

Swimming Lore Of Salem Told

Boardman Relates Tales of Champ Splashes of Past Years

(Editor's Note: Bob Boardman, author of the following, coached most of the swimmers of whom he speaks while physical director at the Salem YMCA. He has recently perfected a swimming chart, showing in detail each of the various swimming strokes, that has been favorably received by some of the best swimming coaches in the nation.)

By BOB BOARDMAN, Sr.

The "golden age" for champion swimmers in Salem was between the years 1927 and 1933, during which time Salem high school and the Salem YMCA had a monopoly on both senior and junior teams in the northwest. The gangly kids who participated during those years carried off most of the big meet championships, and upon going to col-

lege smashed many northwest and coast records.

Two of these boys are Bob Brownell and Win Needham, who are now near the top in national collegiate prominence.

A large number of these boys were claimed by the University of Oregon. Among the outstanding champions were Jim Reed, captain of U of O swim team; Bob Needham, coast sprint champion, U of O; Win Needham, Bob's brother, is captain of the Stanford swim team this year; Bob Brownell, OSC 100 yard man, an Olympic possibility; Paul Lafferty, breast stroke coast champion, U of O; "Chuck" Reed, U of O breast stroker; Chuck Wiper, Stanford star; John Creech, U of O; and Captain Wallace Hug, U of O. Other point winners were Sexton, U of California at Los Angeles; George Causey, OSC; and Hank Reed, U of O. I feel proud of all these boys, as they worked with me at the local YMCA.

Coaching Aid Given

One of the reasons for the super success of these Salem swimmers was the assistance in coaching given by John Creech and Bob Needham, volunteer coaches at the Y. They helped start the boys on the light technique and training methods.

Jim Reed, now a star at Stanford, who was then captain of the Salem high football and swim teams, was another big factor in the winning streak. Reed made his men all work hard in the try-outs. He himself, was an outstanding student in his studies and was always an intensive worker. When football season was over Jim was so tight in the arms he could scarcely raise them over his head, so would start to loosen his shoulders by swimming, which would take several months. In a championship meet Jim seemed to instill into his teammates the will to win; if an extra point was needed Jim, although slow to start, his first would make it up in "intestinal fortitude" and thus smashed record after record. He also won two junior Y national championships. During training he never ate candy or dispensed in any form.

Needham Outstanding

Another outstanding star is Win Needham, captain of the Stanford swim team. Much of

his success has been due to his brother Bob, coast champion at the U of O. From the time Win could barely reach the side of the Y tank, Bob was at his side giving him pointers and encouragement in every way. Win is the example of a perfect swimmer, calm and cool before a race. He never seemed frustrated in the least, although he used to tell me he was burning up inside. At the pistol start he took his time, but toward the end seemed to explode and finished far ahead of the field. He was tireless, which was the result of good training. His muscles, like most good swimmers' are soft, smooth, watery, seeming almost flabby, but he is strong and hardy as any champion athlete. At Stanford his daily training schedule in the 75-foot Stanford pool is: Swim one-half mile for 10 laps, kick 20 laps, sit on a beat board; swim a few easy laps; take time trials on 100 or 150 yards; and wind up with a 220 or 440-yard swim.

Bob Brownell, OSC, who is an Olympic possibility, has broken the coast 100 yard record; he is among the "top" in collegiate circles. Brownell, as a high school boy, could do the 100 in 56 seconds. He was a good-natured lad, didn't like to win but could put on considerable steam when pressed. His brother, Phil, had excellent championship possibilities, too, but did not care for swimming and soon dropped out.

The two Salem high boys, Jim Reed and Wallace Hug, later both U of O champions, swam the dangerous Tillamook head, standing out as one of the most daring swimmers in northwest history. They trained as life guards for months before attempting this treacherous and almost foolhardy stunt.

The writer is convinced, from much experience and observation, that so-called brains in athletes is the will to train. Few athletes succeed on natural ability alone, many want to become champions, but are not willing to train. The oft-spoken of "burning out" of high school athletes is the failure to pay the price of light training. Getting into shape in swimming is simply swimming many many laps—or in other words—Hard Work, for which there is no substitute, especially if one wants to become a swimming champion.

