

Standard Swimming Tank Gives Sport To Thousands

Clear, Clean Water Supply Assured for Pool, 60x20 Feet, 10 Feet Deep at One End, 30 Inches at Other End, Non-Slip Tile Bottom.

Only one man has ever climbed the 175 foot steeple of the First Methodist church in the 50 years that it has stood. He is now dead. He fell off a building in California.

Foolhardy, you say. Yet he is in not near the dangerous predicament as the fellow who cannot swim.

Hundreds drown where only one steeple jack loses his life. Learn to swim and enjoy life, and long life.

More than 2,000 persons have taken the Y. M. C. A. swimming course in the past 10 years. They have learned to swim safely, luxuriously and enjoy the best sport there is. It taught them to love instead of dread the water.

Proper instruction turns swimming into an art or an industry or a social accomplishment or an insurance policy, just as one elects to view it; but certainly it has functioned, and there are 2000 safe swimmers where there were 2000 afraid-cat people to whom the water spelled menace and discomfort.

Each year for the past five years, a swimming school has been held at the old "Y." Tom Gawley, of the Portland "Y," was here as volunteer instructor, for three years; he made a tremendous hit. He was a fellow student with Secretary Kells and Director Boardman, at the Springfield "Y" college; he came here without charge, as a friend of theirs when his services are worth big figures if he were selling them to outside organizations. The "Y" makes fine friendships; the Gawley-Kells-Boardman friendship that helps and asks only friendship in return is a fair example.

The old "Y" for all its dingy little pool and its cramped dressing-room facilities, has taught so many swimmers that some have feared there wouldn't be anything left for the big new pool. Cheer up, you pessimist; the day will never dawn when there isn't more good work to do than there are people or hours to do it in. Salem is growing four times as fast as the best swimming record the local "Y" has ever made. There'll be scary people to whom a wave is a dagger and a splash is a bomb and a dive is a volcano eruption, every year; the days aren't long enough to teach all the nervous ones, even in the big new pool.

There is no finer pool in the northwest than the new Salem "Y" boasts. "Boasts" is a proper word; it is a matter for boasting. The pool is of standard race size, 60x20 feet; records made here can be accepted anywhere on earth. The pool is lined with tile, with a corrugated tile footing on which it is impossible for a wader or swimmer to slip and fall. At the deepest point it is 10 feet deep; this shelves up to 30 inches, with plenty of shallow space for the beginners and for water games.

When the pool was planned, the engineers advised a 48-inch water purifier. The local committee, knowing the attraction of a really good pool, decided to go beyond the engineer's requirements; they installed two 54-inch purifiers, giving practically three times the aeration and purification that standard engineering calls for.

Clean water! Sweet water! Like a shower bath out in the rain, with the sparkling drops coming straight out of the clouds and the sunshine, and splashing in the grass over one's feet!

There is fine gallery room around the pool, so that an audience of several hundred might be entertained with water sports. The pool is well lighted, both with windows for day-

time and with caged electric lights for night use. The ceiling is white enameled.

The pool is directly under the big main gymnasium, and is on the basement floor with the dressing lockers. There are showers of the most wonderful sort, for use before and after using the pool; and from the showers one goes to the locker room to dress. Traffic is routed with an eye to expedition; it would be possible to run a very elaborate series of classes, or contests, through the three series of dressing rooms—the juniors, the seniors, and the adults—all of which might be utilized for any particular series of classes or contests.

There is an organization called the Second Milers; they take their textual name from the Scripture that enjoins the man who is asked to go one mile to help a friend or neighbor, to go the second mile and help him just that much more. It isn't much of a name until one knows just what it means, then it opens out a vast, beautiful world of friendly service that refuses to stop with mere obligation but goes on into chivalry and brotherhood and fellowship. The Salem "Y" has taken that view of the humble swimming pool; it has built a pool twice as cleanly, twice as big, twice as well lighted, twice as attractive as it had to build to fit old conditions.

It's a Second Miller pool. It calls you to "The Big Splash," to the "Hot Time," to the "Clean Wash," to the splendid swim. Swimmers are usually fat, or at least comfortably fleshed; there are no lean, skinny swimming champs—they are plump and pleasing and at peace with the world. Here's the Salem pool fairly aching to get you unwrinkled and pink and comfortable and glad. Swim and be decent! Bathe and be a better neighbor! Dive and make people love you! It's all ready for the taking.

Classes in Citizenship Among Best Activities

The citizenship class of the Salem "Y" is one of the most outstanding civic services of the institution. It is a volunteer work, taken up to help those who wish to become naturalized as Americans, to get through the pitfalls of the constantly more difficult court examinations. The United States is anxious enough that every one within its borders shall wish to become citizens; but the franchise is being held as a thing of value, to be striven for and to be wooed with clean life and persevering effort. The old days of lining them up in a row and swearing them in by swarms is utterly past; one has to get into citizenship as one gets born into life or passes into heaven—as an individual.

