

Medford High Seeks Revenge Here at 8:15!

TONITE'S GAME DOPED AS 2ND HOOP CLASSIC

With the district championship and right to represent Southern Oregon at the state tournament clinched and with the Copco trophy, emblematic of the southern Oregon championship for three years also in the bag, Don Faber's sharpshooting Ashland high school Grizzlies will end their regular scheduled season here tonight when they entertain their most ancient foes, the Tigers of Medford high, at the Junior high gym. Opening whistle is billed for 8:15 o'clock.

After whacking the Tigers 35-28 last Friday at Medford in the game that clinched the title, Faber's Grizzlies will be out to make it a clean sweep over Medford a detail that has gone wanting for so long that even the "oldest timer" can't remember when.

Boasting probably the finest high school record in the state, 20 wins out of 21 games, the Grizzlies will enter the game tonight a decided favorite. All players are in excellent shape and the same lineup that has started a majority of the games will probably be in there for the initial whistle tonight. It is Bob Hardy at center, Bill Hoxie and Bill Jungwirth at forwards and Captain Parker Hess and Hjelmer Kannasto at guards, with Ken Schillings, Johnny Murphy, Carl Harriss and Steve Fowler in reserve.

Medford will lineup in the following fashion: Luman and Smith at the forwards, Ettenger at center and Kunzman and Sears or Van Dyke at the guard spots. The Grizzlies have been working all week on a method of stopping the towering "Stretch" Ettenger, Medford center and putting a halt to the flashing down-court forays of Kunzman. Both boys ran wild to a certain extent last Friday and Faber is a little worried as to what may be the result tonight if they click again.

There is certain to be some let-down in the ranks of the Grizzlies. The game, although of vast importance so far as tradition goes, is really only a formality, as nothing whatsoever hinges on the outcome. It is on that account that Coach Faber has been driving his charges at top speed all week because a twin win over Medford is just about the ultimate desire in the former Willamette stars' life.

Although Medford has nothing to lose and also nothing to win, tangibly, a split series with the Grizzlies would afford them no little mental satisfaction. They will probably be hopped to the skies tonight and chances for an upset have never seemed so good.

Anyway, it's Ashland versus Medford and it will be a ball game regardless of how important the outcome. It always is.

26 QUINT'S WILL COMPETE HERE THRU TOURNAY

Southern Oregon Normal eighth annual class B high school basketball tournament will begin next Thursday morning at the Junior high gym with 26 teams from all points in the southern part of the state competing.

To the winner of this year's tournament, the largest in point of entries yet to be held by the normal school, will go in addition to the first place trophy, a trip to the state tournament in Salem.

Elimination games will be played Thursday and Friday with the championship battle scheduled for Saturday night. Central Point will be the defending champion.

Upon its arrival in Ashland, each team will be turned over to a normal school manager, who will take care of detail work for his team. All games will see Sons basketball players officiating.

Drawings for first round games are as follows: Rogue River vs. Sams River; Merrill vs. Myrtle Creek; Talent vs. Glendale; Gardner vs. Gold Hill; Prospect vs. Arago; Madras vs. Drain; Williams vs. Eagle Point; Bandon vs. Riddle; Paisley vs. Phoenix; Sams Valley vs. Smith River. Following teams drew byes for the first round: Chiloquin, Jacksonville, Elkton, Central Point, Port Orford and Powers.

CORPS AREA OFFICER SCANS LOCAL GUARD EQUIPMENT

August T. Lindquist, Ninth Corps area representative, San Francisco, conducted an ordinance inspection of Ashland national guard firearms and range finding equipment Tuesday forenoon. Lindquist expressed satisfaction with care and condition of equipment of the Ashland guard, and continued on to Medford, where he conducted a like examination.

Big talk often comes from a small vocabulary.—Weston Leader

WRESTLE ENDS IN RIOT AS FANS CHAIR MARVEL

What tall, good-looking Don Wagner from Oregon State couldn't do the very, very mean Masked Marvel last night at the Medford armory, a gang of wild eyed, chair wielding fans did for him and did it well.

In fact the enraged spectators did the job with so much thoroughness and dispatch that it took the entire Medford boxing commission, Referee Ray Frisbie, and a flock of city and state policemen to put a halt to the wildest and brawlignest wrestling match that has ever been seen there, or probably anywhere.

It all started after the Masked Marvel had pinned Wagner for the first and only fall after about ten minutes of toe to toe slugging. Shooting a couple of right hooks to the chin, Masked Marvel weakened Wagner and slammed him to the mat, where he applied a body press for the fall.

Masked Marvel then went to his corner, sat down and appeared to be resting. Referee Frisbie left the ring while Wagner, apparently groggy and dazed, lay groaning in the center of the canvas.

Fans booed the Marvel loudly for his previous rough tactics but their razzing suddenly stopped short in wonderment when the Marvel, going to where Wagner lay shaking his head, tenderly lifted the former football player to his feet. Could this be true? Was it possible that the meanest man to ever step in a Medford ring was going to lend a helping hand to his opponent? Well, he wasn't such a bad guy after all. Pretty decent of him to do that, wasn't it?

