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Pacific Coast Baseball Season Starting Today

(By The Associated Press)

The time worn alibis for leaving the office at noon were in vogue along the Pacific coast today as fans prepared for the opening of the 28-weeks 1931 Pacific coast baseball season this afternoon.

Opening games are scheduled at Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, and Sacramento with elaborate ceremonies planned to usher in the season.

The Hollywood Stars, 1930 champions, will open the season at Sacramento. Los Angeles Angels, runners up last year, stay at home to entertain the Seattle Indians. The San Francisco Missions will oppose Oakland's Acorns on the latter's home as while the Portland Ducks will help the San Francisco Seals dedicate their new $1,250,000 home—Seals stadium.

Hollywood and the Seals have been picked by observers as probable league champions with Oakland and Portland in the "dark horses."

Two new managers make their debut this season. Spencer Abbott, former big league player and manager of various clubs in the past 12 years, joins Portland. He replaces Larry Woodall, retained as catcher. George Burns, former first sacker for the New York Yankees, Cleveland, Detroit, and the Philadelphia Athletics, will steer the Missions. He replaces Wade "Red" Killefer, who is recovering from a serious illness.

Ty Cobb, great star of the past, will be chief guest of honor at the ceremonies attending opening of Seals' stadium. State and municipal officials will have part in the festivities at other opening games.

Mt. Glen Personals.

By MRS. E. P. WARNING
(Observer Correspondent)

MT GLEN (Special)—William Butler and son, Reginald, were visitors here Tuesday evening. Mr. Butler is superintendent of the boys activities of the L. D. S. church in Butler and Union counties. At present each boy is engaged in searching for interesting pioneer incidents in the lives of his ancestors. When these are secured they will form the background for a story of the boy's life which will be written in large loose-leaf records. The young fellows are very enthusiastic in the work.

Roach Fels's wash house burned Sunday. There was a quantity of chopped barley stored in the building. It is thought that mice and matches caused the blaze as no one had been in the place for several days previous.

Paul Bangs's little daughter, Bonnie, was seriously ill Sunday but is reported to be recovering.

S. B. Allen received word Sunday of the death of his niece, Mrs. Lorena Abbott, at Portland. Death was due to typhoid pneumonia.

Word was received here by relatives that Mrs. Mary Lindsay has arrived safely at Chicago where she will visit with her son, William Lindsay.

Mrs. Annie Nebeker entertained at a dinner party Sunday for a number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Larsen, of Baker, visited recently at the home of Mrs. Larsen's mother, Mrs. Martha Whiting.

Lionel Lindsay and family of Salt Lake City, are visiting their many relatives and friends in Union county.

S. B. Allen has rented the James Ainsworth place of 64 acres. He will cultivate and crop the land this year.

Misses Gertie and Vera Nebeker entertained at a very delightful house party Saturday night for a number of young people from La Grande.

Albert Calkin reports that the sheepmen of Idaho are hard hit by the recent storm. Thousands of sheep are already sheared and many of the herds are marooned by snow drifts. Snow plows are being used to make roads to the camps so that the sheep may be moved to places where feed may be obtained. This is in the desert near Burley. It is feared that many sheep will die of exposure and lack of food.

Lewis Starks has been obliged to return to Washington for the second time to receive treatment for a painful ailment and painful hang nail sores.

The dance held at Mt Glen Community Hall Friday evening was very well attended, many young people from Imbler, La Grande and surrounding districts being in attendance. The music was furnished by the Hit and Miss orchestra of Imbler. Another dance is announced for the near future.

McCARROLL WINS FROM NOREGAARD

Headlock and Body Slam Spell Defeat For Wrestler From Wallowa.

Ray McCarroll, La Grande wrestler, won two straight falls from Jim Noregaard, of Wallowa, in the main event of a card at Eagles hall. The crowd was small.

McCarroll, outweighing Noregaard a few pounds, took the first fall in the third round with a headlock following a dashing calisthenic punch. The fall came nine minutes after the round opened.

Noregaard came back strong and things were pretty even in the fourth, but two minutes and 13 seconds after the fifth opened, McCarroll suddenly hurled Noregaard to the floor with a body slam. Noregaard landing on his back and head and the force of the slam knocking him out.

The Wallowan, despite his age, put up an excellent exhibition, and several times had McCarroll more or less in trouble. McCarroll, however, was too strong for his opponent, and consistently broke his holds.

