

## Yale Swimming Coach Tells You How World Champions are Developed

### Father Jails Elder Son to Keep Younger Honest

Wanted to Take His Brother "Out of the Ordinary House-Looter Class and Make Him a Real Stick-Up Man"  
Karl Keene Tells Judge



KANSAS CITY, Mo.—A father's hope to save one of his sons from a career of crime prompted him to turn an older son over to the court in Kansas City, Mo., with the hope they would put him in the penitentiary.

The father, George Keene, said his son, Karl, 23 years old, was a highwayman; that he was starting his other son, George, Jr., 13 years old, on the crime path by taking the lad with him. Karl has confessed several holdups, and George admitted that the bravery of his brother had prompted him to accompany his older brother in his crime. "I wanted to show him how to make good," Karl told Judge Thad B. Landon, when the boys came to trial. "I was doing the best I could for my brother." "I wanted to see him amount to something."

"I wanted to take him out of the ordinary house-looter class and make a real stick-up man out of him. He can make a lot better money if he is a real stick-up man," Keene said. "Thirty-five years," pronounced the court. Keene had pleaded guilty to robbing a street car conductor of \$7. He was arrested several days ago, following the hold up of a grocery store in which his younger brother participated.

The boy was sentenced to three years in the reformatory.

### Splashing Kids Defy Heat in Playground Rollicking

Two Hundred Per Day Find Water Fine in Pool, Records Set in Chinning Contests, While Mothers and Relatives Look On

Like a cool, green oasis in the midst of hot Salem streets was the way the 18th street playground looked to more than 200 children during the heat of the last few days. The shade of the big trees and the restfulness of the grass beneath, together with the cool depths of the brook flowing through the grounds, proved an irresistible attraction.

Not only the children, but older persons, parents, and babies in arms felt the call. Mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and cousins with the children were on the grass beneath the trees, playing on the newly treeted apparatus, or, clad in bathing suits, diving, sliding or jumping into the swimming pool formed by damming the brook.

Several Shetland ponies were there for children to ride, besides another pony hitched to a small cart, in which the children made many trips around the grounds.

Contests of various kinds are held. On Thursday Rose Hoffert won a free style swimming race for girls, with Louise Cramer second and Mary Kelleher third. Helen Binmer took first honors in the back stroke, with Rose Hoffert second and Mary Kelleher third.

Donald McGee took first in a chinning contest for boys by doing the stunt 12 times. Joseph Maury was second with 10, Bob Meyer third with eight, and Howard Ceylon and Orville Baker tied for fourth.

Philip Doddridge won a 50-yard dash in the water, while Bob Meyer placed second. Robert Hurlbert took diving honors, with Bill Yarnell and Clifford Baker placing in the order named. Paul Meyer took first in an under water diving contest with his brother, Bob, second. Walter Petos was third.

First place in a 50-yard dash went to Guy Hart, with Kendall Madson second.

Homer Smith has been appointed assistant supervisor at the grounds to help out Louis Anderson. He will help with the games, at the pool, and in other ways.

Nothing ever breaks right for the farmer, according to Mr. Dooley, who continues, at Finley Peter Dunne's command, with: "If it ain't too dirty fr oats it's too wet fr hay. He prays fr rain till his pants are wore out at th' knees, an' when it comes it washes away all his seed. He's about raised th' mortgage on his house when th' tornado comes along an' raises th' roof."

## ARE YOU A SWIMMER?

By Robert J. H. Kiphuth, Yale Swimming Coach.

GET SET! Bang! And the swimmer, half-crouched on the edge of the pool, swings his arms forward and flashes into the air like a torpedo. Stretched out almost horizontal, head slightly lowered, he skids into the water on his chest. While he's still in the air his legs start thrashing powerfully from the hips, and when he hits he's plowing through the water under full steam. That's the racing start the way Johnny Weismuller, one of America's greatest speed swimmers, is doing.

When you go to a big bathing beach on a hot summer day, or to the "old swimmin' hole," or to a swimming pool in a college or YMCA gymnasium, and see the thousands of men and women, boys and girls—particularly boys—splashing and shouting and paddling and cutting through the water, you're likely to think that just about everybody there is knows how to swim.

