen around our beaches. A fluent and pleasing speaker, he was always a power in swimming and surf-bathing councils.

As a contributor to the press on swimming and surf-bathing matters Cecil Healy's pen was well known, although pressure of business recently had prevented him from writing much on his favourite subject. One of his articles on the "Crawl Stroke," which appeared in the Sydney press, was thought so much of by the Amateur Swimming Association of England that they reprinted it and issued 20,000 copies for free distribution under its scheme for the Encouragement of Swimming in Great Britain. Healy is still the holder of the 120 yards, 150 yards and 200 yards Australasian swimming records—the latter distance swum in two minutes eleven seconds during the 1908 season, was perhaps the best performance he ever put up under record conditions.

For nearly fifteen years Cecil has been a prominent figure in the Australian swimming world, and the receptions given to him during late years on the occasions of his reappearances have demonstrated his great popularity. A more popular figure among the rank and file has never been known in the swimming history of Australia. This was due not only to his personality, but also to the fact that he was always ready to impart all he knew about his favourite sport to any enquirer.

The outstanding point about Healy's swimming was his brilliant finishing powers. Two examples will suffice. The 100 yards English Championship in 1906 was held in a twenty-five yards tank, and Healy had as his chief competitors Daniels, the American, and the Hungarian, De Halmay. At every turn the American would gain a substantial advantage which the Australian would win back during the actual swimming; but at the last turn he was two yards behind the Olympic sprint champion. The ensuing struggle over the last lap, and the desperate effort of the Australian resulted in a finish in which the competitors could only be separated by the judges. The last Olympic championship provided another example of Healy's courage and dash. The only Australian to appear in the final owing to Longworth's illness, he had as his opponents the wonderful Hawaiian, Duke Kahanamoku, the American McGillivray, and the Germans Bretting and Ramme, three of whom had previously swam the distance in faster time than Cecil. Ten yards from the finish Healy was actually last, but in a sensational finish he flashed past all the others and was actually overhauling the famous Duke at the end. The few Australians present were anticipated by a rush of Swedish officials and swimmers to carry the Australian on their shoulders to his dressing-room.

It was his never-say-die spirit and his overwhelming sense of duty which impelled him to enlist in the Expeditionary Forces. The camp life was frankly distasteful to him, enlisting meant throwing up prospects for which he had been waiting for years; but like many other Australians, he did not hesitate when the time came. Weighing carefully every consideration, he accepted the call of duty.

## POWER OF ORATORY.

*By D. Levy, Esq., M.L.A.,  
Chairman of Committees, Legislative Assembly of N.S.W.*

**T**HE late Cecil Healy had a remarkable gift of oratory. He was clear and distinct in his utterances. He expressed himself with that brevity which we are told is "the soul of wit." He did not strain after effect, and yet he rose to heights of true eloquence which are by no means common in these days. I frequently heard him on the political platform, and I may say that he had nothing to fear from comparison with seasoned politicians. The general opinion of those who heard him was that Cecil Healy would have made his mark in public life. Still more often I heard him

at festive gatherings, and as an after-dinner speaker he was invariably interesting and entertaining. On one occasion after his return from Europe, I heard him give a description of some of his experiences in the old world, which afforded a very marked contrast to the platitudes we often hear from people who have returned from abroad. He gave us the first impression of a keen, observant and reflective mind. In short, I may say that he was an eloquent speaker, conspicuous for the purity of his language and the nobility of his sentiments.

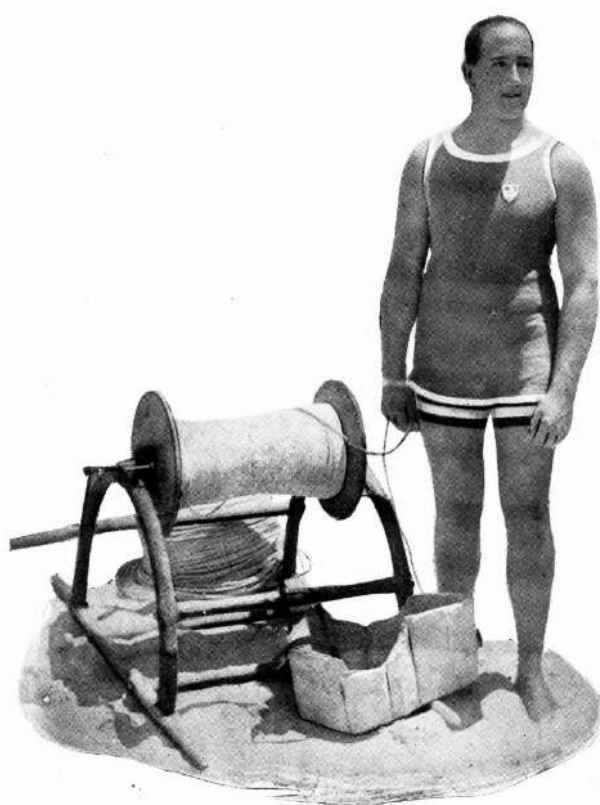
## RESCUED AT MANLY.

*Cecil Healy was in the ocean about twenty-five minutes supporting an unconscious man, and was awarded the silver medal by the Royal Humane Society for this meritorious act.*

While several thousands of visitors were watching the surf bathers at Manly on Sunday afternoon, a cry for help was heard from two bathers named P. A. Hannelly, aged 26 years, and W. B. Bradley, aged 13 years, who had been suddenly taken off their feet and swept seawards. Cecil Healy, Captain of the Manly Surf Club, immediately went to their assistance. They were soon out in deep water, and it was impossible to render efficient aid without the life-lines.

These were run out three times, but when a strain was put on the line snapped, and it seemed apparent that a casualty would result. . . . Healy, however, bravely held them above water until further assistance arrived, when they were all towed to shore. The younger of the two, who comes from the country, was unconscious for a long period, but after strenuous efforts at resuscitation, the lad came round. Cecil Healy was greatly exhausted.

—"Sydney Morning Herald," January 31, 1911.



*Cecil Healy  
with Life Saving Reel  
at Manly*

## THE CRAWL STROKE.

By the late Cecil Healy.

*First published in "The Referee," Sydney, March 12, 1913. The article was thought so highly of that the "Management Committee Scheme for the Encouragement of Swimming" in Great Britain, printed 20,000 copies for free circulation. It was subsequently republished with a postscript by the author in "The Blunderbuss" of April 6, 1918, a paper issued by the 5th Officers' Cadet Training Battalion at Trinity College, Cambridge. The article has been largely quoted from by Australian, English and American papers.*

THE "crawl" stroke has this much in common with other methods of propulsion: no two persons swim it exactly alike in every particular. The broad principle, of course, is the same, but there is always observable some individual peculiarity of adaptation, just as in the case of finger prints, dissimilarity of detail is perceptible.

But there is really no occasion to be surprised at this. One needs only to make a superficial study of the mechanics of the thing to realise how perfectly natural it is, and that it could not very well be otherwise.

In the first place, we must bear in mind that flotation is simply the art of balancing the body on the surface of the water. Its weight, width, size and dimensions generally are all factors that affect the scales, as it were, and alter its centre of gravity. Very well, then. As we also know that human frames differ, not only in parts, but in the sum total, it stands to reason that if a specific set of movements is appropriate to one form, it cannot, of necessity, be absolutely suitable where another is concerned. In other words, it is an individual equation, and the problem that confronts a person who is desirous of attaining speed is to find out what styles answer his own requirements best.

Nature does not conform to the principles of socialism; otherwise, there would be no discrepancy in aptitude or ability, and the choice of actions could be left entirely to her. But, as a matter of fact, she is most unreliable in this respect, and more often than not it is necessary to check her tendencies in order to achieve the object desired. In other instances she is unaccountably prodigal in the bestowal of favours, thereby producing what we term a genius, who is developed without any artificial aid whatsoever. We, however, are not dealing with the great exceptions to the rule, because they have no bearing on what happens in the ordinary course of events.

What we have to concern ourselves with is that which transpires usually, in which case it is undeniably possible, as is proven every day of our lives, to bring brain power, allied with experience, to bear in such a way as to perfect, develop, and improve natural inclinations. That is why it is invariably advisable to take advantage of instruction, if it is available from a duly qualified source, because once a bad habit has been acquired and practised, the longer it is allowed to remain unchecked, so much more difficult does it become to subsequently eradicate it. Tutorage, therefore, constitutes a sort of insurance against the risks referred to.

There are two distinct modes of "crawling" in vogue at present, and its exponents can be said to consist of four classes, viz., those who breathe regularly, and those who take four or five strokes before replenishing their lungs, on the one hand, and those who strike with the right arm, left leg alternately and vice versa; and those who have an independent leg action, on the other.

Exponents who do not breathe regularly lie flat, with head down, shoulders square, face submerged, and use a short paddling arm action. The effect of keeping the head lowered is to float the legs as high as possible, the body thus lying in a horizontal position near the surface which enables it to skim along. Undoubtedly great speed can be obtained in this way, but holding the breath for the length of time necessitated causes the physical exertion to become much more acute and exhausting. Its range of effectiveness is therefore limited, particularly in open water. Under the latter conditions, those who swim as described show a great slackening off in their rate of progress after 100 metres have been covered compared with what they are capable of doing up to that distance. Some who are tremendously fast for a sprint are absolutely unable to keep going for as much as a couple of hundred yards at a stretch, even slowly. The greatest thing that can be said in its favour is the fact that most of the world's fastest short-distance performers swim in this fashion.



Healy demonstrating "The Crawl."

Duke Kahanamoku, the marvellous Hawaiian, for instance, only breathes every fourth stroke. Daniels, another wonder of the age, likewise only snatches a breath periodically; in fact, I do not know of any American who differs in this respect.

In small baths, in which they learn, and mostly compete, it is not nearly so tiring, because the momentary pause at the turn enables the system to recuperate some of its lost strength, and the

push off more than compensates for the delay in getting round. Consequently, much longer journeys can be negotiated and quicker times recorded in these circumstances than when the course is a long one.

Another drawback attached to swimming with the head lowered is the difficulty of steering a straight course. Nearly all indoor tanks on the other side of the world have

thick, black lines painted along the bottom, running from end to end, which are clearly visible even in the deepest part, and overcome the objection, as far as they go, but at Stockholm, where there was no such guide for them to rely upon, the Americans frequently deviated and swam crookedly, occasionally bumping other competitors.

It is granted that they are exceptionally fast, but is it not feasible to think that they, and others who affect this style, would be able to maintain their maximum rate of speed for a greater length of time, if they succeeded in ac-

quiring the knack of obtaining breath more frequently, without interfering in the least degree with their momentum?

As has been proved beyond doubt, the "crawl" is a style of swimming indigenous to the South Seas. With the exception of Kahanamoku, all the natives the writer has seen in the water seized the opportunity of securing fresh air every stroke of the right or left arm, according to how it suited them. This is done by flicking the face sideways, just as the arm has reached its full extension, and is about to take a downward course.

Practice enables this to be accomplished without throwing the head back or altering the position of the body. In this method the shoulders are brought much more into play by a rolling movement from the hips, which reduced the strain on the body, acts as a propelling force, and brings about a gliding motion.

