

GIRLS ATTAIN PERFECT MARK

Mt. Laki and Klamath Agency Cooking School Receive Certificates

From the standpoint of conscientious and painstaking work, the girls of the Mt. Laki and Klamath Agency cooking clubs could not have done better this year, according to Frank W. Sexton, county club leader. Both clubs have finished their work program 100 per cent and the quality of work is exceptional.

Members of the Klamath Agency club are as follows: Hattie Hart, Marie Hart, Dorothy Shouder, Ruth Williams, Vera Williams, Virginia Melstosh, Nelson Porter and Naomi Ray.

A certificate of achievement was sent yesterday afternoon to the Klamath Agency club and a similar certificate was formally presented to the Mt. Laki club at a pla social held in the Mt. Laki school house last night. At the social \$193 was raised to defray the expense of a piano for the community.

Colonial Xmas To be Given D.A.R. Chapter

"A Colonial Christmas" is the subject of the interesting program planned for next Monday evening when Eulalia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, meet at the home of Mrs. L. L. Truax for the regular monthly meeting. Mrs. Allen Sloan is in charge of the program.

Mrs. L. L. Truax and Mrs. Thomas Hamilton will preside as joint hostesses at this meeting which is called for 7:30 o'clock. Members are urged to be present and bring their annual dues which are to be collected at this time. Warren Hunt, chairman of the Angel Island committee will gather donations for the Christmas box to be sent within the coming week and those having articles for the box are asked to bring them on Monday evening.

Recent, Mrs. Charles Joseph Martin; Vice Regent, Mrs. Harry M. Ackley; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Allen Sloan; Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. Fred Glover; Treasurer, Mrs. Robert E. Wattenburg; Registrar, Mrs. Wilbur Jones; Historian, Mrs. Rachel Applegate Solomon; Chaplain, Mrs. Emma Lee Mills.

Deliver me from taking that girl to a show again. The last time I footed the bill I had to foot it home.

FOXY PHANN

A fish fights the hardest when it's at the end of its string.



CANT CLUB YOU CANT LOOK A CUSPIDOR THANKS TO C. S. BELLVILLE, ILL.

Yes, Sir!

There is a Big

DANCE TONIGHT

HAL BLACKBURN AND HIS BAND

WINTER GARDEN

SATURDAY NITE Big Lucky Spot

DANCE

Prizes for Ladies and Gentlemen

IS BOY'S CATALINA CHANNEL SWIM OR THE CRIME THRILL STRONGER?

CONTRAST IN TWO CAREERS CITED IN PLEA TO YOUTH TO HEED GUIDANCE OF PARENTS

By Morley Morton

TWO amazingly opposite cases stand out in the news, so glaringly different that one wonders at the tragic dissimilarity of two boys' lives—and the even more tragic dissimilarity of two mothers' lives. On the one hand is 17-year-old George Young, conqueror for the first time in history of the Catalina Channel, winner of \$25,000 in cash offered by William Wrigley, Jr., and already deluged with honors and offers that mean a great fortune and a future that fairly dazzles.

On the other hand, consider the case of Thomas J. (Red) Moran, only three years older than George Young, who faces the electric chair as the confessed thrill slayer of two Brooklyn policemen.

Two Mothers

Then consider the mothers of these two boys. George Young's mother is an invalid. Mrs. Moran is a hard-working woman. Both love their boys. Both sacrificed everything to help them along life's roadway. But while Mrs. Young is broken in body her soul is elevated to the empyrean by the thought of her son's success and fame. And Mrs. Moran, sound of body, is broken of heart because of her son's shameful career and the unhappy doom to which his desire for a thrill has led him.

What a picture of two mothers! What a heartrending commentary on human life and social conditions that permit this dread contrast!

Mrs. Moran worked from morning until night to give her son an education at St. Francis of Assisi School. He himself says: "How she did it, I don't know. But I received an unusually good education." And her payment has been heart-break and shame and the torment of knowing that the baby she once hugged to her breast will feel the cruel embrace of the death throb in Sing Sing's execution chamber!

Self and Selflessness

Mrs. Young, on the other hand, was broken in health, had undergone a major operation which chained her to her bed. And

young George went out—not to steal and rob and kill to get money to squander, like Red Moran—but to dive for whales, dimes or whatever other largesse might be thrown into the river and lake near his home, so that he could bring home some money to help his stricken parent.