And yet there are hundreds who are frightened into shivers at the thought of plunging into a river or lake, simply because they haven't given it the right kind of try; there are as many more who are able to paddle around and keep themselves afloat and do half a dozen strokes, after a fashion, but who will never become real swimmers because they don't take the trouble to learn properly.

All of these people are missing a lot. Swimming is a thing that everybody can do, and do right. More than that—it's a thing that supplies an amazing lot of fun, that frequently means the difference between life and death and that is an excellent body builder. It's for all these reasons that a number of colleges and universities have made it compulsory for a student to pass a swimming test before they can get their diplomas.

When I hear fellows say that swimming is a thing they'll never be able to learn, or that "water has got their goat" or something of the kind, I always think of the case of the sophomore at Yale who came to me a couple of years ago and told me he wanted to be shown how. He was a strapping big fellow, and looked like a real athlete, as I told him.

"That's what they all say," he grinned ruefully. "But I might as well admit that I've always been afraid of the water. Just the same, I want you to make me go in—push me into deep water if you want to!"

He would have let me do it, if I'd thought it best. But that would have been just wrong. Likely he would have gotten mouth and nose full, and choked, and struggled and batted the water, and sank once or twice, and then he'd have been more frightened than ever.

I don't mean to say that everybody is afraid of getting ducked—not by any means. But some people are, and it isn't a thing to be ashamed of. Anybody can go about overcoming such a fear, and do it just as successfully as this big sophomore did.

The first thing I told him to do, to his surprise, was simply

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## From My Office Window

(Casual Essays by a Quiet Man.)

For eight days the thermometer had played around the 100 degree mark, sinking three or four degrees during the sweltering nights, the towering buildings that had roasted a spot of grass, enclosed in a high iron picket fence to keep the children off. Not because in that great "center of civilization" Manhattan's children lost a child's inalienable right to stretch their backs on green grass, and chew a clover's end, but because there were so many children and so little grass that, save for the forbidding iron fence, there would be no grass, even to look at.

High on the side of a towering apartment house, built close to others as hot and drab, a shout came from the little metal landing of a fire escape. I looked up. Story after story, the steel stairway climbed, zig-zagging back and forth with every floor, leaving a little platform, perhaps three feet wide, and eight feet long, between flights of the steel steps.

There a young son of a Manhattan and a neighbor's child played in "safety" 50 feet above the traffic in the street. That was their park. They entered it through a half open window, escaping from the heat of the interior into the slightly lower heat of the fire escape platform. Poor men's children, and the only park they knew. Perhaps the only park they ever will know during the years most boys and girls play in the sand lot, swim in the stream, and prowl through the delicate green shades and the cool shadows of country groves and forests.

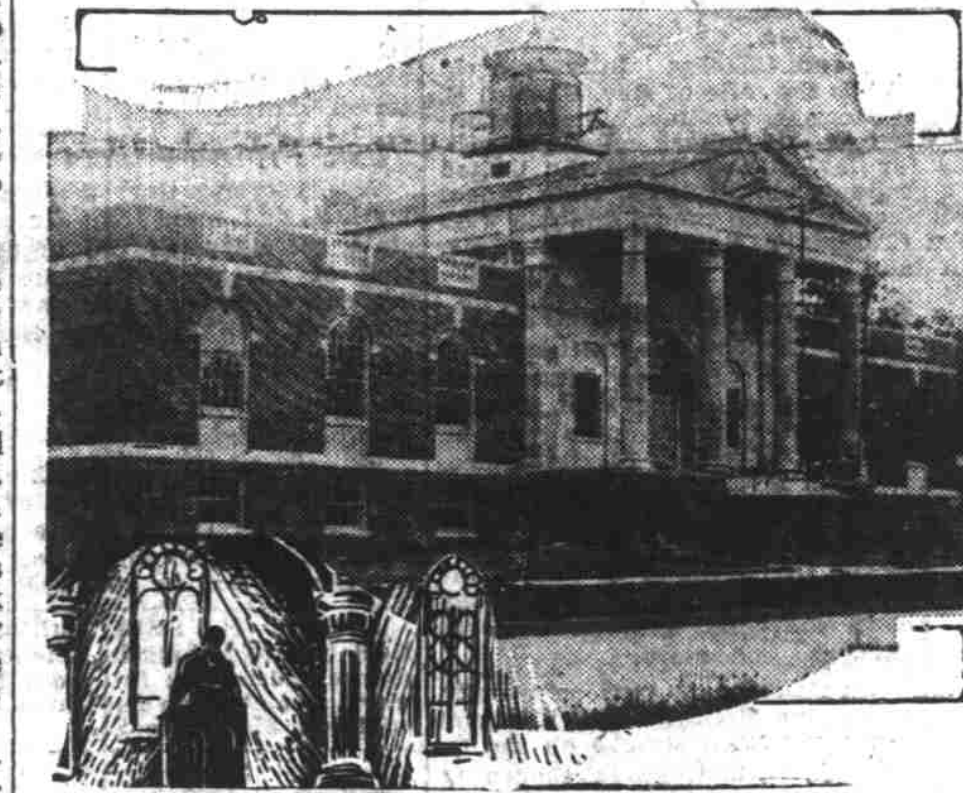
Tragedy, you may say, that hundreds of these children—no thousands—grow to manhood and womanhood, knowing milk only in bottles, country only in pictures, and never bend their toes to keep fresh stubble from cutting into bare feet. More tragedy that they do not know what they are missing.

