

DEMPSEY VIEWS GIANT CARNERA AS 'SOFT TOUCH'

Old Mauler Says He Always Loved to Sock the Big Guys—Gym Workout Is 'Just for Exercise.'

By Edward J. Neil
(Associated Press Sports Writer)

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—(AP)—Possibly it means something—very probably it doesn't—but old Johnnie Dempsey is helping himself to daily workouts at the gymnasium of Artie McGovern, muscle mauler and the prince of the sports realm.

He stalked into the foundry of the McGovern yesterday for the first time in months, accompanied by the ever-reliable Gus Wilson, the French trainer and companion he acquired by knocking Georges Carpentier loose from his entourage that overcast July afternoon in Boyle's Thirty Acres, back in 1921.

He had asked that the deepest secrecy surround his visits and the surprise was mutual when he collided with a reporter, a fellow warrior against the threat of approaching flesh. In the box-like booths that adjoin the gymnasium, Jack had his own boxing shoes and his gym clothes tucked under his arm. He looked ready for a fight or a frolic.

"Just for exercise," he yelled. "Let's get going."

He wouldn't admit his presence there meant anything as far as the fight game was concerned. He needed exercise, he said, pointing out that he wasn't alone in that respect. Fight plans? He had none.

McGovern stretched the former king of them all on a mat and put him through a full gamut of leg and body exercises. Dempsey took it in great style. He punched the bag, shadow-boxed, wrestled. He jumped on the scales and the needle rested at 203 pounds, eight pounds above what would be his best fighting weight today.

Physically Dempsey appeared to be in grand shape. He has some excess weight around the waist line, a soft sheath of flesh across the back muscles, but he moved with the zip and dash of the old mauler. When he tossed straight rights at the defenseless punching bag, the platform shook and the thunder echoed throughout the gym. He loves to punch.

Can Still Hit

"Not bad for an old fellow," he said as he stepped down. "I guess I still can hit."

"Striking and Schmeling will draw \$700,000 in Chicago," he countered. "No more... no two fighters in the world can draw more today... Times are too tough... Sharkey and I this summer? ... \$2,000,000! ... Don't be silly... that kind of money died with Tex Rickard."

"Of course I still think I can fight," Jack continued. "Let's wait and see how Carnera turns out. I always loved to sock those big guys. He'd be a soft touch for me. I got to decide quick, I suppose, but... well..."

"See you tomorrow, pal, bring your boxing shoes."

A Retiring Little Miss

—By Pap



SONJA
Henie
THE LITTLE EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD NORWEGIAN SCHOOL GIRL RETIRES WITH FOUR WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS AND AN OLYMPIC CROWN FOR FIGURE SKATING

SHE MASTERED ROLLER SKATING WHEN JUST A YOUNGSTER

HURRY UP—PACK YOUR THINGS—WE'RE OFF ON ANOTHER SKATING TRIP WITH SONJA!

HER FOLKS HAVE TIRED OF CHASING AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE LITTLE CHAMPION SO THEY'VE DECIDED SHE MUST RETIRE!!

OREGON FROSH TO PLAY HERE AT EARLY DATE

Callison's Cage Squad Will Include Many Youths Who Made Medford Athletic History.

Arrangements were completed last night for the appearance in this city, February 6 and 7, of the University of Oregon Freshman basketball team in a two-game series against the Medford high school. The Frosh will be headed by Frank Callison, who rose to coaching prominence in the state by producing state champions and near champions over a long period of years for the local school.

Callison will bring with him Leonard, sensational negro athlete, and several faces familiar to local fans, including Harold (Rough Boy) Anderson, Clifford Lord and Charles Thomas, members of last year's high school quint, and Malcolm Sims.

The visit of Callison and his Freshmen will be the athletic event of the year locally, and a sort of good-will gesture, to remove the bad taste left in the mouth of this city by some of the inefficient football refereeing a year ago.

The following week end the Chemawa Indians come for two games with the Dunsmuir crew. It will be their first appearance on the basketball court, though their football teams have showed their wares here three times. They always put up a good struggle.

Between the Frosh and the Chemawa games, the Dunsmuirites will get a severe test for their mettle and be in fine shape for the remaining games of the conference schedule.

In February, the Willamette university Frosh play a two-game series with Ashland high.

