

All-Star Chosen For Girls League

Pade-Barrick Ends Season With 15 Wins, no Loss; Six on All-Star

VALLEY GIRLS' LEAGUE			
	W.	L.	Pct.
Pade-Barrick	15	0	1.000
Silverton	9	6	.600
Mt. Angel	8	7	.533
Independence	7	8	.467
Salem Bees	3	12	.200
Dallas	3	12	.200

Unbeaten in 15 games, Salem's Pade-Barrick girls' softball club held a six-game lead over its closest rival as the Willamette Valley Girls' Softball league concluded its first season of play last week. The Pade-Barrick aggregation, favorite to take the state title in the Oregon women's tourney here this coming week, was coached by Bob Keuscher, junior in physical education at Willamette university.

On the league's official all-star team are six Pade-Barrick stars, two from Silverton's runners-up team, and one each from Independence and Mt. Angel.

The all-stars: first team—Juanita Moe, Silverton, catcher; Kachia Yocum, Pades, and Wilma Kneiss, Silverton, pitchers; Christie Saffeld, Mt. Angel, first; Betty Otjen, Pades, second; Ruth Yocum, Pades's, shortstop and captain; Dorothy Williams, Dallas, third; Madelyn Sperling, Independence, left; Evelyn Melson, Pades's, center; Dadelyn Morgan, Pades's, right; Patty Carson, Pades's, roving shortstop.

Honorable mention: Donna Spence, Annabelle Vickers, Elaine Evans, Bees; Mary Alderson and Marjorie Kurre, Independence; Nadine Stillwell, Dallas; Welton and Pienett, Mt. Angel; Green, Donnell and Devericks, Silverton; June Welch, Dot Moore, Pade-Barrick.

Patty Carson, Pade-Barrick, led the league's hitters. June Welch, diminutive Pade-Barrick catcher, was voted the most valuable player to her team.

Hiltibrand Shoot Scheduled Today

The new Hiltibrand handicap merchandise shoot is scheduled to begin on the Salem Trapshooters club's ground today, with \$100 added.

Four classes—A, B, C and D, are to be fired in the 50-targets.

The Bambino Gives Blood to Aid Daughter



Babe Ruth, baseball's Number one idol, is pictured as he gave a pint of his blood to aid his ailing daughter, Julie, in Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat hospital, New York City. The Babe was coaching the Dodgers at Ebbett's Field when a telephone call brought him rushing to the girl's side with the precious blood.

Strongest Portland Girl's Teams Won't Be Entrants in Tournament Of Lassies Which Opens Wednesday

Lind-Pomeroy, the Portland softball club which last year won the first-annual women's state softball championship by defeating Salem's Pade's in the final game, will not be on hand to defend that title when the firing begins in that division of the state tournament Wednesday afternoon of this week.

Nor will the East Side Dairy lassies, rated on a par with Lind-Pomeroy. Both teams, through misunderstandings of Portland league rulings, forfeited rights to enter the meet.

Instead Grigsby's will be the No. 1 Portland entry, with either Montgomery-Ward or WOW as No. 2. The latter pair play Monday for the right to enter.

16-yard event, with two prizes up in each class. The first shooter to win three legs on this handicap gets 50 per cent of the purse, two leg winners splitting 30 per cent and one leg winners 20 per cent.

The women's division opens Wednesday afternoon at 2 p. m. with Klamath Falls meeting Silverton, followed by McMinnville vs. either WOW or Montgomery-Ward.

Thursday night at 7:30 the winner of the Klamath Falls-Silverton game meets Grigsby's in one semi-final tilt, and at 7:30 Friday night the winner of the McMinnville game meets Pade-Barrick in the other.

The championship game will take place Saturday night at 8 o'clock, preliminary to the men's title fray.

New Bowling Alley Nears Completion

Alley in Burns Building Due to Open September 15, Owner Says

Opening of the Perfection Alleys, new bowling resort in the Dan Burns building, Ferry and High streets, is scheduled for about September 15. Manager J. H. Coe announced Saturday. The alleys have been shipped here and are now being installed.