Within easy walking distance of parks and country, rivers and foothills, less than a long trip to the coast, I, also a poor man's son, plan to steal away next week to some cool beach or do a little fishing or swim in cool water or bask in the sun with the glorious blue of high summer overhead.

They are poor men's children in the east. I and mine, poor men's children in the bounty of the west.

## Spiritualist Church Ready Lacks Pastor, Listeners

Odd Will Calls for Edifice and Library, Trustees Combine Both to Make Civic Auditorium in Case Congregation Does Not Appear



By E. E. PIERSON  
(Central Press Correspondent.)

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 26.—Plenty of money to pay the preacher, an imposing church, ready for occupancy, but without any congregation to be edified by the sermons or to enjoy the completed building. That is the extraordinary situation at Leroy, an attractive village of 2,000 inhabitants in southeastern McLean county, as the day of dedication of the \$300,000 Spiritualist meeting place draws near.

The completion of the edifice marks the final chapter in years of litigation over the will of J. T. Crumbaugh, wealthy

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## The Busy Reader's Newspaper

VOLUME 1

Published in the interest of those seeking full and accurate survey of the week's local developments

NUMBER 20

"Busy Readers" starts another review of the past week's important local happenings.

Monday, June 21

One month to a day after the voters of Salem refused a grant of \$15,000 for support of the Salem Zoning and Planning commission, May 21, the commission, declaring that its program could not be carried on without funds, tendered its resignation, which was unanimously accepted. Mayor John B. Giesy immediately announced that the personnel of a new commission would be made public in the near future.

Declaring that Salem faced a potential fire hazard, Alderman W. W. Rosebraugh entered a plea for precautionary measures with the result that city council invited the state fire marshal to aid in making a survey and recommendations covering local conditions.

The first swimming tragedy of the summer was narrowly averted when the apparently lifeless body of Charles Meuchel, 15 year old son of John Meuchel, 587 North Liberty street was pulled to a raft with grappling hooks handled by Ben Taylor, from the nine foot water near Taylor's bath house. Revived after some work, the boy recovered by night.

Extraction of gold from the sands along the Curry county beaches through a special process is proposed by the Pacific States Refining company which has been given a lease on approximately a mile of beach south of Bandon by the state land board. The company proposes to spend \$100,000 in erecting and equipping a plant.

In a light poll cast to name two school directors for the next three years, Dr. C. A. Downs led with 264 votes, other candidates following with Mark D. McCallister, 257; William Gahlsdorf, 210, and Dr. Henry E. Morris, 71. Dr. Downs was continued in office while Mr. McCallister was sworn in on Tuesday evening.

