

TRANSFORMATION OF STUBBLE FIELD

This Will Take Place on the Wallace Road Beyond Willamette Bridge

In the columns of The Statesman last June, among other articles on horticulture in Salem, special mention was made of the expansion of business being made by Brethaupt, the capita city's leading florist. Activities denoting enlargement of the business rose at that time were the purchase of two additional tracts of land, and the announcement of plans for a new store room in the High block.

Then came the announcement of the organization of the Salem Bulb company, with W. C. Bible, probably the best informed man on bulbs and their culture in all this region. Both partners are enthusiastic regarding the future of the bulb business here, and well they may be, from the results apparent now at digging time. The size, quality and quantity of yield of many varieties was really astonishing. Not satisfied even with this series of successes, Mr. Brethaupt has decided to turn into the growing extensively of bedding and perennial plants, shrubs and other ornamentals, and has secured to take charge of this department U. C. Bateham, who for the past three years has made the grounds of the state hospital such an attraction with its magnificent beds of bloom and many novel shrubs and plants. Mr. Bateham's many friends will be sorry to see him leave the employ of the state, but will rejoice that his talents may yet be utilized even in a broader way to make Salem the most beautiful city in the country. Mr. Bateham's headquarters after October 1 will be on the Wallace road, route 1, just between the tulip farm and the bridge. By next fall its present stubble field will be a veritable flower garden. Watch and see!

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Cross Meat Market. Biggest, best and best in Salem. Choice cuts, hams, sausage, lard, eggs, milk. Absolutely sanitary. 370 State St. (*)

LACK OF FOOD PERILS 43 MINERS, THREE DIE (Continued from page 1.)

stood women and children, many of them belonging to the miners entombed Friday noon when an avalanche of rock and earth, apparently loosened by the vibration of machinery, blocked the shaft.

In the local morgue are the bodies of three men whose lives were crushed out when the lift in which they were being carried to the surface was hurled to the bottom of the opening. Their bodies, badly mangled, were recovered early today by rescuers who reached them through another opening.

The victims were identified as Thomas Rowell, 60, underground electrician, and his two assistants, Evar Gustafson, 35, and Gust Sell, 35.

Rescue workers were racing against time tonight as they continued their work of repairing the shaft and removing the rock and debris, which are jammed several hundred feet below the mouth of the level where the imprisoned men are located.

Officials of the mine expressed hope that the men might be reached tonight. They are not believed to have any food, and their hope of saving them was contingent upon reaching their prison before hunger attacks them.

Analyzed by G. W. Scott Fort Collins Grid Chief

By GEORGE W. SCOTT

Courtesy The American Boy.

One afternoon last fall, as I was on my way to the Fort Collins athletic field and the daily football turnout, a stranger fell in step beside me. I was wearing old clothes, and he evidently had sized me up as belonging to the coaching staff. "I understand," he began, "that Fort Collins High has a triple pass scoring play that has been extremely successful."

"It has brought us 51 touchdowns since 1917," I agreed. "I'm told, too, that you conduct a ten-day camp before each football season, and that your men come back as hard as bricks."

"They should, with the Rocky Mountains to harden them."

"And is it true," the stranger went on—ch seemed so sincerely impressed with what he had heard about Fort Collins that it was easy to excuse his abrupt inquisitiveness—"that more than one-third of the boys in your school turn out for the teams?"

"More than one-half," I corrected. "More than one-half!" he exclaimed. "Fort Collins must have a wonderful coach."

"Fort Collins has," I agreed, with enthusiasm. "And who is he?" inquired the stranger.

By this time we'd reached the field, and here and there all over it the squad was in action, warming up.

"There's the coach," and with my arm I indicated every fellow in sight. "At Fort Collins High, everybody coaches." And then, as my friend looked unbelievably—"The triple pass scoring play that you asked about did not come from me—it originated with the boys themselves. So did the idea of the football camp. And we have big turnouts because the boys keep tab on everybody, and urge likely looking fellows to try for the teams. Why, in track season—"

"Hey, coach," somebody yelled. "Here's a new one—gonna make yardage with it tonight, too. Quarter plays way back, ends move out—"

And so I forgot the questioner. A fellow has to pay attention to a coach! And wasn't the voice that addressed me the voice of a coach?

Fort Collins' experience has proved that no coach needs to shoulder the burden all by himself—that his boys, if encouraged, will supply him with more new, workable ideas than he can possibly use. The Fort Collins system, which has brought us much more than our normal share of victories, was created, in the main, by the boys themselves.

