

YANKS WIN WHILE BROWNS LOSE AND RACE TIGHTENS

10th Victory in 11 Games
Puts Giants Close to
Top of National
League.

BY WILLIAM J. CHIPMAN
(Associated Press Sports Writer)
Both the Athletics and Cardinals, the two league leaders, helped themselves by doing nothing at all Sunday and the game of the Pirates certainly was not injured by inactivity which prevailed in Pittsburgh.

Although George Pipgras, aided by Lou Gehrig's twelfth home run, pitched the Yankees to their second straight victory over the White Sox by 4 to 1 at the Yankee stadium, the Browns were noosed out in Washington by 2 to 1. This defeat dropped the St. Louisans to a position five and one-half games behind the Athletics as the Yankees crept up to within seven and one-half contests of the leaders.

After trailing St. Louis by 1 to 0 for seven rounds, Washington tied the score against George Blane-

holder in the eighth and then won out in the ninth on Joe Cronin's double and two sacrifices. Irvin Hadley won his first victory of the season against seven defeats.

Red Sox bats hammered a merry tune against the barriers at Braves field at the expense of Shaute and Ferrell, and Boston won by 12 to 3.

Giants Troupe Cubs
With rain in both St. Louis and Cincinnati, the National league program was confined to New York field, where the Giants and the Cubs braved wintry blasts from Lake Michigan to amuse 37,000 Sabbath clients. Sheriff Fred Blake plunged into a desperate duel with Larry Denton for six innings, but blew up in the seventh under the strain of a 0 to 0 score. The Giants put six hits together for four runs and won eventually by 4 to 1. Norman McMillan saved the men of McCarthy from a shut-out by opening the ninth with a home run, one of the five hits off Denton.

The victory gave the Giants ten out of their last eleven and placed them three and one-half games from the top.

WELL DIVORCED

ST. LOUIS—Marriage never did take with William H. Rice. He was divorced three times before he married his last wife, Dorothy Rice last November. Then Mrs. Rice decided that William was too old for her, told him so and smokes cigarettes in front of him. "This is the end," William thought, so he went and got another divorce. His wife did not contest.

JUST A SHACK IN THE DESERT—COSTS MILLIONS

Scotty's Death Valley Home Even Boasts of Pipe Organ



The desert shack of Death Valley Scotty is just a little \$3,500,000 affair, with artificial lakes and a \$50,000 pipe organ among the interior furnishings. Above is a view of the construction work, "way out in the desert's desolation, and Scotty, in a picturesque pose, is shown at right.

BEATTY, Nev., June 3.—Down in the depths of Death Valley, where the summer heat is so intense that even chuckwallas and rattlesnakes hunt for shade 100 or more miles away, a man is at work on the latest exploit of colorful "Death Valley Scotty"—erection of a "million dollar shack" in the nation's most desolate area.

To date, two and a half millions have been spent on the mystery house and its furnishings, say persons supposed to know. And another million will be spent before it is completed.

Why such a palatial castle and garden amid such waste? Ask the King of Death Valley, and he'll tell you: "Just a modest shack I'm building for a winter home for me and my partner Johnson. We're splitting the cost, 50-50."

Albert M. Johnson, millionaire Chicago insurance magnate, is the partner Scotty refers to.

presence she bent and kissed him with the passionate love of a mother, rather than like a "parent pro tem."

"Little Pat's a hero, Nana," Curtis began eagerly, holding fast to her hand. "Like 'The boy stood on the burning deck.' But he ain't dead. Both his legs got broke, and only just one of my arms, and Cop wasn't hurt at all. In the story books the doc always gets killed saving his little master, but I'm glad Cop didn't get killed."

Nan let him talk on telling her the whole story, "bind part before," but sometimes her attention wandered, so that Curtis scolded her petulantly. She was reliving, over and over, that precious minute when Morgan had drawn her close, his arm about her shoulders; then, with sickening embarrassment, that other minute when Curtis's amazing designation of her had been buried like a bomb into the room. What was he thinking?

"You're not listening again, Nana," Curtis complained, but his voice was dragging with a drawn-out note. "Can't I go to the hospital to see Little Pat?" And take Cop? Can I, Nana? Can I?"

