

Californians Sweep Track

Trojans Win, Oregonians 5th and 8th; Brown Sets Spear Mark

WASHINGTON STADIUM, SEATTLE, May 20. — (AP) — Running true to form, the national champion University of Southern California Trojans took home their fourth consecutive Pacific coast conference track and field title in their red and gold tunics today.

Six records were shattered, two others tied as the cream of far western talent fronted, capped and tossed under alternately cloudy and sunny skies.

The Trojans amassed 67 points. Stanford was second with 45 points, California had 38, Washington State 30, Oregon 5 1/2, UCLA 13, Montana 7, Oregon State 5, Washington 2 1/2 and Idaho 2.

Jeffrey Smashes Two

Stanford's Captain Clyde Jeffrey led the record assault. He tied the 100 yard dash record of 9.7 in a morning qualifying heat, just tying in to finish last night. Then in the afternoon he shaved the mark by a tenth of a second, turning in a fine 9.6 performance. A little later he breezed through the 220 yard dash to tie the existing conference meet mark of 21 seconds flat.

A record that stood for 13 years tumbled before Washington State college's fleet-footed Dixie Garner. He ran the two mile in 22:1.1 to undershoot the old mark set by Gillette of Montana of 23:04 in 1925.

WSC's Garner Speedy

Dixie finished with 75 yards to spare. His teammate, Clyde Wooten, puffed into second place.

Red-headed Earl Vickers of USC did the 220 yard low hurdles in 23.3 to tie the existing conference mark. The old mark of 22.4 was set by Robinson of Oregon last year.

There was a new king in the javelin tossing division. Boy Brown, the blonde, Hubbard, Ore., boy whose right thumb is severed at the first joint, won a tape-measure finish over Bob Peoples the Trojans mighty Oklahoma. Both were well over the record.

Brown, of Oregon, propelled the spear 224 feet, 1 1/4 inches. This was an all-time conference record better than Peoples' best: heave of 223 feet, 11 1/4 inches.

Coaches met tonight to determine membership in the all-Pacific coast team which will compete against the all-big ten at Berkeley June 21. The first three men in each event were automatic.

Teamster Tuesday

Tussle of Teams On Card Tuesday

Mat Maulitorium to See Devilish Duo Paired Against Smoothies

A torrid team tussle is slated for Salem's maulitorium Tuesday night. It was announced yesterday by Promoter Herb Owen, with the devilish duo of Monte LaDue and Danny Savach teaming against Bobby Wagner and Jackie Nichols.

The Wagner-Nichols hook-up is held by Owen as the fastest partnership ever put together here, and bids no good for even such a strong alignment as is apparent in the LaDue-Savach tandem.

Speed vs. Strategy

Wagner, the smooth Austrian, and Nichols, explosive Bostonian, are both exceptionally fast. Savach, former Utah State grid great, and LaDue, the mustachioed French fiend, make up for what they lack in the way of speed by more brutal mat strategy.

Two 30-minute clashes support the tandem session, pitting rugged Charlie Carr against George Kitzmiller, each of whom is a heavy light heavyweight, and Jack Kiser, against Zibby Zbyzno, the little Polisher.

Harry Elliott will referee the bouts, which are scheduled to open at 8:30.

Curt Comments

By CURTIS

It may not be an ideal day for a gallery—goiters don't mind the weather—but in any case Bob Utter and Harold Olinger will set forth on the Salem Golf club course about 9 o'clock this morning for their 36-hole final match, the winner to be recognized for a year as Salem's champion. In past years this match has frequently drawn galleries in excess of 100. Spectators or no, it's likely that this pair will show some real fireworks. They are both long hitters and when 'on,' deadly on the greens. It doesn't take a crystal ball to predict a flock of birds.