Unique features of this bowling establishment will be air-conditioning and sound-proofing, the latter being installed so as to avoid any disturbance to nearby business houses. The total investment is in the neighborhood of \$27,000.

There will be 10 alleys, all conforming to American Bowling Congress standards. About 20 people will be employed. In order to encourage patronage by family parties, it is announced that no beer will be sold on the premises.

Mr. Coe and L. Y. Congdon are the proprietors. The former has been in business in Salem for a number of years and is well known here, as is Mike Shamley, who will be assistant manager.

It is expected that leagues will be formed and regular schedules began shortly after the opening date.

Silverton Gathers To Hear Reports Of Wichita Game

SILVERTON — Silverton baseball fans will meet Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock at McGinnis field to listen to the telegraphic broadcast of the game which will either send Silverton home with two defeats or throw her into the money of the national tourney.

Silverton will play the winner of the Baltimore-Trenton Saturday night game.

A small charge, to cover expense of play-by-play arrangement is charged the men with the women and children entering free.

Two former games in which Silverton has played at Wichita have been broadcast this way and large audiences have gathered to cheer the home team 1500 miles away.



Another quiet weekend in local golfing circles is indicated, but it will be the last one of its kind for some time. Next Saturday, qualifying play will start for the Salem Golf club's annual championship tournament. Medal scores must be turned in by Monday night, September 5, which is Labor day. That will provide a three-day weekend to wind up the qualifying round, which should furnish an opportunity for all who are interested, even though the state fair opens about the same time.

Also next Sunday afternoon, according to present plans, there will be another of those mixed tournaments, similar to the one which proved so popular in mid-July. The women members seem to enjoy a little competition with the men, arranged on terms which give them an even chance, so there should be a big turnout for this event.

Bob Taylor announces that the second interstate match for state employes will take place at Coweeman course Kelso, Sept. 11. Oregon holds a 30-point lead for the season, so is in good position to regain the Hartman trophy which went to Olympia last year for the first time. Taylor is anxious that the boys do some challenging on the ladder so as to find their proper niches. The ladder, posted at the golf club, is as follows:

Boy Taylor, Dr. Harold Olinger, Bob Uiter, Max Flanery, Jack Nash, Ray Babb, Paul Walgren, V. B. Stansbery, Don Hendrix, Rex Pemberton, Don Johnson, Herb Hamilton, Carl Cover, Ernie Skelley, Loren Ireland, Todd Gardner, Dr. C. E. Bates, Walter Robinson, Harold Rowley, Ralph Jackson, S. W. Starr, Joe Harvey, Ivan Merchant, Jake Burns, Don Young, O. E. McCrary, Carl Gabrielson, Del DeSart, L. E. Parsons, Jack Elliott, H. G. Benson, J. McAllister, Joe DeSouza, H. G. Maison, Charles

Team Match Set For Mat Fracas

O'Dowdy-Moran Combine to Tackle Achiu-Piluso in Main Event

A pair of the local wrestling circuit's most hated heatheens will team together Tuesday night at the army against two of the ring's best middleweight stylists. The Oklahoma school teacher, Pat O'Dowdy, will be harnessed with Sailor Moran in an unholy combine with but one ambition. That ambition is to jolt Ernie Piluso and Walt "Sneeze" Achiu out of their "contender" rating in the coast middleweight standings.

Both meanies at first professed a desire to face each of the cleagles single-handed, but when it was suggested they pair up in an attempt to accomplish all at one staging both jumped at the chance.

In a supporting cast to the team go main event, Promoter Owen has billed son Elton Owen against Jim Porter in the 45 minute event and "Whisker" Adams against Noel Franklyn in the opener. Harry Elliott will be the third man in the ring.

Portland Legion Team Beaten 16-3

GRAND FORKS, ND, Aug. 20 (AP)—San Diego, Calif., defeated Portland, Ore., 16-3, late today in the first game of the American Legion's western section junior baseball tournament here. The Californians will meet the winner of tonight's game between Lincoln, Nebr., and Okemah, Okla., in the final Sunday.

