

The Sports Parade

By Hank Hart
Bud Taylor Pessimistic...
A Thursday visitor at the desk was Bud Taylor, amiable coach of the Midland high school football team...



Taylor, if anything, was a bit on the pessimistic side about his Bulldogs' chances for the coming season...
Earl Clark, former TCU back and before that a high school star with Breckenridge, takes over.

Thumping Tubs For College Game...
Meyers, according to Taylor, at first balked at the San Antonio offer, preferred instead to remain in Midland...

Filmom's All-Stars Make Merry But Give Groundkeeper Jitters
By ROBERT MYERS
LOS ANGELES, Aug. 9 (AP)—It is always difficult to say whether Hollywood's annual baseball burlesque should carry a sports or dramatic heading...

Dom Wins 1st Round Test With Joe

By STEVE O'LEARY
BOSTON, Aug. 9 (AP)—Joe DiMaggio of the New York Yankees is a great center fielder but his little brother Dominic, of Boston's Red Sox, is better.
The famous brothers faced one another in center field for the first time in their big league careers...

Reduction Of Grid Mishaps Being Sought
By HAROLD V. RATLIFF
AUSTIN, Aug. 9 (AP)—The injury rate for high school football in this state is 105 per 1,000 and the Texas High School Coaches' association considers this too high.

High Schools May Sponsor Baseball Next Season
AUSTIN, Aug. 8 (AP)—The Texas Interscholastic League may sponsor baseball next season.
Bobby Cannon of Edinburg, chairman of a committee named by the Texas High School Coaches' association to have this sport made a feature of the league program...

ROBERT MICHAEL IS WORKING FOR HUMBLE
AUSTIN—Nine engineers from West Texas towns who received degrees from the University of Texas in June are now at work, Dean W. Woolrich of the College of Engineering has announced.
Robert Julius Michael, Jr., of Big Spring, bachelor of science in chemical engineering, employed by the Humble Oil and Refining Company, Ingleside.

Enid Clashes With Buford
DENVER, Aug. 9 (AP)—It's the 1939 champion against the 1939 runner-up in tonight's game at the Denver Post's 25th anniversary baseball tournament and the winner now may be the team to pull down top money when the last tourney out is scribbled in the scorebook next week.
Each has won three and lost none, with the Oklahomans showing in a string of 10 consecutive tournament wins over a two-year span...

MIKE JACOBS WANTS CLEAR TITLE ON BROOKLYN CLUB
By SID FEDER
NEW YORK, Aug. 9 (AP)—If and when Mike Jacobs buys the Brooklyn baseball Dodgers — and Mike says it's more "when" than "if" — right now—the only "syndicate" involved will be Michael Strauss Jacobs, himself.
Laughing at the talk that he is only one of a group in the deal, "Uncle Mike" explained today that it is now it has been strictly a "one word" proposition.
"Why should I take a lot of other men in the thing?" he pointed out. "The bank (Brooklyn Trust company, which controls 51 percent of the Dodge stock) came to me as an individual and started the negotiations. We've reached the stage now where we're going to get down to talking price. If it looks like a good thing from a business standpoint, I'll pretty big in and a lot of other guys in."

Pritchett Junior Favorite STANDARD OILERS CLINCH M-C CROWN

TIREMEN ARE DECISIONED, 8 TO 4

Sparked by a first inning uprising, the Standard Oilers steamrolled the Phillips Tiremen, 8-4, Thursday evening at the Muni park diamond to clinch Major-City softball league honors for the 1940 season.

Standings table for Major-City softball league with columns for Team, W, L, Pct.

Loboes Break Even In Pair With Borger

BORGER, Aug. 9.—Johnny Tysko pitched the Lamesa Loboes to an even break in the doubleheader with the Borger Gassers here Thursday, losing a seven-hitter in a 4-2 victory over the Gassers after losing the seven-inning opener 2-1.

Standings table for Lamesa Loboes vs Borger Gassers with columns for Team, W, L, Pct.

S'WATER YOUTH BARS WAY IN SEMIFINALS

Medalist Jim Pritchett, Colorado City, looked like the best bet as semi-finalists in the West Texas Junior golf tournament lined up for tests this morning at the Muni course.

Standings table for S'water Youth Golf Tournament with columns for Player, Score.

Poloists Move To El Paso For Series

Members of the Big Spring polo team left for El Paso today for a weekend series with Frank Goodson's all-star team.

Standings table for Big Spring polo team with columns for Team, W, L, Pct.

The Standings

Standings table for various leagues including Texas League, National League, American League, and West Texas-New Mexico League.