Easy Hurling Style Keeps Grove From Wearing Out

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20.—(AP)—If old "Doc" Ebling, the bone and muscle tender for the Philadelphia Athletics, knows his athletes, Robert Moses Grove will continue to be a terror to opposing batters for years to come. He thinks the lanky left-hander is improving all the time.

"The only first aid given Grove last year was a bit of adhesive tape now and then to cover the cracks at the end of his forefinger. He should go right along pitching and winning for at least 15 years, maybe longer. I wouldn't be surprised if he sets up a record for length of service on the mound," he said.

"A pitcher like Grove throws with his arm exclusively. That's why he had a sore wing frequently. Ebling hasn't the free delivery that marks Grove's pitching. But even so, big George is loose enough to escape serious arm trouble. Ebling incidents Grove ought to be better this season than last, and he may not reach his peak for four or five years."

This Game of GOLF

By HOWARD ROCKEY
A ROMANCE OF RADIO

BY O.B. KEELER

According to Francis Powers and several other sporting authorities, though the Professional Golfers association so far has not been organized, has said nothing official about it as yet, pro golfers soon may be divided into two classes—those who maintain club positions and may be termed "resident professionals," and those who follow the tourneys.

There is no doubt that the game done it again! This show ought to be a hit!

"Don't forget to say that in print," Jimmy Crane was at once alert.

"That Gray girl's a dud," said Quinn of the *Globe* as he joined the group. "In addition to being easy on the eye and ear, the kid's an actress, Max."

"Would I be starting her if she wasn't?" The producer shrugged his shoulders.

"You've started a few that made me wonder," Quinn poked him in the ribs. "But you'd better let this one on a long-time contract. See you later, I've got to go—if you want this in the paper."

It hardly seemed possible to Allen that the weeks had slipped by so quickly—that her great moment had arrived—and that she had scored.

After the final curtain-call she fled to her dressing room. The generous applause that had hailed her as a reigning favorite still echoed in her ears.

Gently, the maid closed the door, and Allen almost reluctantly began to take off her costume. She felt like a Cinderella, running away from the ball. Only Allen knew that her publicity-coach would be waiting when she was ready. And the maid was preparing to help her into an even more lovely gown, that she had never worn. All green and silver, like a mist, it had the effect of being alive as she moved about. She had ordered it specially for the party that Dwight Channing had given to her honor. The maid put a white fur-lined cloak over her smooth shoulders just as Vivienne burst in with Jimmy Crane behind her.

"Do hurry, Allen! You're stunning—and everybody's waiting. My dear, we're so proud of you! I can't believe I'm your sister!" She flung herself into Allen's arms in her enthusiasm.

Jimmy Crane coughed discreetly. "What to see a woman doing a woman's job. Stand aside and let me show you how it should be handled."

"Jimmy! Allen cried eagerly. "Come and hug me till it hurts—so I'll know that I'm not dreaming!" Standing on tip-toe, she gave him her lips and he read the heartfelt gratitude in her moist blue eyes.

"Jimmy, it couldn't have happened—except for what you did!"

With her head pillowed on his shoulder, she was silent for a moment. Her memory ran back to that summer night—in the thunderstorm—when their pulses had beat in unison as they were heating now. Allen wished that she and Jimmy—and Viv—could go off by themselves. There was so much to talk over, and she was rather timid about all these waiting people.

"Don't. You'll miss me!" She pushed him away—as it always seemed she must. "Do you know what I'd really love to do—if we only dared?"

"What?" he asked, as though surprised that his arms were empty.

"Go out to some quiet place for tea and eggs. Remember how we used to—"

"And I helped to make you a star for this!" he pretended to reproach her. "They'd need a coronation of police to keep the crowds outside. We escaped jail once! I'd be afraid to take another chance."

Max Klein's bulk appeared in the open doorway. "Is this a breakfast we're going to or do we start something?"

"We'd better," Allen laughed. "I suppose I'll have to go some sleep before to-morrow night."

"Run along! I'll be there later," said Jimmy, and Allen looked disappointed.

"Why don't you come with us?" She wanted him so much.

"I've got to round up the newspaper lunch. I'm picking them up at their offices. Don't worry, I won't be long." But Allen was not quite happy when Klein's chauffeur closed the door of the manager's limousine. It did not seem fair that Jimmy shouldn't be with her each moment—on this night of all others.