Then it happened! Back came the meany's arm, bam went his fist into Wagner's unprotected face, and down went Wagner. Instantly the ring was a madhouse. Chairs flew into it from all angles. Shouting fans stormed through the ropes with more chairs. Marvel grabbed himself one and there ensued a hand to hand encounter, Marvel versus a dozen or so. And here came Wagner, fully recovered now and fighting mad. The entire armory was going crazy. Wagner got a choke hold on his enemy and they both went to the mat, while chairs rained upon them from all angles. The ring was boiling over with chairs, spectators, boxing commissioners, cigar stubs, etc. Finally came the police. Rioting stopped for a moment, then broke out with renewed fury. They really put it on. Then, it was all over, with the subdued Masked Marvel half dead from chairitis.

Frisbie awarded the match to Wagner while the police escorted Masked Marvel to the dressing room.

Jim Healy, 220, from San Francisco took two straight falls from Chief Strongbow, 275; first with a body slam and second with a toe hold that forced the giant Indian to quit.

Wayne Scott was the substitute's name, the same Wayne Scott from Silverton high, an all-state man for two years and holder of the individual scoring record at the tournament. Wayne Scott who had seen very little action all year. Wayne Scott, the boy whom every college coach in Oregon was interested in until he decided to cast his lot with Southern Oregon Normal.

Well, Wayne went in that ball game and went "hot" on the boys. He popped five field goals, all from a very long distance and in that final four minutes, when the Sons were trying so desperately to tie up the game, it was Scott who was leading them with his sensational long shots and vicious defensive work. It was by far the greatest game turned in by a substitute this year for the Sons and, undeniably, clinched one of those dreamed-for positions on the squad that is going to Denver for Scott.

Scott is 20 years old, stands six feet two inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. He is not overly fast but is probably the sharp-shootingest sharpshooter on the Sons roster.

Yes, there are still two places open on that gang who are going to the tournament, but Wayne Scott doesn't have to worry any more. He found himself Tuesday night and Hobby found a fine basketball player.

With all their speed, the 1235 cars can't run away from the installment payments.—Weston (Oregon) Leader.

Republicans would do well to help sail the Roosevelt boat. If it is swamped they are likely to drop, along with us democrats, into the Red sea.—Weston Leader.

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Many a public man's critic couldn't fill his shoes.—Weston Leader.

Sharpshooter!



By BILLY HULEN

A short time ago there was a battle royal raging among the five most promising freshmen for the three positions to be filled on Howard Hobson's Sons basketball team for the trip to Denver and the national AAU tournament. Of course the six veterans were a cinch to make the trip—Howell, Patterson, McLean, Courtney, Braddock and Jockisch. For the traveling squad of nine players, Eagle, Jewel, Walton, Brewer and Scott, of the frosh outfit, were fighting for those positions.

Well, the fight is still on and getting hotter and hotter but now, in place of a five-cornered battle, it is four-sided. Because one of those vacant spots is well taken care of.

It all happened Tuesday night, when Monmouth was blasting the seeming bewildered Sons right off the court. Bang, bang, bang went the steady splatter of Wolves' field goals as they dropped through the hoop and up mounted steadily the score against the Sons.

Finally Hobby got tired of seeing his varsity shellacked. He had to stop that uncanny parade of baskets some way. So he sent in one of those freshmen who was fighting so hard for a berth on the squad going east. And what that frosh didn't show Hobby just wasn't to be seen.

Monmouth came fighting back Tuesday night to display the most brilliant passing game seen this year. After the Sons had taken a 4-0 lead in the first minute of play, the Wolves began to click and rattled off 18 points before Sons could score again. The visitors led 27-17 at the half and kept far out in front until the last five minutes of play when a desperate Sons rally, led by Scott and McLean, closed the gap to 44-41, the final score.

In that second game Monmouth converted 12 out of 12 free throws with Butterworth hitting for seven out of seven. Howell went out on personals as did Ysted for Monmouth, but the game was not so rough as it was Monday, when 35 infractions were called. Wayne Scott, substitute forward, led the Sons scoring with 13 points while Ysted was high point man for the game with 14.

Monday night Howell counted 18 markers for the Sons and Bordon and Ystad tied for Monmouth with 8.

Both games saw the junior high gym packed to capacity. In the preliminary Tuesday night, Ashland high's champion Grizzlies defeated the Sons Frosh, 26-23.

Dr. Townsend regards saving money as wrong in principle, but this doesn't seem likely with an achievement so difficult.—Weston Leader.

Everybody else thinks the capitalists ought to loosen up, but they just won't make it unanimous.—Weston Leader.

EAGLE SMOKER LINES UP FIVE FURIOUS BOUTS

Fight fans will receive another treat at the Eagles smoker next Tuesday night, March 5, when K. O. (Harold) Wright, the Chiloquin Warrior meets Eddy Davis, a Portland battler with a record, in a six-round main event. Another thriller will be between Tom Walker, who whipped Redkey two weeks ago, and Lloyd Barkley, another Chiloquin wildcat. Farrell Snyder who has become one of southern Oregon's favorites, meets Eddy Jones, from Talent, and, according to dopesters, Eddy will be a hard boy to whip.

