

ROMPING "TOM-BOY" WINS REAL PLACE IN SUN AS 15-YEAR-OLD GIRL IS CROWNED WATER QUEEN

Mother Ederle Scolded and Lectured Daughter Gertrude in Vain When She Learned Youngster Could Out-point Boys at Their Games

BUT WHEN SHE CAPTURED SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP SHE BECAME 'WONDER GIRL'

Plays Baseball Like a 'Pro' and Knows Value of a Poker Hand, and Yet She Is Good at Housework, Too

AT LAST the "Tomboy" is justified! At last a real place in the sun has been accorded the romping hoydenish girl who refuses to be hampered by the conventionality of clinging skirts even when shortened to "flapper" brevity.

A girl of fifteen who can play baseball with the most skillful boys of her own age, who knows the value of a poker hand, who can jump and wrestle with the largest of "the gang," has been crowned an international swimming champion.

And in every part of the United States where fond but prudent parents are shaking admonishing fingers at the too strenuous exuberance of girl offspring and saying "Don't be a tomboy," the retort unanswerable is coming:

Baseballs and Not Dolls Were Her Choice for Toys

WHEN the average six-year-old girl was playing with a doll or jacks Gertrude Ederle chose a baseball.

When her older sisters were playing "house" Gertrude was away playing baseball with "the bunch."

When the international swimming race was ended at Brighton Beach it was Gertrude who led the field of fifty and one of the older sisters was foundering far in the rear.

It was usually Gertrude's mother who pointed out the horror of being a tomboy. But, somehow, her father had

demurely through the parental lectures and then a suggestion of a dimple would appear in her cheek. Somehow, one couldn't hold out against that.

When Gertrude was fourteen she was

little to say on the subject. He would usually maintain a neutral silence, though a glance behind his evening paper would have shown a twinkle in his eye.

The woman's page of a newspaper, even the "funnies," were passed up until Gertrude had turned to the sporting page to find out just what was what in the world in which she was most interested.

Highland is on the Shrewsbury River, which meant boating and swimming to Gertrude's heart's desire.

When she went to Highland she lived in a bathing suit. Prior to the summer outings her acquaintance with water was chiefly through splashing about in a bathtub or shivering under cold showers. But when she saw the river she wanted to learn to swim.

Gertrude Took to Water Just Like a Duck Does

She began with the well-known doggy paddle to keep her chin above water, and to exercise sufficiently to keep warm.

Within two weeks she managed to get going with this paddle stroke, and the fact that she had accomplished this much encouraged her and made her want to learn a different and better method. She soon realized that the doggy paddle was not the thing to do. So, carefully watching others, she developed a "wild" overhand stroke of her own. With this she did manage to make more progress, but it was strenuous and tired her very easily.

In the country she had a chance to turn cartwheels and handspinning. In a nook where no one could see her first far-from-graceful attempts, she turned and turned until she mastered the cartwheel. Finally she came out in the open with it.

Boys whose families had cottages at Highland soon realized that a "real feller" was in their midst, and they sought her when a ball game was started. And any boy member of the crowd who could not turn handspinning would devote much time and energy toward learning in order to compete with the redoubtable Gertrude.

Before Gertrude was thirteen she joined the Women's Swimming Association of New York. A large pool made it possible for her to practice during the winter months. Soon she was sufficiently proficient to qualify for the relay team sent by her organization, the W. S. A., to Detroit to compete in the junior national 400-yard relay championship. This was the first time she had attempted anything of that sort, but she helped to win the event for her team in record time.

When Gertrude was fourteen she was

graduated from grammar school. She prepared to stay at home and help her mother with the housework. But swimming had got its hold and trips to the pool were more frequent.

There she met Lew Handler, a swimming expert, and he began to correct her style of swimming. It was in reality a case of learning all over again

for Gertrude, but she kept at it until she had mastered what is known as the "six beat double trudgeon crawl."

Her duties at home curtailed her practice. She visited the pool only occasionally during the winter, making no special effort and sacrificing none of her pleasures to get there.

And in the summer she would dip

into the Shrewsbury River, swim about a bit and then dash off to get into a ball game. A cousin visited them occasionally, and to Gertrude he was an object of envy, because stuffing his fingers in his mouth he could whistle a loud, sharp note which might be heard for a city block. So cousin became her tutor and she became so adept that she abandoned the feminine "yoo-hoo."

Gertrude then began imitating birds, learned a peculiar cat call, and even when whistling a lively popular tune she would put on some pretty and intricate "fills."

Last summer, despite the fact that she had not been practicing regularly, she entered a hundred-yard dash at the People's Palace, Jersey City, and won. That was her first real taste of individual victory, and it was then that she really became interested in mastering the swimming stroke. She began entering contests and traveled to Boston, Buffalo and Canada. With her it was about the same motive which impelled her at school; she wanted to be out in front. Then began her real and intensive training.

And almost every swimming contest she entered she either won or was so close to the winner as to spur her on to more strenuous practice each day.

The summer at Highland last year was a busy one. Deplorable as it might seem to her, rooms would get dusty and clothes must be mended and pressed, but the very moment the last stitch had been taken and the remaining bit of dust flocked away, she was off for the river. And just as baseball in her

Older Experts of United States and British Marvel Bowed in Defeat to Fifteen-Year-Old Youngster From New York

HURRIED TO GET PLAUDITS OF HER 'BUNCH' BEFORE ACCEPTING FAMED TROPHY

Didn't Take Up Aquatics Seriously Until She Tasted First Sweets of Victory. Now She Is 'Trainer' for Young Brother to Make Him 'All-Round' Champion

and 100 legs and feet. For moments it was impossible to pick out any particular favorite from the bobbing heads showing above the ocean swells. Then, through the wind-swept spray and the mist of the rain it was seen that "Tomboy Gertrude," the unrecalled, had slowly forged ahead.

