

STATERS' SHOWING AGAINST TROJANS LEAVES FANS AGOG

Franklin Bright Star of Astounding Upset — Web-foots Have Something to Worry About Coming Till

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 22.—(Special) A young man by the name of Franklin, whose reddish hair is getting thin, but whose legs aren't nearly made football history at the Multnomah stadium in Portland, Saturday afternoon. He intercepted a Trojan forward pass on OSG's thirty-yard line and started for the Trojan goal—had he reached there, that football history would certainly have been made. For Oregon State would have beaten Southern California and such an upset would have been engraved on the tablets of sport in this country for all time. But needless to say he didn't. The chief reason was that there were about 20 Trojans more or less directly in his path, and another reason was there were only ten seconds to play. But holding the country's football champions to a scoreless tie was enough of an achievement for one afternoon. It was sufficient to send the Southern California giants, bent and broken by the showings, and to send a mob of OSG rooters to the nearest goal posts, tear them down, and behind the band parade around the field and on down through the Portland business section, making whoopee through the night and until early morning.

How come? Here was an obscure Oregon team, tied by Gonzaga, barely noising out a close decision against a 2nd rate team in San Francisco, matched against the greatest football machine in sporting history, with a string of 26 straight victories to its credit, fresh from slaughtering the strong W. S. C. aggregation, and defeating St. Mary's—how come that OSG played the national champions to a standstill?

Well the first answer is OSG has a really great team—certainly the best team that has come out of Corvallis in 20 years. It is powerful, has a genuine backfield star in this man Franklin, and more important knows the game. It is the first time we have ever seen an OSG team that had mastered the fundamentals, tackling, blocking and checking—and played heads up football, every minute of the game. Southern Cal had the better team, they played all five times as many first downs and three or four times the yardage.

Yet as football goes they were lucky to escape defeat. For not only during that last half minute, but twice before during the game this same young man Franklin, intercepted forward passes and came within four or five times, but the nearer they came to a score the harder the Beavers fought. In the shadow of the goal posts the boys from Corvallis simply refused to yield, in the line, and they had a defense for a passing attack that was a wild-bang. They checked those receivers like so many termites at a rat hole. They intercepted passes weren't accidents. Where the ball went there was always an OSG man ready to grab it.

And holding the Trojans to no score was not in any sense a fluke. They were within the 10-yard line four or five times, but the nearer they came to a score the harder the Beavers fought. In the shadow of the goal posts the boys from Corvallis simply refused to yield, in the line, and they had a defense for a passing attack that was a wild-bang. They checked those receivers like so many termites at a rat hole. They intercepted passes weren't accidents. Where the ball went there was always an OSG man ready to grab it.

Of course there is another factor, the mental attitude, morale, or whatever you wish to call it. OSG was plainly on its toes for that game. The new coach, Stiner, must be given credit for this. Hopelessly outclassed on paper and on all the dope, nevertheless they came on the field, never flinching in the heat of the contest. They weren't wasting time over any inferiority complex. They weren't thinking about holding down the score. They were there to slay a slingshot between Goliath's eyes—they were there to win. The Trojans on the other hand, were merely skimming in the bush league. There was nothing to pep them up, nothing to put them on their toes. It was just another game. Not that they were overconfident exactly, but neither were they inspired. The Corvallis lads WERE INSPIRED.

It was a case of a good team at its peak physically and mentally against a better team that was just going thru its week-end routine. After the game Coach Stiner, first paying a deserved compliment to OSG remarked somewhat dryly, "Well, we weren't beaten." He MEANT that. It was just by an eyelash that "Lil David" missed blowing on his horn, down through football history for all time.

With several other Medford football fans who still have credit cards for gas, we also took in the night game at Eugene the night before between the University and Idaho. It was our first night game and we hope our last. We like oysters on the half shell—in fact our favorite dish—but we don't like them at breakfast. We like football—in fact we are frankly mad about the game—but we don't like it, after sun down, under a spotlight, with a few thousand other forlorn inarticulate humans, hanging about on the bleacher seats, like so many birds of prey gone to roost.

Football is essentially a sunshine game—or at least an open air, daylight game. One not only wants to see the game, but the pretty girls and their colors and the bouquets and the cheering sections and the bands and all the collegiate paraphernalia that go to make up the spectacle. All one can see clearly at night is the ball—and we admit it's impossible to take one's eyes off from that. It is painted white, and how it gleams against the darkness and the shadows of the field—like one white sheep in a massed flock of coal black ones. Of course it's a great aid in following the ball. But after all it's the players who should follow the ball not the spectators. They want to follow the players and the play. Night football

HELEN WILLS MOODY WALKS AGAIN



After spending several weeks in a hospital Helen Wills Moody, former tennis champion, is able to walk a few blocks a day for exercise. She was treated in a San Francisco hospital for a dislocated vertebrae which caused her to default to Helen Jacobs in the championship tennis meet. She is shown leaving home for a short walk. (Associated Press Photo)

PHEASANT SEEKS HAVEN FROM GUNS IN GARAGE

Driven by shotgun fire from her country home, to seek the protection of the city, a young pheasant flew into the Pichtner garage on West Sixth and Fir streets here Friday.