Election of delegates for the American Legion department

of Oregon convention at Coos Bay to be held August 5, 6, and 7, was a feature of the meeting of Capital Post No. 9. The following were elected to represent the local unit: Raymond Bassett, Clifford W. Brown, Biddy Bishop, Carl D. Gabrielson, Lyle Dunsmoor, Vic MacKenzie, Lloyd T. Rigdon, L. A. Shaver, Carl Steiwer and Brazier Small. Alternates were: Newell Williams, Normal Jones, Morris Race, Frank Durbin Jr., F. Maison, George Maynard, Robin Day, King Bartlett, Breyman Boise and R. C. Stevenson.

The hotly discussed question as to whether or not the union high school at Gervais should be dissolved was decided when supporters of the school voted down the proposal to dissolve the district.

Tuesday, June 22

Architects submitting plans for the new south Salem school building to be erected on the recently purchased Tuxedo tract, will be invited to appear before the school board at a series of special meetings to begin on Monday, June 28, in order that directors may weigh carefully the proposals presented by the firms. Two will appear at the special meeting tomorrow evening.

The lure of the dirt track will grip Salem on July 5, when crack auto racers of the northwest, under the auspices of the American Automobile Association will take the state fair grounds track in competition for the northwest championship.

James Willos and Ellsworth Kelly must hang for the murder of John Sweeney, state prison guard, in the pen break of August 12, according to a supreme court ruling. All 28 assignments of error set up by the attorneys for the condemned men as a basis for their appeal were set aside.

Wednesday, June 23

"Kicks about public camp grounds come from traveling too long—they are due to road fatigue," declared tourists at

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## "Three Little Kittens" Play in Nursery Story

Rev. E. H. Shanks Writes Modern Interpretation of Famous Child's Rhyme for Juvenile Sunday Statesman Readers This Week

By REV. ERNEST H. SHANKS

Do you remember the little Nursery-Rhyme about the little kittens? It goes like this:

Three little kittens lost their mittens  
And set them down to cry,  
You naughty kittens, you've lost your mittens,  
You can't have any pie.

It was very, very careless, thoughtless, and altogether naughty of them to do such a thing. No doubt they were playing when they should have been at work. They put their mittens down somewhere and forgot about where they put them. The mittens were intended to keep their hands warm and clean. Now their hands were cold and soiled, such dirty hands for respectable kittens. Besides, those mittens had to be made. They cost time, money and hard work.

Now they are lost and all that work was for nothing. Three pairs of good, new, warm, expensive mittens lost, all for the carelessness of three little thoughtless kittens. Of course they should have no pie, nor anything else to eat until they were sorry for what they did. Maybe an empty plate will make a full head. The next time these kittens go out to play they will keep their wits about them.

Betty, Kathie and Ruby were three little girls. They were sisters. They, too, were sometimes careless and thoughtless and being thoughtless they sometimes made lots of trouble and deserved punishment.

One day Kathie put on a brand new dress. Her mother had worked so hard to make it. It was not easy for mother to do this for with all the household duties she had to do the sewing extra. It was a nice dress and made up in an attractive style, suitable for "best wear."

Kathie thought it would be fine to put it on and see how nice she looked in it. Just then Ruby called her from the garden where there were some ripe berries. Kathie ran out to the garden and before she even thought about her new dress, she was picking the ripe berries and her dress was stained and the briars had plucked at the cloth, and catching at one side tore a big three-cornered place. The new dress was ruined. Carelessness and thoughtlessness on the part of Kathie spoiled the dress on which her mother had worked so hard.

Ruby had a new hat. It was a real milliner-made hat, bought at the store and for a good price. She was very proud of it. It was all flowers and ribbons just like a milliner knows how to make it up to look so pretty. It was becoming, too, with its bright colors that just suited Ruby's style. She had been trying it on before the large mirror in the sitting room. She laid it down for a moment to look at a book her sister had brought in, and then went off to play with her sister, forgetting all about the hat. The door was left open as she went out and the playful puppy came in just to look around. He spied the new hat on the chair where Ruby had left it. When she came back the hat was an indistinguishable ruin. Of course the pup did not realize he was doing anything so terrible. It was Ruby's thoughtlessness that was to blame.