I maintain that this is really an advanced stage in the evolution of the practicability of the stroke for other than 100 yards dashes. Years ago, when the potentialities of the "crawl" were first discovered and popularised by the Cavills, it was only utilised for putting on an extra spurt over the last few yards at the finish of a race. At that time every one here swam in the way that the Americans do now. Then the breathing difficulty was successfully surmounted, and the distance over which it was used gradually increased until we find it employed to-day for the purpose of establishing fresh records for three mile swims.

The ideal stroke, of course, is the one that gives the maximum of propelling power with the expenditure of the minimum of physical exertion. A fundamental principle of the "crawl" is to float in such a way that the muscles are relieved of the strain of maintaining the body in the required position. This re-

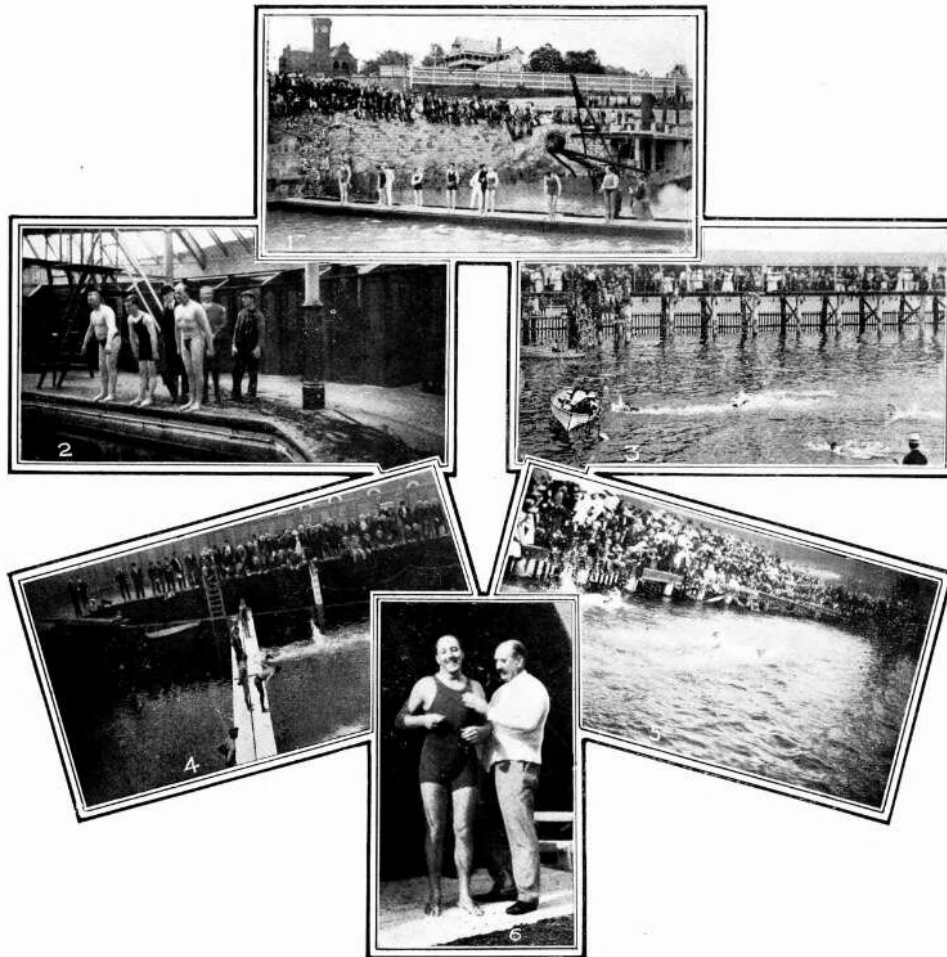
sult is achieved by swimming with them relaxed, except at the instant it is necessary to bring pressure to bear to continue the forward movement. As it is so much a question of balancing the frame at a clearly defined angle, it is only natural that the depth of the water is an important consideration, and plays a big part in influencing the action of the limb necessary to that end. The legs and feet combined assume the function of a gyroscope in the adjustment of the body. Salt water being very buoyant, not much assistance is required from this source to keep it posed horizontally. Therefore one kick with the legs to every arm stroke is found sufficient for the purpose. But in fresh water, the legs and body sink much more rapidly, and consequently additional support is essential.

The Americans and other exponents who learn in fresh water invariably have an independent leg action, and kick two or three times to each stroke with the arms, and the writer opines that they did this quite unconsciously in the first instance, and that it is not the outcome of a special study of the subject, but simply a case of nature adjusting herself to altered conditions.

When an infant is put in the water for the first time its limbs describe the movements in a crude form, and undoubtedly the best way for a youngster to be taught is simply to allow him to "dog paddle," and then afterwards encourage him to lift his arms clear of the wave. It is much easier to learn the trudgeon or side-stroke later on than it is to commence with one or other of them and then tackle the crawl.

A grown-up person who is anxious to adopt it, and has been used to kicking scissors-like, finds that his greatest difficulty is to keep his legs extended out behind and move them up and down, in-

COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT LIBRARY



*Cecil Healy in Championships  
at*

1. *Brisbane* . . . . 1906
2. *Newcastle upon Tyne* 1918
3. *St. Kilda* . . . . 1905
4. *Sydney* . . . . 1904
5. *Hobart* . . . . 1910
6. *River Thames* . . 1912

stead of sideways. I, therefore, recommend the following as the quickest means of acquiring the habit, viz., having taken a deep breath, lie as flat as possible on the surface of the water, lower head well down, place hands alongside hips, or straight out in front, thumbs locked, and then kick the feet rapidly up and down, just bringing them clear of the water, and striking with the instep. Start a yard or two from the steps of a bath, and try and reach them before lifting the head. After a little practice this can be easily and quickly done.

Generally speaking, it prepares all the muscles of the body for their new work and use, besides doing away with the awkward feeling of keeping them in that position, which every person experiences, who is unaccustomed to kicking them in this fashion. After having undergone this training for a little while, the stroke proper can then be attempted, as a rule, more intelligently. It is advisable to start off with a push from the side of the bath. The head should be again lowered, the arms bent at elbow, thrust in just beyond the face, and fully extended under water as they go round. The pressure must be taken off as they are about to come up. The movement is exactly the same as that of a duck's leg when swimming. The legs, above all, must not be allowed to separate, but should be worked close together. The whole limb is moved, but the lower portion more than the upper.

The beginner should try to flick the instep as much as possible, as he will have found out by practising the exercise alluded to that more propulsion is derived by this action than a stiff leg movement. Beyond that, I am inclined to believe that the other details of the kick, such as length of thrash, how far to lift legs out of the water, etc., can be left to one's natural inclination. It

is not advisable to try and breathe regularly at first. The learner should concentrate his attention on mastering the general movements. When obtaining breath, the face should be twisted round, as previously stated, but the head thrown back, ever so little, as the tendency is to sink the legs, and when this is done they act as a drag. Once the proper action has been acquired the rest is merely a question of practice and perseverance, the rate of improvement and advancement being determined entirely thereby.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

The writer, during his travels in Germany before the war, was quick to note that the Bosches, in their practical Teutonic way, were causing much care to be devoted to instruction in swimming in their army and navy, particularly in the latter, and on his return to Australia, in articles on the subject, he pointed this out and advocated the advisability of paying stricter attention to this phase of the training of the country's defenders.

No sooner had naval hostilities commenced, and German ships began to be sent to the bottom, than the cables to Australia describing the events made special reference to the fact that unusually large percentages of the crews had been picked up swimming about, even when the happenings occurred at night, and this was admittedly a tribute to our humanitarian methods, but it also indicated the capacity of the Huns to maintain themselves on the surface of the ocean; and it is unfortunately rarely that we read news of this sort, when it is a case of any of our own ships meeting with misfortune, and I say, without fear of contradiction, that the cause, in most instances, can be traced to the inadequate tuition our men receive in the art of natation.

In every land campaign that has been waged in the history of war, which included operations in the vicinity of rivers, etc., the death roll has been appreciably augmented by drowning, and it is, therefore, obviously urgently necessary that soldiers should be thoroughly taught how to extricate themselves in the event of their being precipitated into the element, and also that their training should make it possible for them, if suddenly called upon to do so, to be able to cross a stream for the purpose of attacking their foes. These are reasons apart altogether from the encouragement the practice of swimming gives to the assimilation of cleanly habits, so desirable amongst troops, and without taking into consideration that it is acknowledged to be presumably a great aid to the attainment of health and physical development.

The up-to-date and business-like Americans, soon after the declaration of war against Germany, passed a law,

stipulating that no man was to be considered eligible to hold a commission in the United States Army unless he could prove himself a capable swimmer, and it was, therefore, apparent to these cute people that the exigencies of modern warfare required, especially in the case of those aspiring to posts of responsibility, that they should have a knowledge of the art, and that ignorance of it was incompatible with the position of an officer, otherwise they would not have taken the drastic action of making it a *sine qua non*.

A committee for the encouragement of swimming has been formed in England, and the writer hopes that its propaganda will eventually succeed in inducing the British Government to follow the lead of Australian State Parliaments and make it compulsory for children to learn how to swim properly whilst at school, and thus tackle the problem, as it were, at the root of the evil.

#### UTILITARIAN ASPECT OF SWIMMING.

By C.H.

There are some, no doubt, who recognise the necessity of being taught this useful accomplishment, but fail to see where the competitive aspect is entitled to the same consideration. It is this wise. To go in for it in a dilettante fashion is not of much avail, and a certain standard of proficiency must be attained before it really constitutes a safeguard. This, in its turn, calls for much

perseverance, and the devotion of a good deal of time. Only in very exceptional cases will children or adults be prepared to make the necessary sacrifices without an extra incentive. Contests, with their accompanying kudos and notoriety, answer the requirements. It is, therefore, a means to an end that the sporting side, with its spirit of emulation, is much an indispensable factor.

MANLY COMPARED WITH THE  
RIVIERA.  
By C.H.

“**A**FTER all, there is no place like Manly.” This thought occurred to the writer as he stood, about 12 months ago, on the parade of one of the famous seaside resorts in the Riviera. “At any rate,” he soliloquised, “to an Australian with his inherent love of the unconventional.”

Everything that a highly artistic sense could suggest; that science could provide; that money could purchase, had been added to the natural attractions of the place, to make it appeal to the gay, pleasure seeking crowd, who are in the habit of frequenting that part of the world in search of distractions to rid themselves of the ennui produced by over indulgence in the great cities of Europe.

The hotels were of the most costly and palatial description; the dresses bespoke wealth and extravagance; the equipages represented small fortunes.

The procession of people moved backwards and forwards. It was a conglomeration of humanity. Princesses of the Royal blood were in its midst. barons and counts galore. Every strata of society had added its quota. The ultra-successful business men were there in force, leaders of the professions, together with the tribe which preys on the social world.

MANLY IS REAL.

It was all very grand in a way, very magnificent, but, methought, at the same time, very unreal. The laughter had a hollow ring; the gaiety was forced; self-consciousness was apparent in every action. Nevertheless, it was a sight calculated, at first, to hold one spellbound, to make one marvel, even gasp, with aston-

ishment. There was a certain satisfaction in having seen it; it stirred one's imagination.

