

# ASHLAND DRIVES TO LAST-MINUTE TIE

## HIGH SCHOOL GRIZZLIES BREAK EIGHT-YEAR JINX OF LOSSES TO MEDFORD IN FINAL SECONDS

Steve Fowler Leads Mates In Year's Most Thrilling March In Inspired Performance; Ashland Fans Go Wild At Dramatics

By BILLY HULEN

AN AMAZING Ashland high Grizzly, twice defeated and once tied and given not even an outside chance against the Tiger powerhouse of Medford high, rose up in all its fury on that turf field at Medford Wednesday to turn in the most beautiful fighting battle an Ashland team has produced in over 10 years.

The score was 6-6, a tie; but the story of that Armistice day game between southern Oregon's most bitter football rivals cannot possibly be told in that final score. Nor could it be told in a million words.

Before more than 3,500 persons, the largest crowd to witness a football game in southern Oregon this year, the Medford team that was making fans forget all about Prink Callison's wonder aggregations and the Ashland team that was figured to lose by from two to six touchdowns, clawed and snarled at each other for 48 minutes of probably the most sensational football ever to be seen in this district.

Six to six the final score was a deadlock. But if there ever was a moral victory won on a football field, it was won by Ashland on the Medford lot Armistice day.

Ashland's touchdown, the marker that enabled them to fight from behind to tie the score and send part of that huge crowd into a frenzy, was produced in the waning minutes of the ball game. It was scored in closing seconds of the ball game, in fact—the last 30 seconds—and the hero of that final drive that was to see the Grizzlies reach pay dirt was the boy who a moment before had seemingly tossed away all chances for an Ashland score—big booming Steve Fowler.

Ashland marched 50 yards for that touchdown. They marched half the length of the field straight down through the middle of the Red and Black Medford line that had allowed only two touchdowns all year. And when they started that drive there were two minutes left to play.

It was Ashland's ball on the 50-yard line. There wasn't time for the Grizzlies to score. They were too far away from the goal line—50 long, long yards. They just couldn't do it.

But suddenly Steve Fowler shot a pass into Medford's left flat and that grand little end, Jim McCallister, hauled it down on a dead run, then stumbled from the effort of the fine catch. It was a first down on Medford's 29—the pass play being good for 21 precious yards. Still the Grizzlies seemed hours from the goal line. They had been knocking at the door before, only to be repulsed.

Nevertheless, Fowler drove into center of the line for a gain of two yards. Furman Carter, Ashland's only substitution, hit into the same spot and was stopped for no gain. Fowler passed to Leonard Warren and it was incomplete. Fourth down and eight to go! A prayer pass now, it was the only chance!

Big Steve Fowler took it, swung wide to the right sidelines looking for a receiver. Nobody open. There was no one to pass to. So Fowler tucked the ball under his arm and smashed ahead. Two Medfordites snatched him but they were as children in the path of an inspired boy who was driving with a momentum that dragged his tacklers like so much lint on his pants. He boomed on, got his first down and more too. He got 14 of the toughest yards there are to get, and there it was.

There, after having the door slammed in their faces time after time, was Ashland knocking again. Thirteen yards from the Medford goal line and football heaven . . . time was short, only seconds remained.

Steve Fowler took that pigskin again, hammering hard over Medford's left guard, through a sweet hole opened up by Jim Brady. He bashed in that Tiger forward wall for five more bitter yards. Then it was Carter off Medford's right tackle for a yard and a half; and it was third down, seven yards out.

Then the touchdown play—the play that turned a mediocre Ashland football season into a success. Fowler was back again. It was a pass—he faded back, shot it over the goal line dangerously near the right sidelines, and Leonard Warren, out of a maze of Tiger defenders, reached up and dragged that ball to his chest. And that was that. That was the tying score, and there were only 25 seconds left to play!

Medford's touchdown came a few minutes before the end of the first half after Halfback Hill had gone 14 yards on a spinner through Ashland's left side, placing the ball on the 10-yard line.

Bowman made one at left end; then Sakraida passed over the goal line to Bayliss, who dropped

### "HEAP" WILDCAT



Don Heap, 175-pound Northwest football player, is one of the greatest backs in the Western conference. He excels at dodging and pivoting through broken fields. He is an excellent punter and passer, and in addition calls the signals.

the ball with no one near him. Still trying, Sakraida shot another pass straight over the center and Ettinger took it for the score. Gilinsky was rushed into the game to attempt to place kick the extra point, but his boot was wide and low. And that was Medford's score.

Shortly before that final march of Ashland's that ended in a touchdown, the Grizzlies were again close to the Medford goal line. But Fowler, fumbling and then tossing wildly on the 12-yard line, halted that drive when Baker intercepted his pass.

Because of that wild pass, Fowler could have been the goat, but because of what happened later, irrevocably and absolutely, we state that Steve Fowler was the hero of that great ball game. He was Ashland's spark plug; he was the best ball player on the field.