(Copyright, 1931, by The Manning Co.)

Allen is queen of the hilarious daily in her dressing studio, but Vivienne tries to steal the show to-morrow.

"Max, you old scoundrel, you're

With Rod and Gun

By Ernest Rostel and Dick Green

Opinions of sportsmen show a falling for the ten-gauge shotgun for hunting ducks and other game birds, especially where long range shooting is found necessary. One hunter recalled the old black powder days, when shooters placed about five drams of black powder and from 1 1/2 to two ounces of shot in a ten-gauge shell. The old powder was a progressive burning substance. The development of smokeless powder brought changes and the big loading companies learned that the maximum load of powder should not exceed 4 1/2 drams and the shot should not exceed 1 1/2 ounces, but as later developments made their appearance the load was increased.

One sportsman holds that the ten-gauge gun has no place in the hunting of quail, grouse or pheasants on grounds that the game is ruined with the charge. He also maintains that a 20-gauge gun could be used to good advantage in killing ducks, though they are harder to kill than upland birds. Most hunters are interested more in the methods of killing game than in the amount brought home, but in old days conditions were just reversed. In those days hunters killed the birds by hundreds for the pure sake of obtaining the meat. The best shooting in the uplands is usually done at 25 yards. The 40 or 50 yard shot is a rare happening due to cover being so thick that the hunter can not see properly at that distance to give his shots accuracy.

Going back a few years, Eva Neaton of the Mail Tribune today recalled an interesting incident when she witnessed a battle between a rattlesnake and a chicken on the main place in the Table Rock section. She heard the chicken making strange sounds and going into the yard, she saw the chicken pecking at a snake, but each time barely missing its mark. The reptile was coiled and was striking at the hen, but the latter succeeded in keeping its distance. Another member of the family arrived on the scene and ended the fight by shooting the snake. That same year another snake was killed on the premises when it was found on the cellar steps. It was an unusually dry season and the rattlesnake came down on the lawns in search of water but as a rule, they linger on the higher levels.

GOLD HILL HIGH TEAMS TO PLAY SAINTS TONIGHT

Gold Hill high school girls and boys basketball teams will invade the St. Mary's gym tonight to battle the St. Mary's boys and girls school teams in what promises to be a hard struggle for both teams. A large crowd will be on hand to witness both contests.

St. Mary's teams have been in several hard workouts the past two weeks and now are in shape for a good game. The St. Mary's girls are also showing some real pep and form and should give the Gold Hill maidens a tough game.

Starting lineup for the St. Mary's boys will be: Wilson and Bob Lewis, guards; Lagason, center; George Smith and Dick Lewis, forwards.

Friday, January 23, St. Mary's boys and girls will go to Central Point for the second hard game of the week.

The St. Mary's teams have some real competition ahead of them. The following is the schedule for the season:

Jan. 20—Gold Hill at St. Mary's, Medford.

Jan. 23—St. Mary's at Central Point.

Jan. 24—St. Mary's at armory, via Tiger Out.

Jan. 27—Open date.

Jan. 30—Sams Valley at St. Mary's.

Feb. 3—Phoenix at St. Mary's.

Feb. 6—St. Mary's at Eagle Point.

Feb. 10—Open date.

Feb. 13—Prospect at St. Mary's.

Feb. 17—Open date.

Feb. 20—Open date.

Feb. 24—St. Mary's at Phoenix.

Feb. 27—St. Mary's at Gold Hill.

Feb. 27—Open date.

BOWLING COLUMN

Medford Elks' bowling expedition to Klamath Falls Sunday apparently took all the "pep" out of the herd for their match last night with the Gates aggregation, the two teams taking three straight games.

"High" Price of the Gates team scored high game with 211 in the second set, and high match total with 589 pins.

In the Klamath engagement Pruitt, lead-off ace of the local Elks, grabbed a 83 prize for highest three games of the week rolled in the lumber city, by crashing 336 pins. He also set a hot pace in the nine games rolled against Klamath Elks during the day, garnering 4849 maples.