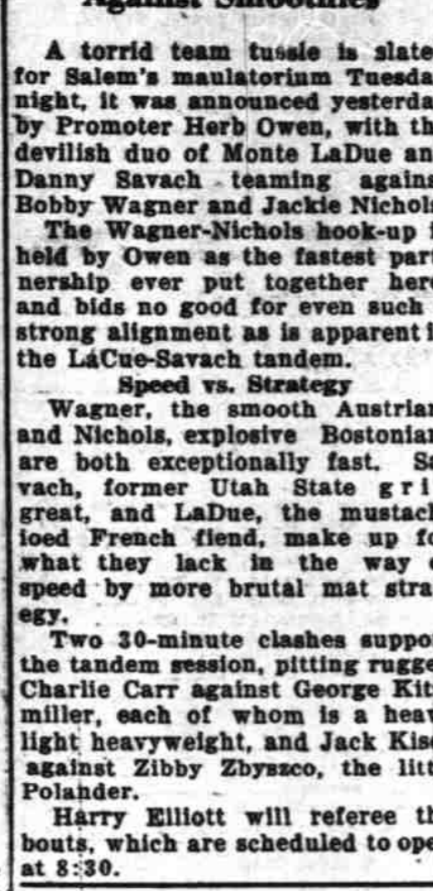
The junior champion is Orville Beardsley, who late last week defeated Al Currey decisively in the junior final. The junior first flight was won by Fred Nichols, who won over Patman in the final.

Some 20-odd members of the local club will be hanging them around in whatever weather Oregon City has to offer. Some years ago, it was as sure to rain on Salem's day to invade Oregon City, as on the trip to Silverton, but for the last two or three years the sun has deigned to smile on this match. We'll predict a victory for Oregon City. Oswego comes here next Sunday.

AMERICAN TEAM

JIMMY WALTHOUR AND AL CROSSLEY

THE AMERICAN TEAM IN THE 62ND INTERNATIONAL SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACE AT ANDRISON SQUARE, GARDEN, N.Y.



WALTHOUR AND CROSSLEY BOAST OF A VICTORY OVER GUSTAV KUJAN AND HEINZ NOPEL.

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Tuesday night the Active club and the Salem Golf club are sponsoring a Dutch stag for all golfers but especially for flight winners in the city tournament, at 8:30 o'clock in the grove down near the river on the golf club property. It's repetition to some extent, but we'll list the flight winners up to now, leaving out the sixth and eighth which hadn't been settled Saturday night:

First, Jack Nash; second, Hal Eustis; third, Carl Cover; fourth, Ralph Jackson; fifth, Eugene Kitzmiller; seventh, Harold Young; ninth, Ralph Curtis; 10th, Ray Gallagher; 11th, George Seales; 12th, D. W. Keef; 13th, H. B. Glesyer; 14th, R. Sanders; 15th, R. G. Hoffman; 16th, L. W. Sloan; 17th, George Barry; 18th, Harold Hawk; 19th, W. Bertelson; 20th, E. Kleinke; 21st, C. Anderson; 2nd, John Bertelson; 23, Bob Kitchen.

Cardinals Cling To National Top

Dodgers Held to 6 Hits by Warneke as Mates Club 9-1 Win

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All the Cardinal hitting was divided among five players with Don Gutteridge and Joe Medwick getting homers.

Racing Reds Register 5th

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Whitey Moore pitched shutout ball for eight innings, allowing only four scratch hits. In the ninth, Young hit a homer to score behind Whitney, who had walked. Philadelphia 2 8 1 Cincinnati 7 9 0 Passeau and V. Davis, Coble (7), Moore and Lombardi.

Hurling Duel Degenerates

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The Salem club list, not in order of team ranking, includes: Gallagher, D. A. Kitzmiller, Nash, Skelley, Finery, Potts, Waterman, Curtis, Gustafson, Stacey, Thomson, Lynch, H. Busick, Patterson, Cover, Princehouse, Petre, H. Young, Pekar, Crews, Hagemann and Burns.

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Tennists Invited To Longview Meet

The tennis committee of the Longview Tennis club has invited all interested players to participate in the Southwest Washington tennis championship to be held at the Longview YMCA courts, June 10-11 and 17th and 18th.

One of the largest lists of prizes ever offered for a sectional tournament will be awarded winners. There will be five top grade tennis racket frames as well as six cups and a group of medals for the runners-up.

The closing date for entries will be June 2. The junior age limit will be up to and including 16 years of age. Entries should be sent to Dick Chalupa, chairman tennis committee, Longview YMCA, Longview, Wash.