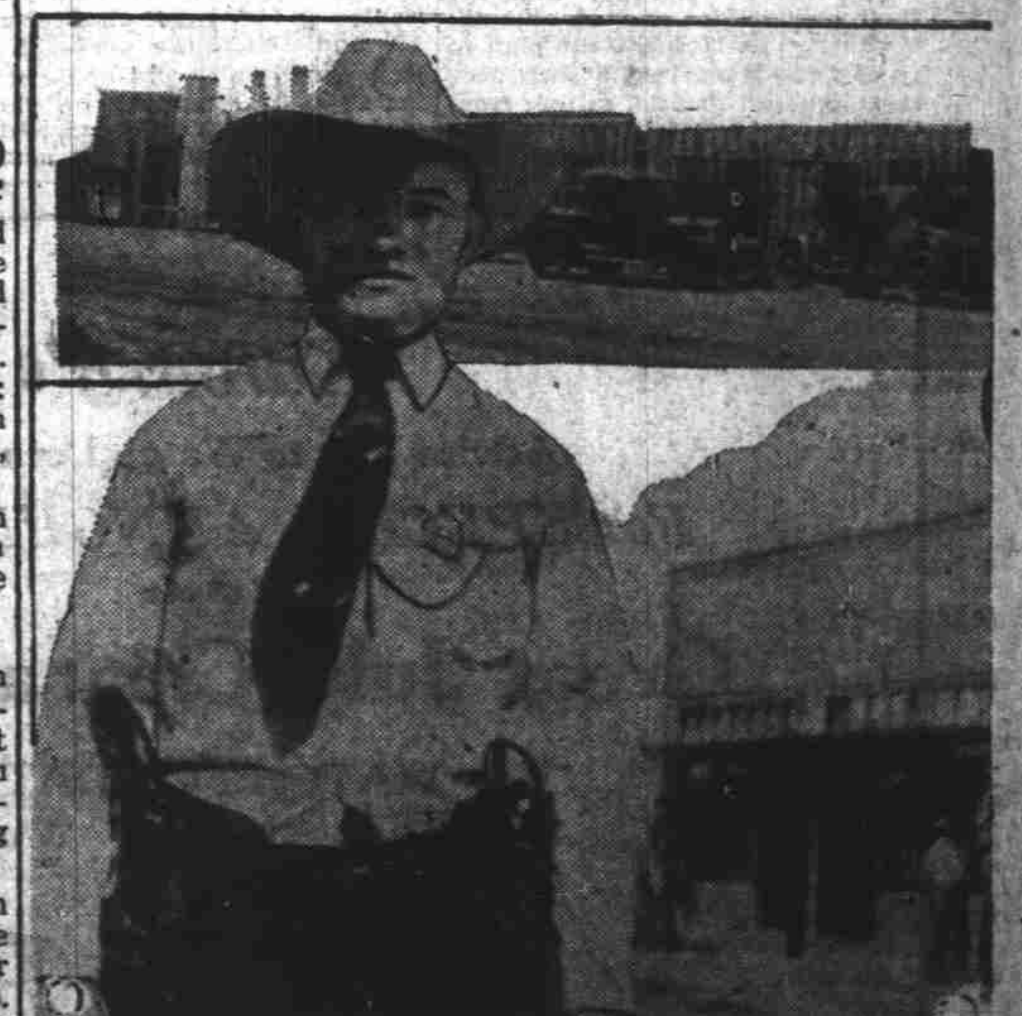
Betty was the eldest of the three sisters. One day she decided to make a cake for dinner. Her mother said she might do it, and cautioned her to keep her wits about her and be sure that she did it right.

Betty put the heat on the oven so as to have it ready by

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## Oil Boosts Texas Village From 2 to 10,000 Persons

Sheriff Red Waters, the Town's Two-Gun, Two-Fisted "Government 1/2" and a street scene from Borger, where sudden wealth was found



BORGER, Tex., June 26.—Borger, known as the "Booger Town of the Texas Panhandle," in the center of the great Panhandle oil field, was three months old June 8. The thriving youngster was able to report on its "birthday" that it had a population of more than 10,000, with the city limits including an area seven miles long and one mile wide.

"Booger Town" has been described as the most "wicked"

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