

### Fights Slated On Wednesday

#### Riggs-McDevitt Bout Here Set Thanksgiving Eve; Good Card Signed

Wednesday night, Thanksgiving eve, Salem fight fans will have an opportunity to whet their turkey appetites and appease their pugilistic hunger at a 24-round boxing embolism at the armory. Headed by Frank Riggs, the boxing promoter, it is who returns to ring wars against Jack McDevitt, one of the coast's best heavyweight prospects, the card promises to be a lollapaloozer.

Riggs has vowed his intention of either blasting his way to the top of the coast heavyweight entente or hanging up the padded mitts forever. Always a courageous, two-fisted slugger whenever he has had a man in the ring with him who would really open up and fight, Riggs—from all reports, will find his match in that type of fighting Wednesday night.

McDevitt, a young fighter just well started on the fistful trail, comes north with an impressive record. Even Promoter Jack McCarthy is a little wary of the big Scotch-Irishman. Matchmaker Jack inadvertently left off the "Mc" of McDevitt's name on the program billing of the bout, and is afraid of that slugger will take a poke at him when he arrives from San Francisco.

#### Riggs Working Hard

The Brooks onion farmer has been training strenuously for three months at his farm north of Salem. He has prepared the aim to be in the best condition possible for his do-or-die return to the ring.

For the semi-final McCarthy has signed Ernie Bailey, Centralia, Wn., youngster who lost a close decision to Eddie Norris in a slam-bang 10-rounder three weeks ago, and Jack Curly, Portland. Curly punched it out to a draw with Norris in Portland recently.

About two will feature Young Solly, a local high school boy who has been burning up the amateur circuit and will be fighting his first "pro" fight against Jimmy Corners of Portland. Corners has won his last ten successive bouts, three by knockouts. The curtain raiser pairs two pugilists who went to a torrid draw in Portland recently, and one of

### Babe Brings Back Hunt Trophies



Babe Ruth presented a most unusual picture when he arrived back home in New York, above, after a Canadian hunting trip, his car loaded down with three deer, a moose, 34 ducks and 35 woodchucks, all of which he bagged while in the north woods.

them, Russell Curtis of Eugene, thinks he received a raw deal. Curtis' opponent is Jimmy Duffy, of Portland. Curtis thinks the Rose City ref was a little partial to Duffy, and has been anxious to get him into a neutral ring. His opportunity for vengeance will begin Wednesday night at 8:30 in the Salem armory.

### Mrs. Cora Sills Taken To Daughter's Home in Dallas Due to Illness

WEST STAYTON—Mrs. Cora Sills, who has been in ill health for some time, has been taken to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Eva Weins, at Dallas. Seymour Stewart is suffering from a badly mashed thumb he suffered Wednesday while nailing ceiling in the addition to his house.

### Vandals Upset Montana 6 to 0

#### First Defeat of Season Is Recorded but Popovich Brilliant as Ever

MOSCOW, Idaho, Nov. 20.—(P)—University of Idaho's Vandals, given but an outside chance at the best, finished their season in a blaze of glory today, tumbling the hitherto unbeaten and untied Grizzlies from Montana university 6 to 0.

Surprisingly, at game time, the gridiron was only slightly soft, despite yesterday's heavy rains. Six thousands fans sat under the gloomy skies and howled hoarsely as three periods passed without a score. Then in the fourth Big Steve Belko, substitute fullback, drove through tackle for the lone tally and the crowd went wild.

The touchdown came at the end of a 45 yard drive after an exchange of punts.

Superiority in the line won for the Vandals as time and again the Idaho boys broke through to toss Laczetic for losses in end sweeps and held the powerful drives of Szachak dead.

But win or lose, the undoubted individual star of the game was Montana's one and only Popovich, who twice averted safeties against his team when he out-maneuvered driving Vandals behind his own goal line.

### Golf Wizard Proves His Mettle



All the glowing reports of the golf prowess of John Montague, links wizard recently acquitted of a robbery charge, were proved true when he played with Babe Ruth, Babe Didrikson and Mrs. Sylvia Annenberg in a charity golf match at Flushing, L. I., above.