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"AIR MAIL BRIDE"

by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS

Marie Therese Alexander lives in Hollywood, at 657 Dover Drive. That Hollywood address may sound exciting but it isn't really. Dover Drive is a dusty, hot little street, far from the wide boulevards. There is a sign in the window, "Julie Beauty Shoppe. Underneath it is another sign, "Circulating Library." Julie Sandifer—the old silent film days—Marie's mother. They live with Julie's third husband, Charlie Bronson. Marie hasn't the temperament for the movie. She takes out her longing for romance by corresponding with Edward Wilson of Oakland, whose letter to a correspondence club she answered. She looks forward to a first meeting with Edward, but fears it too. He arrives in Los Angeles without notifying her in advance. Marie is so flustered dressing for an appointment with Edward, she goes 'round in circles. Julie suggests that Marie bring Edward to dinner, but Marie, ashamed of her home, declines. Charlie drives her to meet Edward.

CHAPTER IV

"Well, here we are!" Charlie said. He seemed a little surprised. Beads of perspiration stood out on his long upper lip. He hated driving in traffic. In Hollywood he could keep to the back streets and avoid it, but he only came to Los Angeles when Julie made him, and he didn't know any back streets. He brought the car to the curb. A doorman opened the door.

Marie looked toward the revolving doors of the large hotel. She had only been here once in her life before. She was conscious of the doorman's presence, of his cocked hat, and gold braid. Because he was holding the door open for her, she stepped out. Her knees felt weak. She wanted to go back home with Charlie. Her mother was right. The whole idea was crazy.

Charlie was saying, "Do you want me to wait or anything?"

"No, I'll be all right. Thanks, Charlie—goodbye!"

"Goodbye," Charlie said. He pulled his hat forward, squared his shoulders. Then he swung out, into the traffic. He was gone.

Marie walked through the swinging doors, into the crowded hotel. She started this. She'd have to see it through. See it through if it killed her.

Of course, Edward wouldn't be there. The whole thing was a joke. Or, maybe he'd be sitting off in a corner somewhere, laughing at her.

Maybe he wouldn't recognize her. Anyway he couldn't be sure. All he had was five minutes to get it, and they didn't look much like him. She picked them out because they made her look pretty. And he'd never sent her even one, though she'd asked and asked.

A man in a dark, striped suit was coming down the central stairway. He had a broad, purple face, and anxious, protruding ears. He was thick about the middle, and there was a stiffness in his step. He had his large, apologetic eyes on her, he was making right for her.

It couldn't be Edward! He'd never really described himself, but she knew he was young and slim.

She half closed her eyes, walked abruptly toward the sofa stand. She'd come in to wait for someone else—for a girl—she'd say her name

was Miss Smith—no, that's too common—Miss Smitherson—

And then she saw Edward, coming toward her from the other side. Edward—just as she knew he'd be. Tall and young, and handsome. There wasn't a doubt about it—she knew it was he, and he knew her, too. She said something. She even managed a smile. She knew that he was saying something, but she didn't really know what he was saying. He had taken her elbow and was leading her through the crowd, out of the door, onto the street.

She walked with him, as a sleep-

She'd never had more than one cocktail in her life, but she drank this too and nothing happened. She just felt carefree, and relaxed.

"Where shall we eat?" he asked, and to her horror she heard herself saying, "Mother suggested that I bring you home—to have dinner with us."

"That's swell of her," he said warmly.

Her lips felt dry. By this time dinner would be over. Charlie would have eaten the extra pork chop. There wouldn't be a thing left. Nobody would be dressed, and there

might even be a customer in the shop.

She certainly appreciates that, but of course you told her you were dining with me tonight!"

She nodded.

Saved. Saved again.

"Well, shall we go to the Brown Derby, or Museo Frank's, or the Trocadero, where?" Where do you like to eat?"

Of course he thought she knew all these places. She ought to, living in Hollywood.

"I don't care—you choose!"

"Well," he said after some thought, "We could go over to the Occocon Grove, or we could stay here. Suppose we just eat here, in the Bowl?"

Just eat in the Biltmore Bowl.

"Of course," he was saying, "all of these bright lights are an old story to you Hollywood people. I did move around a bit when I was in pictures—I told you I played in a couple, didn't I? But of course that's an old story to you, too. Up north, of course, we do travel around a little, but for glimmer, I suppose the south has it all over us—for beautiful women, expensive clothes—all the rest of it."

(To Be Continued)

Her lips were smiling, but the only thought in her head was—his name... he's terribly nice. I've never met anyone like him; or what he said. But with him she floated on down the crowded street, seated at a corner for traffic signals, walked up one street, down the next.

The whole thing was a beautiful blur. Through it all she was conscious of just two things, Edward's long, thick-lashed gray eyes looking down at her admiringly, the pleasant nervousness of his tall, lean, gray-flecked person. And the consciousness that her little block, off-the-beat house was new, and that she'd never, never in all her life, looked better.

