

North Henderson Routs Big Star; Guards Forfeit

Textiles' Batting Spree Ends with Eight Run Splurge in Final Inning, Winning 16-2; Gro-Amoco Takes Forfeit.

Standings

CITY SOFTBALL LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
North Henderson	22	6	.783
Rose	20	9	.689
Hooper Mill	19	10	.655
Gro-Amoco	18	11	.621
Western Auto	17	11	.607
Home Guards	7	21	.250
Big Star	3	23	.115
Watkins	3	23	.115

PIEDMONT LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Durham	64	41	.610
Portsmouth	63	48	.568
Norfolk	57	54	.514
Richmond	53	53	.500
Charlotte	53	53	.500
Asheville	50	56	.472
Greensboro	46	59	.438
Winston-Salem	43	63	.406

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
St. Louis	71	39	.645
Baltimore	70	39	.642
Cincinnati	58	48	.547
Pittsburgh	56	48	.547
New York	53	53	.500
Chicago	48	63	.432
Boston	45	64	.414
Philadelphia	29	78	.271

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	78	36	.682
Cleveland	59	51	.536
Chicago	59	54	.523
Detroit	59	55	.513
Detroit	52	61	.460
Philadelphia	50	61	.450
Washington	46	64	.419
St. Louis	45	64	.413

Schedule For Games Announced

A schedule of the fourth district organizations in the North Carolina Softball Tournament will get underway next week with the Henderson team participating. It is announced...

Henderson is bracketed with Raleigh and Clayton, and the Henderson girls will play the Raleigh girls. The week's schedule is as follows: Monday - Raleigh at Clayton; Tuesday - Henderson at Raleigh; Wednesday - Clayton at Henderson; Thursday - Henderson at Clayton; Friday - Henderson at Raleigh; Saturday - Raleigh at Henderson; Sunday - Henderson at Raleigh.

TIGERS TO OPPOSE WENDELL ON SUNDAY

The Carolina Tigers return to Henderson on Sunday afternoon when they meet Wendell at 3:30 p.m. Letty Taylor is slated to do the pitching for the Tigers.

SPRING VALLEY NINE MEETS DURHAM COLTS

Spring Valley and the Durham Colts will get together Sunday afternoon at 3:30 p.m. in the Greyson park in what should be a very hot baseball contest. The public is cordially invited to come out. There will be a small admission fee.

Knox Lauds Eight-Point War Aims

Durham, Aug. 16.—(AP)—Using his eight-point plan of the Roosevelt Churchill conference this week the Secretary Frank Knox of the United States navy, declared before the North Carolina League of Municipalities in 33rd annual convention here last night, "I hope that the President will offer these to Congress for its approval, and God help that senator or congressman who votes against it."

"Only the strong can preserve a righteous peace," Secretary Knox declared in defense of the present national program of military preparedness. "It was my recognition of the fearful perils of this hour that caused me to forsake my business and political preferences, temporarily, to become the civilian leader of what will be the greatest naval power that ever defied the sea." Secretary Knox declared as he spoke on the theme "The Devils That Menace Liberty."

Introduced by Broughton, Secretary Knox was introduced by Gov. J. M. Broughton, who was accompanied to the group by Mayor W. W. Carr of Durham. Broughton and Carr recalled the rugged river which existed between Durham and Raleigh in former years. Governor Broughton referred to the Durham-Raleigh airport as the binding bonds of the two hitherto rival cities.

Castle of Contentment

BY LORENA CARLETON
WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

YENA turned slowly in Tate's arms. Across the street she saw the station wagon being deftly backed into a short space.

"Yes, it is my good friend Scott. And with him," she emphasized, "is Tish Reynolds who probably will marry him before the winter season is over. If he does escape her, then he's far more slippery than the first three she wanted to marry."

She watched Tish scramble out of the machine like a wriggling little plump puppy and hang her arm through Scott's. While the pair stood waiting a break in traffic, Yena stepped onto the narrow balcony that overlooked the street. She put two fingers between her teeth and whistled stridently, as boisterous boys do in a picture show, the way Scott had taught her to whistle during one of their desert rides. He recognized the sound and immediately glanced up, but by then Yena was looking with dreamy attention at something on the far horizon, hand stiffly shading the eyes.