### Mustangs Defeat UCLA With Rally

MEMORIAL COLISEUM, Los Angeles, Nov. 20.—(P)—Southern Methodist university pitched its aerial circus in the Coliseum today and played a brilliant 26 to 13 performance for the benefit of the Bruins of University of California at Los Angeles and 35,000 spectators.

Outplayed and completely overshadowed at the outset by the Bruins' dusky combination of Kenny Washington and Woodrow Wilson Strode, the Mustangs from Texas began exploding late in the second period and didn't stop until the third.

But the interesting question is just why strict silence is ordinarily imposed, by custom or by regulation, in the immediate vicinity of a golfer while in the act of doing his stuff. It does take concentration, no doubt about that. But only relatively more than is required of the pitcher or the batsman in

### CURT COMMENTS

The "roar of the crowd" inspires halfbacks to make 80-yard runs, kindles a spark that causes the batsman in a pinch to smack out a home run, spurs the star forward to let fly with the howitzer shot that wins the game. At least that's the theory. Personal experience, though limited, leads us to suspect none of the boys ever hear the noise, once the game is under way.

In tennis, boisterous applause is frowned upon. Mild hand clapping after the point is permitted. In golf, a whisper or a cough while the player is swinging is supposed to ruin everything. Deathlike silence is the rule.

Last Sunday Babe Ruth's admirers from the Bronx yelled "Knock 'er out of the lot, Babe!" and "Clout one for me, Babe!" while the renowned bumbino was taking his backswing at the Fresh Meadow Country club during his match with John Montague et al.

George Herman had heard those shouts before and probably they didn't bother him much. Anyway he turned in a card of 32 for the eight holes they managed to play. Shouted encouragement while swinging wasn't the biggest handicap; there were flocks of humanity all over the course at all times. It was too much for the steely-nerved Montague, who took two fives and a six and picked up on one hole. Babe Didrikson was the star of the show, turning in a better score than the ex-mysterious phenom. The two Babes won the match, what there was of it.

But the interesting question is just why strict silence is ordinarily imposed, by custom or by regulation, in the immediate vicinity of a golfer while in the act of doing his stuff. It does take concentration, no doubt about that. But only relatively more than is required of the pitcher or the batsman in

baseball. We've a hunch that custom is nine-tenths of it.

The drainage ditch that Joe Herberger has been excavating along the south edge of the ninth fairway, out at the Salem Golf club, is now complete and Joe thinks the water will stay off of there this year. Likewise, in advance of a volume of water which would make wading through the gully on No. 12 uncomfortable, the new bridge there has been floored—not as substantially as it will be later, but it's possible to walk across instead of down through. The fairways have been mowed again in spite of the difficulties, and they're keeping the greens in good condition, weather considered.

### Sweeney Tells It To Northwestern

#### Notre Dame Wins 7-0 With Aid of Break on Punt Blocked Near Goal

EVANSTON, Ill., Nov. 20.—(P)—Sweeney, Charles Aloysius Sweeney—told it to Northwestern today.

The Fighting Irish of Notre Dame conquered their Big Ten arch rival, Northwestern, 7 to 0, in freezing, windswept Dyche stadium, and it was Sweeney, hero of Notre Dame's triumph over Navy and Minnesota, who scored the single touchdown, result of a second quarter "break." It was Sweeney also who contributed defensive gems which helped keep the desperate Wildcats, playing their final game of the season, from scoring.

The bit of Irish good fortune which led to the only score of a bitterly fought battle that kept the greater part of a crowd of 45,000 seated until the finish, came when a Northwestern line man was guilty of holding as Bernie Jefferson, negro halfback star, attempted to punt from deep in his own territory. The first kick went out of bounds on his 40 but the play was called back, and Northwestern penalized 15 yards to its seven.

Again Jefferson attempted to punt, but it was blocked and Sweeney snatched the ball and stepped over the goal line. Andy Pupis placekicked the point.