The bout between Fat Abel and Bill Hawkins has been postponed for two weeks and probably will appear as a main event on that card. However, as this paper goes to press the smoker management is endeavoring to match Hawkins for the card Tuesday night.

This should be the best card yet as only those who have fought to a draw or won a battle during this elimination contest are eligible. There will be 21 rounds of fast action. Reserved seat tickets, at a slight advance in price, are on sale at the Bohemian Club and the Log Cabin.

FRANTIC PLAY SPLITS SONS, MONMOUTH

Howard Hobson's Southern Oregon Normal school Sons and Al Cox's Oregon Normal Wolves fought their bitter feud here Monday and Tuesday nights and broke even in two of the most sensational basketball games ever seen in the valley.

By a score of 37-32, the giant Sons won out Monday night but it took them an overtime period to do it and some almost superhuman play by Wardlow Howell. It was Howell who led the frantic rally in the closing minutes of the game that brought the Sons within striking distance after trailing almost the entire game. And it was Howell, standing coolly on the foul mark with his team one point behind and one and one-half seconds to play and dropping that gift shot through the hoop to knot the game. And in the five-minute overtime period, it was the same Howell, scoring two field goals and a free throw to put the ball game where it belonged.

Medford (28)
Ashland (35)
Hoxie 11 F..... Luman 4
Jungwirth 12 F..... Smith 0
Hardy 4 C..... Ettenger 8
Hess 4 G..... Kunzman 9
Kannasto 4 G..... Sears 5
Schilling 0 S..... Campbell 2
S..... Van Dyke 0

A New York oculist says hard times made many people nearsighted. Perhaps he means those who confuse Uncle Sam with Santa Claus.—Weston Leader.

"Parlor pinks" are more inclined to let their hearts bleed for humanity than to loosen their purse strings.—Weston Leader.

35-28 VICTORY OVER MEDFORD CINCHES TRIP

Before a packed gym of over 1000 roaring fans, the largest basketball crowd in Medford history, Don Faber's Ashland high school Grizzlies last Friday night smashed their ancient rivals, Medford high Tigers, 35-28 to clinch the Southern Oregon Conference championship and the right to represent this district at the state tournament at Salem the middle of this month.

Led by an inspired Bill Jungwirth, who looped in 12 points for high scoring honors and by heady Parker Hess, who held the badly disorganized Grizzlies together after a disastrous first quarter, Ashland fought its way to a 17-12 half time lead and, after seeing that slight advantage dissipated before a blazing Tiger offensive in the third period that closed the gap to but one point, went on to run up a nine-point lead as the third period ended. Then, in the fourth quarter, after a desperate Medford attack had made it 28-30 for the Grizzlies with the gym in an uproar, Bill Jungwirth sunk two from way out and Billy Hoxie a free throw to ice the ball game.

It was a bitterly fought battle, with Medford getting away to a 7-1 first quarter lead on field goals by Kunzman, Ettenger and Sears and Kunzman's free throw. Captain Hess rallied his Grizzlies in the second canto and with Hardy, Kannasto and Hoxie going on a scoring spree that saw three set plays click perfectly, Ashland quickly closed the gap and forged ahead.

Ashland's leading scorer, gangly Bob Hardy, whom Medford watched so closely, was chased from the game halfway through the second quarter on four personals and the entire Tiger team escorted him from the floor. It was a fine display of sportsmanship and drew a tremendous roar from the stands. Ken Schillings was injected in the game for Ashland and played the greatest game of his life the rest of the way.

Billy Hoxie was dazzling in the role of sharpshooter and death on free throws. He knifed the net four times from the field and thrice from the gift mark to take second scoring honors with 11 while Hjelmer Kannasto was one of the best guards on the floor. For Medford, Kunzman and Ettenger were the mainstays. Ettenger got most of the tipoff plays at center for the Tigers and Kunzman looked like the fastest man on the floor.

The lineup:
Ashland (35) Medford (28)
Hoxie 11 F..... Luman 4
Jungwirth 12 F..... Smith 0
Hardy 4 C..... Ettenger 8
Hess 4 G..... Kunzman 9
Kannasto 4 G..... Sears 5
Schilling 0 S..... Campbell 2
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NEIL CREEK PAIR WIN TWO OF FOUR PRIZES FOR ESSAYS ON BREAD

Distinguishing not only themselves, but also their school, Billy and Helen Elam of the Neil creek school near Ashland this week were chosen as two of four winners in a county-wide essay contest and were mailed cash awards yesterday. Billy, a fourth grader, and Helen, seventh grade, won their distinction in the Jackson county grade school division. One other grader in the county, a student at Oak Grove school, also won a cash award, while a Medford high school student won the high school division for the county.

Essays were written on the subject, "Why bread is good to eat four times a day," and 2586 prizes were offered over the nation. Jackson county cash prizes were preferred by Henry Fluhrer, of Fluhrer's bakery, Medford.

In the New Deal, Roosevelt seems to hold all the clubs.—Weston Leader.

As to the Townsend plan, we suspect that twenty million Americans can be wrong.—Weston Leader.

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