WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—The British lion has been taking kicks from all-comers lately, but it stiffened up and began looking a lot more heraldic when the ancient bill of rights seemed to be infringed. It was no rubber-stamp parliament which reacted angrily to the army's summary action against young Duncan Sandys, conservative member, who had revealed undue knowledge of air defense secrets. The government was embarrassed and backed up considerably.

Parliament Shows Spunk In Army Row

The swift parliamentary kick-back was an instance of the latent staying power of the British democratic tradition, as the representative body rattled the bones of its late and great libertarians in telling the executive where it got off.

The row overflows into important political by-ways, as the tall, handsome, loose-geared Mr. Sandys is both a son-in-law and political ally of Winston Churchill who is pot-shotting the government just now in a political no-man's land.

There is a threat of conservative defection to the side of the still ambitious and powerful Mr. Churchill, with labor and liberal recruits, and, according to close observers of British politics, some important new alignments may result.

Sandys Is Freshman In Politics

Mr. Sandys, thirty years old, is still just a rookie in this league, and, like Mrs. O'Leary's cow may not have intended to start anything in particular. He is, however, an energetic and capable young politician and there are those who say he may be another Anthony Eden in a few years. Running for parliament in 1935, he was assailed by the comely young Mrs. John Bailey who was leading the fight for the opposition. She is a daughter of Winston Churchill.

He won the election in a rock-and-sock battle and then, in the chivalrous Eton and Oxford tradition which is his background, he married Mrs. Bailey. She, incidentally, is a granddaughter of the Jennie Jerome of New York who became Mrs. Randolph Churchill and the mother of Winston Churchill. Jennie Jerome's father was one of the fighting editors of the New York Times in the 1860s.

Mr. Sandys, studious and somewhat ministerial, was with the diplomatic service until 1933. He is a second lieutenant in the London anti-aircraft force, a son of the late Capt. George Sandys.

* * *

GREECE never had any luck in trying to get the Elgin marbles back from England. Judging from this precedent, American aviators have a long fight ahead in trying to bring back from the Kensington Science museum in London the Wright brothers' airplane of the historical Kitty Hawk crow-hop of December 17, 1903. Such will be the endeavor of the newly formed association of men with wings.

Wright Plane Sought by U. S. Flyers

They will appeal to Orville Wright, who let the plane go to England in 1928, after the Smithsonian institution had tagged the Samuel P. Langley plane as "the first machine capable of flight carrying a man." There is as yet no word from Mr. Wright, who lives and works somewhat aloofly in his office and laboratory at Dayton, Ohio.

That twelve-second flight put him in the history books, brought him a string of honorary degrees and gathered more medals than his plane could lift, but all this was marred by the misunderstanding about who flew first.

He had been trained in science at Earlham college when he and his brother made their plane in a bicycle shop. He continued his studies in aerodynamics and his later contribution was the stabilizing system which has made modern aviation possible. Wilbur Wright died of typhoid fever in 1912.

* * *

STIFF-NECKED, hard-boiled General Alexander von Falkenhausen, German sparring partner and coach for the Chinese generals until recently, stirs excitement in Shanghai by predicting Chinese victory. He says, "I feel sure that China is gaining a final victory and that Japan will fail in both war and peace."

China Will Win, Says Strategist

The general and all others of the German military mission to China are homeward bound, suddenly recalled by their government, although their contract, with $12,000 a year for General von Falkenhausen, was to have run until 1940.

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WNU Service.

Speaking of Sports

Main Street Boasts Many Golf Courses

By GEORGE A. BARCLAY

NEXT time you drive one off the tee at the country club, remember you're helping provide a job for somebody. Maybe it will help you get a birdie. For golf has become a business as well as a game—a billion dollar business, in case you're interested in figures. Hard to believe? Well, not so hard, when you consider that there are more than 6,000 golf courses scattered all over America.