Collins Chosen As Bout Judge

Second Arbitrator Not Yet Selected for Turner-Peterson Affair

H. V. Collins, manager of the local telephone company and prominent backer of Salem sports activities, was yesterday named by the Salem Boxing commission as one of two men, who together with Referee Kid McCoy, will judge the Buddy Peterson-Leo "The Lion" championship fight Wednesday night here.

While the commission lost little time naming Collins to one of the posts demanded by Turner-Peterson Commission Chairman Harry Levy said boxing fathers had not as yet been able to fill the other judges' seat. Consideration is being given several and a decision will be reached by Tuesday, Levy indicated.

Peterson Public Feared

Chatterbox Turner asked the fight to be handled by two judges and the referee when signing. Not to be said, because he was afraid to abide by Referee McCoy's decision, but that he feared McCoy might be influenced by partisan-ship of the crowd. Being satisfied the fight would draw a crowd top-heavily a Peterson public.

With word coming from Portland that a 15-car caravan would trek Salemward Wednesday, however, it is evident not all of the armory through will be backing Peterson. Ticket sales in Portland where the fight business has stagnated, are comparatively as brisk as they are in Salem, according to reports.

More Seats Put In

The Veterans of Foreign Wars organization, backers of local bouts, revealed yesterday that additional seating arrangements were being made to handle what is certain to be an overflow crowd. Ringside seating capacity will be nearly doubled over the setup used ordinarily.

Tickets are on sale in Salem at Parker's Sporting Goods store and the Bligh billiard parlor.

Curt Comments

Mixed two-ball foursomes will be the order of the day at the Salem Golf club next Sunday.

A handicap tournament of this nature is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, partners to be drawn by lot. About a dozen men sign-up yesterday to have their names dropped in the hat; the ladies will determine sometime this week how many of them will participate.

This type of tournament proved highly popular last year when two were held; next Sunday is the first opportunity this season, for the club's intercity team matches, the city tournament and the ladies' tournament have kept both groups pretty busy ever since weather has been suitable for competitive golf.

June is ordinarily a heavy month for competition, but the local club team's schedule worked out in such a way that there is only one match this month. Referee Country Club of Portland coming here a week from next Sunday, the 18th. Riverside, played last year for the first time, proved to be one of the most enjoyable matches of the year, and it is probable

that the demand for places on the team will be heavy.

For the last several years Salem golfers have been participating in the state tournament sponsored by the Oregon Golf association. That major event opens Monday on the Alderwood course in Portland. Among the 103 players listed for the 24-hole qualifying round to be played Monday and Tuesday, appear the names of Bert Victor, Walter Cline, Jr., and George Beecher of Salem. Victor has qualified for the championship flight several times in the past and Cline has done equally well in the Oregon coast tournament which draws as strong a list of entrants. Beecher's name came over the wires as a semifinalist in a tournament up in Washington last weekend, so he must be hitting these pretty fair.

Bert will have to watch his vocabulary; he's in a threesome with a minister Monday afternoon.

Other entries known in this vicinity are Ray Carpenter of Albany, Tex Oliver of Eugene, and Louis Tobin and Harrison Williams, who were here with the Oswego team last Sunday.

Smith Lad Winner In YMCA Olympics

Ten-Year-Old Takes Six First Places, Cracks Two Records

Big gun in yesterday's seventh-annual YMCA Olympic games was 10-year-old Marshall Smith, who captured six of the eight possible first places in the cadet division and broke two records enroute.

Marshall clipped a second from the 80-yard dash mark and added three inches to the high jump record, to be contested for individual honors only by Jim Brown, who paired the prep division crab walk record down by 7.2 seconds. Don Yocum and Smith paired up to break the prep division wheelbarrow race record by eight-tenths of

Seals Win 8-7 In Ten Innings

Portland Defeats Padres 5 to 3 Behind Ad Liaka Chucking

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3—(AP)—The San Francisco Seals scored two runs in a tenth-inning rally to defeat the Hollywood Stars, 8 to 7 in a Pacific Coast league baseball game here this afternoon.