"Yes, yes," Nan promised rashly. Then, because his hand was dragging at her shyly, she knelt down beside his bed and laid her hot cheek against his pale cheek until he was sound asleep.

Nan slipped out of the house without saving good-night to her employer. From the hall she heard the masculine rumble of what seemed to be a very earnest conversation which she had no inclination at all to interrupt. She found Willis Todd patiently waiting for her, and the glow of his cigarette was strangely comforting to the overwrought girl.

"The kid all right, honey?" Willis asked gently as she climbed in to the seat beside him.

"Yes... Oh, Willis, what an awful fool I've been!" She slumped into a forlorn little huddle and began to sob gaspingly against his coat.

"Who says so?" Willis challenged.

"I do!" Nan sobbed. "Oh, Willis, Willis! Why didn't you take me when I said I'd marry you?"

"I've often wondered myself," Willis Todd answered gruffly. "Just selfish, I suppose. I wanted you to be as crazy in love with me as I am with you. It never happens that way, I suppose. One always loves more than the other."

"Nana said I didn't have to love her any more. I'm too big to have a nurse. I want Nana to stay with me!"

"Hello, Junior partner!" Morgan put his arm about her shoulders and drew her close to him. "You're with Frank affection, as he turned to Dr. Black. 'Doctor, isn't she a ridiculous mite to be a lawyer?' All our finest young men will be committing murder for the pleasure of having the prettiest little lawyer in the state to defend them. You ought to be disbarred for that reason alone, Nan (Carroll)!"

"Nana, make 'em go away so I can tell you about my accident!" Curtis implored disgustedly.

"Maybe," the nurse contributed, in the professionally arch tone that so many nurses use toward small patients, "this bad little boy will go to sleep if he can tell his sweetheart all about his accident."

"Nana said I didn't have to love her any more. I'm too big to have a nurse. I want Nana to stay with me!"

Nan could have kissed the nurse for the delicate diplomacy which made her engage both the father and the doctor in conversation while Curtis was still shouting his explanation. Her face was flaming as she drew up a chair to the injured boy's bedside, but when the door closed upon the three whom Curtis had ordered out of the royal

Where Scotty's share of the money comes from is as much a mystery of the desert as was his source of wealth 20 years back when he used to amuse himself with special limited trains and the plain and fancy spending.

The main part of Scotty's "shack" is in two sections, connected by an arched driveway, surmounted by two towers, a metal weather-vane swinging in the breeze from each. One vane depicts Scotty leading a burro into Death Valley; the other Scotty holding a frying pan over a camp fire.

The room with the \$50,000 pipe organ is one of the most beautiful in the building. Another room has a swimming pool and artificial lake, 70x100 feet. A marble fountain, 12 feet high, plays in the main living room. Bathrooms, built into the walls, are finished in orange and black tile.

And a high concrete wall will be

built around the whole structure, "to keep out the rattlesnakes," Scotty explains.

Then I wonder if you'd go with me? I want to talk with you," Morgan said, not looking up, as if he were unable to meet her eyes.

They had never lunched together "socially" before, not even since Nan had worked herself into the curious post of long-distance housekeeper of his home, and as she walked beside Morgan into the big, rather magnificent dining room of the Traylor Hotel, Nan felt ridiculously self-conscious.

Morgan tried, rather awkwardly, to make an occasion of their lunch in the matter of food, but Nan chose a single dish and firmly refused everything else.

Nan knew that he expected his news to be upsetting, for he consciously gave her plenty of time to eat before plunging into whatever it was that he had to tell her.

When he did begin it was abruptly, even harshly: "I'm going to apply for a divorce, Nan." As badly as that!

Nan felt for a moment as if she were on the deck of a tossing ship. Her hand groped for her water glass, found it, brought it so jerkily to her lips that a little of the water spilled on the cloth. "Thoughts hurried and clashed through her mind. . . . Not Iris who wanted a divorce! It was he! Why? What did it mean? . . . She could not speak.

