

GRIT AND GRIN HAVE MADE CAMELIA SABIE WONDER GIRL ATHLETE AND MODEL TEACHER

Youthful Champion, Holder of World's Records, Smiles Her Way to Victory

SPARK AND SPARKLE, SHE 'BEAMS' POWER

Pet of Teachers and Pupils, She Combines Mentality With Strength

"GRIN and go to it."
Those are the words which started Camelia Sabie, nineteen-year-old wonder-girl athlete, on her whirlwind dash to athletic fame. They brought her, not even panting and breathless, to the pinnacle of renown, where she sits decorated with the three world records. She scored more points at the Olympic games in Paris this year than any other member of the American Girls' team, making thirteen out of a total of thirty-one scored.

Two years ago, when Miss Sabie entered the New Jersey State Normal School at Newark, N. J., where she lives at 182 Jefferson street, she had never heard of hurdling, and she wouldn't have known a hurdle had she met it face to face.

Today she is holder of the world's record for the 100-yard high hurdles (two and a half feet high), finishing in fourteen and two-fifths seconds. Six months ago Miss Sabie had never been a contestant in a real athletic meet.

Today she has won three world championships in the five meets she has entered, breaking the high-hurdle record at the Olympic games, and since her return from Paris two other records—the standing broad jump, formerly eight feet two and one-half inches, which she increased to eight feet three and three-fourths inches, and the sixty-yard high hurdles, which she made in eight and

as it spread from her small red mouth to the dancing lights in her dark eyes, crinkling the satin-smooth skin and making one feel, no matter how bright the day had been before, that it was dull indeed, when Camelia smiled.

And that same smile which she flashed that day she turned to the thousands of spectators at Olympic games. It shone when she was led to the center of the field and cheered as the vast throng rose to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner." And it is the same smile she gives the little children in the John Catlin School in Newark, where she teaches,



Miss Sabie, the teacher



Camelia Sabie and her smile which spells victory

twists her hands a minute, shakes back her short hair, so dark in its cloudlike loveliness, and a slanting sunbeam strikes amber sparks from her eyes—and then she smiles.

Miss Sabie is rather like a spark or a sparkle. Even when she is sitting still she gives the impression of motion, swift and sure, boundless enthusiasm and a joy of life so intense that in any one else it would seem strained affectation—but in her it is merely the result of a body trained to perfection, a mind keenly alive and a disposition as sunny as the shores of Italy, which her parents left thirty years ago to come to America.

Her love of outdoor sports was born in her. "I think you have to love it and have some natural athletic ability or you cannot be a success, no matter how hard you try," said Miss Sabie. "I always loved it, and I worked, too. It does take constant training."

Even when a boy Camelia could never be found at meal times. In vain would her mother call her, the knotted gold rings in her ears shaking with indignation; but Camelia would never be playing with her dolls or happily absorbed with her tea set. No—she was out in the streets, playing with the boys, games like "Run, sheep, run!" she confessed, grinning at the remembrance.

And then when she was in grammar school there was the playground to go to, which in a measure made up to her for the fact that she had no athletic, not even gymnastic, training in school. In high school

she took part in the annual meets, which were started her second year there. She won three silver loving cups.

It was one day in the gymnasium at the Normal School when she was practicing with the basketball team that the quick eye of Mr. d'Angola was caught by a certain form, an unusual untrained perfection in



In the broad jump Camelia excels



Miss Sabie—in "civilian." While an athlete of athletes, she is intensely feminine, the pet of teachers and scholars



Jumping rope is a favorite form of exercise for Camelia, and she smiles even at this pastime

interest in this new form of sport. But once she was started— "Gee, how I love it!" she says, drawing in a long breath, her eyes shining.

Working day by day, training, staying after school until 6 or 7 o'clock, dieting, Miss Sabie, who is five feet four inches tall, kept her weight at 120 pounds, and gradually perfecting her style, was ready to enter the proposed meet between the three normal schools of the State.

The plan fell through and so she was sent to Manhattan, N. Y., on May 13, to try out for the Olympic games. One of the 102 contestants from the Eastern section, she was chosen on the team, and in her very first meet broke the hurdle record.