The Stars filled the bases with none out in the tenth, but managed to score only one run.

The series between the two clubs is now even, each team having won three games.

Hollywood..... 7 11 3
San Francisco..... 8 13 2

Wheelbarrow race—Yocum and Smith, first; Willig and Moorehead, second; Pardon and Adams, third. Time :10.5.

Baseball throw—Jim Brown, first; Don Yocum, second; Conrad Cook, third. Distance 121' 2".

High jump—Marshall Smith, first; Ronald Spence, second; Bruce Moorehead, third. Distance 40".

Crab walk—Marshall Smith, first; Joe Muncy, second; Ronald Spence, third. Time :2.6.

Preps: 50 yard dash—Junior Pardon, first; Jim Brown, second; Don Yocum, third. Time :11.8.

80 yard dash—Junior Pardon, first; Jim Brown, second; Conrad Cook and Don Yocum tied for third. Time :13.5.

Crab walk—Jim Brown, first; Robert Willig, second; Don Yocum, third. :09.8

a second, making four new records established in the meet.

Complete results:
Cadees:
50 yard dash—Won by Marshall Smith, Ronald Spence, second; Roger Adams, third. Time :10.4.
80 yard dash—Won by Marshall Smith, Ronald Spence, second; Roger Adams, third. Time :11.8.
Three-legged race—Muncy and Pardon, first; Willig and Yocum, second; Spence and Moorehead, third.
Baseball throw—Marshall Smith, first; Ronald Spence, second; Bruce Moorehead, third. Distance 121' 2".
High jump—Marshall Smith, first; Ronald Spence, second; Bruce Moorehead, third. Distance 40".
Broad jump—Marshall Smith, first; Jim Brown, second; Conrad Cook and Don Yocum tied for third. Time :13.5.
Crab walk—Jim Brown, first; Robert Willig, second; Don Yocum, third. :09.8

Osborne and Brenzel, Powell, Bailou (7), Jorgens (10), Walkie (10) and Spruz.

Angels Lose LOS ANGELES, June 3—(AP)—Jimmy (the ripper) Collins blasted out his 13th and 14th home runs of the season today but Los Angeles went down to defeat, 4 to 2, to Oakland in a Pacific Coast league game today.

Ben Cantwell, Oakland pitcher, hurled airtight ball in the pinches while his mates climbed on Dick Ward for 3 runs in the first inning to cinch the game and tie the series at 2-2.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 3—(AP)—Catcher Vincent Monzo's pinch hit slam to left field with two out, Rosenberg on second and Frankie Hawkins on first broke a 3-3 tie and gave Portland a 5-3 win over San Diego tonight.

Rosenberg had a previously doubled after two were out and Al Olsen the 18-year-old Padre southpaw protege, purposely walked Hawkins. In the second inning, San Diego broke a stretch of no earned runs against Ad Liaka when a single by Deans brought in a tally.

A double by Marshall and singles by Liaka and Sweeney gave the Beavers two in the third and they tied the count at the fifth on Marshall's single, a double by Sweeney and Jeffies' sacrifice fly.

San Diego..... 3 10 1
Portland..... 5 10 1
Olsen and Deiore. Liaka and Adams, Monzo.



"AIR MAIL BRIDE"

