

# Hunting Out Sports

By LARRY HUNTER

THE prevailing player-option ruling in the Southern Oregon baseball league has its good points but certainly is a headache to sportswriters—and probably to respective managers.

Considering the fact that players engage in the game in these parts for the sheer animal joy of trying to ruin perfectly \$1.25 baseballs, no very strict regulations govern their affiliations with any club in the circuit. One thing insisted upon is that action in a game lines up the player for the club he has served in that contest. To change his spots thereafter he must obtain a release from the club management.

Until the first game, therefore, there are about six schools of thought on what player will play for what club, etc., and at time of writing there are several doughty baseballers who will have to be quintuplets to live up to advance notices.

For example, in Ashland there are Lowell Brown, Arba Ager, Phil Griggs, Larry Pepper and others to be considered. The first-named, a port-side hurler, saw action with the Lithians last year and could be very useful this season and is geographically well situated for a 1938 position on the local nine. However, he has worked out a time or two with the Medford Craters and no one, probably including Brown, seems to know just which outfit will gain when he finally flips the coin.

Ager, a fine infielder, presents a case almost parallel to Brown's, but over the week-end declared he would sign up with Ashland for certain.

Griggs, a right-handed pitcher, worked with the Grants Pass Merchants last year but has applied for a Lithian suit this season. There seems to be no particular discussion in his case as Griggs is reported to be willing to make the change. Grants Pass has registered no kick and, certainly, Ashland will be glad to have him in the box. It would be nice to know, though.

Pepper, a Crater regular last year, has secured a job in this city and will be on deck for action as pitcher, to Medford's loss and Ashland's gain.

It seems that some rule could be adopted whereby players would indicate their intentions in advance—say a week—of the first game. With that arrangement managers would be able to give more than a rough guess at their lineups, teams would be formed sooner, baseball as a well-played game would benefit accordingly—and, if a player wished to change later, he could still fall back on the release clause.

Locally, the outlook is brighter than it was at this time last year although the Lithian aggregation is not slated to be a blazing star in the baseball sky until college is out this spring.

Then we will see an influx of talent which will be tonic for fans. Bob Hardy, the lanky local hurler, will be back to shoot his left-hand curves across the platter and most platters in this region have cork-screw grooves in them from the wear and tear they took from the Hardy ball last year.

Along with him will come Al Simpson from U of O, where they are performing for Howard Hobson. Simpson, palpably futile with the stick last year, was a sweet catcher and may pick up a few pointers from Hobbie about the location and life habits of the homeward-bound baseball to aid his batting average. Al plans to

be on deck every week-end from the start of league play.

From far reaches of Glide, Ore., Ted Schopf will signal the end of his teaching term by climbing into his Lithian baseball bloomers for his tasks in the infield where he figured in plenty of fast plays last year, including doubles and triples.

And o-o-o-h, y-e-e-a-h, that man will be here again. Leonard Patterson, regular first baseman, is getting notices at OSC as regular on the initial sack where his four eyes and rangy job are being pointed out this year as campus landmarks. Folks around Crescent City point to the vast height of the mighty redwoods as being the result of stretching one Sunday to get out of the way of Patterson's lusty clouts which, aided by a sou'-easterly breeze, wafted gracefully over the heads of the Chinook outfielders and on into the blue horizon.

We'll be missing Phil Keeton, now assistant caddy-master at an Oakland, Calif., golf course, and Wee Willie Durham, the Lithian "DiMaggio" whose husky heave from the outfield to home saved the day at the coast. Durham is "hayfoot-strawfooting" as a corporal in the U. S. Army.

However, there are bound to be a few new ones crop up with ideas of astonishing the bleachers with their horsehide prowess so it

is safe to say that the Lithians will entertain at several interesting "at-homes" this summer.

## First Baptist Church

CHARLES E. DUNHAM, Pastor

Church school meets at 9:45 a. m., R. L. Walker, superintendent.

Morning worship at 11 o'clock, a palm Sunday sermon, "Behold Your King," will be subject of the pastor's sermon.

Young People's union at 6:30

p. m., with the Stewardship commission in charge.

Evening service at 7:30 o'clock, the pastor preaching on "Redeemed, But Not With Silver." Prayer and conference meeting at 7:30 p. m. Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Lewis, who has been ill with the flu at her Third street home, is greatly improved.

Mrs. J. A. Riley and son James will spend the summer as guests of Mrs. Riley's sister and Trixie Friganza, former light opera comedienne, in Beverly Hills and Long

Beach, according to Mr. Riley, who returned recently from southern California. Riley, until lately employed as operator at the S-P station here, will go to Chiloquin this week. Mrs. Riley is recovering from a long illness.

George Callas and Bob Van Horne spent last week-end at their homes in Portland. Returning Monday morning, the car which Van Horne was driving overturned near Canyonville, slightly injuring both occupants.

# WRESTLING!

8:30 Monday Night

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AL BROWER, Proprietor

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By C. M. PAYNE



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By POP MOMAND



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