## "BEAUTY'S A CHARM"

by HARRIET HINSDALE

CHAPTER XVII  
"There," Jim Smith said as he drew back to observe the effect. "Just a little more of this sun-tan powder and more hair cream. Lucy Lee stared at her reflection. "Oh, do you really think so? I—I look so queer. Why, even the tint on my mouth is brown!" She thought herself a hideous object in these varying shades of tan and brown, even to her lips.

The make-up man chuckled. "Don't you worry, girlie. You'll screen like a million, take it from me. I ought to know, I've made up thousands in my time!"

"Of course it's all right, Lucy Lee," Pearl broke in. "You have to get used to it, all right. How do you think I'll screen, Mr. Smith?"

He regarded her critically. "You going to take a test, too?"

"They want me to," Pearl lied glibly. "But I'm not at all certain I care about it. Perhaps some other time, when I am more in the mood. With all my stage experience, a test is really hardly necessary, is it? Except for the photography, I suppose."

"Well, I don't know. People like Kathryn Hepburn and Harriet Hilliard took tests before they got contracts," Mr. Smith replied dryly, "and your studio is making up and replacing them carefully in the black tin box. It's kind of a custom around the studios, you might say." He was at the door now. "If you need any more help with your make-up, Miss Carter, just give me a call. Good luck, and don't be nervous."

A month later and it would have appeared to a possible observer from Mars that Lucy Lee and Pearl Carter had become authentic and rather important denizens of the film world. They reported to the studio each day, usually in the late morning, which gave them about an hour to put in there before lunching at the studio cafe or perhaps at Sardi's or the Brown Derby.

Work had not yet begun on Neville Preston's picture, for the reason that no agreement could be reached upon the story. There were numerous conferences lasting for hours and hours between writers and executives and Neville Preston. But no sooner did the story appear to be "set," as they called it, than something happened to spoil it all.

Either the star raised objections about his part or somebody thought the story was too much like some picture another studio was making—unless it was that they said it was not enough like some other picture! It was all very complicated and bewildering, Lucy Lee thought, when she heard about these things.

But if the picture was strangely slow in starting, other phases of life in this odd new world developed with dizzying swiftness. Everyone was so wonderful to her! They called her "Lucy Lee" on first acquaintance and invited her to parties. They talked about their careers and their contracts and their love affairs with the most amazing frankness. They gave much advice about dress shops, beauty salons, reducing systems, diets, horse races, and the stock market.

After lunch she and Pearl would go back to the studio for Lucy Lee's voice lesson. Neville Preston and the various executives had been pleased with the photography of her screen test. But the voice—

"It's a sweet little voice, Lucy Lee," Preston explained in his charming way, "but the microphone wasn't very kind to it, you will have to admit. That 'Oh Debbi! Mike' does queer tricks, you know."

### Loggers Upset by Badger Team 20-6

FOREST GROVE, Ore., Nov. 20.—(P)—Pacific university's football team defeated the College of Puget Sound 20 to 6 tonight.

Gilman ran 27 yards for Pacific's first touchdown in the second period. Oscar Giesecke converted.

Boak tallied in the third with a 20-yard run after a series of passes.

Puget Sound's lone score was punched over by Fiedler.

In the last minute of play, C. Eilertsen intercepted a lateral on the Pacific 20 and scored. Giesecke converted.

### Princeton Upsets Navy, Great Final To Losing Season

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 20.—(P)—At the end of a sorry season a football team was born today at Palmer stadium.

It was a Princeton football team which, already soundly thrashed by Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard and Yale, turned on what the experts thought was to have been another tormenter and gave Navy a 26-6 pasting.

Thus the Tigers salvaged some satisfaction from the worst campaign since Fritz Crisler came to Princeton.

The Princeton line emerged as a well-knit, cohesive unit. Behind it the Princeton backs, notably sophomore Bob Hilmchman, junior Tom Mountain and senior Jack White, worked smoothly to effect navy's destruction.

### Few of Initiative Moves Completed

An average of less than 30 percent of initiative measures filed in the state department in previous years were completed and placed on the ballot, Dave O'Hara, in charge of the state elections division, reported Saturday.