But having become familiar with it, by daily contact, its splendour diminished, in my eyes, until I eventually had to confess to a longing for a glimpse of the Corso at Manly, with its negligé, bare-footed occupants, and bohemian existence. Perhaps to some minds it was like turning from the sublime to the ridiculous. Fortunately for all, tastes differ. There was too much restriction; it marked too much of the city life to be endured for long, to my way of thinking.

The Mediterranean itself is a gorgeous colour theme on a calm, tranquil day. Its turquoise blue tint reflects the sun's rays until it shines like burnished gold. But surrounded by all the evidences fictitious of modern civilisation, one begins to wonder if it also is not the result of an optical illusion, an effect produced by artificial means.

Even in its angriest mood, the Mediterranean tosses no surf upon its shores. Only big cumbersome waves that lash themselves into a fury on the pebbly beaches and rocky coastline. The sound they produce is a revengeful, vindictive roar, not like the purr of the Pacific's surge, which is as music to the ear of the surfer. One misses the breakers with their snow-white crests that illumine the face of the water as with a smile, revealing a row of glittering teeth.

A PERSONALITY THAT MAKES ONE  
FORGET ITS BLEMISHES.

Campers may become enraptured with Freshwater, Bondi may have its devotees, Coogee its habitues, and

Cronulla its enthusiasts. But none of them enslave the mind, memory, and heart, or worm themselves into the affections like Manly does those who learn to know her. It has an indefinable something, a personality that makes one forgetful of its blemishes, and, like it for its very faults. Admittedly it has, as it were, been badly brought up, its education has been woefully neglected. Still, its natural charm rises superior to every militating circumstance. Always it is Manly.

When one meets people on the other side of the world, who have served their apprenticeship in Manly, who have been "Manlyites" for a time, in the true sense of the word, the first enquiry that passes their lips is: "How is Manly?" They never forget their experience, the im-

pression is indelible. It establishes a bond of sympathy, there is a feeling of *bon camaraderie* at once.

Manly does not lay down any hard and fast rules; it does not insist upon conformity to any specific ideas or narrow groove of thought. All that it says in effect is: "When you are in Manly, do as we do. We have a tendency to follow the line of least resistance."

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Possibly that accounts for its subtle influence.

To mention Manly's bourgeois holiday crowd in the same breath with the elegants of the French and Italian littoral may be in the nature of an odious comparison; still, its blemishes are human. It has no affectation. That is something in its favour, a mitigating circumstance.



G. Bell, Photo.

*Surf Bathing at Manly*

## PICTURING A SWIMMER AND A SHARK.

By C.H.

Many stories regarding the killing of sharks by natives have shared the fate of the usual run of "fish yarns" and been received with the utmost incredulity. There does not seem any radical reason to my mind why some of our champions could not prove that the shark scare is really a "bogey" after all. There is a plentiful supply of "white hopes" when it comes to opposing the dark-skinned gentry in the ring, but is there likely to be any rush to take up the cudgels on behalf of the white race in order to achieve our reputation in the water? There ought to be untold fame awaiting the first white who can "do the trick." A toreador's reputation would

pale alongside his. He could work up a great vaudeville turn, and altogether there is a very promising outlook. The writer would not mind trying his hand, provided his adversary was given a little dental treatment beforehand. Anyway, I think it would be money well spent if some of our shire councils, who possess nice surfing beaches, were to import a native or two to establish "shark killing schools." Perhaps, if we saw them at work once or twice, familiarity would breed contempt, and we would not be petrified with fear at the near approach of our bete noir and thus do ourselves justice.

## ANTI-LUNCH CREED.

Healy's Amusing Letter.

*In explanation of this letter, we refer the reader to the biographical article in which he mentions the mid-day swimmers at the Domain Baths. These were generally known amongst their friends as the "Anti-lunch Brigade."*

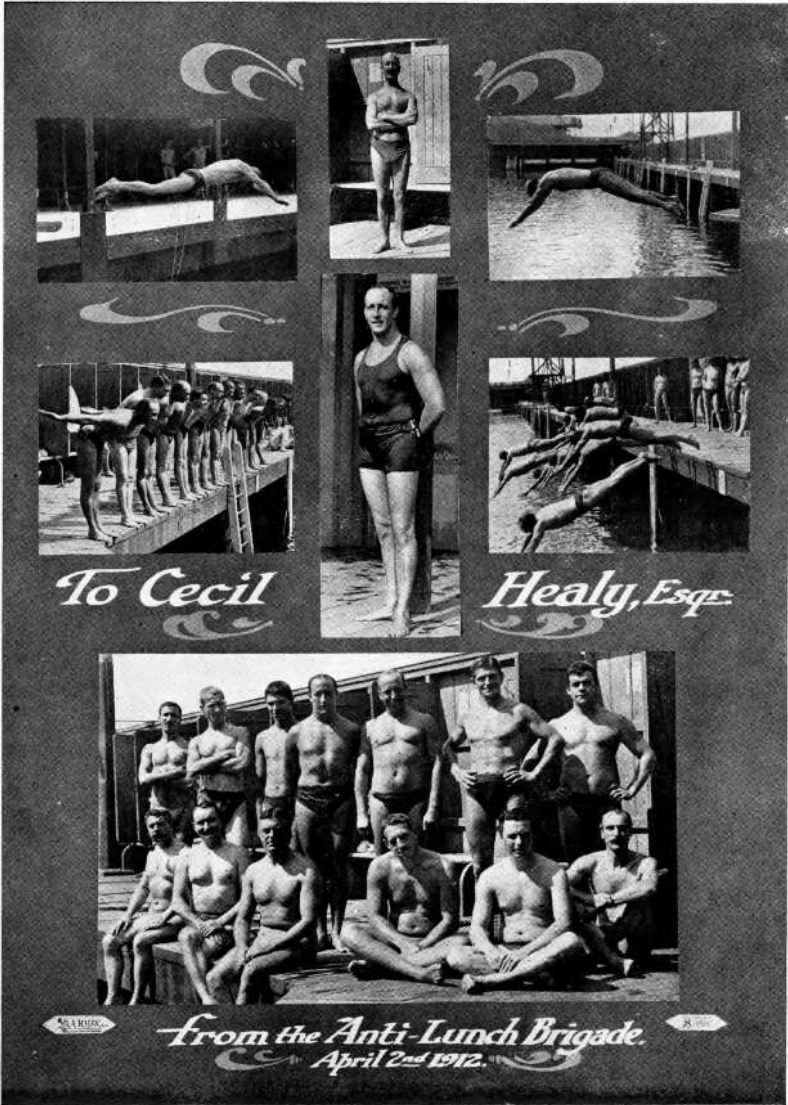
"We have had a very calm passage so far. It was bitterly cold at Hobart—in fact, snowing on the mountain—but I nevertheless had a dip at New Norfolk in fresh water. When the team came on the scene and found me in the water, while they themselves had overcoats on, I got a great reception. We are a real happy family, and all feel well and fit.

"I intend, with the help and assistance of my tried and enthusiastic henchmen, Messrs. Daniell, Helsham, and Boardman, who, as you are aware, are with us, to preach the doctrine of anti-lunch swims to fellow sportsmen wherever we

go, and you may very soon hear of a branch of the brigade being formed in London, with our High Commissioner, Sir George Reid, as the first convert and Brigade Father. We feel sure that in our absence there will be no falling-off in the daily attendance of anti-lunchers at the Domain Baths, because we are confident that Hon. Secretary Blair I. Swannell will perform his duties in the same conscientious manner as heretofore.

"Yours,

"CECIL HEALY,  
"Father of the Sydney A.-L.B."



Mid-day  
Swimming  
Enthusiasts

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.  
A Warning in 1913 of Germany's Aims.  
OLYMPIADS AS A FACTOR IN ITS PRESERVATION.  
ENGLAND AND GERMANY COMPARED.  
FROM AN ATHLETE'S POINT OF VIEW.

By C.H.

*The late Cecil Healy saw the war coming. This prophetic article was contributed by him to "The Sunday Times" of February 3rd, 1913.*

THE thing that impressed me most of all that I heard or saw in connection with the Olympic Games was the significance of the remarks made by the Crown Prince of Sweden in a speech delivered in English at a supper tendered the athletes, and held in the Stadium. He had traced the origin of the ancient Olympiads, and explained that they were not organised for the purpose of amusing the people, but that they owed their initiation to a much more worthy and practical object. That was, to divert the minds of men from the practice of cutting each other's throats, in which occupation they were mostly engaged in those turbulent times, and thus ensure, at any rate, occasional periods of peace and quiet. They were successful when all other means had failed, by reason of the fact that they appealed to the manly spirit of the age, and the heroes of the occasion were no less renowned than those of the wars. He then declared that the wonderful progress and development of the modern Games, their growing importance in the eyes of every civilised nation, and the fact that they provided an opportunity for

THE CREAM OF THE MANHOOD of the different races to fraternise and meet each other in friendly rivalry in the field of sport, was assisting, to a

great extent, those factors at work preserving the peace of the world to-day. I could not help thinking, as I strolled amongst the crowd afterwards, and saw representatives from various countries drinking each other's healths and laughing and joking together, that there was a great deal of truth in what the Prince had said.

These men, I imagined, must surely return home to their respective countries full of enthusiasm of what they had seen, and spread their impressions broadcast. This, I felt convinced, would have the effect of stimulating and increasing the interest in physical development, and at the same time inspire the growing generation with an ambition to emulate their deeds, and to some day represent their country at the "Mecca of Sport," where full play and scope is given to their patriotic feelings, without prompting them to long for war to give them a chance of fighting for the honour of their flag. Evidently those who are bent on fostering and fanning the martial spirit in Germany hold the same view regarding the Games, as I was told on good authority that they viewed them with suspicion, and looked askance at the idea of their taking place in Berlin in 1916.

I should say the decision to hold them there was

ONE OF THE FEW HOPEFUL SIGNS  
OF THE TIMES,

as they will certainly tend to discourage the continuance of that barbarous custom of duelling that still flourishes in the Universities in that great country.

But the question arises, Will they ever eventuate? Will 1916 prove to be too late, and the storm have burst before then?

Germany at present is not in any sense of the word a sporting country, although she possesses already some remarkably good athletes, and all the more credit is due to her on that account. It shows the calibre of her manhood, and what they are likely to do in sport when it has been more generally adopted.

I have travelled through Germany several times now, and somehow, whenever I hear the name mentioned, I associate it with the "tramp, tramp, tramp" of soldiers. The place seems to me to be alive with them, and they give one the idea of being so grim and stern.

I was tremendously impressed with the power, strength, and resources of the nation when I visited there for the first time six years ago. I am even more so now. On the railways, and throughout the different services, military precision seems to prevail. It was noticeable even in sport. I have never witnessed a better organised sporting gathering than the 20th National Swimming Festival, held in Hamburg in 1906, and extending over the best part of a week. They seem to have a genius for detail, everything dovetails so completely. Nothing is out of place. I have seen these characteristics confirmed over and over again in other spheres. It all prompts the thought that when the order is given for her army to march

GERMANY'S BATTALIONS WILL MOVE  
SWIFTLY AND SURELY,

whithersoever they are directed, without hitch or hindrance.