Surprisingly, they found themselves back at the Biltmore again.

"Let's go in to the bar and have a cocktail," he said.

Completely he found a place for her, ordered "two beers, not too sweet," and tossed a five dollar bill on the tray.

"The same," he told the waiter a little later.

POLLY AND HER PALS

There's Something Wrong With Ash's Pipes!

"AIN'T YUH GOIN' TO MEETIN' WOLFE SINGIN' PRACTICE?"

"I'M NEVER GOIN' AGIN, GOL DERN IT!"

"I HOPES YUH DIDN'T TANGLE WITH TH' SINGIN' MASTER!"

"WORSE! I MISSED LAST SUNDAY, GOT A MEETIN'..."

"... AN' TH' CONGREGATION CONGRATULATED TH' CHOR ON HAVIN' TH' PIPE ORGAN FIXED!"

MICKEY MOUSE

Mickey Doesn't Want to Be Alone

"GOSH, I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THE CHIEF OF POLICE WANTS TO SEE ME ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!"

"ANYWAY, HE SAID IT'S A MYSTERY THEY CAN'T SOLVE, SO THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN!"

"WOW—I'M GETTIN' BOAKED!"

"HEY—TANK!"

"HILLO, MICKEY! GUESS WHO'S HERE? I'VE BRINGED THIS WEATHER!"

"OH—HELLO, JOE! I'M GOIN' TO BE A HEADQUARTERS!"

"HAVE A HEART, JOE! I NEED COMPANY!"

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

Mrs. Flowers—an Actress in Her Own Right

"YES, I AM WORRIED ABOUT MY POOR LITTLE DARLING CHILD, FLORA..."

"YOU MEAN 'CAUSE AT THE END OF THE WEEK THIS THERE IS GONNA CLOSE FOR THE SEASON?"

"OF COURSE, NOT. FLORA HAS PLENTY OF MONEY—SHE NEEDS A REST. THE DOCTOR HAS EXAMINED FLORA—SHE HAS BECOME SAD—DOWN-HEARTED—MELANCHOLY..."

"YOU MEAN FLORA IS SICK?"

"I MEAN SHE MAY DIE OF LONELINESS! IF SHE HAD A LITTLE SISTER LIKE YOU TO PLAY WITH—THE DOCTORS SAY IT MIGHT SAVE HER LIFE!"

"GEE, THAT MAKES ME FEEL BAD ALL OVER..."

"HONEST, ZERO, I GOT THE WHIMMINS SOMETIMES. FLORA'S SISTER MOTHER TOLD ME THE DOCTORS SAY FLORA IS AN'RU' SICK... SHE'S GOT 'LONELINESS'—AN' YOU AN'T CURED, YOUR HEART BREAKS AN' MAYBE YOU DIE..."

TOOTS AND CASPER

"A Friend in Need Is a Friend Indeed"

"LEE, I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO GO OUT TO THE BEAUTY SHOP, TOOTS, FOR FEAR OF BEING RECOGNIZED!"

"IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM HERE, MARLY."

"MARLY NEVER STOLE THAT \$50,000.00, CASPER! SHE NEVER DID A WRONG THING IN ALL HER LIFE."

"SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN AWAY WHEN THEY ACCUSED HER, BUT I GUESS SHE GOT PANICKY AND DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO."

"WHILE SHE'S FREE AND I'LL HELP HER, BUT IF THEY LOCK HER UP SHE CAN'T DO MUCH—THAT'S HER THEORY."

"TOOTS, SHE'S INNOCENT AND I'LL HELP HER PROVE IT—I WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A FRIEND IF I LET HER DOWN WHEN SHE NEEDS A FRIEND."

THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

—And That Goes for You, too!

"THE SHIP WAS COMING THIS WAY, NOW IT HAS TURNED!"

"WELL, I'LL BE WATFO!"

"SHIP AHOOY! COME BACK YA BLASTED LUBBERS!"

"STOP SHOUTING HISTER! HAPPY YOU'RE DISTURBING THE PEACE!"

"SHIP AHOOY!!"

"BENNY, THEY DON'T FEAR US!"

"NO!"

"HEY, HEY, HEY! I'VE BEEN HAVIN' FUN WITH THIS SHIP!"

"MORE NAIVE ENDS LET US!"