O'Hara said he based his figure on the filings for more than 15 years.

He predicted that the average of previous years would carry through the 1938 elections.

"Yes, I—I reckon it does," she faltered.

"All the big studios have voice experts to iron out the rough spots, make ladies' voices more masculine and gentlemen's voices more feminine! I am going to send you to our trainer—a delightful chap. You'll like him and he knows his stuff!"

Pearl always sat through the entire lesson, keeping very quiet and listening attentively. She began to imitate the teacher's intonations, and even his figures of speech and the turn of certain phrases, in her own conversation. A marked improvement in her diction and vocabulary came increasingly evident.

Don Ames spoke of it one night when they were dining and dancing at the Cocoonut Grove. It was Neville Preston's little party of four and at the moment the host and Pearl were on the floor, weaving through the crowd in a languorous tango which held their lithe bodies closely entwined.

Ames remarked as they watched the dancers drift by. "A couple of months ago when I first saw her down there in Carterton, she was just a too-fat dame pushing thirty and not doing anything about her calmsity. Now look at her. Fifteen pounds slimmer and ten years younger, wearing her clothes like the best of 'em and with a broad A that Merle Oberon herself wouldn't be ashamed of."

"Pearl is awfully clever and ambitious," Lucy Lee agreed.

"I'll say she is," replied Ames emphatically.

Wonder if the kid doesn't savvy what goes on between her stepmother and Preston, he continued to himself. Is it possible anyone can be so dumb—after a few weeks in this town? Everybody is talking about them around the studio and it's got the gossip hitting. They figured that of course Lucy Lee was his girl and they can't dope this other doll out. But gosh, it's easy enough—the way she pours it on would put the skids under any man—much less old Preston, with practically no sales resistance at all!

"Did you know she's going to take a screen test?" Lucy Lee remarked. "She says her own isn't distinguished enough."

"Sure, I know. I'm going to help her pick a classy moniker. She wants me to be her publicity man, too," Ames grinned. "I've got a swell gag to start her out with. Going to ballyhoo her as a society dame, see? She only came to be with you and isn't at all interested in pictures for herself."

"But Pearl has already told people about her 'stage experience'!" Lucy Lee objected.

"Just in an amateur way, my dear, playing at charity affairs and what have you," retorted Ames in affectedly hollow tones. "But motion pictures! Posh-posh and tish-tish. She can't be bothered with anything so middle-class and has turned down several good offers cold. Don't you get the idea? When the producers hear about a woman who is turning down offers, then she is naturally the one they absolutely must have. It has worked plenty times and it's still a good routine. Watch and see," he chuckled. "We'll have Pearl signing her new label to a nice, juicy contract before you can say Sam Goldwyn or even Cecil De Mille! Is it any wonder Hollywood is the racketeers' paradise, when that's the way most of the movie reputations are created?"

From the Cocoonut Grove they were going down to Neville Pres-

### POLLY AND HER PALS



### Mrs. Perkins Takes a Bow

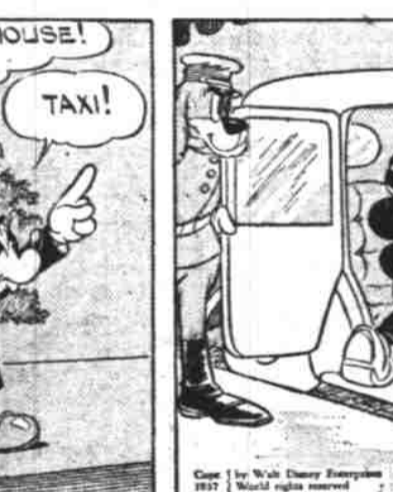


### By CLIFF STERRETT

### MICKEY MOUSE



### A Surprise for Minnie



### By WAIT DISNEY

### LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



### Oil on Troubled Waters



### BY BRANDON WALSH

### TOOTS AND CASPER



### The Gold-Digger



### By JIMMY MURPHY

### THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



### Who Wants to Know?



### By SEGAR