We had something to learn from them in the way of conducting sport, I thought, and on my return to Australia in 1907 I at once commenced to introduce some ideas I had picked up in my own little world of natation. They were dubbed "Healy's made-in-Germany schemes," but some prominent members of our Olympic team were kind enough to say that if it had not been for their adoption our visit to Stockholm would not have eventuated. I do not think the Germans are what could be called an adorable race, as far as their attitude to strangers is concerned. They are too aggressive in demeanour. One has got to know them well to appreciate them properly. But my experience is, they improve greatly on acquaintance, from the point of view of an Anglo-Saxon. Above all, I admired their enthusiasm, their patriotism, and their ambition. I was first struck by the loyalty that pervades the ranks of her sportsmen. The following is a typical incident of what I mean. The president of one of the associations, at a prize distribution, had remarked that when the Kaiser had given the trophy for competition amongst the followers of the sport he sent a message along to the effect that it was his desire and wish that all his subjects should learn to take care of themselves in the water, because, as he remarked, "our future is on the sea." This caused a spontaneous outburst of cheering that seemed to shake the rafters, and made one thrill with emotion. And then I recalled to mind the fine, healthy, intelligent stamp of men I had seen who comprise her navy. This thought in its turn made me begin to wonder how far short of our own Jack Tars, on whom we so

largely depend for our safety and independence, these German sailors really are. And then, again, it occurred to me that they will have the assistance of a huge, well-trained, well-equipped army.

THE THOUGHT WAS NOT COM-  
FORTING.

On revisiting Hamburg again this year I was amazed at the development that had taken place. It has expanded enormously during the last six years. I was shown over the great shipbuilding yards, saw the "Imperator," the largest ship afloat to-day, and the keels of several others of like dimensions. I also had a close inspection of the latest Zeppelin airship, the "Hansa," of which they are very proud. This, together with other signs of progress noticeable in Berlin and other large cities, the splendid physique of the people generally, the home life and domestic happiness that exist from one end of the country to the other, all combine to create a feeling of uneasiness when compared with certain phases of existence in the United Kingdom, to whom we in Australia look for such a large measure of our protection. I have no hesitation in thinking that, generally speaking, the German people entertain a strong dislike of England. I have friends in different grades of society. They invariably are curious to know our feelings towards English people out here, and sooner or later express an antipathy, mild or otherwise, towards English snobbery. It has been my misfortune to see more poverty, dirt and drunkenness in the main thoroughfares of the United Kingdom than I have ever come across wandering about the alleys and byeways of German cities. The practice of allowing mothers to get drunk in the public bars, while their children hang about the doors, as I have seen times out of number in England,

has no equal anywhere, as far as my humble knowledge extends.

Although there is

A BIG SOCIALISTIC ELEMENT IN  
GERMANY,

judging from the remarks I have heard from employers in both countries, the workmen appear to be much more respectful and amenable to discipline (no doubt due to their military training), and this, I should think, will prove another great national asset in case of emergency, as against the undrilled hordes that England will have to rely upon if it resolves itself into a question of draining the cup of its last dregs.

I subsequently visited Dublin, where the poverty and begging are quite on a par with what one sees in Naples and other Italian cities, for instance.

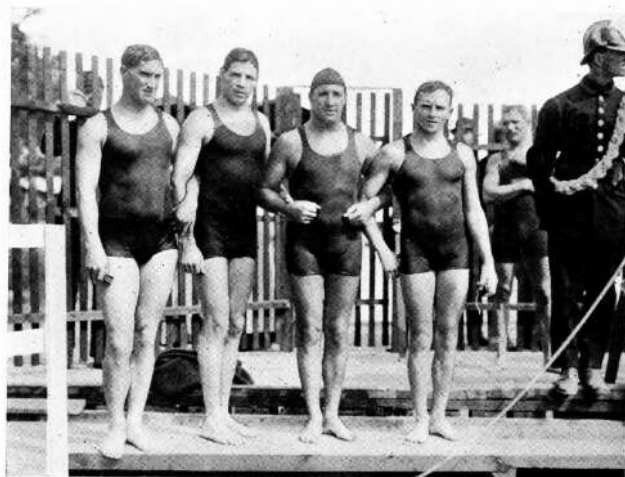
Of course, there are good, bad, and indifferent everywhere; but the general standard of education and condition of the workers that came under my observation in Germany appeared to me to be higher than is the case in the United Kingdom. They struck me as being more thrifty and less improvident across the North Sea.

EVERYBODY'S DUTY.

I think it is the duty of everyone dependent on the Union Jack for liberty, who believes, as I do, that the power and might of Germany are not realised or sufficiently appreciated by Anglo-Saxons as a whole, to, wherever possible, help a little towards an awakening of the fact, and counteract the self-satisfaction which is such an unfortunate national characteristic of ours. The great majority of Englishmen I have spoken to in the above strain have pooh-poohed the idea of being beaten in anything

BY A "BALLY FOREIGNER."

Yet they have only got to stop and think how many of their athletic laurels



*East Sydney S. C. Team  
Champions 1902-1903  
C. Healy, R. Baker, J. Meade,  
J. Thompson and A. Wickham*

*Worlds' Team Champions  
Olympic Games, Stockholm  
1912  
M. Champion H. Hardwick,  
C. Healy and L. Boardman*

have been captured by foreigners. A few years ago such an idea would have been ridiculed; to-day it is a fact. Little straws have a habit of showing which way the wind is going to blow. They seem to think that that intangible thing called "British pluck" will pull them through in the end, no matter what blunders are committed, as if it were something quite different from any other variety of pluck, and a special kind of brand all its own.

When the last British army manoeuvres were in progress I happened to be in Germany, where, needless to say, they aroused a vast amount of interest, and where every movement was subjected to the keenest criticism. Suddenly something happened in England. The mimic war was hurriedly abandoned. It was at first given out that this was brought about through aeroplanes revealing the presence of the attacking forces. But a few days later the truth

leaked out. They had got hopelessly mixed up, and could not be separated, and Germany grinned from ear to ear.

Many people in England regard Lord Roberts as an old alarmist when he keeps on warning them that Germany is perfecting details, getting ready to strike like she did in 1870. And he never tires of ridiculing the Territorials; but the "man in the street" knows better. He pursues the even tenor of his way, and does not worry his head about what he considers to be absurd and impossible ideas. It seemed to me that the equilibrium amongst the nations was maintained principally because the enormous expansion of Germany necessitated the borrowing of ready cash from French banks, and until they can alter this state of affairs the French capitalists have only got to threaten to withdraw, and Germany is face to face with a financial crisis; and thus are her talons effectively clipped for the time being.

### SURF BATHING ABROAD.

CECIL HEALY'S EXPERIENCES.

By C.H.

Scotland was the only country where I had any real surf-bathing, and the locality was Aberdeen. The beach is a good one, and the waves were suitable for shooting. It happened to be a boisterous day when I arrived, and it took me fully ten minutes before I could persuade the man at the dressing box to let me go out. It was the assurance that I came from Australia that secured me his permission at last. When I rode a few waves he stood and gaped!

At Mount Lavinia, near Colombo, on the way to Stockholm, I took advantage of our stay and tried the surf there. The

waves were capable of being shot, although small.

While bathing there an amusing incident occurred. While I was in the water a young native armed with a big knife kept running up and down the beach and throwing out his chest. I was puzzled to know his object, but after some time discovered that he was supposed to be protecting me from sharks! On coming out of the water I was assailed by loud demands for remuneration for his services. He got a coin from me for the originality of his "backsheesh" extracting business.

EXTRACTS FROM CECIL HEALY'S LETTERS.  
LIFE ON A TRANSPORT AT SEA.

I WAS one of the five detailed to draw up the programme of Boxing and Wrestling, and despite my protests of ignorance and inexperience in the handling of the Queensbury pastime, was practically forced into accepting the position of Referee, no other nomination being entertained. A ring was erected on No. B hatch, which is overlooked by the bridge, and nearly the whole ship's complement managed to find accommodation. The scene presented a familiar stadium aspect. In the early stages of the tournament there was a good deal of Slatherem Whack, some terrific blows being exchanged, which several times resulted in my being smeared a vermilion hue. Quite a number of the entrants are professional performers, of more or less repute, the best known being perhaps Charlie Godfrey, of Queensland. Godfrey won the final of the middle-weight division, scoring a points victory over Pope, of Western Australia. This match created much interest. Pope had defeated McCarty, of Newcastle, in a sensational manner by dropping him with what might be described as a beautiful right-handed punch, soon after the commencement of their bout. The Engineer Corps had heavily backed McCarty, and his dramatic ending was the topic of conversation for days. The author of his undoing, of course, went up in the estimation of the few, and a number were found willing to show their confidence in his ability when the time came for him to step into the ring with Godfrey. Godfrey, however, was ever cautious, and did not leave any such opening as McCarty to enable Pope to connect his sinister weapon, and he accumulated a substantial lead of points by the time the gong sounded at the end of the stipulated six rounds. This exhibition was of a high-class order, and both men boxed cleanly,

and I will always recall my having constituted the third person in the arena for this match with pleasure. I was determined, once I found I could not gracefully evade the duty, to at any rate convince the spectators that I had the courage of my convictions. I was obliged to disqualify two or three, who in the heat of the moment disregarded the clean break regulation. Still there was no manifestation of dissension, the only untoward incident that occurred was when, after ordering another round, I gave in favour of the opponent of a bad tempered little Dago. With blazing eyes he advanced to the middle of the ring and voiced his dissatisfaction, but was greeted with a storm of yells and hoots, which continued till he beat a hasty retreat. As a matter of fact, I had no right to have given him another chance, as one judge had given it to his adversary, and the other a draw at the end of the prescribed quota of rounds. At a concert held on Christmas night, Colonel Onslow moved a vote of thanks on my behalf, and I was accorded a good reception. Small things considered, I reckon I came through the ordeal safely.

We celebrated the crossing of the Equator in traditional style, and, in response to numerous requests, I elected to play the part of Father Neptune. The Bosun provided the regalia.

Travelling on a troopship has, at least, one advantage over a P. & O. liner, inasmuch as one can go about practically as one likes in the tropics, which liberty appealed to me in the light of a real concession. All superfluous clothing was discarded, and those of the men and non-coms. presented a state of semi-nudity. It was not long before I regained my wonted mahogany tint, which assisted in some measure to make me feel more at home.

Yours,  
CECIL.

## A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN EGYPT.

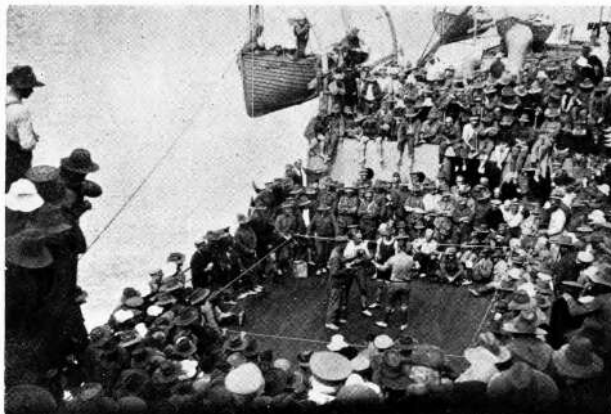
Zeitoum, 20th January, 1916.