Her third meet was in Paris on August 20, and there Miss Sabie broke the 100-yard hurdle record again, took

Talents Were Detected by School Instructor at Basketball Games

STARS IN PARIS FOR AMERICA

Hopes to Compete in Olympic Games. French Pastry Tempts Her

first place in the standing broad jump, making eight feet two inches, and second in the running broad jump, making a jump of sixteen feet and six inches. The other two meets in which she has taken part were the A. A. U. meet in New York for girls and the Star Eagle meet in Newark on September 23, when she broke the standing broad jump and the 60-yard hurdle records, and also equaled the American record for the 100-yard dash, making it in twelve seconds twice in succession. It was on the Aquitania on the way to the games that Miss Sabie's final test came.

French Pastry a Snare, But Not for Camelia

"The girls were all so loyal, especially Miss Sabie," said Mrs. d'Angola. "They got up at 8 o'clock; exercised before breakfast on their private deck; had breakfast at 9. Then they were free till 11, generally playing deck sports; at 11 they had a meeting and discussion; at 12 a light luncheon; at 1:45 they reported to the gymnasium, where they exercised for thirty minutes, and each girl exercised with apparatus which aided her in her specialization. At 2 they went in the pool for ten minutes; rested till 4; had a French class from 4 till 5. Then they rested an hour till 6, had dinner at 6:30, and were in bed by 10."

Miss Sabie admits that the French pastry was the hardest trial of all.

"When I looked over at the other tables and saw the good things to eat—oh, my, but it was hard not to order some for myself. We had to give up so many things I liked to eat. Smoking? I didn't care about that because I have never smoked, and I never intend to," said Miss Sabie firmly. "But the dancing—I adore dancing," she said with all the enthusiasm of her nineteen years, "and it was



Camelia set a new mark for hurdling, holding the world's record in this branch of sports. A few months ago this girl had never heard of hurdling; now she loves it

six-fifths seconds, the previous record being nine seconds. It was six years ago, when Camelia was thirteen years old, that she raced around the playground, her thin legs flying, and amidst the cheers of her playmates took a running broad jump that brought her the applause of even her teachers and the gold medal which the instructor had promised to the child who jumped the farthest.

Childish Victory Spur to Greater Triumphs

Six years ago—and yet the memory of that childish victory remained with the dark-eyed little girl and the first taste of the fruits of victory brought a longing for other triumphs—triumphs which were realized. Now that lone gold medal has seven companions and four silver loving cups to stand by its side. On that day long ago, when, surrounded by the children of a neighborhood, she reached out a timid and probably rather grimy little hand for her first medal—then it was, perhaps, that the famous Sabie was seen in all its white glistering crimson and warm gold,

as she leans over them to correct a mistake in penmanship or as she looks over the room and plays the piano for the auditorium classes.

"It's all due to my coach, Joseph d'Angola," says Camelia modestly. "All my success I owe to him. He and his wife have been so wonderful to me—you know they went to Paris for the Olympic games just because I was a contestant. They have—well, they have just been wonderful." Camelia talks almost as fast as she runs, but she slowed up a bit on her adjectives just to show how much she really thought of her coach and his wife.

Mr. d'Angola is the head of the physical-training department at the Newark State Normal School, and his wife is assistant director of the department.

"He is responsible for my athletic development," says Miss Sabie. "It was a pleasure to work with Miss Sabie. She was so loyal and willing," says Mr. d'Angola.

"Her grit and loyalty and determination couldn't help but win her a place in the first ranks," proudly says Mr. d'Angola who is an en-

thusiastic admirer of the pretty athlete.

Mr. W. Spader Willis, principal of the school, and Dean Bertha Kain think there is no one just quite so wonderful as Camelia.

"She was a splendid student and her academic record good. We are most proud of Miss Sabie," says the dean.

"She was one of the most popular girls in school," chimes in Mrs. d'Angola. "You know the students of the school raised the funds for Camelia to go to Paris, and when she came back they gave her a big reception and welcome. The whole school is proud of her."

And so it goes—teachers, school friends, coach and competitors all bow to do her honor. On Columbus Day the citizens of Newark gave Miss Sabie a beautiful silver loving cup as an expression of their appreciation and congratulation.

"But how did it all start, Miss Sabie? Did you always have the definite idea that you wanted to enter the Olympic games some day?" But Miss Sabie is far too shy to answer the question herself. She