San Diego's 14 hits included two doubles, two triples and two home runs. After two men were out in the seventh, the winners scored seven times.

San Diego..... 16 14 0
Portland..... 3 3 3

Hehn, Pilette and Sharp; Skinner, Momyer, Clow, Pavlovich and Erault.

Low, Hugh Earl, Orin Chase, William F. Leary, Jerrold Owen, Hedda Swart, Ray Austin.

A Spot o' Tea



Lord Tennyson, British peer and descendant of the famous English poet, is pictured as he enjoyed a spot of tea between innings of a cricket game during his visit to Santa Barbara, Cal. Tennyson is vacationing in U. S. with his son.

Californians at Fruitland Home

FRUITLAND—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Harmon had a number of visitors in the last week. Mrs. Fred Harmon and Mrs. J. Johnson, both of Florence, California, and Mrs. Robert Harmon of Compton, Calif., visited.

Mrs. Tillman Foust returned Thursday afternoon with her infant son from the Deaconess hospital.

Mrs. Helen Kaffen's auction sale last week was well attended but the bidding was low.

Independence Pair to Wed
DALLAS—A marriage license was issued here August 15 by County Clerk Carl S. Graves to Adrian L. Stearns, mechanic, and Achshah E. Chase, school teacher, both of Independence.

By CLIFF STERRETT

IT'S YOU I WANT!

By ALLENE CORLISS

SYNOPSIS

Scott Prentice, young Boston lawyer, has grown up expecting to marry Whitney Prentice, his distant cousin. Todhunter Prentice Jarvis, Scott's second cousin, has left college to take a newspaper job—also in Boston. Tod and Scott both Scott and Whitney and cannot understand why, with the latter even now on a transatlantic liner on her way home, his cousin can pay such ardent court to the visiting Olivia Paul. Whitney had not wanted to be formally engaged to Scott until her return from Europe, yet she had loved him only since she had been fifteen. Scott, obviously forgetful of this, elopes with Olivia. Four days later, aboard ship, Whitney tells wealthy young Jay Nowell of her romance.

stock. None of us have ever wandered far from Boston. Helena got to New York. And eventually to Paris. That gave the family an awful wrench. But her father left her ten thousand dollars in Liberty bonds, so no one could do anything about it.

"She really is a cousin then?"

"Yes, of course. I've always adored her. She's ten years older than I am and much cleverer, naturally. Her magazine sends her to Paris for two months every year. The rest of the time she has an apartment in New York and does much as she likes."

"While you?"

Whitney grinned. "I live on Beacon Hill with my great aunt Hester Prentice. But it's not as bad as it sounds. I get around a lot. This trip

cousin, Tod and Scott and I. We've grown up together."

"But you're going to marry Scott?"

"It was a statement not a question. Pronounced softly. With no inflection. Jay was like that. At twenty-seven his lean, dark face was immobile. His lips seldom smiled. His dark gray eyes remained steady and inscrutable beneath narrow lids. His voice never betrayed any emotion. A weary tolerance things. A stoic acceptance of the fact that there was nothing new... or very important... under the sun. You saw him suddenly as a small boy being handed over from one nursemaid to another. As a young boy being eased through a series of expensive schools. As a young man going



"Funny," said Whitney slowly, "the different backgrounds people have."

CHAPTER IV

Jay had liked Whitney so much that he had followed her to England when she was to meet Mrs. Endicott Dane, a friend of Aunt Hester's, with whom she was to return to Boston. Of course, neither she nor Aunt Hester had had any way of knowing that Mrs. Dane would be confined to her stateroom during the entire trip with mal de mer. That had been a break for Jay Nowell. Not from any desire to visit Boston, which he had honored with his presence twice and then briefly to attend two football games, but because it was unthinkable that he should any good-by to Whitney in London having just discovered her, so to speak, in Paris.

She considered him now gravely.

"No," she decided quite honestly. "Scott isn't really more handsome than you. You are very handsome, Jay. But of course you know that. Scott is handsome, too. But in quite a different way. He's blond... extraordinarily so. And his shoulders are wider..."