PRUSOFF FACES BOB RIGGS IN EASTERN MEET

RYE, N. Y., Aug. 9 (AP)—Henry Prusoff was an easy guy to talk to yesterday, especially if you wanted to talk about Hity Grant.
Five minutes after his 6-4, 6-3 upset of Frankie Parker in the quarter-final round of the eastern grass court championships, the telephone rang. It was Grant.
Bitsy wanted to tell Prusoff that he had just licked Joe Hunt, the midshipman, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2. Prusoff showed his congratulations into the mouthpiece, turned around and said, "Bity's sure a great little fighter. He's got a fighting heart from way back."

Prusoff's semi-final opponent Saturday will be Bobby Riggs, the defending champion, who beat Frank Biddle of New York 6-4, 6-4, yesterday. McNeill, a winner at 6-2, 9-7, over Gardner Mulloy under court today.

Rapid Robert Not Enough For Tribe

By JUDSON BAILEY
Associated Press Sports Writer
It's as evident as the headlines in your newspaper today that Bobby Feller can't pitch the Cleveland Indians into the American League championship singlehanded — or even with two hands.

The famous fireballer stands out as the best hurler in baseball, with 19 victories already in the bag, but the Indians are in second place just the same and unless they can figure out something else, they may stay there.
Cleveland had a chance to take over the lead yesterday. The Detroit Tigers were idle and the Tribe was down for a doubleheader with the seventh-place St. Louis Browns.

Feller took care of winning the first game, 7-4, pitching shutout ball for five innings until his teammates got him a working margin. Then came the nightcap and even with Johnny Humphries pitching three-hit ball the Tribe couldn't capture the crucial game. Elden Auker of the Browns gave up eight hits, but he kept them scattered and singled home one of the runs that won the game, 2-1.

The Boston Red Sox reinforced their third place position by whipping the New York Yankees again 6-5, bunting seven of their 13 hits in the last two innings and catching the winning rally with two out in the ninth on Manager Joe Cronin's single.

The Philadelphia Athletics beat the Washington Senators 6-4 in ten innings. Frank Hayes delivered a pinch double to tie the score in the ninth and in the tenth a singled and two more doubles provided the winning margin.
An even more breathtaking spectacle was the Brooklyn Dodgers' 6-3 triumph over the New York Giants on Dolph Camilli's 12th home run in the 12th inning. Two were out and two were on at the time.

The game served as a savory introduction to the majors for Lefty Wesley Flowers, just up from Louisville. He took over the Brooklyn pitching chores in the seventh and hurled three-hit shutout ball for the remaining six innings.

Bucky Walters checked the skid of the Cincinnati Reds by scattering nine hits so effectively that he shut out the Chicago Cubs after the first inning and won 3-1.

In the only other National League game the Boston Bees prodded the Phillies into their ninth consecutive defeat, 6-2. Jim Yohn, apparently recovered from his arm trouble, allowed only seven hits and Eddie Miller helped with a homer. He now has hit one in each of the last five games.

West Texas-New Mexico League
Lubbock 022 000 010-5 9 2
Ampa 102 000 010-4 7 1
Rajah and Castano; Montgomery, annoy and Starr, Summers.
Idland 021 100 100-15 9 1
Marillo 331 301 048-15 12 2
Kanagy, Lynn and Rudes; Hill and Rabe.
deasa 000 000 030-3 7 3
lovis 010 120 028-6 9 4
Williams and Brocker, Muratore, erry and Toeller.



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Learn to bowl! We'll give you all the instruction you need—free. You'll find that bowling will keep your body fit and your mind alert. And the best part is that you can bowl evenings. Try it!

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ICE CUBES IN 5 MINUTES! Banner ICE SERVICE

Editorial

There are various opinions on what part United States should take in the war now in progress in Europe. Practically everyone, including The Herald, believes men should not be sent across the ocean, nor does there appear to be any reasons why they will be sent. The divergence of opinion is mostly on what help, if any, this nation should extend to England, fighting for her life. Some advocate no more than we have been doing, others believe we should do more. Some of those opinions have political basis, others are genuinely based on solicitude for our welfare and that of Great Britain.

Washington Daybook

WASHINGTON—The Washington scene has changed more rapidly since the Chicago convention than in any similar period since the new deal took over in 1933.

Three administration veterans, wheel horses in the democratic party who have been around here some time, have departed. There is some possibility that a fourth will follow. It'll never be the same Washington without "Big Jim" Farley, "Cactus Jack" Garner, "Lou" Johnson, nor without Paul McNutt, if he goes home, too, as some of his friends say he will.

Most missed perhaps will be Farley, the big genial fellow who came down from "The Boss" in 1933, parked at the postmaster general's desk and for seven years gave all he had to the twin jobs of seeing that the mail went through and keeping the democratic party machinery running smoothly.

Farley will be hard to replace. Target of all the abuse of republicans and anti-new deal democrats, he stood the postholes without a whimper.

