

Vice-President Garner— Will He Respond to Call As Presidential Candidate?



John Nance Garner presiding over destinies of United States Senate.

HINDSIGHT ON SPORTS

By I TOLD YOU SO

WHEN Grants Pass and Ashland players admit that Medford high school has a state championship eleven, then the Pear city pigskin warriors must be at least half as good as they think they are. Already there is talk in Medford of "cancelling" the Ashland-Medford game scheduled for Armistice day on the Medford field in favor of some "more worthy competition."

Past history has illustrated the stupidity of such Medford claims, three years ago the Pear Pickers being exceedingly fortunate to escape with a 6-6 tie after pooh-poohing Ashland as fitting foes. The following year Medford found the going rough enough, with Ashland taking an early lead and last year, after dominating three quarters of the game, the Black Tornado got pushed back onto its heels in a surprise offensive by Ashland which took over for a touchdown and started down the field for another as the gun ended the game. Although the Red and Black machine easily was entitled to the honors, last five minutes of the ball game took all the fun out of triumph for a bunch of bewildered, thoroughly routed top dogs.

Who knows . . . perhaps again this year Ashland's way down under might rise to great heights and make a ball game of it for the Great Ones from Medford. Ashland's boys usually do, and the local lads like nothing better than to pound humility into eleven swelled heads.

Aside from the annual community rivalry, which gets hotter than the under side of a Medford fan's collar during defeat, Ashland enthusiasts will have to admit, begrudgingly enough, that the city to the north is far superior in gridiron athletics for very obvious reasons. First, the Medford athletic generals are encouraged to comb the county for material—a practice which may be cricket enough, if you choose to defend it, but which is not being followed by Ashland. Secondly, the Medford football machine has the advantage of full-time attentions of three athletic coaches, all of them

their way. An Ashland team, under the present set-up, must make up with determination and guts for what they lack in other advantages. It is to their everlasting credit that they do their best, in the annual meetings with Medford and Klamath Falls to place their athletics in the field on a competitive basis.

The will to win is just as strong here on the part of players, school officials and townspeople as it is in other schools where teams are showered with every possible advantage. But we haven't been backing our boys on a par with their competitors. In effect, we tell our players to get along with less coaching, poorer equipment and fewer reserves but to go out there regardless and make us proud of them.

Wouldn't it be feasible to augment the local football coaching staff, at least to a limited extent? Although we do not know whether such an offer would be welcomed by Bernie Hughes, the possibility exists that Ashland could secure Hughes' services as assistant coach. What Bernie could do for the Ashland line would be worth whistling about. Hughes, a three-year college star and for five years the best center in professional football and besides that one of the squarest and most popular young men in southern Oregon, has a wealth of experience and know-how that could be an important addition to the coaching staff here.

(Understand, however, that all this is merely conjecture on the part of Hindsight—neither O'Connell nor Hughes has been consulted.)

Bernie at the present time is selling flivvers in Medford, an occupation which could easily lend itself to part-time attention to coaching here evenings. We have a hunch that Hughes might be interested in such a proposition and it is an established fact that local fans would like to see their football teams placed on a more nearly equal footing with Medford and other surrounding schools.

The Grizzlies got one important break this year in the form of new and entirely adequate equipment which is appreciated both by the boys and townspeople. Now we should go even further. One mentor, no matter how good a job he may be doing, can't give his boys the individual attention, the time and the detailed instruction that two or three can give. Let's hear

from some of the fans on this idea—does it "take" with any of you?

Coach Al Simpson's Ashland Juniors traveled to Grants Pass Saturday afternoon and took a 19-0 thumping at the hands of the Frosh there. Facing a larger and more experienced team, it was to be expected that the green AJHS eleven would bite the G-P sawdust, but to an observer the defeat was entirely unnecessary.

