

Big Star Tops Knitters And Rose Trims The Textiles

First Victory of Year For Supers in 10-2 Verdict Over Favored Hosiery Team; Rose Outfits North Henderson to Win, 9-6.

Big Star won its first game in the City Softball League today, defeating the Hosiery Mill 10-2. The victory was a surprise to many, as the Hosiery Mill was considered the favorite to win the championship.

Big Star	ABR	H	E	
Harvey	4	1	2	0
Ward	3	0	1	0
Stewart	4	2	3	0
Lawson	3	1	2	0
Tucker	3	1	1	0
Ward	3	0	1	2
Ward	3	0	1	0
Ward	3	2	2	1
Ward	2	1	1	0
Ward	1	0	0	0
TOTALS	34	10	13	4

Hosiery Mill	ABR	H	E	
Allen	3	0	1	0
Knight	3	0	0	0
M.H. Jr.	3	0	0	0
Ward	3	0	0	0
Ward	3	1	0	0
Ward	3	1	0	0
Ward	3	0	2	0
Ward	3	0	1	0
Ward	2	0	0	0
Ward	0	0	0	0
TOTALS	28	2	3	1

Rose and North Henderson together in a game. Rose scored six runs, three of which were earned. The game was a close one, with both teams having their chances.

ABR	H	E	
Rose	2	0	1
Batty	2	0	1
Perrell	2	0	1
Edwards	4	0	2
Turner	4	1	1
Hoyle	4	2	3
Hell	4	1	1
Seah	3	2	3
Seah	4	2	1
Seah	4	0	2
Seah	2	1	0
Seah	3	0	1
Seah	3	0	1
TOTALS	36	9	16

N. Henderson	ABR	H	E	
Priddy	3	0	0	0
Hugh	3	1	2	1
Ward	3	1	1	0
F. Lawson	3	1	1	0
Ward	3	1	1	0
Ward	3	1	1	0
Ward	3	1	1	0
Ward	3	1	1	0
Ward	3	1	1	0
Ward	3	1	1	0
TOTALS	28	6	5	2

CAROLINA COACHES PLAY FORT BRAGG

Chapel Hill, May 23.—The University of North Carolina Physical Education Department softball team will meet the 6th Infantry outfit from Fort Bragg here Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock on the University grounds.

Henderson Meets Oxford On Saturday

Henderson and Oxford will get together Saturday afternoon over the Oxford and course in an inter-city match, one of several provided by the tournament committee of the local club to approximate Eastern Carolina Golf Association play.

Louis Meets Buddy Baer

Washington, May 23.—(AP)—Louis got a good, hard workout from his faithful old retainers, Jack Blackburn and promoter himself, ready for the 17th defense of his heavyweight championship against Buddy Baer tonight at Griffith Stadium.

Schedule

CITY SOFTBALL LEAGUE	W.	L.	Pct.
Home Guards vs. Winston-Salem	6	1	.857
North Henderson	4	2	.667
Western Airmen	4	2	.667
Greensboro	3	2	.600
Walden	2	3	.400
Hosiery Mill	2	4	.333
Home Guard	2	4	.333
Big Star	1	6	.143

Standings

CITY SOFTBALL LEAGUE	W.	L.	Pct.
Home Guards vs. Winston-Salem	6	1	.857
North Henderson	4	2	.667
Western Airmen	4	2	.667
Greensboro	3	2	.600
Walden	2	3	.400
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Home Guard	2	4	.333
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Results

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To Fly for Britain

Holder of American, English and Mexican flying licenses, Mrs. Faith Bennett, of Beverly Hills, Cal., is shown before leaving New York by clipper plane to join in the Battle of Britain. She will work on England's bomber ferry line, flying planes from factories to RAF bases. She's holding a black cat good-luck charm.

DEATH AT THE SWITCH

RICHARD HOUGHTON

CHAPTER ONE

"SILLY!" SAID Mrs. Potter. "I never heard of a man dying in my life. Green was playing with trains!"

Henry elevated his newspaper still higher in front of him. "I only mentioned it in passing," he mumbled.

"Another form of male insanity," Mrs. Potter emphasized, rattling the supper dishes in the sink.

Mr. Potter knew she also was referring to his penchant for checker playing.

"I suppose Lawrence Harkness will spend money on toys now instead of buying me the new clothes he needs," the ruler of the house continued. "Goodness knows they have little enough!"

Mr. Potter slumped down in his chair. "Good Lord!" he whispered to himself. "I've started her again!"

"What was that?" Mrs. Potter asked sharply.