The "Y" course runs the whole year through. It has a standing invitation to every applicant for naturalization to attend and get the inside information on what the courts require. It is a real college course in American history, law, politics, civics; it goes right to the heart of American life, to explain what Americanism really is—the "Y" spirit of helping one another. It is free, to both men and women; and almost as many women attend as men.

The courts have especially commended the Salem "Y" course as an ideal training for citizenship. Few of its members have ever failed; their preparation has been thorough, and Americanism is a living thing as it is explained here. The "Y" lecturers are judges, governors, legislators, doctors, lawyers, plain citizens who know what it means; they cover the entire field that the courts can possibly demand, and do it so understandingly that the students can't help absorbing it all. Men come in for 10 or 20 miles, rain, hail or snow, to attend this class and get its fine spirit of helpfulness as a groundwork for citizenship in the years to follow.

It is a noteworthy work, in which the "Y" takes a justifiable pride.

Community Home Offered By Spacious "Y" Rooms

Welcome Extended to Organizations and Club to Use Exceptional Equipment of New Edifice. Opportunities Open to Many Groups at Once

Salem has long needed a place where public or semi-public organizations might gather and always find a home and a welcome. Three places have for years been available—the Salem Commercial Club, the City library, and the Salem Women's building.

They have cared for many delightful and profitable meetings; doubtless they will continue to do so. But even these were not quite enough; and they have not had the kitchen facilities to make them all that such a meeting place must sometimes be—where they must "Feed the Brute" to get things going properly.

The new "Y" kitchen facilities are ideally arranged for occasional little luncheons. Five separate groups can be fed at one time, and no one know what the other has to eat. One can be liver and onions, another porterhouse steaks, a third an old-fashioned New England boiled dinner with corned beef and cabbage, a fourth a dainty seven-course salad-and-chicken-a-la-king and ices and all that, and the fifth can eat raw meat and drip the blood over one's shirt or the floor—and nobody else know.

But they don't have to eat. They can play ping-pong, or hold bathing parties, orgy parties, or they can read and sing and declaim in the main lobbies. A round dozen of assorted civic activities might be staged in the new "Y," all at one time, and there would be little conflict.

And they're welcome. It isn't a private club, where there is a butler six feet tall and three feet wide and with fists like hams—in other words a bouncer—to inspect everybody's credentials. No; they're all welcome.

If they want to talk church they can; if they are interested in baseball or the latest method of catching city rats, they can do that, too. If they want to organize a City Beautiful league, and talk roses and carnations, they may.

If they want to remonstrate against something, say about the weather or the unbridged creeks or the way some shoot China pheasants before the law opens, they may, provided they do it in a gentlemanly manner. They can organize sewing circles, debate clubs, canary-bird clubs, singing leagues—anything that looks as if it might fill a public want and help something or somebody, and it all goes.

The "Y" is never the apostle of "don't," or "mustn't." If the people want to do any decent thing, they can arrange for a time and place at the "Y," to start it or keep it going. The mere protesters who grouch and growl and look down their noses, are not quite so welcome; they might even find that their presence is such a discord that they don't fit in the "Y" scheme, and they wouldn't want to come and risk refusal.

But for every live thing that helps the individual or the community, the "Y" keeps open house. They can eat, or talk, or sing, or draw pictures, or make signs—every group in its own way of serving the public. They can come in the morning, or at noon, or at night; they might even arrange for a midnight session, if the janitor will stand for it and the neighbors do not object. The "Y" is there to serve every decent good, and whether it is one meeting a day, or a score, whatever is for the public service will be welcomed.

Service. That's the word.

Salem Built—Well Built

(Continued from page 1.)

sive buildings—the one at Columbus, Ohio, cost \$1,400,000; and others have cost even more, but the biggest of them have nothing on Salem in quality or usable efficiency, and perhaps none give as much for the money.

The outstanding "Y" of America—That's a high tribute. Somebody had to work hard and faithfully to win it. There is praise for everybody, in such a record.

Chas. K. Spaulding Logging Co., lumber and building materials. The best costs no more than inferior grades. Go to the big Salem factory and save money. (*)

H. F. Woodry & Son, 271 N. Com'l. St., furniture store. Bargains in furniture of all kinds. Agent for Lang ranges, best made. Also auctioneers. (*)

Nash Furniture Co. takes the lead with low prices on chairs, rockers, tables, wood and steel beds, springs, mattresses. Saves you 25%. 219 N. Com'l. (*)

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The New Y. M. C. A.

We congratulate you upon the opening of your beautiful structure in Salem. It signifies a further growth of our city—and, as Salem grows our store grows also.

LEHMAN'S GROCERY

We Are Indeed Glad to Have Had Such an Important Part in the Erection of

Salem's New Y.M.C.A. Building

We furnished all the lumber for this building including the maple flooring which came from our mills at Cadillac, Michigan. The balance of the lumber came from our mill at Valsetz, Oregon.

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