Entering the service room, which faces Fir street, Carl Pichtner stated this morning, he heard a fluttering of wings and looked up to see the young bird, just inside the door, floundering against the glass. He went over and picked her up, and found she was uninjured, but very frightened. She was placed in a

pastboard box until time to go home and is now roosting with pigeons and chickens in the Pichtner pens on South Holly.

Asked what he did with the bird this morning, Mr. Pichtner replied, "I couldn't kill her, she was too young. So I took her home. I think she'll get along all right with the pigeons." At all events, she won't get shot at the Pichtner place, and if there's any law against keeping her, Mr. Pichtner explained this morning, she may take wing when the season closes.

OFFICE BOYS LEAD BOWLING LEAGUE

City Bowling League standings:

Cl. T. Av.			
M. Cannon	3	596	195
W. Pruitt	3	573	191
G. Gates	3	544	181
H. Haight	6	1074	170
R. Clancy	6	1071	170
R. DeVore	6	1071	170
P. Lounsbury	3	537	170
Geo. Eads	6	1045	174
H. Hankin	6	1030	171
F. Erickson	6	1023	173
J. Gill	6	1014	169
Dr. Lantis	6	1009	169
C. Puhl	4	922	167
Lee Watson	4	904	166
Pay Diamond	3	889	165
F. Hussong	3	496	163
C. Furnas	6	996	164
R. Pruitt	3	493	164
F. Dunn	3	483	163
Hugo Guenther	3	488	163
H. Field	3	488	161
G. Fabrick	3	947	158
H. Smith	3	462	154
C. Walsh	6	913	152
J. V. Watson	6	911	152
J. Murray	6	911	152
W. Hagen	6	898	149
H. Larsen	6	448	146
S. Colton	6	808	145
W. Heath	6	884	144
R. Shreve	6	851	142
H. Newland	6	835	139
W. Newland	6	418	139
J. Burroughs	3	414	138
A. Koober	3	427	137
C. Bowman	3	813	136
H. Hussong	3	394	131
H. Meusel	6	776	126
S. Bullis	1	136	128
A. Potter	6	717	120

ROMANCE OF GRID IN BENEFIT SHOW

"Saturday's Millions," chosen as the feature picture for the Medford high school benefit show at Hunt's Criterion theater Wednesday, is very appropriately a football story—the first to be shown this year. It is the motion picture version of the Lucien Cary story that recently ran in serial form in the Saturday Evening Post.

The story is located in a Midwest college town, Jim Fowler is an All-American who commercializes his "rep." has little regard for school spirit and is generally the antithesis of the school hero. His father, who played one season for Midwest 40 years ago, cannot understand the boy, and goes to Midwest for the last game of the season — also the last game Fowler will play for his school.

Events follow fast, with Fowler leaving training quarters on the night before the game, getting into a fight and breaking his hand, and on the following day—the day of the game—realizing what a fool he has been. He hides his injured hand from the eyes of his coach and teammates and goes out on the gridiron to play the greatest game of his career. Although his team does not win the game—contrary to the usual football picture—Fowler nevertheless wins a moral victory.

Robert Young has the role of Jim Fowler and Lella Hyams is the girl, Johnny Mack Brown, Andy Devine, Grant Mitchell, Mary Carlisle and Lucille Lund, chosen as the All-American girl in a nation-wide contest, are also featured in the cast. The football scenes are well handled by a group of All-American Football Stars.

"Saturday's Millions" is every bit as thrilling as last year's "All American" and year before last "Spirit of Notre Dame," if not even more so. And, as we said before, what could be more appropriate for a football benefit show than a rousing football picture.

IMPORTANT GAMES COMING SATURDAY ON WESTERN GRIDS

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 23.—(P)—In a wide open scramble for Pacific Coast conference standings, the 19 members of the big far western circuit will square off Saturday with some of the most important games of the season scheduled on the football front.

First conference clashes on that day will pit Southern California's Trojans against California's Bears at Berkeley; Stanford against Washington at Seattle; Oregon against the University of California at Los Angeles; Washington State against Oregon State at Corvallis; and Montana against Idaho at Moscow.

Positions at both the top and bottom of the ladder, as well as at the intermediate stations, will be at stake. Oregon and Stanford have clean slates. Southern California and California each have a tie listed, but no defeats. Idaho and Montana, each defeated twice and with no wins will try to jockey the other into bottom place.