"And," she might have added, "his eyes are less brooding and much happier and his smile is something to live for... and when he makes love to you you know why you were born and that life is lovely..."

She contented herself with saying: "He is the gayest person I have ever known."

"Well," admitted Jay Nowell reasonably, "no one could call me gay, I suppose. Still I have other attributes."

"Of course you have. You dance divinely... like nothing human."

"Why not? Didn't I tell you that my mother was a dancer? And that my father was an aviator. Both require a nice sense of balance."

"I suppose you fly, too?"

"Yes, of course. Sometime I'll take you up. Teach you how to handle the controls. You should get a great kick out of that. If my mother," he concluded, grinning casually, "ever succeeds in running through Tom Thayer's money, I may have a chance to fulfill my destiny yet."

"As a dancer... or a flyer?"

Jay shrugged. "Who knows? In the meantime I cling to my amateur standing in both."

"Funny," said Whitney slowly, her eyes frowning slightly, "the different backgrounds people have. Take yours, for instance."

"No," said Jay, lounging against the rail shielding a match flame with his cupped hands, "I don't like mine much. Let's take yours. Pure New England. Back as far as the eyes can read. Good, unadulterated Commonwealth of Massachusetts"

to Europe, for instance..."

"Tell me," said Jay, "about the rest of your family. That is, besides Great-aunt Hester, and Helena."

"Well, there aren't so many of us. As a family, we sort of skipped one entire generation. The war accounts for Scott's father, and I lost both my parents with the flu and Tod's went down on the Titanic the year I was born..."

"Scott," said Jay Nowell, "is the cousin you fell in love with when you were fifteen. But who is Tod?"

Whitney laughed. It was a very pleasant sound. And suddenly Jay thought that a word he had used to describe Scott Prentice described her, too. She was the gayest person he had ever known. Not in any noisy, hot-cha way. But quietly, as if gaiety were an integral part of her personality. She was gay and proud and very sure of herself. That came, he supposed, from being properly brought up, with a permanent, definite background. It tragedy had touched her as a child, it had certainly never been allowed to encroach upon the rest of her life.

She said: "Why, Tod is another

warily from one pleasure resort to another..."

And you were sorry for him. And wished that things had been different for him. But nothing could be done about it now. It was too late. You sensed that, too.

"Yes, of course," she answered him casually, her eyes leaving him and going up the Harbor. They'd passed Nix's Mate and Long Island and were getting in. Straight ahead at the end of the Harbor was Charleston Navy Yard. To the right was the flat expanse of the East Boston airport. In a few minutes they would be close enough to see the people on the pier as individuals and not just a fluster of white handkerchiefs, a blur of dark color. They would be able to distinguish faces. Scott's face. Dear and laughing and excited. His blond head shining in the sunlight.

Scott hadn't wanted her to go on this trip. He had begged her to stay home. To marry him. That last night at Kay Reynolds' dance at the Somerset...

(To be continued)

Copyright, 1937, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

POLLY AND HER PALS



MICKEY MOUSE



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



TOOTS AND CASPER



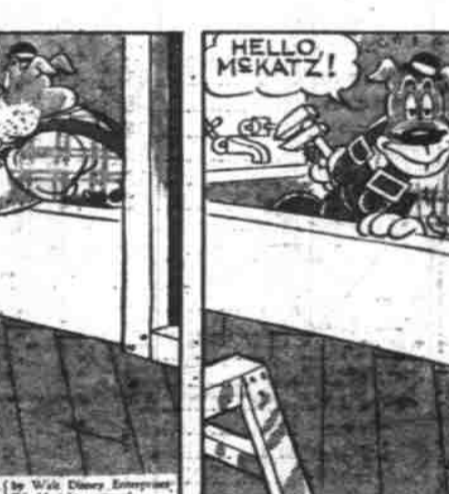
THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



They'll Give Till It Hurts!



A Good Tie-Up!



One Girl in a Thousand



The Cat's Still in the Bag



A Man of Few Words



By WALT DISNEY



By BRANDON WALSH



By JIMMY MURPHY



By SEGAR