Last night's scores and those made in Klamath follow:

Gates, Auto Co.	
Antle	144 180 178 511
Price	153 211 296 560
Canham	167 176 198 541
Saylor	194 158 181 533
Gates	193 176 162 531
Handicap	37 37 37 111
886 947 892 2717	
Elks.	
Pruitt	136 201 187 524
Gill	159 171 162 493
Carlin	127 161 187 475
Rankin	125 167 172 464
Rods	164 162 156 482
Handicap	20 30 30 90
598 895 845 2248	
Medford Elks.	
First Set.	
Pruitt	231 191 212 634
Gill	148 176 225 549
Erickson	163 158 167 488
Rankin	161 152 172 485
Rods	171 170 233 574
872 847 894 2703	
Klamath Elks.	
Peterson	192 179 179 550
Wilson	209 199 214 622
Passyck	181 176 183 540
Rich	145 176 183 504
Glybeck	181 152 187 520
909 890 922 2721	
Klamath Elks.	
Second Set.	
Peterson	192 156 182 531
Wilson	167 179 189 535
Buch	127 158 167 452
Passyck	201 181 184 566
Barvon	172 213 164 549
927 898 839 2714	
Medford Elks.	
Third Set.	
Pruitt	221 223 136 610
Gill	156 225 156 537
Erickson	122 169 243 534
Rankin	123 220 188 531
Rods	221 158 177 556
833 1022 990 2776	

Fights Last Night

(By the Associated Press.)

CHICAGO.—Harry Dillon, winner, stopped Al Wilkins, Niles, Mich. (6).

TORONTO, Ont.—Billy Townsend, Vancouver, knocked out Jack Harner, St. Louis, (1).

MINNEAPOLIS.—Brett Gordon, Minneapolis, outpointed Ernie Peterson, Chicago, (10).

OAKLAND, Cal.—Speedy Davis, Manila, knocked out Kackie Egan, Kansas City, (3).

BALTIMORE.—Mickey Walker, world middleweight champion, knocked out Herman Weiser, Baltimore, (1); non-title.

OAKLAND BACKSTOP SOLD TO BROOKLYN

OAKLAND, Calif., Jan. 20.—(AP)—Ernest Ebbel, star catcher of the Oakland baseball club, has been sold to the Brooklyn Nationals for a sum reported not less than \$50,000, plus two players.

ANNOUNCE CRAB FEED ELKS LODGE THURSDAY

Members of the Medford Elks lodge are requested to keep an open date for Thursday night, when a class will be initiated into the lodge, followed by a crab dinner. It will be sufficient food for at least 300 people. As the down crabs have been ordered from the coast. They will arrive here from Warrenton. An interesting evening is expected.

HARVARD-PRINCETON RIFT NEARS CLOSE

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 20.—(AP)—The rift in Harvard-Princeton athletic relations which started in 1928 seemed nearer a close today than it has at any time in the intervening four years.

Princeton undergraduate "orphan" and five Harvard sports captains have agreed upon a policy of resuming athletic relations between the two colleges. Princeton favors immediate resumption of relations with Harvard in all sports except football. Harvard favors immediate resumption of relations "pending football if that were possible."

IDAHO NORMAL CAGERS TROUCE EAST OREGON

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CHAMPION OF CUE BOWS TO VETERAN IN INITIAL MATCH

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—(AP)—Frank Scoville of Buffalo, wanted 39 years to make his debut in a world's championship billiard tournament and then he upset one of the strongest champions the three-cushion field ever knew.

Scoville last night defeated Johnny Layton, champion of all three-cushion stars for three years straight. In the first match of the 1931 tournament by a score of 50 to 35 in 55 innings.

The Buffalo challenger, who won the right to compete by capturing the season's second championship, entered the match labeled as an easy mark for the Soledad, Mo., act. But instead of showing signs of nervousness, he stroked even with the champion for the first 15 innings, dropped back a bit momentarily and then swept ahead and stayed there.

His high run for the match was six while Layton's best cluster totaled three.

Scoville has been playing billiards for 30 years but not until now has he launched a serious campaign for Layton's crown.

"The tournament will require 11 days."

DEAN OF SCIENCE AT PURDUE IS CALLED

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—(AP)—Dr. Richard B. Moore, dean of science at Purdue university, Lafayette, Ind., died today at Memorial hospital. He was 59.

He was stricken with brain cancer last October after having spent much of his life working out methods of cheaper radium production, and was brought to New York in December after he had undergone an operation at the Mayo clinic, Rochester, Minn.