by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XVI
"I'm going to give a bridge lunch for you," Bee said, "to have you meet the girls."
"Bee has some lovely friends," Mrs. Wilson contributed.
"I'm going to have it in a hotel, of course, but I haven't exactly decided yet. Betty Cleave had hers at the St. Francis, but I—"
"In a HOTEL?" Up went Mr. Wilson's chin. "Isn't your own home good enough for your friends? I don't like this hotel entertaining. New fangled snobbishness—that's all it is. Spending money on waiters and fannies—"
"I'm giving this party! And I'm paying for it!"
"All right, if you don't appreciate your own home—any time I want—and you'd like that wouldn't you? I'd like to know what there'd be left after I took out my things and—"
"BEE! Please! You mustn't talk so to your father. I—"
"Please, Mr. Wilson's eyes begged. Please don't quarrel before strangers!"
"But he makes me so TIRED!" Mr. Wilson got up from the table, leaving his dessert. "Since I make you so tired—since my opinions are so worthless—"
"CLAUDE! You didn't touch your turnover! And you haven't had your second cup of tea!"
"Wait a minute, Pop!" Edward pulled him back toward the table. "Stop listening to those women and listen to me. Listen! I got a job!"
"You got a job, son?"
"His mother's eyes filled with tears. "Why, that's wonderful! That's just wonderful. But why didn't you tell—"
"Saving it for Marie. What do you say, baby?"
"Oh, Edward! I'm so GLAD!" Wilson sat down again. "Not so easy to get a job now, either. Many a man walking the streets that—"
"Pass your cup, Claude. But I do think, Eddie, that you might as least have mentioned it to your mother—telephone, Bee! It's probably for you!"
Mrs. Wilson, beaming still, turned to Marie. "She's always been popular. Both of them. I don't know how it was with you, but Beatrice—"
"Bee came to see you, Ed." Edward swallowed his last bite of turnover. "Press!"
"Helene," Bee said.
Edward set down his fork. He rose slowly. They all watched him. His father cleared his throat, looked at Marie. His mother leaned toward him, said in a low voice, "Does she know?"
"Does she know what?"
"Mrs. Wilson mistook her lips. Edward shut the door into the hall, where the telephone was. But they could hear his voice—and then long silences while the girl talked—and then his voice, again.
"More tea, Beatrice?"
"No, thanks—well! Just a little—"
"Eddie didn't say what kind of a job—"
"Heavens sake! Give him time—he WILL!"
They were all edgy—waiting. He seems to be enjoying that conversation, Marie thought. Not that there was any reason why he shouldn't.

worked there once before, when I was in college. Not a bad guy to work for. And it's a tideover, until—om—thing better breaks."
"I think it's wonderful!"
"Silly! It's not so hot!"
"I'd like to get it so soon! And when you have one job, it's always easy to get another. I—heard of people say that!"
"That's right, too. Besides, the hours are rather broken—a lot of night work and I'll be able to get around and make contacts during the day."
"Night work!" Mrs. Wilson gave a long, rattling sigh. "Working till 10 o'clock—maybe 11—every night again, and sleeping all morning. And I never home at me times!"
Edward shrugged, then he smiled. "Maybe I'd better tell the boss to work nights and Sundays, and let me have the day shift."
"Not SUNDAYS, too! You don't mean you'll be working Sundays again, too!"
"And why not?" Mr. Wilson demanded. "When I was a boy we worked 12 hours a day and none of this Saturday afternoon and vacation nonsense, either. If you'd try to remember, Eddie is a man of grown, Mattie, with a wife to support, and not raise silly objections."
Mrs. Wilson looked at Marie. "I was just thinking of his health—that's all. I've had him sick on my hands like you know."
Now Edward was exasperated. "My Lord, WHEN? When I was 8—and had measles!"
"You were 9—almost 10. It was that hot August that we—"
"All right, I was 10, only for Pete's sake, forget it. My health has been all right since."
"But if you start night work, and broken hours—Look at Will Hockmeyer! Everybody knows it was that night bakery work that was the start of his—"
"What was a bakery, I'm going to work in a gas station—if you don't drive me nuts before I start. Come on, Marie—we're going to a movie, to celebrate."
So they went to a movie. But they had to come back again, back to Eddie's mother's house.
"Edward—now that you have a job, couldn't we really look for a place of our own?"
"We could, except that this is only a part-time job and I'll be busy if I were to get a week out of it. We could hardly pay rent and live on that, could we?"
"I don't know. I wish I did. I'll ask mother when I write again, she'll know."
"I wish you wouldn't."
"Why not?"
"Well—it's our problem."
"I know, but Edward, mother is awfully clever about managing! Show people get awfully hard up sometimes and they manage to get through somehow. Why, when Gram had the stroke, just before she died, and mother was working in the movies, she fell off a rock and had her arm in a cast for ages, why we lived on NOTHING! And had lots of fun, too."
"And my father's brother—he's dead now—but he used to double for different people in the movies. They wanted dance-devil riding, you know—when he wasn't with the circus. Anyway, Jimmie spent his money as fast as he made it and he always came and lived with us when he was broke and we always managed. I'm perfectly sure that mother will know whether we can, or not!"
"Maybe she will. But, look here, honey—your mother doesn't like me too well anyway and I don't want her to know that I'm earning a paltry twenty a week or less. It isn't as if it were all I could make! This is just something to hold on to until I can get into something decent again."
"Cook, honey, a man has his pride about things like this. I'm not too delighted to have to show my mother I've got a job, if you want to know

