

Buster Crabbe, Hawaiian Made Swimmer

FORCED INTO AQUATIC FAME

America's Best Bet in Coming Olympiad

By FRANK ROCHE

Sports Staff, Los Angeles Times

Long about the time that ex-Kaiser Wilhelm had decided to boom things up by starting a World War, Ned Crabbe, then a revenue agent at Honolulu, stepped down to the beach at Waikiki one afternoon and nonchalantly tossed his son Buster into the waves.

The elder Crabbe may not have known it then, but when the lad bobbed up dog-paddling, the career of a world's champion swimmer had been launched.

"That was how I learned to swim," says Clarence Linden Crabbe, Jr. He is known to the aquatic world as Buster Crabbe and he is considered the greatest middle-distance swimmer on the face of the globe today.

LEADING HOPE

Buster Crabbe, now in his twenty-third year, is considered America's leading bet for the Olympics this summer for the 400 meters and the 1500-meter championships. Buster has won about thirty national championships to date and there is no telling how many more he will collect before he decides he has enough of competitive swimming.

Five world's records are Buster's property at the present time and he has a bid in for a sixth. Crabbe holds the following marks:

DISTANCE	TIME
300-meter medley	4.5 4-5
300-yard medley	3.36 2-5
Half-mile	10.30 2-5
800 meters	10.15 2-5
One mile	21.27

He has applied for the record in the 150-yard medley, which he cracked this year.

Funny thing about the swimming career of Buster is that he was forced into fame. Hawaii was picking an all-star team in 1926 for an invasion of Japan. Buster's younger brother Buddy was selected on that team. Buster was not.

However, when Buster's father heard that he had been left off the team he said, "Well, Buddy can't go either." That threw a monkey wrench into the plans of those behind the trip as Buddy was considered a star sprinter. He still is today, in the islands. At any rate they decided to take Buster along too. As it later turned out this proved to be a very lucky move as he was the star of the meet. The very next year he won the outdoor mile swimming championship at Honolulu and he has been winning one or two a year ever since.

TRIED EVERYTHING

Buster went in for football and track more than he did for swimming when he was a student at Punahou Academy and it took that Japanese incident to change his athletic career. Buster was a fairly good shot putter and a good dependable lineman on the gridiron, but when they saw he was a star in the water he was induced to quit the other sports.

Buster can do a little bit of everything. He stands 6 ft. 1 in. in his bare feet. He likes to box but doesn't go in for it seriously because it would interfere with his swimming muscles.

Buster is a great admirer of Duke Kahanamoku. He insists Duke is the greatest swimmer that has ever lived. A peculiar thing about this is that Buster never saw the Duke swim in the islands. Buster has only seen Duke in exhibitions in this

country.

Crabbe competed in the last Olympics for America. He took third in the 400 meters. He had not reached the form he has today.

They are still telling a funny story on a certain high school coach in Hawaii concerning Buster. This fellow informed Buster that he would never make good at swimming; he had better go in for something else. Buster made an awful liar out of that guy.

Nearly every one who has heard about Buster believes he was born in Hawaii. He wasn't. He first saw the

light of day in Oakland, which makes him a native son of California. He moved to the islands with his family when he was 3½ years of age and he remained there until he decided to come to the University of Southern California for a college education.

Buster is the present all-around national and intercollegiate champion. He represents the Los Angeles A. C. when not in intercollegiate competition. Fred Cady has been his coach here.

Crabbe may quit swimming after the Olympic Games.

Damon Boosts Live One

Col. "Til" Huston Part Owner of Yankees at One Time, Unique Figure in Sports. Now He He Raises Cows Down South.

By DAMON RUNYON

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NEW YORK, May 21—It must be a nice thing to have enough money to live as you please.

Take Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, for instance. Better known to his intimate friends as "Cap," or "Til." Once described by someone as "the most complete human document in the world."

Colonel Huston is a portly man of pleasant countenance, who is at this time drifting through that stretch of years between sixty and sixty-five. Rather closer to sixty than sixty-five, I would say.

He is the man who bought the New York Yankees with Colonel Jacob Ruppert some fifteen or sixteen years back. It was the forming of that famous partnership that revolutionized the American league in New York. Bringing Babe Ruth and a joblot of pennants here, and building the Yankee stadium.

Eventually the partnership split on a difference of opinion over the management of the club, and Colonel Ruppert bought out Colonel Huston for a sum said to have been well in excess of \$1,000,000. They originally invested about \$200,000 each in the franchise. And folks said then it was too much money.

Colonel Huston had plenty of money before he bought into the Yanks. He came up out of Cuba with a fortune and a lot of time on his hands a couple of years before we went into the Yankee deal. He was by profession an engineer and a contractor and had gone to Cuba during the Spanish-American war, remaining to get rich as a civilian building docks, and one thing and another.

Colonel Huston loved the associations of baseball more than the game itself. Long before he bought the Yanks he was traveling with John McGraw and the Giants, just as a matter of pleasure. His was a sociable soul, and he had to have company. His greatest pal was your Uncle Wilbert Robinson, then coaching McGraw's pitchers.

About this time, the late George Stallings got Colonel Huston and Robbie, and a lot of other baseball people interested in an old cotton plantation known as Dover Hall, not far from Brunswick, Georgia, and they organized the Dover Hall club

Dover Hall is still going and it's a great spot. It is in the piney woods of Georgia, at the junction of the Turtle and the Bear rivers, which run down to the sea. There's plenty of game of one kind and another there in season.

Colonel Huston isn't much of a nimrod, but Dover Hall gave him a grand excuse for assembling his favorite friends around him. Then, too, he found at Dover Hall a combination of sea-and-pine air that was good for an ailing throat. He would live at Dover Hall for months at a stretch, and he came to love that part of Georgia.

After selling out his interest in the Yanks, Colonel Huston again found himself with lots of time and money on his hands. It isn't in him to remain idle, and presently he bought two islands in the Altamaha river, some twelve miles from Dover Hall, and hard by the little old town of Darien, and began a series of experiments that astounded his friends.

The islands are called Butler and Champney. They are famous spots in that part of Georgia. On one Colonel Huston has built a magnificent residence.

His first experiment was in reclaiming the island land and making it yield something besides water bugs. He imported a lot of Japanese farmers, to the disquiet of his neighbors, and for several years he had these Japanese farming to beat the cars. Then the Japanese disappeared, and fine blooded cattle bobbed up on the islands.

It seems that Colonel Huston has gone in for dairying. High class, advanced dairying. His friends regard this as an improvement on farming, as they can always use milk for chaser. The farm products were never any good to them.

One way and another Colonel Huston must have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars down yonder in Georgia, and there isn't much chance that he will ever wiggle out on his