Uncle Sam has two-thirds of the world's golf courses, a large per cent of which are located in rural communities. Scarcely a town anywhere is more than a few miles from a links. And nearly everybody, whether he lives on Main street or Riverside drive, has had a golf club in his hands at one time or another and knows who Bobby Jones and Ralph Guldahl are.

This business of golf gives employment regularly to nearly half a million men, including the people who work at making golf balls and clubs, building links, tending greens, playing professionally and selling golfing equipment. The nation's 6,000 links, including those in small towns as well as big cities and taking in public courses as well as private clubs represent an investment in excess of $1,000,000,000. So it's perfectly plain that every time you tee off, you're making a business contribution as well as an investment in good health.

This game which has influenced American habits, set new styles and taken millions of people out into the open, harks back about 50 years. The first golf links in the United States was established near Yonkers, N. Y., in 1888. The boys first played in a cow pasture. Then as now it was a game of trials and tribulations. Players were subjected to jibes and ridicule. Those who watched the game said it was a tame affair, and the players in ordinary garb fit for roughing it were not even picturesque.

BOBBY JONES

In the early days the cost of upkeep was naturally low. Records kept by the first club show that only $58 was invested in 1888 in cutting the fairways, smoothing down the greens and giving them an occasional rolling. Dues amounted to $10 a year. Caddies could be hired for 30 cents a day or more likely, the player carried his own bag of clubs around the eighteen holes and thought it was no hardship.

Popularity Grows

But golf became a rich man's game in the early nineties. There was not a single public links and the upkeep of private ones had mounted enormously. Players at the swanky clubs began wearing knickers, gaiters and plaid hose. Golf didn't remain in the hands of the '400' for long, however. By the end of the nineties Americans had begun to get out into the open. By the turn of the century golf had really become popular. In 1900 there were about 1,000 clubs in the United States. There was at least one in every state and public links began to come in, where people could play the game for a small fee.

As the game grew in popularity changes in balls and clubs were natural developments. Probably the greatest of these was the substitution of the rubber-cored ball for the gutta-percha ball. This change made it possible for the average dub player of that day to begin to drive with the best of the experts. And because the rubber-cored ball had little effect on the game of the top-flighters, it increased interest in the game all along the line.

By the time the World war started, America had 2,000 golf courses. Interest in the game was dimmed somewhat during the war, but immediately afterward, in the 1920s it began to come back with a vigor that has endured to this day and that has given it a place of universal interest among people of all ages and occupations. Golf has grown up. It is a great game and a great business. But perhaps its greatest appeal is that it is a sport in which the people themselves perform, instead of sitting in a grandstand or stadium watching a big-league baseball game or a prize fight.

History to Repeat?

THE baseball world is wondering whether the elevation of Gabby Hartnett to the managership of the Cubs will mean another National league pennant for Chicago. If it does, then an odd set of parallels will be completed. For Gabby came into possession of the job under almost the identical circumstances as his predecessor, Charley Grimm, who took it on in mid-season, 1932. At that time the club, under the management of Rogers Hornsby, was floundering five games behind the Pittsburgh Pirates. Grimm put new life in the faltering Cubs and won the pennant seven weeks after he took hold.

LEO HARTNETT

As Hartnett took command, recently, the Cubs were floundering once more. They were in third place, five games behind the Pittsburgh Pirates. So Gabby has a brilliant precedent to live up to if he would make history repeat itself.

Hartnett may or may not perform this magic. As the greatest catcher in the game, he has the genuine backing of the fans and the best wishes of everybody who knows baseball. But he will have to contend with some of the same factors which made Grimm's job untenable.

Unbiased baseball men will tell you frankly that an inadequate supply of playing talent—particularly in the outfield—was the principal cause of the Cubs' flop in the first half of the season. They will point out, too, that the failure of Dizzy Dean to pitch for ten straight weeks was an almost fatal handicap. And they will add, finally, that front-office dictation which hampered Grimm, might likewise stymie Hartnett.