Surely, out of the loving thought that prompted his diving for pennies and nickels must have been born the strength that enabled him, the only one of more than 100 contestants, to accomplish the seemingly impossible feat of crossing the chilled Catalina Channel.

Young Red Moran could have turned his dare-devil courage into some other channel than that he chose and swum his way to victory over circumstance and environment, had he so wished. But he wanted the thrill of crime, the easy money of holding up some victim, of killing to accomplish his desire.

The Right and Wrong Channel

He chose the wrong channel, and his mother grieves, while the other lad, who chose to devote his courage, his muscles and his skill to an honest way of achieving his heart's desire, finds in his mother's fond delight a more fulsome pleasure than even the riches now being showered upon him.

Two boys—two mothers. And oh, that any boy who may read this will heed the lesson in contrast that they teach! Every boy should ask himself: "Do I want my mother to suffer as Mrs. Moran is suffering?" And in answer to his own question, he should say: "No, I want my mother to experience the joy Mrs. Young is feeling—and I'll do it I can to bring this to pass."

The call of mother love is mighty—but alas, it too often



Two mothers—and two sons. But what a difference in their lots! Mrs. Margaret Moran (above) is bemoaning the fate of her son, Thomas (Red) Moran (inset), facing the chair as a murderer. Mrs. Jenny Young (upper right), is overjoyed by the fame and fortune won by her son, George Young (right), when he swam the Catalina Channel.

falls upon unheeding ears. Mrs. Moran is calling to Red: "Come back to me, Tom!" But only the hollow echo of a cell answers her call. Mrs. Young is calling to her son: "Come back home, George. The whole country is full of your victory." And there is no hollow echo from a cell but the

full-throated chorus of a world's adulation to tell her that George is eager for her victory kiss. "A whole country is full of your victory!" Contrast that with the picture of Red Moran: "A whole country is full of your shame." Is it any wonder that one

mother's heart is breaking while the other mother's heart is thrilling with joy? This is the age of youth—youth as it never has been since time began. BUT THE AGE OF YOUTH IS ALWAYS THE AGE



Crime does not pay. Criminals have said this thousands of times. I merely repeat their own words—Red Moran's own words, for that matter. He got the thrill he sought. But so did George Young get the thrill he sought. WHICH KIND OF A THRILL DO YOU WANT, YOUNG READER? The thrill of combating the law, of following your own selfish desire, or the greater thrill of achievement?



ment in some proper channel of endeavor the thrill of a mother's delight, his reward for your accomplishment? It is up to YOU to decide. YOUR MOTHER cannot decide for you. She can only point the way—and she'll generally point the right way. For every true mother has her child's best interests at heart. Only the unnatural ones, underriding of the gentle name of mother, point in the wrong way.

George Young swam the Catalina Channel to fame and fortune. Red Moran swam the channel of sin and crime and murder to the electric chair. Both are strong swimmers in their chosen waters.

But both mothers pointed out the right waters to swim—and only one of the two boys followed that guidance.

There are thousands of other cases in point daily cropping up in the news—stories of youngsters who chose their own swimming channels and reached the slings of defeat and shame and prison. And behind every one of these cases is some broken-hearted mother who wails: "I pointed the right way to him, but he didn't take it!" Or, if the offender chances to be a girl, the sobbing mother cries: "I told her where she would end if she chose to swim that channel I told her to swim."

There has been much talk

about the blame for crime resting upon the parents. But can any one lay the blame for Red Moran's willful sinning upon the mother who struggled to give him an education, wore her hands to the bone for him? She told him to go straight; she warned him of pitfalls and dangers.

But his revolt is the usual one of the self-willed child who goes his way despite parental admonishment. "I just craved suspense—thrills. I dreamed of dramatic sensations, the super-sensuous that would spur interest in life. I wanted a life that was packed with startling, sensational, mysterious episodes."

WHAT PARENT COULD COPE WITH THIS?

I will admit that there is much fault today in the curbing of youth, that they are given the modern "freedom" of action that we of the older generation did not have. But they resent restraint and they run away from home if too strongly bridled. The pity of it is that these parents are forced to suffer as a consequence. There must be some happy medium ground upon which parents and children can meet—but is it not up to youth to help their parents find this medium ground? Are parents altogether to blame?