**I**T was bitterly cold when we arrived in camp. Our equipment had been wrongly directed, and I shall long remember the wait we had until sunrise without blankets. It is not that the temperature is very low, but the atmosphere at this time of the year has a damp chilliness in the early hours of the morning, that seems to freeze the marrow in one's bones, and defies the thickest of blankets. We have certainly become a little more used to it now, but still have to have "all sails set" before we succeed in generating any degree of warmth. All along the line the Arabs kept on yelling "Backsheesh, Backsheesh," which recalled my past remembrance of the country. As was the case previously with tourists, they are cute enough to pick out the newcomer soldier, whom they persistently pester until he learns, which with Australians only means a day or two, to swear forcibly in Arabic. Thanks to the drubbing received at the hands of the lads from our part of the world, they are much more amenable than formerly. Not only have they banged them about a good deal, but also taught them to use the most unseemly oaths that the Australian soldier, in particular, is peculiarly addicted to. The quantity of cash which the latter have demonstrated he is the possessor of, compared with those from other climes, and the ready manner in which he parts with it, has created a general impression in Egypt that Australia is an immensely wealthy country. Of course, the evacuation of Gallipoli occurred before we got here. Most of the returned men are now located at the new front. I have already run across innumerable acquaintances in khaki, and

every day meet a fresh batch of swimming friends, etc..

No sooner had we arrived than I commenced to make enquiries as to whether there were any facilities for bathing in the neighbourhood. I learnt of the existence of sulphur baths at Helwan, a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour's train journey from Cairo. Hendy and self immediately went off to them, but, greatly to our chagrin, discovered they were dismantled. It was a nice sunny day, and so we decided we would at least have the satisfaction of indulging in a sun bath. We partly stripped with that object in view, and while so engaged, who should happen along but two members of the Coogee Surf Club, well known to both of us. They reckoned it was quite appropriate that they should come across me at the only bathing resort in this part of the country. They are Army Medical men, and are attached to the local Australian Hospital. We availed ourselves of a cordial invitation to look over the establishment and have tea with them. It is built on an eminence commanding a splendid view, with Pyramid Sakkarah some distance away directly opposite. Prior to the war it was run as a hydro convalescent home. The battle-scarred warriors are very well looked after there, being entertained by picture shows and concerts nightly.

We have had two or three heavy showers, lasting about ten minutes each, and we are given to understand this is considered to have been an exceptionally wet season. Our unit (consisting of five individuals) is occupying an unused officer's hut, which is a big improvement on those erected for the men. Still they are not built to keep rain out,



*Stadium on an  
Australian Transport*

*Cecil Healy at Cambridge  
on Anzac Day, 1918*

*In the Shadow of the  
Sphinx, 1916*

as it so rarely puts in an appearance. Consequently when it does sprinkle, the roof affords very little protection.

Our camp at present is right on the banks of the Nile. The Arab Dhoes and Citadel (old Cairo) in background make a very picturesque scene at sunset. The river is about 60 yards wide. My first thought was "how bonzer for a dip," but it was "out of bounds." It is said that grubs attack white men who swim in it. That reminds me, right alongside of us is the house (more like a palace) of the Sultan's brother. I could easily throw a stone from where I am scribbling this on to the harem. We often catch sight of the darling little inmates as they peep out of the windows. They were in the habit of waving to the lads, but "the old boy" caught them one day, and that was the end of the chapter.

They are guarded by an armed sentry at night. They are also a source of interest to us, as they attain the size of giants. The first thing the new arrivals do is to make a bee line for the native quarter, that is known as the "Wazzer." It consists mostly of narrow, tortuous alleys. There is no sanitary system whatever, and I do not think the light of day ever penetrates part of it. Inasmuch of the number of inhabitants it contains, it resembles a rabbit warren. Most of the houses have iron doors and barred windows. It is thronged just now, one might say, day and night with soldiers. Above the din is heard the cry, "Come on, Australian." It is like a bazaar where the human element is the sole commodity offered.

Yours,  
CECIL.

### NOT AFRAID OF SHARKS.

Cecil Healy's Great Swim.

An Ocean Sprint.

Cecil Healy, the Australian short-distance champion, shares the view with a number of surf swimmers, that sharks will not attack human beings off the sea beaches. Yesterday he figured in a swim that is probably unique. He swam in the ocean from a point above the North Steyne dressing sheds to the wall at Fairy Bower, south of the South Steyne dressing enclosure. The distance is something more than a mile. A crew manned the surf boat and accompanied him on his trip. At intervals bathers

sprang out of the boat and swam with Healy. But his pace beat them all off, and even in the last 50 yards he stalled off a sprinter, and finished up comparatively fresh. So far as the oldest resident of Manly knew this is the first time that a swimmer has swum the length of the Manly Beach. All the week huge sharks have been seen there in pursuit of schools of salmon. So far as they were concerned, however, Healy had an uninterrupted passage.

—"Daily Telegraph," Sydney, December 19, 1910.

### GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS.

At Divisional Base Depot, France,  
December, 1916.

I MADE a suggestion to the O.C. that, as our regiment's funds were in a healthy condition, and our strength down to 2,000 odd men, we should make an effort to outdo all the other depots in the matter of Xmas dinner. When I first mentioned poultry, he rather laughed at the idea, but I scoured the district, and eventually discovered some farm people, who were prepared to deliver excellent specimen poulets at 6 francs apiece. Before sanctioning the expenditure, the O.C. intimated that he looked to me personally to make the venture a success, as he could not reconcile himself to the idea of providing poultry for such a large number of men on active service, and was most sceptical as to the result. Fortunately I had a capable man in charge of cooking arrangements, and he proved himself equal to the occasion. As far as we could ascertain, no other camp's menu could compare with ours, and the meal was the talk of the district. It consisted of poultry, with an extra large supply of mashed potatoes and boiled onions, one whole ham per mess of 16 men, three tins of preserved pineapples per mess,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of excellent plum pudding, dates, bread, butter, etc., together with  $\frac{3}{4}$  litre of beer and tea. At the conclusion the men were nearly beaten to a

standstill. They literally staggered to their tents, fell upon their backs and slept contentedly for the remainder of the afternoon.

I have remarked to one or two field officers who have passed through, if I have succeeded in winning the confidence of the O.C. to the extent of persuading him that I can look after men satisfactorily under disadvantageous circumstances, surely it is about time I was offered a battalion Q.M.'s job. They have one and all recognised the logic of the argument, and promised to have representations made, but nothing has subsequently transpired.

I sincerely hope you will not think unkindly of me for corresponding so seldom. Never before in my life have I felt so disinclined to commit my thoughts to paper. I regard my present existence as something akin to that of those oxen one sees in Egypt, blindfolded, and attached to an apparatus for drawing water that necessitates them going around and around and around, their destiny decided by circumstances over which they have no control.

Yours,

CECIL.

## GETTING READY FOR THE FRONT.

### A Prophetic Letter.

5th Training Battalion, Wilts, England; June 9, 1918.

**Y**OUR lines of March 21 have just overtaken me here, having been re-directed from the several places I have been to since concluding my course at Cambridge about a month ago. It was fortunate they were not delayed a couple of days longer, as they have reached me on the eve of my departure for the firing line, and in all probability, had they not turned up when they did, would have been chasing me about France for weeks. I was awfully glad to hear from you again, and appreciated reading your lengthy and interesting comments on the situation in general.

Since your remarks were penned, the Germans have launched the offensive on the West Front. At the time you wrote it was known that they were making preparations. It proved to have been organised on a colossal scale, with the result that things have reached a most critical stage. The German hordes are closer to Paris, one, of course, of their principal objectives since the beginning of the war, and the question of the moment is "Will they reach their goal before sufficient American effectives arrive to turn the scale of battle in our favour."

No one has had a greater admiration for the fighting qualities of the average British soldier, more particularly in the case of the men from the Dominions overseas, than myself.

I do not doubt that they are as gallant and as brave a type of officer as has ever lived. One has merely to converse with the average person a few minutes to realise that. Germany's strength, to my

mind, lies in the first place in the instinct for organising which her people generally have, and always struck me as possessing, but more especially in the number of master-minds which she has succeeded in developing—men who have the advantage, be it said, of being permitted to exercise unrestricted sway, and who are thus freed from the constant interruption and interference with which Lloyd George has to contend in his direction of political affairs. As you are aware, no one knew better than myself how Germany was preparing for the war. It is undeniable that she obtained a big initial start, but I consider that it has been her capacity to keep the lead in all-round initiative that has enabled her to wreak such havoc.

### YANKEES TO THE FORE.

Until America ranged herself definitely on our side, I entertained strong misgivings, but when U.S.A. declared war, the Teutons' chances of obtaining world domination vanished for ever, in my estimation. I at once ventured to prophesy among my coterie of friends that it would be Yankee brains, Yankee wealth and Yankee resources that would assist Verdun. The prediction, I need hardly add, was received with incredulity, if not ridicule, because at the time of which I speak, things had a very different complexion from what they have to-day. Later on the first Yanks put in an appearance in France. I thereupon took on myself to do a little propaganda work on their behalf to any groups that I happened to come upon in our camp that were discussing them.



*Cecil Healy as Q.M.S.,  
Sydney, 1915  
Photo by Judith Fletcher.*

*Cecil Healy as R.Q.M.S.,  
Paris 1917  
Photo by "Le Journal."*

I related my own experiences for their edification. I told them that I had made one of a bunch of athletes who left Australia to compete against Americans at the Olympic Games, and that we entertained the same opinion of their worth and ability. We had been quite convinced, I assured them, that the Yanks were all talk, and that we had nothing to fear from them. But I explained that after we had had an opportunity of seeing for ourselves what they could do in the way of organisation, had seen evidence of their shrewd and business-like system, and observed the fact that they were equipped with everything that brains could suggest and money buy, and, moreover, had met them as man to man—in most instances receiving a sound trouncing at their hands—we began to regard them from a very different standpoint. Ultimately we returned to Australia with the firm impression that the Yank was about as tough a proposition as could be met anywhere. I went on to assert that when they were ready to tackle Fritz it was perfectly safe to assume that the Americans would demonstrate the same characteristics and be of very material assistance in preventing the liberty-loving nations from being trampled under by Prussian militarism.