"Nothing, my dear. Nothing at all." He had a feeling that he had utterly ruined his chances for a pleasant evening. He should have had sense enough not to mention what Hans Svenson told him about the model railroad club—but it had seemed so amusing at the time.

"Speaking of toys," observed Mrs. Potter, "that son of a living left his toy train on the living room floor!"

"Um-m," said Henry.

"Well, don't you intend to do something about it?"

"The boys in bed. Nobody will fall over his train tonight. I'll remind him about it at breakfast."

"Henry Potter?"

"Yes, my dear." Henry sighed and laid the paper down. He fumbled around the floor under his legs for his slippers, put them on and shuffled into the living room.

He had hoped that by informing his wife that bankers and business men were taking up model railroading Mrs. Potter might be more charitable toward the Leisure Hour club. But apparently he had just given her another proof of the weakness of mankind—as compared to womankind.

Mr. Potter went to the living room window, opened the lower half and stuck his head out. Rain was pouring over the edge of the eaves-trough and splashing on the cement walk below. That was another thing his wife would soon be upbraiding him about. She had told him at lunch that the eaves needed cleaning. How was he to have known it would start raining so soon?

The night was black. The wind was blowing. Henry shivered, and lowered the window again. A nice night to stay home, but judging from his wife's mood he might have a more enjoyable time with his checkers at the Leisure Hour club.

Of course he would have to walk almost a mile through the rain, but he had an umbrella.

He started to push the toy train track under the sofa, but the rails came apart. He decided he might damage the toy, so he moved the sofa over it.

"There! No one can step on it," he decided. "I'll tell Richard to put it away first thing in the morning."

His wife called from the kitchen. "Henry! What are you mumbling to yourself about?"

"Nothing, my dear. Nothing." He returned to the kitchen and sat down temporarily. Instead of picking up his paper he took off his slippers and began putting on his shoes. "Guess I'll be getting down to the club," he announced.

"On a night like this? Henry Potter, you're a fool!"

Henry winced. "The boys will be expecting me," he said. He stood



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up. "Where's my umbrella, Martha?"

"How should I know? Where you left it, I suppose."

He found the umbrella on the porch, turned his coat collar up and started off. Just in time he remembered to come back and put on his rubbers.

He knew that his wife was watching him grimly, an order poised on her lips. He did not look at her as he closed the door behind him a second time and faced the night.

Already he was feeling remorseful. The rain drove under his flimsy umbrella as it tried to tear loose from his hands in the wind. The mud of the road sloshed up to his ankles. He'd be lucky if he didn't catch cold, and his wife would be sure to have a cleaning job on her hands.

But now that he'd taken the bit in his teeth he hated to turn back. He had hoped a passing motorist might pick him up, but there was no one going toward the village on the muddy road this night.

Somewhere on his left were the hills, their outline dissolved by the dark and the rain. The lights of the village were hidden around the bend.

He had gone about half a mile when he felt the umbrella breaking under the strain. Then he knew he should have stayed home. The wind was buffeting him from all angles. A sudden gust whipped the boughs of a tree beside the road, roaring like a wild surf upon the beach. The umbrella collapsed.

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Henry dashed for the shelter of the tree, only to find that it was no protection. He thought of running back home. No. Too far. He was at the driveway of the old Wildwood lodge. Its front porch would offer him cover until the worst of the storm passed.

He ran between the stone pillars of the ruined gate and up the grav-

eled drive that battled encroaching weeds. He almost bumped into a car parked in front of the main steps. Ahead was another.

He'd thought surely the building was untenanted, but there was a glow behind the shutters of the basement windows. Hans Svenson had said something about the model railroad club taking over this old building—but surely they wouldn't be here on a night like this!

Henry moved behind one of the parked cars as the lights of another swung up the drive.

The cellar door swung open. A big man, well dressed but in his shirt sleeves, stood there silhouetted. "Hello there! Is that you, Pevs?" he called in a loud voice.

A woman answered from the car as its lights went out. "Surprise! We've brought coffee for you hard working men!"

Two men and two women alighted from the car and dashed for the cellar entrance, carrying packages. Henry stepped back, but one of the men saw him. It was Hans Svenson.

"Oh, Mr. Potter! What be you doing here?"

"I—oh, I—my umbrella broke, and I—"

"By golly, you come in! This rain she's down you!"

Big clumsy Hans Svenson had little Henry Potter by the arm and was pulling him toward the basement door. Henry protested feebly. "My wife will think. . . I'm not interested in . . ."

"Come! Ay want to show you! One look—then ay take you home in my car."

Henry stiffened. "Hans! I heard a shot."

"Ay didn't hear nothing. Maybe the wind she slammed a door."

"No! It was a shot. And not far away!"

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