Here and There

BECAUSE of his excellent control, Carl Hubbell is the Giants' favorite batting practice pitcher . . . Statisticians have figured out that only 10 per cent of the 2,000,000 golfers in the United States break 90 consistently . . . Concessionaires in major league ball parks say fans buy more peanuts when the home team is winning . . . Irl Tubbs, Iowa football coach, is analyzing the play of each of his Hawkeye players this summer by watching motion pictures taken during the spring game . . . He follows one player each day, making a thorough check on each of his movements in slow motion . . . Man Mountain Dean has reduced 37 pounds and he now weighs only 240 . . . Cy Young, famous old time pitcher, has left his farm at Paoli, Ohio, to become a greeter for a Boston hotel.

Aerial Baseball?

WHEN Howard Hughes circled the globe in 91 hours recently, he probably hastened the day when the Pacific coast will be represented in the major leagues. Talk of this is being revived. At the rate that Hughes flies long distances with complete safety, a major league club could be sent from the Middle West to San Francisco, Seattle, or Los Angeles in something like ten hours.

HOWARD HUGHES

Big league ball would undeniably be a success on the Pacific coast. Los Angeles and San Francisco are not good minor league towns, but if big league baseball were given to them, they would be gold mines, according to those on the inside.

Pressure in at least two big league cities vainly trying to support two major league teams would be lifted, provided the National and American leagues moved some franchises westward. We refer to St. Louis and Philadelphia.

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SIX GUNS and CARPET TACKS

A Gallos County Story

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WNU Service.

MOST times, here in Gallos county, a six gun's a-got just a leetle the best of the argument, but there was one time when the difference between two gun toters was a box of carpet tacks.

See that tree a-standin' out there, there at the bend in the road. Well, that's where they finally lynched Butch Manton.

Folks just heared that some of Butch's friends was a-plannin' to ride in to town and take him out o' jail. And Butch a-bein' a cow thief like he was, they just up and taken him out and strung him to that there tree. And Butch'd been livin' right, like as not, if it wasn't for them carpet tacks.

It was right here in the Happy Hour where things was a-beginnin'. Butch was at the bar when Johnnie Rucker comes in and was a leetle slow when he said somethin' 'bout Butch stealin' 50 head of steers from Johnnie, but Johnnie did nick Butch's right foot as the lead from Butch's gun went a-tearin' through his own heart.

Course, Butch'd shot Johnnie without givin' him a chance, but Butch still had that gun in his hand when he backs out of the Happy Hour.

'Fore long after the shootin, Sheriff Tom rides into town and hears bout the shootin'. It kinda hits him hard on account of Johnnie bein' a pal of his'n, and he don't wait for reason why there ain't been no posse after Butch. He lights out for the Diablo canyon country down close to the border where Butch and his gang has holed up for years.

Butch oughta gone right on to the border, but he don't. He stops by the shack, sends them riders of his'n on with them steers he stole from Johnnie and waits back to see if he can't do somethin' 'bout that foot of his'n.

He's a doin' a leetle doctorin' of his own when Tom rides up. Tom ain't never been a fool 'fore, but a-thinkin' 'bout Johnnie musta got him off, 'cause Butch gits the drop on him and takes Tom's gun but Tom does manage to kick a table over and put out a candle, the only light that's in the room.

No sir, Butch don't get away from Tom and Tom lives to bring Butch Manton right to the jail from which he was taken and hung on that tree at the bend of the road, down yonder.

You see, Tom, he's been out a-tackin' up signs when Johnnie was shot. Well he'd just brung them tacks long with him, and them tacks is how he catched Butch.

He just spread them on the floor quiet-like while he was movin' around there in the dark and a-fore long Butch steps on one with his foot that ain't got no boot on.

Butch's kinda surprised and lets out a hoop and Tom just grabs in the direction of that hoop.

Along the Highway

Don't let ownership of an automobile rob you of your politeness.

Probably the worst fault in driving a car is believing you haven't any fault.

In these days, on the roads, it's a case of the survival of the flittest.

Thinking about one thing while doing another causes accidents.

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