I could not help smiling when I read in your letter the statements made in reference to the Americans by one or two of your correspondents on this side. You will be able to understand the attitude of people generally that I have endeavoured to depict. Gradually I succeeded in converting a number of those persons in immediate contact with me to adopt a more hopeful view of their advent. How different is the aspect today! Although they have not yet been in a position to undertake any big movement, the Americans have displayed grit, dash and initiative in innumerable

minor engagements, such as to make eye-witnesses wildly enthusiastic about their soldierly capabilities and what they are likely to do when they have had time to establish themselves at the front in force. They are blamed still a good deal for not being over earlier. But the Allies have only themselves to thank, to a very large extent, as there is no doubt they had an idea that they could push Fritz back themselves if America would supply them with money, munitions and foodstuffs in sufficient quantities, and when she asked them at the outset to name their requirements, the need of men was not urgently set forth. By the time this reaches your hands I trust they will have done a good deal more to bear out the glowing announcements I committed myself to concerning them.

#### LLOYD GEORGE'S HARD TASK.

Mr. Lloyd George must have been obliged to surmount well-nigh insuperable obstacles before he induced the Cabinet and the War Office to agree to the appointment of Foch as Generalissimo, although it was evident we had not yet brought to light anyone comparable to him as a strategist. When the history of events is written, the nation will learn how greatly it is indebted to the little wizard from Wales, and it will awake to a realisation of the fact that, considering the extraordinary circumstances he was called upon to face, he is one of the most remarkable men who have ever been entrusted with its destiny. It is beyond my comprehension to conceive how Germany managed to undermine the stability of so many countries with her insidious influences. I cannot help thinking that it has not yet been entirely eradicated from spheres in the United Kingdom. That is the only way I can account for the idiotic pampering of German prisoners here, in

the face of the cruelties and brutalities heaped upon our men by the Huns in their country, and such like crazy departmental government.

To sum up my views, I do not anticipate that we will be able to crush the German military machine sufficiently to make it concede all the demands that we have urged as our minimum conditions. Before that day arrives, I look to the people of Germany themselves to take a hand in ending the dreadful slaughter and misery. I know from personal contact with the country that a large percentage of the population is socialistically inclined, and I maintain that it represents a volcanic force at the present juncture which only awaits a split in the upper strata to burst forth and exert itself. While they can continue to secure military successes, the Junkers will be able to sustain their hold on the nation's throat, but it will be otherwise, I think, when the tide of battle turns in our favour. If our authorities would institute a more vigorous policy of German town-bombing, I feel sure it would hasten the end.

#### THOUGHT HIM "WHITE HOPE."

While at Cambridge, I rowed in the company and platoon English (stroking the latter), played Rugby, and actually indulged in an early morning dip right through the bitterly cold weather. Frequently the snow lay thick upon the ground, and invariably the temperature was below freezing point, but I kept it up, because it certainly agreed with me. During the course I reduced my weight from 14st. 8lb. to 12st. 12lb. I had a sensational career in the heavyweight boxing competitions. Owing to not being able to find anyone to train with me, I abandoned the notion of taking part, but at the very last moment, at the re-

quest of the commanding officer, I altered my mind. I drew a bye first round. In the semi-final I met a Guardsman who stood well over six feet and who had earned the reputation of being easily the best exponent to come to light up till then. I skittled him with the first two punches. This performance caused me to be hailed as a veritable "White Hope," and the onlookers are said to have wagered as much as £90 to £100 on me at most extravagant odds. I saw my prospective opponent for the final spar, but he did not impress me much, although I noted that he was an exceedingly well-built chap, tall, and vigorous looking.

As soon as the gong clanged I bowled straight over to him, with the intention of finishing him off in the same manner as I had done my previous vis-a-vis, but he evaded my onslaught by ducking low, and before I had time to recover my equilibrium he swung a mighty punch (which, by the way, he told me afterwards was not aimed anywhere in particular), and, as luck would have it, it struck me fair on the point. Proceedings thereafter are a blank to me. It appears I promptly measured my length on the boards, but rose almost immediately, and stood a helpless target. I took some more unmerciful bashes before assuming a recumbent position again. And so it went on until the referee declared my ring companion the winner. The episode was the talk of the sports of Cambridge for some time afterwards. Everyone seemed to be of the opinion that my adversary had the "wind up" properly. When I tell you that he has figured in many axe contests, you will be able to realise that he can put some weight behind his givings. If it had been Jack Johnson's jaw instead of my own that had stood the impact, I am inclined to the belief that the result

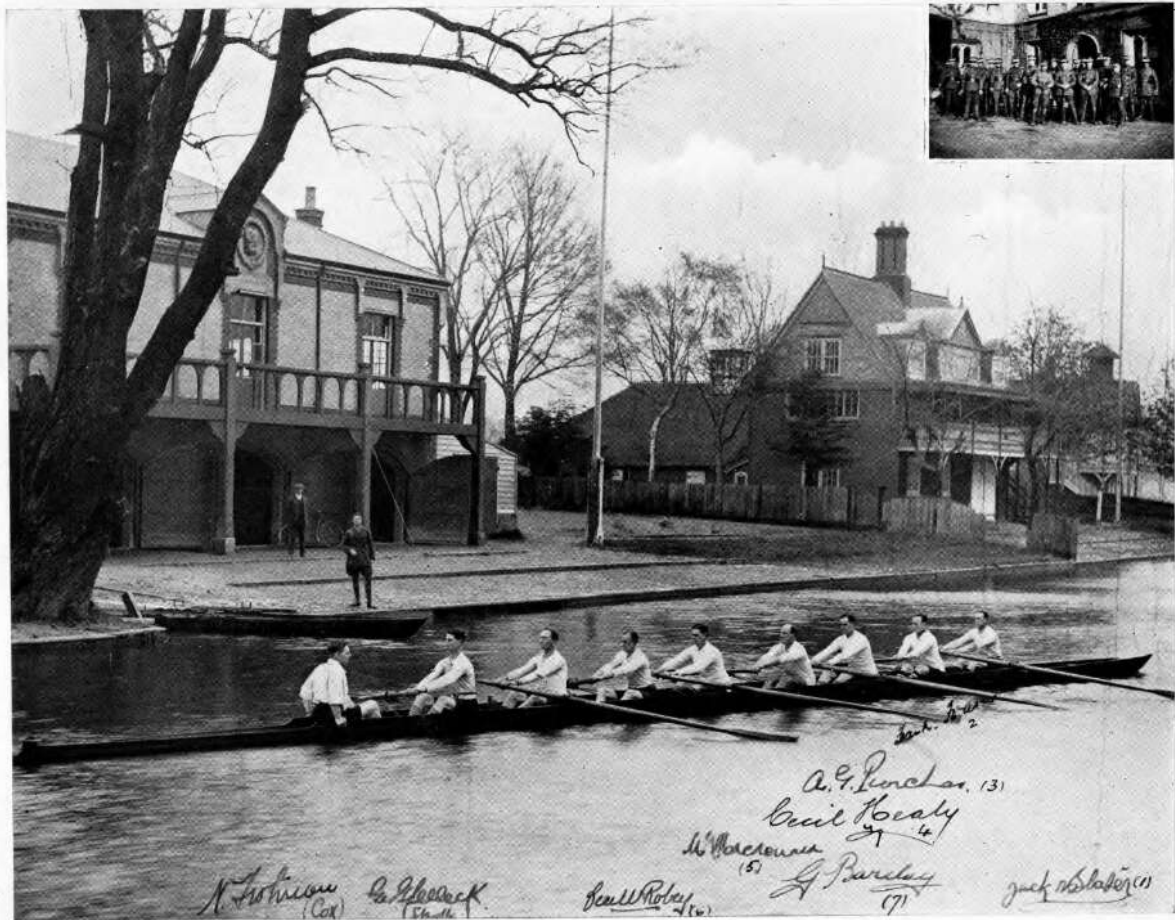
would have been much the same. At any rate, I revealed the fact that I could take a good share of punishment, so my friends stated, but that was poor consolation to me!

The last few weeks have been exceptionally warm here. I do not remember having struck such a spell of fine, bright sunny days in England on any of my previous visits. The country looks lovely. This can be said of most of the countries here at this time of the year, at least, in the piping times of peace. I spent last week-end camping on the upper reaches of the Thames. It was delightfully warm and I swam to my heart's content. The scenery on the river was most picturesque. There was a constant stream of pleasure craft passing backward and forward, with gaily attired female occupants, lolling back in indolent fashion. But from overhead came the constant drone of aeroplane engines and when one listened intently the thud, thud of the Barking Berthas across the channel could be distinctly heard. This prevented me from being forgetful that the world was not as peaceful as one might have been led to imagine from appearances at that particularly favoured spot.

#### HOPED TO SELL LIFE DEARLY.

Men are dying in the effort to stem the Teutons' onward rush. I am prepared for the worst, and am quite resigned to my fate. My conscience would not permit me to occupy a safe job indefinitely, notwithstanding that I was assured by my Commanding Officer that I was doing good work where I was. It was against the repeatedly given advice of officer friends that I transferred from the A.S.C. to the infantry. But I had been under fairly heavy shell fire, and knew what I was doing. I must say it was out of no love of the military that I took the step, as I hate and detest everything associated with the machine. I have seen too many inconsistencies perpetrated in it, and too much of the seamy side of it. I was influenced by a desire to live up to the best expectations of my personal friends. That is what it amounted to. I cherish the hope that I will be able to sell my life dearly, and earn the respect of the men whom I command.

If the unexpected happens, and I am spared to return, we must dispose of a drop of the cup that cheers together, old chap. Meantime.—Yours, CECIL.



"B" Company,  
5th Officers' Cadet Battalion  
at Trinity College, Cambridge  
Photo by Stearn & Sons,  
Cambridge, England.

## THE STORY OF SPORT AND WAR IN FRANCE.

On Heels of the Germans.

In the Field, France, 4/7/'18.

THE postcard you sent depicting the scene in Martin Place on Red Cross Day has just reached me. It makes a very interesting picture. It certainly does not suggest that the enthusiasm of the people for the cause has dwindled to any appreciable extent, and I consider it calculated to impress the inhabitants on this side with the fact that, notwithstanding the anti-conscription vote, the will of the country is centred in the right place. It is also likely to convince them that we possess some city, and I will take pride in showing it round.

I obtained my commission in England on the first of last month (June), and immediately proceeded overseas. I am attached to the 19th Battalion, sometimes referred to as the Sportsmen's Battalion. Whether it is any more entitled to this pseudonym than any other unit in the A.I.F. I have my doubts. However, it undoubtedly possesses its quota of prominent athletes. The battalion was occupying billets in close proximity to one of the largest and best known provincial inland towns in France when I joined up. The last big push made by the Hun toward it, some weeks previously, brought it within range of the heavy guns, and the Teuton savages thereupon commenced to rain huge shells upon it. It was very hastily evacuated by the civil population. So precipitate was their flight that in most instances only such of their belongings as could be carried by hand were taken with them. Everything else was left standing. The troops were quartered in the vacant houses and en-

joyed the unusual luxury of having spring beds to sleep in and furnished apartments to live in generally. The deserted state of the once thriving city, and the damaged aspect of its boulevards and buildings brought home to one poignantly and vividly the wanton destructiveness of warfare.

### A SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

No sooner had I put in an appearance than it was proposed to organise a swimming carnival. The town baths, situated on the river that runs through it, were found to offer excellent facilities for the purpose. We did not know, from one moment to another, when we would be ordered back into the line, so the arrangements had to be hurriedly completed. We secured the services of Sid Riddington, the Manly diver, who belongs to the same brigade, for the occasion. I also discovered another school-boy champion named Campbell, and I got him to assist me in an exhibition of the crawl and other strokes which I first of all dilated upon for the edification of the Diggers.