To Tate's look of impolite assistance she said, "I'm an Indian."

He did not laugh. "You mean you're crazy." He stepped back into the room, his face darkly impatient.

Diane was horror stricken. Yena saw, as she swept back into the room and onto the stairway entrance to welcome her guests. To herself she was thinking, "Now, I'm going to have some fun."

"Darling, darling, Yena!" Tish was saying as she came up the grill-work steps. She fell upon the blond girl with her usual suffocation. Rapturous verbal endearments, constantly reiterated between kisses and squeezes. "Scott and I have come to take you to dinner. Oh, how do you do? How do you do?" she commented briefly as Yena managed to stop her lush long enough to present Diane and her brother. Tate and Scott Hamilton shook hands, then moved as far apart as possible.

Diane forgot to be outraged at Yena's tomboyish behavior in her delight at meeting THE Tish Reynolds, made famous by rich ancestors, columnists and photographers.

Clanking with cowboy spurs and precious gems, interspersed with Indian jewelry, she sat down beside Diane, and went right on talking breathlessly, finally interrupting herself to ask: "How long have you know Yena?"

"Since she first came to La Madera," Diane returned. "She's going to marry my brother."

Yena felt the quick glance of Scott Hamilton, but before she could catch the expression on his face, he said something about fixing a drink and moved toward blue glass sliding doors.

Tish fastened snappy black eyes on Tate, who lounged in one of the blue chairs. "I can't say that I blame you. He's very handsome." The blond girl looked at her fiancé, impeccable in his blue-gray gabardine suit and white gray sport shoes, his face still rather sullen from petty altercations with Yena.

"Yes," Tish repeated. "He's the most amazingly handsome man I've ever seen. Congratulations!"

Tate flashed his magnetic smile over perfect, white teeth and said a nice "Thank you." However, Yena knew it was the compliment that brought the smile rather than

the good wishes of Tish.

Yena excused herself. "I'll see if Scott is finding everything." Through the blue glass doors she disappeared into a combination bar and snack room. She perched on one of the pink leather stools before a semi-circular blue bar and gazed across it at Scott Hamilton. Intent on a siphon bottle, he did not look up until Yena demanded his attention.

"What do you expect me to say, Yena? Something comforting? To me it's an off-again on-again, gone-again affair—your own affair, I might add." He sampled his drink, and added more soda water. "I feel the same as I always have. Give you enough rope and perhaps you'll hang yourself. By the way, who is the sultry beauty downstairs?"

Yena frowned and reached across the bar for a handful of pistachio nuts. "Just a girl I hired."

"Would her name happen to be Francie, or was the little boy just calling her that for a nickname?"

"Look!" Yena's green eyes were filled with crackling sparks. "I've just had a long siege of this Francie business with Diane and Tate. I'm simply giving a poor girl a job. That's all it amounts to."

Scott placed his glass on the blue bar, then leaned on his elbows so that his face was close to the blond girl's. "So you kid yourself. Actually, you're wrapping your fears in psychological cotton wool—that's what you're doing." Without moving he called out, "Come in, Cromwell."

Yena had heard no sound of Tate's approach. She turned as he slid on a stool beside her. He lifted her hand and kissed it ardently, for the benefit of Scott Hamilton.

Wasted effort for Scott's back was toward them as he prepared another drink. "For Tish," he explained, again facing the two at the bar.

As they all re-entered the living room Tish's petulant voice began railing Yena. "Mrs. O'Neil says you're going to marry as soon as you finish Terrence Alkire's house. Now, you simply can't do that to me, Yena. I was your first order. I was here before that old goat."

"Yes, but you preferred to go horseback riding. Meanwhile I've made other plans."

Tish turned to young Cromwell. "You can just wait! I have to have my Casa something or the other."

Tate had no smile for her now, only a violent shake of his dark wavy head. "Oh, no, no, sir! I'm taking no chances this time. It won't hurt you to wait until we're back from our honeymoon. She can do it then."

"Just so I get it," Tish agreed.