In the semi-final, Martin Oliver, of Wallowa, and Jim Nelson, of Elgin, staged a fast exhibition that ended in a deadlock. The Wallowan was faster but his opponent made up for this advantage by strength.

A wrestle royal opened the card, which was held at Eagles hall with Ray Putnam as referee.

Many Unemployed Return to Farms

WASHINGTON, April 7 (AP)—Thousands of unemployed who flocked to industrial centers in boom times are going back to the farm.

Workers for the president's emergency employment committee reported young people especially were seeking land where they could grow a garden and at least have the food they can, not now but because of lack of wages.

Dorothy Canfield thinks a salutary result is what happens when a born private meets a superior officer.

Sport Slants

By Alan J. Gaight
(Associated Press Sports Editor)

Wrestling has its vogue again after years in the wilderness, but there has been no widespread indication as yet that the customers are taking their flying tackles any too seriously.

Two of them watched a recent show at Madison Square Garden for upwards of an hour. The mat performers grunted, perspired, swaying from one side of the ring to the other with a variety of holds. First one grappler would join the secondmary with a toe-hold, then the other with a body slam. It was all highly exciting.

Finally one of the customers arose, put on his coat and turned to his friend, remarking:

"Well, we might as well go, this is where we came in."

GOTTA MATCH

The story is told of Al Jolson, occupying a ringside seat during one of the gripping struggles between Jim Londos and Jim McMillen in the Garden.

McMillen, an agonized look on his face, was writhing and struggling to escape a vicious hold at one side of the mat. He was directly opposite the comedian, who suddenly leaned forward, pulled out a cigarette and said:

"Pardon me, but have you a match?"

MONTANA CHUMPS

Perhaps you haven't heard so often about Miles City, Montana, but out there on the Yellowstone river, in territory made famous by the Indian fights waged by Gen. Custer, A. Miles. They know a good horseman when they see one out, likewise a good basketball team.

This city of only 10,500 population has produced consistently fine school teams for a score of years. For the third time in the years Miles City has won the Montana state interscholastic championship in the title tournament conducted at Bozeman, home of Montana State college.

Leonard Tschirgi, sports editor of the Miles City Daily Star, writes:

"Miles City high school has sent its team to the championship tournament every year for 20 years. The team gets there by sub-district and district championships which means this high school has been winning consistently—and returning Bozeman. In 1928 the boys went to Chicago and contested in the national meet for high schools, now extinct. They won state championships in 1927, 1929 and 1931. Two players were on this year's all-state team.

"It is interesting to note that Coach Eddie Chinske, in his first year, produced a winner. He was graduated that year from the University of Montana at Missoula. He is the only man to have a letter in golf in the state university. He also has letters in basketball, football, track and baseball. He worked his way through college. His home is in Indiana, where, by night and there are many good basketball players in the square mile that any other known part of the U. S. A.

"Miles City is known throughout the west for its sportings, held there annually for the past 20 years."

Athens, Texas, Gayle Talbot tells me, will give any small city in the country an argument on the subject of school basketball, but for the time being a player for Miles City will do very nicely.

Hoosiers See New Boxing Law Lure For Title Bouts

INDIANAPOLIS (AP) — Indiana, having legalized 15-round boxing matches by a mission, expects to be considered when future world's championship contests are staged.

Situated near the center of the United States, Indiana has one big selling point—easy accessibility.

The enabling act was drafted from the laws now in effect in Illinois and New York state. It will not become a law until early in May.

A commission of three members will control all boxing and wrestling contests. Ten per cent of the gross receipts will go to the state general fund. Referees, judges, timers and seconds will be licensed.

No license fee is provided for clubs presenting shows, but a $1,000 bond must be posted, primarily to keep away the "fly-by-night" promoters.

As further protection to the fans, the bill stipulates that each round be of three minutes duration. It has been a frequent policy in Indiana to finish some preliminary bouts in two minutes and in some instances the main bouts in two and a half minutes.

It has been a long, long time since a boxing or wrestling show of any consequence has been staged in Indiana. For several years, 10-round no-decision contests have been permitted in a half-dozen cities.

With the new law operative, however, there is no reason to believe that Indiana might not come in for serious consideration as a battler for cellar and near-cellar primadonny matches.

Several prominent Indianapolis sportsmen already have talked of putting behind a movement to stage a real heavyweight bash this summer.