Using a powerful, steady stroke, the fifteen-year-old girl was slowly but surely drawing ahead of her more famous competitors. Behind her was Miss Wainwright. Still farther back was the visitor from overseas, Miss James.

So it was to the finish. And as she glided past the finishing boats Gertrude turned her stroke and instead of going toward the judges' boat hastened to the shore, ran briskly through the surf, apparently as unfogged as when she started, and dashed

also swim in the race. She has not tried for any record, and said had she known Gertrude was so much in the lead she would have gone ashore to watch her little "wonder sister," as she says.

Is "Little Wonder Girl" to Her Older Sisters

There is another sister, Helen, who was there to tell Gertrude how proud she was of her, how wonderful she had been as she swam tirelessly on, and little sister Emma, ten, who has not stopped talking about it yet. Little girls in the neighborhood daily sit about and listen to Emma's story of the wonderful big sister.

After her victory, back to Highland went Gertrude, where four of her "buddies" waited to greet her, two of them to shake her by the hand and be proud of it. Alfred Riek and Albert Castlebaum, both fourteen years old, and constant companions of the river, are her every word as she recounted the details of the race.

And the older "buddies," two immaculate toddlers, Queenie and Girma, wagged and wriggled a cheery welcome.

Gertrude is now teaching her two-year-old brother, Henry, to swim. The youngster will not begin with a doggie paddle, for he is getting first-hand information from one who knows, and his little arms splash about in orthodox fashion.

Henry, as well as all the little brothers and sisters, is an ardent admirer of Gertrude; in fact, he dogs her steps almost worshipfully. If someone one in a nearby cottage teaches him a new baby trick or word he waddles home to Gertrude with it.

And sister stands by and laughs as she watches Henry, fat and plump, weighing 135 pounds, eyes which are unusually blue against the tan of her skin, and short brown hair Gertrude presents a most healthy specimen of young American womanhood.

Has No Regular Routine to Keep Herself Fit

She has no set rules and regulations to follow. It is not a case of—Arise at seven. Exercise for fifteen minutes on empty stomach. Lie still for ten minutes, etc.

Plenty of sleep and healthy exercise to keep her in trim are about all she concerns herself with. And to grasp her by the hand and receive a husky clasp, to run an eye over the broad shoulders and muscular arms and well developed body, it is apparent her rules are good ones.

In Gertrude, Babe Ruth has a constant admirer, and to see Jack Dempsey box would lift her into the "seventh heaven of delight." Last Tuesday evening, when Nat Pendleton wrestled at Highland, she and her two shades, Alfred and Albert, were among the first to arrive and the last to leave.

Gertrude likes to wrestle, although she has little opportunity for this diversion. She would like to wrestle with the great Nat himself, but he evaded the challenge, postponed and promised to swim with her. And Gertrude can keep pace with him, which is a source of great delight.

In her cottage yard a sparrow has been measured off, and there Gertrude practices the broad jump. This is one exercise which keeps her in A-1 condition.

Music Also Has Charms to Stir Her Nimble Feet

Ice skating, too, claims part of her attention in the winter, and she has mastered the figure eight and several other "tricks" which require clever balancing and dexterity of step.



Gertrude Ederle likes baseball



Just like "Babe" Ruth



Her baseball "windup"



Is Mandy with the gloom weather clear. Trac



At setting-up exercises

It was nothing less than fatal to leave a clock in reach of her prying, chubby fingers, because she would twist and turn it until she was surrounded by an impenetrable maze of wires and wheels. All the intricacies of the inner workings of a clock would be laid bare before her.

Was Regular 'Tomboy,' but Liked Frilly Frocks

To be a "lady" was not her idea at all, and simply because she was hampered by skirts she had absolutely no intention of not climbing poles and turning hand springs, if she so desired. She was a regular Tomboy Taylor.

And yet through it all there was an undeniable touch of femininity which made her peep into a mirror to make sure her hat was "on straight," and to coax her mother to buy sheer, frilly things, which were sure to come to grief on the nail of a post which Gertrude happened to be vaulting.

It is inconceivable that the mind of one small child could think up so many mischievous pranks. But Gertrude always admitted them with such charming frankness, yet the proper amount of regret, that forgiveness was certain.

School days were intermittently dark and sunny, for Gertrude had a strenuous and emphatic dislike for most of her studies, though she did like history.

But, blessed thought, there were always games to be played after school, and not a game of jacks, which meant sitting quietly on a step and bouncing a ball up and down. Any one could do that!

But throwing a ball, with a good, husky arm back of it! Well, that was something of which any girl might be proud.

Against any boy in school Gertrude would match her skill in batting a ball, bringing cheers of appreciation from enthusiastic rooters as she sild home in a cloud of dust and a whirl of bothosem skirts and long legs.

Just before dinner when the fading of daylight and an inward captiveness would tell her it was time to go home, she would tuck books under arms and try to slip in unnoticed.

Disheveled, dirt-streaked, face flushed with the exertion of healthful exercise and her eyes shining with fun and the joy of living, she would listen meekly to the scolding which usually came.

Charming Dimple Acted as Cloture for Lectures

Threats that she would grow up to be a tomboy and not a lady, like her older sister Margaret, seemed to hold no terrors for her, because she would