But how can you forget those other Grizzlies who reached their peak Wednesday afternoon? And the answer is, you can't. Take Charlie Warren. Once with Sakraida away to the races with a four-man wave of interference in front of him, it was the tiny sophomore who knifed his way past all of them to smash the Medford fullback to the ground, saving a sure touchdown.

And we'll take Don Gettling for our boy when it comes to sheer nerve. Gettling broke his collar bone on the first tackle he made early in the opening quarter. He stayed in the entire ball game, telling nary a soul about the pain he was suffering. He played his greatest game Armistice day. By far his best game.

And how about Bud Etwilner. He was in the Medford backfield most all afternoon looking for somebody to tackle. And Leonard Warren, who caught that touchdown pass and called plays like another Frank Carleto. And Roland Scheiderer, who made that big Medford center look at his hole card.

It is hard to hand the "hero" label to any one man, like we hand it to Fowler. It doesn't, somehow, seem fair. Every man played such a grand game of football. They were all "tops." But it was Fowler who provided the spark in that 50-yard march, so to him must go the lion's share of credit for the touchdown.

The entire first quarter of the ball game was played in Medford territory, and so was the first

## SONS FINISH IN 7-0 GAME HERE

Although not the best football season in Southern Oregon Normal history, the one that ended last Saturday with the homecoming battle against Oregon Normal was, nevertheless, far from the worst.

The Sons, under the second-year direction of Jean Eberhart, won two, lost three and tied one game, bettering considerably the record of last year's team which was defeated in six out of seven battles.

Plagued by injuries all year, the Sons reached their peak in the Oregon State Rook game played in Klamath Falls when they blasted over two touchdowns in a sensational fourth quarter rally to come from behind and tie the score, 13-13.

Following is the season record: Sons 52, Pacific college 0. Sons 6, Oregon Frosh 25. Sons 13, OSC Rooks 13. Sons 21, Albany college 0. Sons 3, Humboldt State 40. Sons 0, Oregon Normal 7. Total points: Sons 95, opponents 86.

period and most of the third. Only in the second quarter were the Tigers able to consistently threaten.

The game was one of the cleanest ever played between Ashland and Medford. Only one penalty was called, that against Medford for offside.

It was not until the last two minutes of the game that Skeet O'Connell sent in a replacement for the battling Grizzlies. Furman Carter was sent in for Walt Lee. Coach Bill Bowberman of Medford used new men frequently, nearly two full teams seeing action for the Red and Black.

The lineups:  
**Medford**  
Bayliss, right end; Blair, right tackle; Gow, right guard; Offord, center; Baker, left guard; Ehrhart, left tackle; Maru, left end; Ettinger, quarter; Sakraida, fullback; Bowman, left half; Morris, right half.

**Ashland**  
McCallister, right end; Wimer, right tackle; Brady, right guard; Scheiderer, center; Etwilner, left guard; Bromley, left tackle; Gettling, left end; Charles Warren, quarter; Fowler, fullback; Lee, left half, and Leonard Warren, right half.

Spike Leslie, referee; Brick Leslie, umpire, and Hulbert, head linesman.

## SPORT SHORTS

By Bill Hulen

Football season, here in southern Oregon anyway, is giving its dying gasp. Jean Eberhart's Sons are all finished while the high school has just one more game to play for certain, that against University high from Eugene a week from tomorrow. Grizzly officials are dicker for a Thanksgiving day battle, but there is nothing definite as to whom the opponent will be, if any.

It has been a good football season, nothing great or startling or worth writing home about, but good nevertheless.

Both the Grizzlies and Sons have had fair seasons; the Sons slightly better than was expected of them and the Grizzlies proving mild disappointments until Wednesday's game. Eberhart's team was not expected to be any great shakes, but it turned out to be a pretty sweet aggregation. And the Grizzlies, under Skeet O'Connell, were slated to really hit the high spots, which they didn't do for quite a few apparent reasons.

However, it's all history now, or most of it anyway, so we'll let by-gones be by-gones. But before we leave King Pigskin entirely for another year, we've got to spout off about some of the thrills presented to us by Ashland's two football teams, to-wit:

The fine play of the two newcomers to Ashland high's Grizzlies—Jim Brady and Charlie Warren. Both sophomores, both seeing high school action for the first time this year, Brady at guard and Warren in the quarterback and safety position, were just about the two best ball players on the entire team. It's a cinch that tiny Charlie Warren, no bigger than a second, was the most deadly tackler of the whole outfit. Three times in the Klamath Falls game he stood alone between the roaring Giovanini and the Ashland goal line, and three times he brought the huge and rugged Klamathite down with vicious tackles. And that day Giovanini was running through the Ashland team like it was a grammar school outfit.