the truth, and have my friends spread the word around that Ed Wilson is pumping gas and polishing windshields!"
"Oh, Edward! I think you're wonderful for being willing to take the job! I'm PROUD of you!"
"Well—a lot of people wouldn't feel that way."
"All right, I won't mention it to mother, if you'd rather I wouldn't. It just makes it hard to write a long letter every day when I haven't anything to CAN mention—that's all. And you don't mind if I look for something real cheap—if I can find it?"
"No—of course not. But you're not going to find anything, I'm afraid."
"You don't know me. I'm a wonderful finder! I found you!"
"No—I found you!"
"Nevertheless I'll find the apartment!"
So every day she went out, sometimes with Edward, sometimes alone, and walked, and walked, and walked...
And every afternoon she came back to the house on Shalimar, and found another letter from Julie, demanding to know all her plans, advising her not to go on living with Edward's folks, asking questions, questions, questions.
Plainly, Julie was frightened.
"I can't make head nor tail to your letters," she wrote. "They sound like guide books. What do I care about the scenery? I want to know about you and those people. I must have been crazy to send you off like that, with a stranger. I was half out of mind or I wouldn't have sent you to live with her, but I am such a stubborn idiot, he couldn't stop me."
"Now I know that yours and Edward's idea was best. It would be much, much better for you to wait here with us until he is really able to take care of you. Forget your muddle-headed, mean old mother. Come home for a while at least. I don't think you should bring Edward with you, because this is a critical time in his life and he ought to be looking for work. But come yourself. Take the money Charles gave you, and get the first plane south. I'll make it up to you when you come. Give my best to Edward. Your worried, ashamed, "Mother."

"P. S. I should have said bring Edward if you wish. I don't think he ought to come, but if he wants to he can come. I hope he will excuse me for the things I said when he was here. I really didn't mean it when it sounded. Write me air-mail, or did you use up all the stamps when you were writing to him? No, I don't mean that! I'm not trying to criticize. Any letters will do. But come for a few days—right away. If I don't get a real answer from you, I'm coming up there to see for myself!"
Of course Julie wouldn't come—she wouldn't do a thing like that, Marie told herself, knowing perfectly well that it was exactly the sort of thing Julie would do.
She thought kept her on pins and needles.
Her mother and Charles walking up the Wilson's front steps. Her mother, in the black suit that was a little too tight fitting, the smart little hat she wore on her head, her hand on her shoulder, gold watch chain, and the row of black diamonds in her hair—looking at plump little Mrs. Wilson, dowdy and worn and disapproving, suspicion in her eye.
Charles humming, ill at ease and self-effacing, in spite of his loud tie and the broad gold watch chain, and the row of black diamonds in his vest pocket. Little, aggressive, stoop-shouldered Mr. Wilson challenging him, talking loud.
She and Edward caught between them—James in a way between them, unable to escape without offending someone—shamed, and suffering... maybe blaming each other a little...
(To Be Continued)

POLLY AND HER PALS



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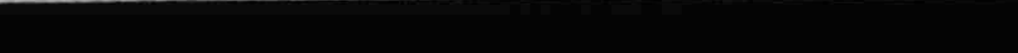


By BRANDON WALSH



By JIMMY MURPHY

THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



By JIMMY MURPHY