Let youth pause to consider the contrasting cases of George Young and Red Moran. Let the critics of parents consider the cases of their two mothers. And then let critics and youth and parents get together in an honest effort to make the world better, to have more George Youngs and fewer Red Morans, more happy Mrs. Youngs and fewer disconsolate Mrs. Morans, and maybe we would approach that happy medium ground I have referred to.

Instead of just preaching to children, use object lessons like Red Moran and George Young without further moralizing. Put children more upon their honor. Let a goal for them that they will face. Show them the real thrill of life is not in abnormal cravings that seek gratification, but in normal accomplishments that lead to extraordinary attainments.

And, if you must blame parents, at least don't be too harsh upon the mothers—unless they're the unnatural type—and those, as I said, are in the smallest possible minority!

To grieve with the Mrs. Morans and we rejoice with the Mrs. Youngs of the world. But how much happier we could be if youth would help the cause of obtaining more than it does the cause for tears! THEY CAN, IF THEY WILL. BUT—WILL THEY?

A GRAPHIC Feature

CONACHER, CHAMPION IN TEN SPORTS, LEADS FIELD OF ALL-AROUND ATHLETES

Specializing in Hockey, Canadian Is a Marvel in Tournaments on Ice

By Archie Mac Millan

JUST who deserves to be called the greatest all-round athlete in the world is an intriguing question that could never be satisfactorily answered, although it might elicit thousands of conflicting opinions from different quarters of the globe.

There are many prospects for such a high honor if it could ever be officially bestowed, but you would have to go far to find greater qualifications than those possessed by Lionel Conacher, a big, powerful fellow, who is now clouting a puck around the ice on behalf of the New York Americans, one of the teams representing this city in the National Hockey League.

Great Natural Strength

Twenty-six years ago Lionel was born in the obscure little town of Peterboro, on the outskirts of Toronto, Can. His great natural strength began to manifest itself at an early age, but unlike most young men he concentrated on no particular line of athletic endeavor.

Anything that provided him with an opportunity to use his muscles was good enough for Conacher, and the greater variety of competition the more deeply he was satisfied. Every sport he selected offered not the slightest difficulty, which is indeed rare in the history of our physical machinery.

Just now, Conacher is playing hockey because it is in season, and because the high pressure required to play this game and the countless action involved give him a royal opportunity to release a storehouse of reserve energy.

The record of Conacher reveals that he is a champion

athlete in ten sports and has achieved recognition in five others. Although there may be similar cases we have never before stumbled across such an astounding example of human achievement in the world of sports.

Many critics have likened him to Jim Thorpe, who is conceded to be the greatest football player of all time as well as an all-round Olympic champion and pretty fair baseball player. But Thorpe's record is not quite as extensive as Conacher's, even though he is more widely known.

In reviewing the Canadian's career, hockey stands out as the sport in which he has reached the most brilliant heights. Experts consider him one of the greatest defense men that ever swirled around after a puck. First he played with the Acad Lac and the Argonauts in Canada as an amateur. Later Conacher was the big gun on the Pittsburgh team that captured the American amateur title, and then when the Smoky City team went professional, Conacher became a member of the National Hockey League, feeling that he was well entitled to capitalize slightly on such remarkable ability.

The Toronto baseball club of the International League will never forget the name of Lionel

Conacher, as last season he held an outfield berth on that team, and was one of the vital cogs that helped the Canadian nine win the pennant. At present it is believed Conacher has reached his maturity as a baseball player, and still greater things are expected of him when the next campaign opens. Who knows but what some day he may be playing in the major leagues?

Conacher first made his presence felt in the sports world through the medium of rugby. He was rated the best center half in Canada, and played a conspicuous part in the winning of the Dominion championship of the Toronto Rugby and Athletic Club. From there he jumped to the Argonauts and helped them win two titles. There are many who believe that right at this very moment there isn't a better backfield man in rugby and a more deadly tackle or more dynamic kicker.