Virgil Kirkland Given New Trial

WALDSBURG, Ind., April 7 (AP)—Virgil Kirkland was granted a new trial yesterday for the murder of his fiancee, Mary Lindsay, Scene Darwin, Judge Grant Chamberlain in Ripley county circuit court ruled that evidence of murder by stabbing the 19-year-old girl with an ice pick was insufficient for conviction.

Chief Deputy Prosecutor John Dickerson Jr., characterized the decision as an "outrage."

This Game Of Golf

By O. B. Keeler

The other day a feminine golfer finished a medal round at the Fox Hills Country club, Los Angeles, with a card of 102. She was explaining to me later that she did a couple of the longer holes in 8 strokes, and used 7 strokes at two of the short holes. This, of course, was amply sufficient to keep her out of the low niners—always a creditable card for the average feminine competitor, on a real golf course.

Now, this lady represents the vast majority of golfers, both men and women. And it occurred to me that her case is somewhat typical, in the important matter of breaking 100, and shooting a score that looks well on the board, and gets you somewhere in the club competitions.

The most casual analysis of this card of 102 shows that on fourteen of the eighteen holes the contestant played very good golf. A 6 at each of the two longer holes, where she did an 8, and a conservative 4 on the shorter par-3 holes, would have given her a very good 94.

WATCH EVERY STROKE

And that is the answer to the four-plus cards of a huge army of striving and sometimes bitterly disappointed golfers, who play shots easily capable of bringing them in under 100 at every start.

They rather down three or four bad holes in every round, or almost every round, and they go on trying to improve their shots and gain greater range from the tee, and with the irons, when what they really require is far simpler and easier—merely to decrease the ratio of badly missed shots in the round.

The average golfer, and especially the one who doesn't have the opportunity to play regularly, has a lot of very good shots in a round. He also hits some that are off-color—so does the expert. And some shots he misses deplorably, and they cost him strokes. One vast miss may cost him two or three, or even more strokes on one hole, and his card is ruined.

CONCENTRATION NOW

A steady concentration on each shot as it is played—not a diffusion of mind over the preceding shot, or the shot which he probably will have to play AFTER the one on which he is engaged — will help more in the scoring than any amount of practice designed to improve his shots on the practice tee.

It is well to remember that it is one thing to swing away on the practice tee, when it doesn't matter where the ball goes, and quite another to deliver a good shot to a tight green, or a straight drive down a narrow fairway.

This is not at all intended to depreciate practice; it is absolutely necessary to sound golf. But anyone who has any game at all—I mean, the who can work around somewhere near 100—can improve his scoring greatly by concentrating the mind to the shot that they pull in played, one stroke at a time—and that stroke is particularly the one which the player is then engaged in playing, not the next one or the last one, or the missed putt on the last green.

Bobby Jones played to this above 16 as he fell in 1930, winning four major championships—but he vanished three of them. Concentration—concentration on missed strokes—is the answer to good scoring for expert and duffer alike.

Legend of Knute Rockne Will Grow As Notre Dame Elevens Face Others

Editor's Note: This is the first of three articles depicting the human side of Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's great coach.

By Lewis Bisbey
(Associated Press Sports Writer)

Knute Rockne has coached his last football team.

The lash of his trenchant tongue will be missing when future elevens carry the colors of Notre Dame into the gridiron, but the legend of the greatest rough and ready psychologist the game ever knew will contribute to grow.

So many are the tales of the stocky Norwegian's rich speech and shrewd manner of exacting the utmost from his famous Ramblers that the "Rock's" exploits are told and re-told wherever football is known.

Those Rockne Yarns

A Rockne story carries an implication of quality that only the most publicized trade-marks obtain. Everyone who has felt the thrill of watching a kick-off to the time of "Cheer, Cheer for Old Notre Dame" has his particular favorite.

The yarns range from Rockne's habit of charging, in a jovial, scornful manner, a blundering lineman with "having a chunky-horse between the ears" to his appeal to the team to "win one for George Gipp."

One of the latest uses of his handy wit was in answer to the numerous charges that football is being overemphasized.

At the start of spring practice at South Bend this year Rockne assembled the several hundred boys who had turned out.

"I don't know whether we ought to have spring practice this year," he said. "It might take too much time from your drinking and necking."

Joked With Players

Rockne always maintained close touch with his players. He made pals of them, jested with them, and greatly helped the 80-odd who now are coaching over the country.

The occasions on which reporters entered into his conversations with his players are legend. Invariably, however, it was the player who failed to come up with the last reply.