We owe our football camp to a suggestion from Carl Brown, our quarterback, was captain-elect for the 1922 season. Shortly before school closed for the summer he stopped me in the hall.

"I've got a good summer job," he informed me, "in the mountains." (Fort Collins men keep in condition by hard outdoor work during vacations). "I wish we could get some of the fellows together, ahead of time, to sort of plan things. Why don't you bring the whole gang up the last week in August?"

The idea met favor everywhere. The following fall twenty-six members of the football squad were on hand when we started, in battered autos loaded to the fenders with tents, provisions, and padded pants and helmets. We headed for a spot in the mountains, 85 miles distant. The first 65 miles

were comparatively easy, but those last 20 had us doing everything but carry the cars.

No auto had ever set tire where we took ours, and it was easy to see why! Over hills—through thickets—between boulders. We had nearly reached our rendezvous when to our dismay we came upon a lake 200 feet wide. A colony of beavers, who apparently didn't give a darn about Fort Collins or football either, had dammed a valley. We fooled 'em by puncturing the dam, then felling small trees and building a croqueroad road across what was left of the lake. No doubt the beavers, later, made good use of the trees we had cut.

The first camp was a big success, and largely responsible for our winning the Colorado state championship. Since then the camp has become as much a part of Fort Collins' life as Christmas vacation, or Commencement.

A day in camp is strenuous, but interesting. At 5 a. m. everybody jumps out of bed—if he doesn't the removing squad removes him. Then it's a quarter-mile sprint to the creek. Sometimes at this camp high up in the Rockies, it's so cold, early in the morning, that you have to break the ice to get at the water. Yet everybody sees to it that nobody shirks, and how glowing and healthy you feel, after you've doused yourself.

Meanwhile the breakfast squad (we do all our own work, which enables us to hold the cost per man to \$4 for the entire ten days) has cooked the bacon and eggs and coffee, and at 6:30 we eat. By 8:30 everybody is in his football togs and on the field.

For two hours we practice fundamentals—falling on the ball, tackling, blocking, kicking. Kicking reminds me of a funny trick that Old Man Altitude played on us, the first time we camped in the mountains. I found my punters punting the ball tremendous distances—60 or 65 yards at a clip. All of us were overjoyed, and we played an offense in which kicking would gain most of our ground. But ten days later, alas, on the home field, those same doughty punters who had been scraping the clouds with long spirals could average a bare 40 yards. There's a difference between kicking in the rarefied atmosphere of 10,000 feet, and kicking in the denser atmosphere of the lower levels. We made plenty of yardage that year, but we didn't do it by kicking.

At 10:30 everybody is free, and

needn't show up until 5:30. We divide up into small groups—I accompany a different group each time—and fish or hunt or hike. Usually the fellows take enough bacon grease to cook their trout, and stay out all day. We get thoroughly acquainted with each other on these expeditions, and the result is better teamwork. Dinner is over, and the camp (Continued on page 7.)

Visitors Attention

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at the

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Located near the fairgrounds with two front doors, one on the Pacific highway and one on the Silverton road

We carry a complete stock of staple and fancy groceries, fresh vegetables and candies

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Special Sale!



NOTICE:

BECAUSE OF UNFAVORABLE BUSINESS CONDITIONS IN MARSHFIELD WE HAVE CLOSED OUR BRANCH THERE AND WERE FORCED TO RE-POSSESS (or take back) ABOUT

35 FORDS

These have been moved to our Salem store—all gone over and fixed up in good shape and will be sold for the unpaid balance due on them plus the cost of repair.

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|---|---|
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| One 1925 Coupe, new paint, new rubber, lots of extras \$325 | One 1923 Star Coupe, new rubber, new paint, a dandy car \$375 |
| One 1924 Coupe in dandy shape \$295 | One 1924 Ford Touring in dandy shape \$225 |
| One 1924 model Overland Touring in dandy shape \$190 | One 1923 Ford Touring \$175 |
| Two 1924 model Roadsters, new rubber, in best of condition at \$210 | One 1922 Ford Touring \$150 |
| One 1922 Light Delivery with box on behind \$175 | One 1922 Ford Touring \$135 |
| | One 1922 Ford Sedan, two door \$185 |
| | One 1921 Ford Sedan \$135 |
| | One 1921 Ford Truck \$175 |

And others from \$35 to \$100

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Other Box Coats, \$16.50 up. Tubular Coats, \$34.75 up.