The fancy-dress parade was a prominent feature of the show. Despite the fact that they only had a very short time at their disposal, the boys managed to produce some exceedingly comical costumes, and their sustaining of the various characters was none the less clever. The battalion band was in attendance, and a large crowd congregated to witness the programme. The inter-company teams race was, perhaps, productive of most enthusiasm, but keen in-

terest was displayed in all the events, which, as one who is ever anxious to see the sport progress in popularity, I was more than delighted to note.

#### MEN FROM OUR VILLAGE.

The affair was the means of bringing quite a number of old Manlyites in contact with each other again, and, as you are well aware that there is no more ardent lover of the Village by the Sea than myself, it is really unnecessary to add that this, to me, was another most pleasing incident. It is generally acknowledged that the function, if not actually the most successful, was one of the best sporting fixtures carried out under the auspices of the battalion since its departure from Sydney. We were also fortunate, inasmuch as the Bosche was quiescent that day and did not shell the locality.

#### BILLETS DOUX FROM FRITZ.

A few days later we moved up to our present position. We are in reserve, a few kilometres behind the firing line. Although, ever since we came here, large calibre shells have been bursting in the neighbourhood and bombs dropped nightly, they did not come uncomfortably close to our company until this afternoon. The Hun was evidently greatly enraged over another one of those splendid successes achieved early this morning by our boys, and which it has now become quite customary to associate with the operations of Australian troops. As we penetrated his line for over a mile in depth, and captured something like 1,500 prisoners, his annoyance is understandable. At the moment of writing he is flinging his billets doux about in all directions, and every now and again pieces of shell strike the roof of my dugout, which, by the way, does not happen to be a very substantial one.

We stand-to at different hours, and are quite expecting at any moment to participate in the fighting.

A day or two ago I proceeded with my Company C.O. to the forward area for reconnaissance purposes. Things were not very lively at the time in the advanced parts, but on the return journey we came under one of Fritz's periodical bursts of shelling. It was not at all a pleasant sensation. I must say I do not relish the idea of being knocked in a rearward position, but very often nowadays the strain on one's nerves in such places is more severe during a straaing than in the actual front-line trenches. Lately he has been using a new form of shell, which the boys term "Rubber Belly." It is a high velocity projectile, and only a fraction of a second appears to elapse after one's ears detect its approach and the explosion, consequently there is a beastly state of uncertainty about it, and it has everyone guessing.

#### AWE-INSPIRING.

I have never witnessed anything more awe-inspiring than the preliminary bombardment in connection with this morning's stunt. The barrages now are not maintained for the same length of time as formerly, but are greatly intensified. The sector to be attacked is simply deluged with shells, and it is beyond comprehension how anyone lives through such terrific and concentrated gunfire. I am afraid there is very little of the sporting element in modern warfare. The terrible engines of destruction and diabolical accessories, such as poison gas, now employed, resolve the issue for the individual into being not one of the survival of the fittest, but sheer luck, nothing more or less.

Yours,  
CECIL.

### HIS FINAL LETTER TO A FRIEND.

In the Field, France,  
13th August, 1918.

I have often wondered if you ever perused my article on "The Peace of Europe," written in 1913. In the light of subsequent events, I think you will agree it makes rather curious reading. War, in my opinion, is a putrid game, but, of course, I realise someone has got to do the dirty work, and I try to make the best of it.

I am away from the front at the moment, but return again in a couple of days' time. The news recently has been most encouraging, and I really think the

prospects of it finishing next Spring (if not before) are promising, to say the least of it. Yankee money, resources and men have been the deciding factors, as I have always imagined would be the case. Keep that bottle of sparkling stuff on the ice, on the off-chance of my having the good luck to come through the ordeal, and we will discuss old times together whilst we dispose of it. Meantime,

Yours,  
CECIL.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will."

*This Epitaph, written for an American Soldier, is so appropriate to the late Lieutenant Cecil Healy that the author will no doubt pardon us quoting it.*

### MONUMENT ENOUGH.

Where I shall fall upon my battle-ground  
There may I rest—nor carry me away.  
What holier hills could in these days be found  
Than hills of France to hold a soldier's clay?  
Nor need ye place a cross of wooden stuff  
Over my head to mark my age and name;  
This very ground is monument enough!  
'Tis all I wish of show or outward fame.  
Deep in the hearts of fellow countrymen  
My fast immortal sepulchre shall be,  
Greater than all the tombs of ancient kings.  
What matter where my dust shall scatter then?  
I shall have served my country oversea  
And loved her—dying with a heart that sings.

—RAY GAUGER, in the "Chicago Tribune."

### SWIMMING IN THE ICY RIVER.

Extract from a letter written by a fellow officer, London, June 26, 1918.—

"Cecil will not age, and at Cambridge he astonished the dons and others by every morning, before breakfasting, plunging into the then icy Thames. He would burst over half a mile or so solus. He had these swims unchallenged. Other cadets, tight wrapped in mufflers and British 'warms,' were present on occasions to witness his 'devotions.' They did it well up the bank, however, and this phenomenal athlete added

to his laurels by winning the Cross Country Championship at Cambridge, and was runner-up in the boxing championship. In an exhibition sprint at the Automobile and Bath Club he demonstrated that the youngsters at Home are not going to have it all their own way when the boys come home. Healy has lost weight these days. He was a tidy 15st. on embarkation in Australia. Now he barely tips 11.6, and reckons he is as fit as ever he was in life before."

Q. S. Spedding, Lieut.

### HIS LAST SWIM.

France, September 5th, 1918.

"You will no doubt be interested to know that I was with Cecil in his last swimming stunt. He strolled over to the 2nd Machine Gun Battalion swimming carnival, and hearing that there was an open 100yds. event,

and that an Englishman with some reputation (it was rumored that he had beaten Hatfield) was competing, Cecil decided to have a go, and, of course, won easily. The Englishman was a bit of a fraud."

—Dave R. Fleming, Lieut.

### HOW LIEUT. CECIL HEALY DIED.

"At dawn on August 29 they were ordered to push forward, and if possible effect a crossing of the Somme, opposite the now famous Mont. St. Quentin. When about opposite the village, the whole attack was more or less held up by intense machine-gun fire from the front and left flank. Everything now was confusion—they were suffering a large number of casualties. Cecil Healy and another officer decided to take their platoons forward and clear the copse holding them up in front. They reached it safely—mopped it up, and raced up to the high ground in the rear of it. It was then that Healy met his death. He died well in front of his platoon, looking for machine guns, and his fearlessness supplied the enemy with too good a target to miss. A machine-gun bullet got him in the back of the neck, and while lying wounded a burst of machine-gun fire got him in the right breast. When he fell a stretcher-bearer ran over to him, and while bandaging him up, was unfortunately, severely wound-

ed himself. Comrades crawling across to poor old Ces. asked him where he was hit, but he was too far gone to answer. He was breathing very heavily and making a good, game fight for his life. He died an hour after being hit—between 7 and 8 o'clock. It was his first stunt, and unfortunately his last. He was indeed a great loss to the Battalion, and was a very promising young officer. For the first time under heavy fire, he displayed splendid coolness, and any amount of courage, several of his men have spoken since emphasising his coolness and courage under fire. He died a true soldier—leading his men, and with his face to the enemy. He has left in the Battalion a name that will be cherished by all who knew him, just as his record in the athletic world can always be recalled with feelings of admiration and respect. He was buried at the edge of Sword Wood, just west of the Somme Canal, where it runs west of Peronne."

### AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.

*The Rev. Father J. O'Gorman preached an eloquent panegyric at a Requiem Mass, celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, on September 23rd, 1918, on the self-sacrifice of the late officer.*

There were one or two lessons which were associated with the solemn ceremonies they were celebrating that day, and which served as object-lessons, and help in their daily life. The incidence of the ceremony, he continued, illustrated the loving principles of self-sacrifice and suffering. All who knew the late Cecil Healy realised that he was an excellent citizen, and possessed a charming personality. I have seen boys sitting around him, and looking up to him with a sense of wonder, so charmed were they by his kindly disposition and amiable nature. He was their hero, who had fought Australian battles in the athletic competitions at Athens, Stockholm, and in many other capitals of Europe. Everywhere, and in all competitions the genuine sportsmanship of Cecil Healy had won for him the greatest respect and esteem. There was no blot on his escutcheon, for he was honorable and uncorruptible in all his doings.

There is another characteristic in his nature which has been supplied in the sacrifice he made in offering his life in the present war, and which has added a note of the supernatural to his character. In his last communications he declared that he was fully prepared to meet his Creator. Such evidences of piety and devotion to his faith are subjects of great joy and consolation to his bereaved relatives and friends. Though the deceased soldier has lost a few years of his life in this world, still he has gained a life in a glorious eternity. The motive which urged Cecil Healy to go to the war was grand and meritorious. He was not attracted by the panoply of war, for he had a horror of it. Neither was his motive that of adventure; but it was the desire to help Australia and the Allies because disaster to them would mean everything to his native land.

### FOR SAVING LIFE.

His Excellency the Governor (Sir Walter Davidson), in moving the adoption of the report of the Royal Shipwreck Relief and Humane Society of N.S.W., referred to the Society's awards for Life Saving, and spoke of the part that National pluck played in the National Character, and of the prowess of Australians as swimmers. The best swimmers in the world were, he thought, Australians.

The Chief Justice (Sir William Cullen), in seconding the adoption of the report, said . . . His Excellency had referred to Australians as swimmers. It recalled the death of one who had gallantly given his life in service abroad—Cecil Healy—(applause)—and an article supplied by that notable figure about five years ago in which his observations abroad had shown him the menace that the world had to meet from the growing power of Germany.

*Sydney Morning Herald, 17/9/18.*

### OBITUARY NOTICES.

*From "The Sydney Morning Herald."*

Nearly everyone in Australia has in the war experienced some sense of loss—a son, a brother, some near relation or close friend. One of the best-known of the Australians who now lies buried in France was Cecil Healy. By thousands to whom he was personally known, by many close and intimate friends (perhaps no other young Australian who left these shores to do duty

for his country had more), by even his many merest acquaintances, Cecil Healy will be truly mourned, for, besides being one of the world's champion swimmers—if not at one time the actual champion—he was a man of a most lovable disposition, modest in the hour of victory, ready at once to generously acknowledge defeat if beaten, chivalrous and courteous always.

He deserved to be a champion, for no man ever took such assiduous pains to fit himself by every means in his power for his arduous contests. He lived carefully, practised certain strokes patiently and with the utmost perseverance, and whether the weather was wet or dry, cold or hot, regularly practised his exercises in and out of the water. On more than one occasion he trained right through the winter, going for his swim regularly day by day, to prepare himself for the races that were to come off in the following summer. Quite a number of friends used to devote their lunch hour for some years to that brisk walk through the Botanic Gardens with him, and a twenty minutes' plunge in the baths in the harbour.