"Judge Jennifer assures me that it can be—done very quietly, very easily," Morgan went on in a strained, harsh monotone. "The letter, you know." He still could not bring himself to utter Iris's name. And desertion? It has been six months—all that our divorce laws require under the circumstances. The letter makes it easy. I never thought—" His voice broke, then he cleared his throat sternly and went on: "But the petition can be heard in chambers"—no publicity at all, of course. My—she will be served by publication, since I don't know where she is. It should all be over in a month, Judge Jennifer says. Over—" he repeated.

At the pain in his voice Nan's love for him rose to its greatest height. She would have been a fool not to have suspected why he was divorcing Iris, whom he still loved, whom he probably would always love. But she loved him too much to realize the joy of the first hope she had ever had any real right to feel. She leaned toward him, and her brown eyes were indescribably tender.

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The buzzer at last. Nan caught up the notebook and pencil and hastened into the private office, but those tools of her trade were not needed after all.

"Have you lunched yet, Nan?"

THREE OREGON U. ATHLETES ENROUTE TO NATIONAL MEET

EUGENE, Ore., June 3.—Three University of Oregon athletes, accompanied by William Hayward, coach, were today on their way to Chicago where they will compete in the national intercollegiate track and field meet Friday and Saturday. The three men are Ed Moeller, chairman of the world discuss record; Ralph Hill, who ran the mile Saturday in the northern section meet here in 4:17.2; and Clare McKinnon, who won the quarter-mile from a star field, including Hartley, Washington's great runner.

Moeller broke the Pacific coast conference discuss mark here Saturday when he heaved the platter 154 feet 10 1/2 inches to win from Paul Jessup of Washington. On the first of three allowed extra attempts the brunette Oregon giant sent this discuss 157 feet, 2 inches. The old record was held by Bud Houser of Southern California. His distance was 154 feet, 7 1/2 inches, made three years ago.

Steve Anderson, America's premier hurdler, led a small but mighty band of athletes to an overwhelming triumph for the University of Washington in Saturday's northern division meet here. He tied the world record for the second time in his life in the high hurdles. He made it in 14.4 seconds.

The scores for the meet were: Washington 59; Oregon 37; Washington State 36; Oregon State 20; Idaho 5 and Montana 11.

HOW THEY STAND IN PENNANT RACES

Pacific Coast League

Mission	W	L	Pct.
San Francisco	40	20	.697
Los Angeles	40	30	.571
Hollywood	33	31	.516
Oakland	35	35	.500
Sacramento	29	42	.408
Seattle	25	39	.391
Portland	23	41	.359

National League

St. Louis	W	L	Pct.
Pittsburgh	23	15	.606
Chicago	22	16	.579
Philadelphia	20	17	.541
New York	19	17	.528
Brooklyn	14	22	.389
Boston	15	24	.385
Cincinnati	13	26	.333

American League

Philadelphia	W	L	Pct.
St. Louis	26	16	.619
New York	22	16	.579
Detroit	24	22	.522
Cleveland	20	21	.488
Washington	14	24	.368
Chicago	16	28	.364
Boston	12	28	.300

Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Johnson and son, James, of Portland were among the visitors registered at the Hotel Umpqua over the weekend.

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JUNE 10-14
During Rose Festival
CIVIC STADIUM, PORTLAND

Two groups of women, all famous cooking experts, recently conducted a series of tests to find the most tasteful way of preparing vegetable dishes. In every case, after the various ways of cooking vegetables were tried, the experts unanimously voted in favor of using only a little water and adding sugar in cooking vegetables.

One group of experts recommends this unusual recipe for baked apples and onions. Slice 3 medium-size apples and six medium-size onions into a greased casserole in alternate layers, seasoning with salt, pepper, 1/2 cup of sugar, and 2 tablespoons butter. Add 1/2 cup water and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 3/4 of an hour.

The sugar adds not only to the taste but also to the food and energy value of the vegetables, so that they are not only valuable vitamin foods, but foods that furnish working power to the individual. Use a liberal dash of sugar, depending on the quantity cooked, with peas, lima beans, string beans, corn, carrots, beets, parsnips, sweet potatoes, squash, onions and tomatoes. Good food promotes good health. The Sugar Institute.

Vegetables More Delicious
When Cooked New Way