Her fiancé's remark astounded Yena; not that she wasn't willing to keep working. In fact, she preferred it, but she preferred also to make the decision herself. She didn't want it made by Tate. Above all, she didn't want Scott sitting there with that sly grin on his face, as though he knew something very funny. It was a terrible gathering anyway. Diane was practically doing obeisance before the wealthy Tish. Tish, though chattering like a monkey, was actually aware of no one but Scott. Tate, a striking figure in costly cowboy clothes, was sardonic and almost openly contemptuous of Tate. Tate was sullen, his dark, accusing eyes fixed on Yena, and Yena at the end of the circle was impatient for the visit to be at an end. So she had thought she would have fun when Scott and Tish arrived? Ha!

Ha! Ha!

Acting on an intuitive decision, Scott rose and said quickly, "Let's go, Tish."

"Now?" she protested. "We just got here—anyway, we came to take Yena to dinner."

Tate put in, "Yena is having dinner with us."

"What if she is? We can all go together. I'm madly in love with Scott, but I'd love to sit across the table and just look at you." She clutched the hand Hamilton extended and got up to lean heavily against him. "What do you say, Tate?" She turned to her companion. "We'll make a party. It would be fun, wouldn't it?"

"I doubt it," Tish. Would you put a brown shoe on one foot and a white one on the other?" He shot a quick glance over her companion's head and shook his head. "Yeh! I guess you would! Come on, we're going."

The pudgy girl's eyes were gawking with perplexity. For the moment her chatter was stilled. She murmured quick farewells and followed Scott Hamilton down the Arcade. Yena heard her friend's glib voice again, caesacdent, continuous, questioning.

Turning back into the room Yena remarked with mild sarcasm, "Nice little party." She bent over the back of Tate's chair and leaned her cheek against his.

"Come to dinner at the house tonight, Yena."

"Just faintly," Diane said inclusively. She began draping lovely silver foxes over her shoulders.

Just as she had to that first dinner invitation, Yena asked, "Are you sure Mrs. Cromwell will want me?"

"Of course," Diane reassured. Her cheeks were faintly pink with embarrassment. "So will Percy. I'll go pick up the infant now. Meet you in the car, Tate."

Yena picked up her sister left the room. Tate leaped to his feet and gathered Yena into impatient arms. He didn't say a word, just kissed her, until her senses swam, until she was so dizzy and breathless beneath his lips, that no outside thoughts invaded her mind. If only such moments never had to end—those stars bursting about her head, those diamonds dancing before her eyes. Abruptly he released her and asked, "What was Hamilton saying to you in the bar?"

The girl asked herself the age-old question: Why couldn't love be free from doubts and jealousy? "He said I was wrapping my fears in psychological wool."

Tate pondered the remark. "I don't understand it."

"Neither do I."

But she did. Scott meant she was refusing to acknowledge her fears, that in some biased fashion she hoped to hide them by having Francie work for her.

And he was right! Yena realized that as she and Tate walked through the shop on Tate's way to his car. Why, I'm wide-eyed and flop-eared, Yena thought with self-disgust. Staunchly she fought for nonchalance, as she waved to her guests. Then rejoined Francie in the show room. Nevertheless, she admitted with honesty that she had hired Francie to keep an eagle eye on her, and for no other reason. She wanted to snoop and probe. I'm just a sneak, she thought with distress, and love for Tate is responsible.

(To Be Continued)



United States Marines are warmly greeted by members of the British garrison upon their arrival in Reykjavik, Iceland. Private Robert Fowler, of Venice, Cal., (right) is being welcomed by Gunner Harold Ricardo, of Somerset, England. The Marines were sent to occupy Iceland to gradually replace the British troops. This is an official U. S. Navy photograph.

HOMEcomings WEEK BEGINS AT MANTEO

Manteo, Aug. 16.—Homecoming week, a period including Virginia Dare's birthday—August 18—which is the basis for the annual historical celebration now held here in connection with Paul Green's "The Lost Colony" will begin tomorrow and run through August 23, according to D. Bradford Fearing, president of the Roanoke Island Historical Association.

During the past five years a performance of "The Lost Colony" has been dedicated to the first English child born on English soil, but this year August 18 falls on a Monday, a day which is not on the performance schedule of the historical drama. Instead the cast and choir of "The Lost Colony" have prepared a special program for the benefit of Bundles for Britain.