Masked Longing

CHAPTER 9

A NEW STAR TWINKLES

IT WAS after one when Allen and Vivienne returned to the apartment. Early enough, ordinarily, but to Allen the evening had been indelible. If ever she had acted, or ever expected to, she certainly had done so during the last few hours. Klein and Jimmy had been observing her, approvingly, she believed.

What Klein might have said to Dwight Channing before the artist joined them Allen did not know. Apparently both thought it wiser to ignore the article in the current *Tattle Tales*. It was not so much the story itself. Vivienne's calm acceptance and her amusement over it were far more serious.

Vivienne crossed to the table to get a cigarette. Beside the box was the opened copy of *Tattle Tales*. Sitting down, she reached for it and reread the paragraphs that Allen knew by heart. Then, with an air of bravado, she calmly tore out the page.

"Did you ever see anything so deliciously absurd?" Something in Allen's expression caused a quick change in her own. "What on earth's the matter with you?" she demanded impatiently. "Ever since I showed you this you've been acting like a clam."

"You didn't expect me to like it, I hope? How can you think it funny, I can't understand."

"Well, isn't it? Vivienne looked up, honestly surprised.

"Not to me," said Allen. Vivienne, "don't you see the position this puts both of us in?"

"You mean that you take it seriously? Ah, Allen! How can you?" Vivienne was laughing. "Everybody I talked with to-night got a kick out of it."

"Viv, you haven't been asking people if they've read it?"

"Why not? Aren't I entitled to a little publicity? If it helps you, it ought to help me."

"Help you?" Allen gasped. "How can it help either of us?"

"You make me tired!" snapped Vivienne. "One might think you were playing the lead in *East Lynne* or *After Dark*. Oh, wait till I tell Channing!"

"Channing?" Allen spoke very slowly.

"Why, no—no! But of course, he's seen it," said Vivienne carelessly. "Everyone who is anyone subscribes to the crazy sheet. No one believes what's in it. They take it as a joke."

"But, Viv—did Channing pay Galatia?"

"For that darned old dress?" Vivienne yawned. "I suppose he did. What of it?"

"What of it?" Allen repeated. "With you spending your days in his studio—which happens to be his apartment—and your going about with him—"

"And your being starred by Klein!" Vivienne cut in harshly. "Of course, if you want to admit the plain—"

"Do you know what you're saying?" Allen was almost frantic. "Rather. Do you, old dear? If you're going to play elder sister, why don't you grow up? Your stuff's all out of date. The crowd calls me Straight and Narrow—but I'm not narrow minded."

The few remaining days before Allen's opening flew by quickly. Klein came the thrilling "first night" and "Sams' Christmas Stocking" was a proved success.

Max Klein beamed in the lobby as the audience passed slowly out of his theater. Harms of the Mail news desk of the critics. He stopped and grasped Klein's hand.

"Max, you old scoundrel, you're

is drifting steadily to such a division, and, while it is not precisely or definitely classified as yet, there is a sort of tacit understanding about it.

When the Craighton Yacht club and Horton Smith sign a contract, there is no sort of suspicion on the part of the party of the first part that the party of the second part is going to stick around in a shop or on an instruction to the greater part of the year and sell clubs and give lessons.

A number of other famous competitive golfers in professional ranks are under contract with clubs in this fashion, but all the obligation entails is to register from that club in the tournaments. This mode of advertising, for it is that, seems to be quite popular with some golf and country clubs.

Now, according to Robert E. Harlow, director of the P. G. A. tournament bureau, the tournament game has developed into a business.

He says it would be possible to arrange a tournament schedule, following the course of summer around our expansive native land, which would keep the professional busy the year 'round. But, he adds, there are two drawbacks to such a plan.

The strain of continuous tournament competition would be too much for the contestants; and every club promoting a tournament naturally would want a fair share of the top-notchers in the show, if not all of them.

This, in the mind of Harlow, indicates a nine-months' season.

CAR THIEVES AND BURGLAR PAIR TO SERVE SENTENCES

Glenn Stringer, accused of auto theft, was sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary in circuit court this forenoon, following his plea of guilty in court last Saturday. Edwin Crow, arrested with Stringer, was sentenced to 60 days in jail. Stringer, arrested last week for burglary not in a dwelling, were sentenced to two years each in the state penitentiary and were paroled. They were charged with breaking into a cabin owned by Glen Patrick, along the Rogue river, taking groceries, tools and other articles.

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