GARNER CAREER OVER? Farley's split with the president over the third term was merely the final straw. The breach in the relations had been widening for a couple of years as President Roosevelt turned more and more to the inner circle new dealers and less to his old campaign manager with his confidences and plans.

Nobody who was with Farley in those closing days of the convention could fail to see how deeply hurt he was that he had been brushed aside as the group that had its nucleus in Harry Hopkins, Senators "Jimmy" Byrnes and Alben Barkley took over.

Farley might have quit the government anyway to repair his personal fortunes, but he would rather have done it under different circumstances and with less misgivings for the future of the democratic party to which he has been so devoted.

When Vice President John Nance Garner departed for Uvalde, Texas, the other day, it was a grim, tearful little knot of friends who saw him and Mrs. Garner off at the station.

A Man Who Knows

much in solicitude for the success of England, but because he believes, from his experience and knowledge of war, that defeat of England would make real danger to us that is yet largely a debatable question. He said "I say to you solemnly that tomorrow may be forever too late to keep war from the Americas. Today may be the last time when, by measures short of war, we can still prevent war."

The practical view—if Americans hope to continue their democratic way of life unhampered by those restrictions which would result with the remainder of the world being totalitarian—is that held by General Pershing. There are some people of public stature who suggest a degree of "appeasement" with the war gods of Europe. One rebuttal, which is an attractive one, is that "appeasement" is no more than another word for blackmail. And blackmail, to fair-minded and tolerant Americans, is a heinous crime.

There is a limit to which this nation can go toward attempting to bring final peace. And the bringing of final peace may very well depend altogether on how England's defenses are strengthened. General Pershing has the answer in a recommendation for immediate action.

McNUTT FOR 3RD TERM McNutt's position is more complicated. An original third-term, his disappointment came when the president didn't throw the vice presidency wide open.

The question now is whether McNutt's withdrawal in behalf of Henry Wallace will be rewarded. He is high up on the list of those mentioned for Farley's job but the inner circle new dealers have kept him at arm's length ever since he has been here.

Our aviation note for the week concerns Larry "Anton, who was lazily piloting his plane over the sea between Fire Island and the mainland the other morning when a U. S. army pursuit ship whipped by and gave Larry a signal. Larry waved back, reflecting how friendly the army fliers seem to be. A few seconds later the pursuit streaked past again. Calmly plodding along at about 90 miles per hour, Larry seemed to be standing still when the army plane cut past him. This time Larry got what the army fliers meant. It wasn't just a friendly salute from one flier to another. It meant get-the-hell-away-from-here-we're having target practice. Clin ton got.

May go down to Charlottesville, Va., next week and watch Franchot Tane and Madeline Carroll make a picture. Not many know that Kate Hepburn could make a living playing golf if she wanted to quit the theatre. She used to be Connecticut state women's champion. Those professional chess players in the midtown galleries earn 18 bucks a week. Their job is to play with anybody who wants to play. Their "checker professional here, too, who hasn't lost a game in eight months. He plays about 20 games a day. "No system to it at all," he says. "You just sit back and wait for the other fellow to beat himself."

"Give us a march and we'll all march out!" Eddy did the only thing a good turner-asider can do. He played "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Everybody stayed to applaud.

Casual Slaughters

Chapter 30 THE NEXT VICTIM Julia flushed to the edge of her sun-bleached hair and turned to busy herself at the mirror. But even under the layer of powder she was applying her cheeks were slow in cooling and her hands trembled as she tried to shape her mouth with lipstick.

"That doesn't mean anything," she said at last in a strangled voice. "I don't pretend to know what's behind it, but you needn't believe everything she says. She's not afraid of anything. She hasn't got sense enough to be—she thinks she's too good."

She paused, smoothing her lips with her little finger, and I pondered that remark. It was odd that she should think that of Sandra, too. It agreed with a vague feeling I had formed.

"And I don't believe he'd ever lay a hand on her, no matter what she did to him," Julia went on vainly. "She used to get into the most terrible rages at him when we were kids. I've seen her kick his shins and scratch and claw and bite I used to think she was trying to get him to hit her so she could tell and see him punished. But he'd just shield his face with his arms, and when he got a chance he'd grab her wrists and hold her until she'd begin to cry and say he was hurting her. Oh, she was always a devil!"

There was no sound to tell me no click of the door, no stirring of springs under a restless body. Perhaps he had gone to sleep. In the night and silence my own eyes closed and presently I ceased to think.

It was broad daylight when I had the answer to my question. I awoke late and dressed hurriedly to get to breakfast before the mess hall closed. I noticed, between brush strokes, that Sandra's bed had not been slept in, but I had no occasion to go into the sitting room until, dressed and ready for breakfast, I dashed through on my way to the corridor.