Homecoming week was an annual event in which both Roanoke Islanders and their friends from the mainland came over to make a pilgrimage to the north end of the island, Fort Raleigh, and to play tribute in commemorative services to Virginia Dare, whose 354th birthday will be celebrated here Monday. Back in 1585, the celebration was a three-day affair, and later it became a week in duration.

RESIGNS OXFORD POST

Oxford, Aug. 16.—Announcement was made Friday of the resignation of W. B. King, operator of the Oxford water filtration plant, engineer for the town and county electrical inspector. Mr. King has accepted a position with the North Carolina Shipbuilding and Dry Docks company in Wilmington as electrical inspector.

Sudan Temple-Shrine ANNOUNCES

A Special Train of 10 Cars of Modern Air-Conditioned Coach, Section and Room Pullman Sleeping Cars, Lounge Car and a Full-Size Club Car, From Goldsboro to Atlanta and Return Via Selma, Raleigh and Durham.

The Divan, Patrol, Band and Wrecking Crew will make The Trip.

Southeastern Shrine Convention Atlanta, Ga.

SEPTEMBER 12th AND 13th

GOING SCHEDULE		RETURN SCHEDULE	
September 11th		September 13th	
Lv. Goldsboro	4:00 p.m. DST	Train placed for occupancy	10:00 p.m. EST
Lv. Selma	4:25 p.m. DST		
Ar. Raleigh	5:00 p.m. DST		
Stop four hours for ceremonial		Lv. Atlanta	12:01 a.m. EST
Lv. Raleigh	9:00 p.m. DST	Ar. Greensboro	9:00 a.m. DST
Lv. Durham	9:40 p.m. DST	Ar. Durham	10:20 a.m. DST
		Ar. Raleigh	11:05 a.m. DST
		Ar. Goldsboro	12:10 p.m. DST

NOTE: Time show in current Daylight Saving Time, except at Atlanta which operates on Eastern Standard Time. Railroads operate in North Carolina on Eastern Time one hour slower than time shown in schedule.

ROUND TRIP RAILROAD AND PULLMAN FARES

From	Coach	Railroad Fares		PULLMAN FARE	
		Unrestricted	Lower	Upper	Compt. D-Room
Goldsboro	\$12.55	\$20.70	\$7.90	\$6.00	\$22.10 \$25.40
Selma	12.00	19.80	7.90	6.00	22.10 25.40
Raleigh	11.45	19.25	6.30	4.80	17.90 23.10
Durham	11.25	18.55	6.30	4.80	17.90 23.10
Greensboro	9.65	16.00	5.80	4.40	16.80 21.00

NOTE: Time show in current Daylight Saving Time, except at coach fare tickets. Coach tickets will be honored in coaches only.

Two people may occupy a berth and as many as four to a compartment and five to a Drawing Room at Pullman fares quoted. Each person must hold an unrestricted railroad fare ticket.

Make Pullman Reservations Quickly

For Copy of Itinerary and Pullman Reservations Communicate with J. S. Floodworth, DPA, Raleigh, N. C. Phone 4821

Southern Railway System

Results

CITY SOFTBALL LEAGUE

North Henderson 16, Big Star 2

PIEDMONT LEAGUE

Charlotte 4, Durham 3; Greensboro 4, Portsmouth 3; Winston-Salem 4, Norfolk 3; Asheville 3, Raleigh 2

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Cincinnati 3, Chicago 2; Only game played.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Washington 9, Boston 2; Chicago 6, Cleveland 2; St. Louis 6, Detroit 1; Only games played.

Schedule

CITY SOFTBALL LEAGUE

No games scheduled.

PIEDMONT LEAGUE

Charlotte at Durham; Greensboro at Portsmouth; Norfolk at Asheville; Richmond at Winston-Salem.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Brooklyn at Boston; St. Louis at Pittsburgh; New York at Philadelphia; Chicago at Cincinnati.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Philadelphia at New York; Cleveland at Chicago; Detroit at St. Louis; Boston at Washington.

Seaboard Trains

Remain On Standard Time

Due to operating through many states, some of which have and others have not Daylight Saving Time, Seaboard Railway trains will continue to operate on Eastern Standard Time as heretofore—one hour earlier than Daylight Saving Time.

Seaboard Railway