One of the few times that one of the boys ever bettered the coach in a verbal joust grew out of Rockne's habit of humiliating any player, whether varsity or scrub, at any time and demanding a solution to a particularly difficult problem in football strategy.

What He Would Do

A fourth string quarterback, who hadn't seen action throughout the season, was travelling with the team on one of its transcontinental jaunts. He was reading a book when Rockne passed through the train.

The coach beckoned, barked:

"The score is 6 to 3 against you, last quarter, two minutes to play, the ball's in your territory, your possession, second down, ten to go—what would you do?"

"Move over on the bench to watch the next play," the quarterback answered.

Rockne had no use for a grandstander. On one occasion he removed a player from a game who ran to a needless touchdown against a weak rival after Rockne had ordered that the Ramblers go no more scoring.

In another instance, a good Notre Dame backfield man who, however, always displayed his talents to best advantage to the gallery, found himself waiting on the bench game after game. Each time he asked to go in Rock would say:

"Not, I'm saving you."

Finally one day toward the last of the season the back blurted out:

"What are you saving me for?"

"For the junior prom," Rockne replied.

Another of Rockne's practices was a word and pat on the back for each player as he came off the field. One promptly being replaced, dashed into the showers without a pat. There he recalled he hadn't received the benediction, so back he went.

"What do you want?" asked Rock.

"I want my pat on the back."

"Get in out of the cold or I'll pat you on the head," Rockne said.

Rockne had one ace in the hole which he used only in the greatest emergencies. That was the use of the patriotic name of George Gipp.

Gipp was one of Notre Dame's greatest backs. He died from an infected throat just after a season's play and his last words to Rock were:

"When the going's rough against the Army, tell the boys to go out and pull it out for the Gipper."

During a particularly hard Army game, with the Irish being pushed around the field, but the Army unable to score, Rock used Gipp's words during halftime.

Finally as the game neared end, De Wadlich crashed over for a touchdown. As the team left the field the winner Ike hurled at Rock:

"Well, there's one for the Gipper."

Rockne smiled.

JOSEPH PERSONALS

By Nellie L. Stevenson

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SUCCESSORS TO WARDROBE

Mrs. Thomas Williamson, of the band of the late and Mrs. Alex Gillespie, returned Saturday from La Grande where they had spent a week visiting and attending to business.

Mrs. George Daggett, of Portland, left for her home Monday after a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Bertha Daggett and family. Mrs. Daggett drove, bringing Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Daggett who had been visiting in Portland with their two sons and their families, George and Ray Daggett.

Friday Paul Wilson, who lived on a ranch two miles south of town, was kicked by a horse and painfully hurt, although no bones were broken. The horse was gentle and it is thought that it kicked at a dog striking Mr. Wilson instead.

Mrs. Thelma Rieker and small son, of Scappoose, Ore., came in Thursday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Gaulke and Mrs. M. L. Persing were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn McGarry, of Enterprise, Thursday evening.

Mrs. Dudley Peal is at her home on Prairie Creek after several weeks stay in the hospital at Wallowa. Mrs. Peal is much improved in health.

P. D. McCully came in Saturday to spend Easter with his family. Mr. McCully is agent for the world war veteran's commission.

Joseph's baseball boys went to Imbler Friday and were successful in winning the game.

Miss Margaret Fisher, high school teacher, went to Baker for the week-end.

Mrs. Alvira Roup went to Enterprise Sunday and visited Mrs. J. A. Branson.

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We were married—insanely happy—at first. My first job—book messenger—fifteen dollars. Orpha faced up—I looked for more money—in a factory—struggling to meet her dates.

Then I lost my hand—infection—had off. Orpha had to work—she walked—grew nasty—stayed out nights. Jealousy surged in my heart. What a ghastly mistake—all this.

That fateful night—Orpha gone—but where? Separation—divorce—murder—PASSION—tried in my soul. At dawn—home she came—with another man. I snarled—leapt at his throat—Orpha threw herself at me—I swung around—and . . .

Into what terrible tangle did the mad infatuation of youth knot the lives of this heartsick boy and lovely girl? Did it end in divorce—only in crime? Orpha from the arms of another—betrayer?

Or did that heart-crushed lad end it all in bloody murder—a wound that slips into the valley of hell and ends at the hangman's noose? You must read AND THEY THOUGHT IT WAS LOVE—the true-life story of a love-crazed youth who slide through the bitter depths of despair on the wings of his butterfly wife.

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