The Ashland lads could have held the Babes to an approximate tie by trying reasonably hard. All of the Ashland players as first-year men haven't yet learned that the difference between victory and defeat is just a small amount of extra effort—an added determination that turns the tide against the opposing team. Time and again the Ashland Juniors could have broken up touchdown plays if two or three of the linemen had quit playing like grade schoolers and had put out instead of standing with hands-on-hips after the initial charge. Once a Grants Pass fumble lay unattended on the ground ready to be picked up and galloped toward the goal line.

An Ashland linesman had penetrated the Babe wall and was standing there, useless-like, watching to see what would happen instead of driving right on through to the ball carrier. Had he been hustling he would have scooped up the ball and been off for a long gain or a touchdown. His little brother could have done it, it was that easy.

Coach Simpson must find little consolation in the fact that his tiny backfield is trying to make up for the loafing on the part of some of the other players.

The entire squad—substitutes and all—are a fine bunch of lads and by next year they will shape into a successful squad. But they could go a lot farther this season if they'd use a little more spunk and play harder. They are capable of a better performance than they have been turning in. Perhaps if they can once score they'll begin to feel their strength and then really become a ball club.

Tonight, in a return game with Grants Pass Cavemen Babes on the local field they will have a chance to redeem themselves before the eyes of their home folks. The boys promise things will be different.

• Subscribe for The Miner today.

"Everybody's Talking"



"There's nothin' rough about smooth-tasting Old King Cole Beer!"

A-ONE BREWING COMPANY
Medford, Oregon

ASHLAND'S NEW RENDEZVOUS!

OUR ADJOINING ROOM
WITH BOOTHS AND
TABLES FOR LADIES

FEATURING
A-ONE DRAFT BEER
5c per glass

Finest Quality Brew in Generous 6-Oz. Glass!

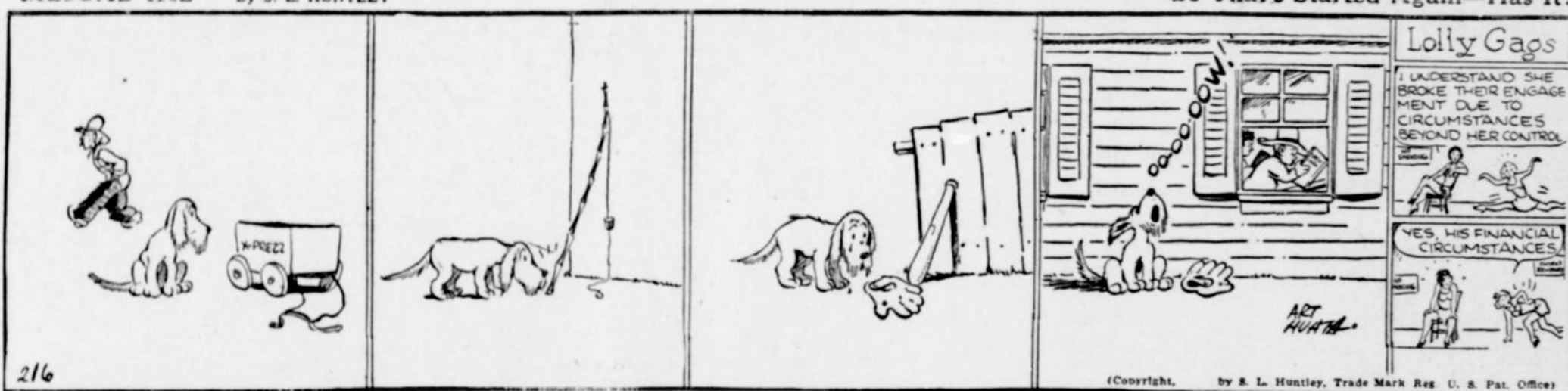
BOHEMIAN CLUB

AL BROWER, Proprietor

GOOD PRINTING — A MINER HABIT!

MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



SMATTER POP—Oops! Sound Sleeper!



THEM DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER

(A New Tune Each Day By Vincent Lopez)