Had Ring Prospects

Of course, there is a similarity between hockey and lacrosse, and for this reason Conacher forced ahead in this sport with amazing rapidity and the same time devastating play that distinguished him on the ice made him a powerful factor in any lacrosse game. Playing with the St. Simons, a lacrosse team in Toronto, Conacher starred on the defense, and with him in the line-up the team annexed the championship of the Quebec Amateur Association.

A phrase has originated to the effect that: "Wherever Conacher goes, there goes a title."

In so far as boxing is concerned, it is not a bit too fanciful to declare that Conacher has passed in a fortune. In the ring game he could undoubtedly have cleaned up prettily, for what is the pay of a hockey player when compared with the staggering purses pulled down by the gladiators over a few minutes of artistic pugilism?

Several years ago Conacher announced the twenty-eight boxing championship of Canada and at one time Jack Dempsey on his way to a fight with the late Max Baer, the holder of the world's heavyweight title, after a long and arduous training period, Conacher that he had the "makings" and would



Lionel Conacher in his hockey tugs.

be an exceedingly wise young man to drop everything else and concentrate on the cauliflower course of culture.

And his heavy money could not induce Conacher to forsake the sport he really loved best—ice hockey.

Among Conacher's minor

achievements are the contribution to the winning of the Canadian eight-oared championship when a member of the Argonauts of Toronto. This was several years ago and during the same period he gained fame as a singles and doubles tennis player.

No one will deny that Conacher is an exceptionally fine tennis player, a first-class hander of a canoe and a fair golfer. Last year, in Pittsburgh, Conacher made quite a hit on the links. As a swimmer Conacher is entitled to praise, and knows all the strokes, although he has not as yet saved any lives or passed an opinion on the propriety or impropriety of the grease bathing suit.

As far as Conacher is concerned, there is no comparison between baseball and hockey. He said: "In baseball, I may stand out in the outfield all afternoon and never get a fly. The game may go on as slow that it makes a player feel drowsy, but in hockey much is never the case. You keep moving from the time you glide out on the ice until the end of the game. There is always present a risk of personal injury, and no one will deny that there is something fascinating about a sport in which the participant never knows what moment he is going to get knocked cold."

"The element of personal contact is also to be considered. It is quite a thrill to collide with some fellow on the ice and see him sprawling headlong while you remain on your feet and grin. You, hockey will always be the sport for me, unless something unforeseen changes my mind."

Great Athlete

Weighting 175 pounds and standing 6 feet 4 inches, Conacher is a full yard of athlete with all the ready energy on the field, and a ready living to help him live it.

It is a pity that Conacher's type who are better known hockey players are not as well known as he is. In New York, where he plays for the Americans, he is very popular. His interest in the sport is not only in the game itself, but in the physical education of the youth of the country. He is a great athlete, and his record is a testament to his ability. He is a great athlete, and his record is a testament to his ability.

Although it is not generally known, Lionel Conacher was born in Canada, and was not at first warmly welcomed in Canada, which wanted to cleave to the amateur game. But it is hard for any sport to reach great heights on a strictly amateur basis, and now the domination is well pleased with a professional hockey, a game by men who have their own share in the sport and are consequently more proficient than the amateurs, who get in their part time for practice.

Longevity Assured

Being 26, Conacher has many years of hockey still in his system, as the experience of this sport seems to carry over longer on the average than do the baseball players. Sprague Cleghorn is today 38, and after having played for twenty years is still going strong.

Last year marked the passing of George Gesta, a goalkeeper of the Canadian team, who went through seventeen strenuous seasons. Indeed, he was the father of twenty-two children, including two sets of triplets. Conacher is also a married man, so hockey is a sport which can be successfully followed by a family man.

There are many who doubt that hockey will ever reach the popularity of baseball. Climate and other items make the development of baseball talent exceedingly difficult. Today virtually all of the players in the National Hockey League are Canadians by birth, although the day they have been received in the United States is the rule of the game, and quite willing to support imported talent, provided it makes the grade.

Just how the struggle for excellence being made by the local amateur hockey league is being met with interest. But the real source of future American hockey stars is in the ranks of the United States Amateur Athletic League, which has sponsored more than one highly successful tournament.

Of course the facilities were available the American school-boys would undoubtedly take to the game with avidity, but until the professional game will have to get its recruits from Canada.

A GRAPHIC Feature