Virginia Hanson

you'd have been bad, too, don't you? After the hurried-up wedding and all. Perhaps she did the only thing she could. Certainly she carried it off very well. I'm afraid Jeff was the more upset—though I'm sure no one thought—that is of course it must have been an accident. Sandra said so herself.

Reside her Colonel Pennant was ominously silent.

No Sound To Tell I rejected Gerald's half-hearted offers of further amusement and undressed and fell into bed as soon as I reached my room. I was exhausted and must have gone right to sleep, for I did not hear Sandra come in, did not know when something woke me a couple of hours later, whether she had come to bed at all.

I lay still in the cryptic darkness, wondering what had disturbed me, listening for Sandra's breathing in the other bed. For a moment I heard nothing, then I saw that there was a thread of dim light around the door into the sitting room, and presently I detected faint little sounds of someone moving about in there.

She was restless, I decided, and had gone in there to keep from waking me. I had left the door open when I went to bed, to encourage what little breeze there was that hot night. I toyed with the idea of getting up and opening it again, letting her know that I was awake. But to do so might dispel the lassitude that would let me drift back to sleep. And as I still looked at the door the rim of light around it vanished and there was silence. Had she gone back to Jeff, after all, or was she lying on the studio couch, in a darkness peopled by unhappy thoughts?

There was no sound to tell me no click of the door, no stirring of springs under a restless body. Perhaps he had gone to sleep. In the night and silence my own eyes closed and presently I ceased to think.

Bridge

Jeff was put under arrest that morning. Mimi had called me up to insist that I spend the rest of my visit under their roof, and when Julia came for me at eleven o'clock, she was white and wild-eyed with news.

"Dad's orders," she said tragically as I got into the car. "And Kay, he really thinks Jeff did it!"

"Does that mean he's been turned over to the civil authorities, or put in the guardhouse, or what?"

"Neither one. They don't put officers in the guardhouse, as a rule, and the civil authorities can't come on a post and arrest a member of the garrison. I can have put Jeff in arrest in quarters, which would simply have meant he was on his honor not to leave his room, but for some reason he's put him in the prison ward of the hospital, with a guard over him."

"He doesn't think Jeff is insane?" I asked startled.

"On what charge was he arrested?"



couldn't have done it herself, could she? I mean, so he'd pay for it. I guess I'm thinking pretty wild. "I thought you said she loved him."

"Maybe I was wrong about that. Or maybe something made her change. Made her hate him instead. That black eye, Kay, that was malicious. She could have said she was ill. And to show it off like that, theatrically—"

"She could have at least disguised it with make-up," I admitted, thinking of that for the first time. "She must have had some experience making up for the stage."

"She had an elaborate make-up kit. I saw it when she unpacked. And some stuff you paint on with a brush, to cover blemishes. There was a little birthmark on her forehead, and when she wore her hair a certain way it showed. I tell you, she did it on purpose!"

Man About Manhattan

NEW YORK—Ran into Mel Adams, fresh back from Cincinnati. . . Mel Adams used to write a weekly summary of Big Ten sports activities for the Honolulu Star-Bulletin before he became identified with a recording company and with various dance bands throughout the country. . . What was he doing in Cincinnati? . . . He was spending the weekend with Hal Kemp, who is playing the Beverly Hills country club there. . . What did Kemp have on his mind? . . . He had precisely what any other young expectant father would have on his mind.

Most of the time Hal was on long distance, talking to Mrs. Helen Forrester here in New York. . . Mrs. Forrester is the mother of Mrs. Kemp, the former Martha Stephenson. . . "It's a funny thing," says Mel, mopping his brow with a limp flourish. . . "When the hand on the floor, almost every other set is a medley of old timers. . . The customers like it. . . They pick 'em out of the hat and go way back. . . Five years, ten years, sometimes twenty."

"Well, there I was, and the telephone rang. There Hal was, ducking into the booth like a scared rabbit. . . There the hand was whipping into a medley of old time tunes. . . I had one eye on the booth and one ear on the band. . . I could see Hal's face through the door as they gave him the big news. . . What do you think the hand was playing when he got that news? . . . You'd never guess in a thousand years. . . It was 'Baby Me.'"

Hollywood Sights And Sounds

HOLLYWOOD—One of the agreeable things about the majority of night club artists is their ability to take advantage of the jibes, usually amateurish, of hecklers.

By George Tucker

Perhaps you wonder who I am? WELL, YES! PERHAPS YOU WONDER WHO I AM? WELL, YES!

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF—O BALDERDASH, AT YOUR SERVICE. UH—I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU, MR. BALDERDASH. THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE, FRIEND! BUT COME, WE MUST BE ON OUR WAY!

ON OUR WAY? TO WHERE? FRIEND, THIS IS NO TIME FOR IDLE QUESTIONS! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH! ARE YOU COMING OR AREN'T YOU?



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