With the myth of a super-powerful eleven exploded, Southern California journeys to the stronghold of the Bears for the annual classic that is expected to attract a capacity crowd of 80,000 fans to the Berkeley bowl.

Cost Conference Standings

W. L. T. Pts. Pts.	Op.	
Oregon	2 0 0 25 0	
Stanford	1 0 0 3 0	
Southern Calif.	1 0 1 3 0	
Oregon State	1 0 1 20 0	
California	0 0 1 6 0	
Washington State	1 1 1 19 46	
Washington	1 1 0 32 12	
U. C. L. A.	0 1 0 0 3	
Montana	0 2 0 6 53	
Idaho	0 2 0 6 31	

CANCEL G. PASS BASEBALL GAME

The baseball game between the Coast league All-Stars and the Grants Pass champions was cancelled last Saturday night when the managements for the respective clubs failed to agree on terms.

A guarantee had been offered by Fred Roper, secretary of the Grants Pass club to defray expenses of the would-be visitors, which was accepted, but at the last minute a demand on the part of the All-Stars to have this guarantee doubled was made, which the Grants Pass club was unable to meet, and the game therefore was called off.

Deny Thornhill Won't Be Ousted

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL. Oct. 23.—(P)—A denial of a rumor that C. E. "Ting" Thornhill would be succeeded as head football coach at Stanford by Bernie Bierman of Minnesota was published in the Stanford Daily today.

The report came from the University of Minnesota campus over the week-end.

THEY'RE JUST FANS THIS TIME!



Three men whose names have been synonymous with many previous world series—Babe Ruth, Connie Mack and Rogers Hornsby—were mere box-seat spectators at the 1933 series opener between the Senators and Giants in New York. (Associated Press Photo)

ELKS' BOWLING TOURNAMENT OPENS

The Elks' bowling tournament, with the Sherwood and Bowman teams doing their stuff, will get under way again tonight. The Elks' alleys are in first-class condition, having been repaired, sanded and polished, which places them among the fastest in southern Oregon.

Some fancy scores are expected, as the team having the highest score each week will be awarded a cash prize. There will also be first, second and third prizes at the end of the tournament.

The Orr and Gill teams will bowl tomorrow.

CARNERA BOOED FOR FAILURE TO KO OLD UZCUDUN

ROME, Oct. 23.—(AP)—Primo Carnera's first heavyweight title defense, successful though it was, added little to the mammoth Italian's prestige in his native land today.

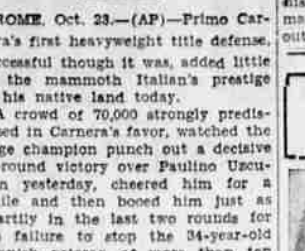
A crowd of 70,000 strongly predisposed in Carnera's favor, watched the huge champion punch out a decisive 15-round victory over Paulino Uzcudun yesterday, cheered him for a while and then booed him just as heartily in the last two rounds for his failure to stop the 34-year-old Spanish veteran of more than ten years' warfare against the world's best heavyweights.

There was no question whatever as to the ultimate winner after the first couple of rounds. Carnera smashed the Basque woodchopper all over the ring with a ripping left and ponderous rights, yet never could floor a rival whose courage alone carried him through the full 15-round limit.

Of the attributes that once made him feared throughout the heavy-weight division, Paulino took with him into this fight only a rock-ribbed chin and the constitution of an ox. He was on the receiving end from the start, his rushes were smothered in the Italian's mighty arms, he was bleeding from the fifth round on, yet he never quit trying, never stopped coming into his bulky opponent, never was floored. At the finish, bloody and bruised, Paulino still was carrying on as aggressively as ever, taking the best Carnera could offer.

He was correctly corseled in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn H. Hoffmann

Credits Association



H. H. Perry, independent service station operator, Eagle Point, considers his tie-up with Richfield was stepping stone to success. "It means everything to an independent dealer to have products like Hi-Octane, and Richluke to sell," he says. Prizes Richfield's dealer policy.

Angered by the demonstration against him, Carnera tried everything he knew in the last two rounds but his own wiliness, plus Paulino's adamant chin, could not bring a knock-out nor end the crowd's booing.

CLINE PIANO CO.

CLOSING OUT SALE

Change in policy of the largest Piano distributor on the Pacific coast makes this move necessary—all pianos on hand and en route to Medford Store, MUST BE CLOSED OUT at once. Included in this stock are many pianos partly paid for and re-possessed. Some just like new.

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Out of Town Buyers Write for Bargain List

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In every room—connection for radio reception, running filtered ice water, both tub and shower.

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Announces Embargo

Gov. William Langer of North Dakota has declared an embargo on spring wheat shipments from North Dakota in an effort to raise prices and center attention on the farmers' plight. (Associated Press Photo)