Most champions, in whatever branch of sport, and more particularly in swimming, reach the zenith of their success in early youth, generally at or about the age of 21. Swimming beyond all other sports needs great powers of endurance, but Cecil Healy went on competing with more and more success as year followed year, and in the course of his career he met all the great amateur champions that the world has known . . . . .

Cecil Healy was one of the band who fought for the freedom of the surf. Always a lover of the surf as well as of swimming, he was elected Captain of the Manly Surf Club when the founders of that Club, together with those at Bondi, brought about the popularity of surf-bathing and won for all time the right of free bathing in the Pacific Ocean. Healy competed with great success in the Life-Saving Competitions held in those days at the various Surf Carnivals, and he received the medal of the Royal Humane Society for Life-Saving in the surf. In fact, he effected many rescues which were not chronicled. On one occasion Healy went into the surf at Manly to effect a rescue when a storm was raging and the undertow was running worse than usual. A tremendous breaker brought the drowning man shorewards where he was helped out of distress by other bathers. Healy had tried to cross the undertow in getting to his man, and when he saw the latter was safe, he turned and tried to swim ashore, but, strong a swimmer as he was, he was slowly drawn back by the tow. With his usual presence of mind, he coolly did the only

thing that was possible, and turning again went with the tow but towards the side of it, where he gradually got out of the current into the breakers, whence he easily reached the shore.

It was not only at swimming that Healy excelled. He was one of the best amateur boxers in Sydney, and won a name for his forcible hitting, good nature under punishment and scrupulous fairness.

He was one of the finest public speakers I have ever heard. Always a great reader and thinker, Healy made speeches that always commanded rapt attention. He was indeed an orator, and being possessed of a good memory very often embellished his speeches with particularly good quotations. At one time he took an active part in an election campaign, and was sought after by Liberals to speak at their meetings, which on several occasions he did with very great success. . . . .

Years hence, when history recounts the deeds of Australians in the greatest world war of the centuries, few individual names will be mentioned, for so many heroic deeds have been performed, so many marvellous feats of bravery and endurance recorded by individuals, as well as by bodies of men, that the historian will pause and hesitate to accord fame to any where so many have richly deserved it. In the fighting at Pozieres, Villers Bretonneux, and many other places in France and Belgium the Australians excelled themselves, and they were again and again referred to by General Haig and the French generals in terms of the very highest commendation. Perhaps one of their most difficult and probably important undertakings was the capture of Mont St. Quentin in the fighting that took place between August 26 and 31 of this year. Here temporarily the Germans held up the British forces just when they were commencing to get well into the stride of their great offensive. The country was ideal for defence but frightful for an attack. Mont St. Quentin stands like a sentinel, guarding Peronne, which lies on low ground in a bend of the Somme. The Bapaume road from Peronne runs up over the nearer side of Mont St. Quentin, and above it rises a series of naked clay cliffs. Bare green slopes to the north and south make it difficult for troops to advance without great peril.

The attacking Australians had to contend against heavy artillery from the northward, but they gradually, though with utmost difficulty, forced their way onwards, although the Germans counter-attacked them fifteen times in 24 hours.—Holding these attacks up tenaciously they again battled on till they

had won the whole crest of the mountain. It was in the early stages of this attack on Mont St. Quentin at dawn on August 29, and while leading his men to a glorious victory, that Cecil Healy fell. So he died, as gallant a man as ever lived.

From "The Referee."

. . . . . Poor Cecil! His innings at the front was not long. . . . He was one of the four most famous swimmers the world has known—the other three were Barney Kieran, Dick Cavill, and C. M. Daniels. There were others who approached those named closely in celebrity, but I think Kieran, Healy, Cavill, and Daniels stood out beyond their contemporaries, and beyond any great swimmers who appeared before. Beaurepaire and Kahanamoku arrived later. At the time Kieran was making a name for himself over the middle and longer distances, Cecil Healy had gathered in all the sprint championships. A stylist, his crawl stroke was distinguished from the Cavill splash by the rhythmic movement of both arms and legs.

. . . . My memory makes Cecil's race with Daniels in England his greatest. Both athletes evidenced remarkable form. Only in the turns did the American gain. The Australian always had that advantage very nearly wiped out before the next stretch of water was thrown behind. Nothing but Daniels' adeptness and Healy's well-known slowness in the kick-off, as compared with his actual swimming, gave the race to the man from Yankeeland, and we Australians had to console ourselves with the knowledge that kicking-off was not swimming. . . . Cecil Healy was a great personality. He had all the elements of character that make for popularity, and was a distinctly unusual type of man physically and otherwise. May the earth rest lightly upon him.

#### WHAT CECIL HEALY WAS.

*A sympathetic Belgian champion swimmer sends us the very interesting personal recollections of Cecil Healy which are given below:—*

I read with real sadness, in "Sporting," of the frightful news of the death of that good and fine fellow Cecil Healy.

If it is really true, if in reality that exceptional athlete has fallen in the field of honour, the great family of sportsmen must, alas! once again go into mourning.

Healy was the first swimmer who exhibited in Europe the "crawl," the wonderfully nimble Australian stroke, which revolutionised the art of swimming. I had the honour of being matched against him, at Brussels, in a 100 yards, at the beginning of his first European tour. Healy won in an impressing style, beating me by 2 seconds. Feytaert came third, if I remember rightly. A few days before, over the same distance Healy had beaten Derbyshire, the champion of England, by 5 seconds.

Healy was a perfect swimmer, absolutely a classic, marvellously gifted. His vic-

tories could not be counted and his renown was universal. Nevertheless, allow me, for the story of our sport, to rectify an error which has appeared in the obituary note that you have published on this subject. Healy did not take part in the Olympian Games of London, in 1908, and it was the Hungarian, Zoltan La Holmay, who came second, behind the American Daniels, in the 100 metres. On the other hand, it was at Etaples, and not at Havre, where Cecil Healy lived several months before leaving for the front. He was a sergeant-major and waited impatiently for his "officer's commission." He wrote me several letters on this subject which all reflect honour upon him; the formal and enthusiastic proof of fighting with all his strength for the victory of our cause.

The time that he did not spend at business was given to sports, which he loved.

As a journalist, he contributed to a Sydney paper, in which he spoke with authority in the swimming column.

Healy only played, I think, one match of water-polo in France—he did not distinguish himself very much in this sport—and that was at Charenton, during the year 1907.

He took part in the team of "Great Britain," of which William Henry, the secretary of the Life Saving Association, was captain, and of which Jarvis was at that time the great star. That team beat, with one goal, the national Belgian team, of which Jegaeris was captain, and in which I had the honour to take part—after a memorable struggle.

—Translated from the French "Sporting."

EXTRACTS FROM A FEW OF THE NUMEROUS LETTERS OF CON-  
DOLENCE RECEIVED:—

Governor-General's Office, Melbourne,  
23rd September, 1918.

Dear Madam,—

I am desired by His Excellency the Governor-General to transmit to you the following message from their Majesties the King and Queen:—

"The King and Queen deeply regret the loss you and the Army have sustained by the death of your son in the service of his country.

"Their Majesties truly sympathise with you in your sorrow."

In addition to the above message, I am desired by the Governor-General to express their Excellencies' heartfelt sympathy with you on the death of this gallant officer, who fell fighting for his Country and Empire.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) George Steward, Lt.-Col.,  
Official Secretary.

..... "I very much appreciate the late Lieutenant Cecil Healy's kind actions and words on behalf of my countrymen in France. I am sorry he could not have been spared to more fully realise the truth of his prophecy concerning the American soldiers, but you have the assurance that he died fighting for a noble cause."

(Signed) J. I. Brittain,  
American Consul-General.

..... "Cecil was a fine straight young man who is a loss to this country and one whom everybody hoped would be spared. A man amongst men."

..... "He did his duty, and putting aside his own interests and feelings, came forward to help his Country in its need."

..... "I have never heard him cry against an opponent who defeated him. He was one of Nature's real gentlemen, and I feel his loss very sincerely."

..... "He represented the very best type of an Australian Sportsman, and the credit of his Country was always safe in his keeping. Would that we had more like him."

..... "At the time he enlisted, his joining up meant a great deal to the recruiting, and his wonderful example, not only at that time induced many to join, but later on induced others, on account of his sportsmanlike action."

..... "We shall more and more realise what a remarkable personality Cecil was, now that he has gone."

..... "He was well known and very much respected by the whole community, for he did much, both by precept and example, to encourage the moral development of the younger generation. . . . His fine spirit, both as a man and as a soldier, will not die with him."

..... "We will all miss him, an example as a sportsman and citizen to all."

..... "What a pity it is his type of man always seems to be the one which gets killed."

..... "In his last letter he discloses his true nobleness of character. He had a clear presentiment that he would not get through, yet was determined to do what he felt to be his duty."

..... "His sterling qualities as a sportsman and a gentleman earned for him the highest respect, and it is felt that by his death the Sport has suffered an irreparable loss."

..... "Poignant with regret. His name is already written among the greatest Australians of our time."

..... "A loss such as this should be regarded as a National Loss, as he has done so much for the Country in the Amateur Sporting Arena."

..... "No man has endeared himself more to swimmers, and no greater pain has been caused them in the War than the passing of this great athlete, whose career required no such classic ending to make his figure heroic."

..... "He was bravery in the extreme—his courage unfaltering. He died the glorious death of a magnificent man. .... His example can leave nothing behind him but good."

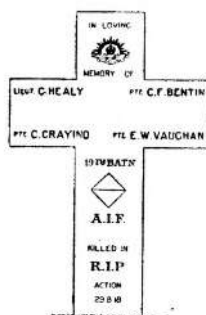
..... "We shall always remember him here at the Bath Club for his charming personality, his very generous, kindly nature, conspicuous manliness and cheerfulness; but, above all, he will be remembered as a great sportsman with all the attributes of fairness, and chivalry to his opponents—and unquenchable determination to do his utmost in any task he undertook."

..... "All who may happen to read the above letter, will agree that Mr. Wilson

Taylor's tribute to our mutual friend Cecil is not only very fine, but also true in every detail; it is a word picture of his record among us, whose memory will always be treasured and honoured, for besides being thoroughly brave and a true sportsman, he was a gentleman, with aims in life lofty, with equal manly sympathy for all."

..... "As a soldier he died as bravely as one could conceivably wish, in the lead of his men, who liked him and whose complete confidence he had gained through his winning personality, his fearlessness, his devotion to duty, and his absolute fairness. As a citizen, his large circle of personal friends and acquaintances stamped him as a man of the world, who could command respect and esteem from all grades of life."

..... Cecil's grave is situated on the rise of a hill about 500 yards from where he was killed. The Battalion have erected a very fine cross of timber, on which is an inscription per rough sketch. The three fellows who were killed with Cecil are buried with him in the same grave, side by side; Cecil's being on the right when facing the cross. I obtained the following particulars:—Cecil was advancing with his platoon in a scrub in which was hidden a German machine-gun post. On the enemy opening fire Cecil and three men fell, but there is some satisfaction in knowing that the remainder of the party went on and settled every German in the party that manned the guns.



Cecil Healy in memoriam.