Jim Brady, like Warren, stepped into fast company for the first

## GOOD SPORTS — By George



**ALEXANDER WOJCIECHOWICZ**  
(CENTER)  
OF FORDHAM

"IF YOU CAN'T PRONOUNCE 'EM, THEY'RE GOOD."  
KNUTE ROCKNE

THIS RUGGED 195 LB. POLISH GIANT WHOA-GEE, AS HIS MATES CALL HIM, PACKS A DEVASTATING DEFENSE CHARGE. OF WOJCIECHOWICZ, A PITT SCOUT SAID, "WE COULDN'T KEEP THAT POLE OUT OF OUR BACKFIELD LET ALONE PRONOUNCE HIS NAME."

GEORGE'S SCORE CARD  
WINNERS-18  
LOST-12

WELL, HERE'S HOPING

GEORGE'S GUESSES  
NOVEMBER 13<sup>TH</sup>

HOME TEAM	OPPONENT
Iowa	Purdue
Nebraska	Pittsburgh
N. Carolina	Duke
W. and M.	Wash & Lee
Duquesne	Carnegie Tech.
Cornell	Dartmouth
Army	Notre Dame
Princeton	Yale
Temple	Villanova
U. C. L. A.	Washington

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## STAR TROJAN END



Gene Hibbs, star end of the University of Southern California's great eleven, has been a tower of strength in the line in the early games this season. He is a younger brother of Jesse Hibbs, All-American tackle of the 1928 team.

time and what he didn't do to opposing guards and tackles was a pity. Big and tough, he ought to be quite a football player when he gets to be a senior. Although we don't see how he can get much better.

And did that Tony Van Diver turn in a whole of a defensive game against Oregon Normal last Saturday. From his defensive left halfback position he was one of the most deadly tacklers we have ever seen in action. When he cracked them, mates, they stayed cracked.

And that thrilling fourth quarter comeback the Sons staged in Klamath Falls to tie the Oregon State Rooks. Arba Ager pitched passes until he was black in the face, and Jim McBride and Darrell Leavens were coming down with them when it seemed impossible.

And Justin Carey, recovering an Oregon Frosh fumble a few seconds before the half ended in Grants Pass to give the Sons the ball and an opportunity to tie up the score at 6-6, which they promptly did.

Back to the Grizzlies: That short pass of Steve Fowler's into pay dirt which little Charlie Warren snatched from the hands of two huge Grants Pass Cavemen for the touchdown that iced the game, 12-6.

Now back to the Sons: Bob Duesenberry's sensational 100-yard gallop to a touchdown against Pacific college in the opening game. He took a kickoff on his own goal line and shot straight down the field, varying scarcely a yard in his wild dash the length of the gridiron. Perfect blocking and his own speed did the work.

And that's that. That's what we'll remember from this 1936 football season

## The FOOTBALL Crystal

By I. PICKEM

So you guys didn't think we would have the nerve to appear again this week, eh? Thought we'd fold up and holler uncle, didn't you? Well, here we are, gents and ladies, and all we can say is "Nerts to you, all of you. And also to every durned football team that forgot there was such a thing as "dope."

Here are this week's dozen. Take 'em or leave 'em.

Oregon-California. No offense is the trouble at Eugene, and we can't see how the Webfoots will score while the Bears are doing it once, 7-0, California.

Oregon State-Stanford. A great scoring battle. Mr. Stiner really has a football team now, but so has Stanford. We pick Stanford after both teams go to town through the air, 21-19.

Washington State-UCLA. So close we are tempted to call it a tie. The coin says State, so there you are, 7-6.

Washington-USC. The Pacific coast title hinges on this one and the Huskies will come through, 13-6.

Notre Dame-Army. Upset! Heavily favored Army will fall before Notre Dame fury over their 0-3 defeat by Navy last week, 20-12.

Nebraska-Pittsburgh. Another of those coin-flipping affairs. We call Nebraska because the game's in Lincoln.

Yale-Princeton. For the "Big 3" title, Princeton will muzzle the Yale Bulldog.

Navy-Harvard. Just another setback for fair Harvard. Northwestern-Michigan. Easy for Northwestern.

Louisiana State-Auburn. Two finest teams in the south will fight it out with Louisiana State the winner!

Marquette - Mississippi. Rose Bowl bound Marquette will have trouble getting over 'ole Miss, but will do it.

Spearfish Normal-Slippery Rock Teachers. The season's greatest grid struggle. All the dope points to Spearfish, which has scored four points to its opponents' 379, but we will plant our dough on good old Slippery Rock.

The interior of the Palace cafe has been renovated to excellent advantage during the past week.

Charles Buettner of Glendale, Calif., is visiting in Ashland for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Zimmere and baby, formerly of Klamath Falls, have established their home at 1223 Iowa street.

A great deal of improvement is reported in the condition of Mrs. Dave Whittle.

R. G. Moore and family from Evans creek have established their residence at 72 Alida street.

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**8:30 MONDAY NIGHT**

**MEDFORD ARMORY**

**JACK RAY vs. BUZZ BROWN**

10-ROUND MAIN EVENT  
6-ROUND SEMI-FINAL  
2 FAST PRELIMINARIES

Mack Lillard PROMOTER