

1935 Tiger Team Gets First Test Against Alumni in Saturday Tilt

BOWERMAN'S BOYS WILL FACE HEAVY, EXPERIENCED MEN

Large Injury List Lessens High School Hope—Sophomore Backs May Prove Surprise for Followers

With several of his stars on the injured list, only a few days' work spent on defense, and with a green and inexperienced line, Coach Bill Bowerman's 1935 edition of the Black Tornado will blow against the stalwart Alumni at Van Scoyoc field tomorrow afternoon.

Unsettled, with promise of a fine team but no actual experience on which to base those promises, the Tigers will be the focal point of interest all over southern Oregon. The Alumni team will be a heavy aggregation, with power and experience from one end of the line to the other, and all old stars in the backfield. Bowerman, in announcing a tentative line-up yesterday, indicated that some of his injured men may start the fray after all, but stated that they will be pulled from the game in time to save them from further injury.

All week the new coach has been grooming a set of sophomore backs, and these lads have surprised everyone, including the coach. Leroy Edwards, who filled in at fullback in scrimmages Wednesday night, gave great promise of future power. Doty, Horner and Samerla may break into the line-up tomorrow.

The starting line-up, although tentative, will probably be:

High School—	Alumni—
Kunzman	LE
Stittiger	LT
Dickinson	LG
Wilson	C
Baker	RG
Blair	RT
Grow	RE
Stittiger (Bo)	QB
Smith	RH
Sakraida	FB
Lewis	LN

High school reserves who will probably dress will include Townsend and Valier, ends; Carr and Santo, tackles; Henry, Todd and Pennington, guards; Stocka, Root and Gates, centers; Doty, quarterback; Edwards, fullback; Gillinsky and Horner, halves.

Alumni reserves will include Swede Anderson, "Put" Putney, Olef Severance, Warren Loffer, Dick and Paul Sakraida, Earl Harrison, "Hard" Knox, Bert Luman, Owen Bates, and possibly several others.

The game will start promptly at 2 o'clock.

ASHLAND MAY LIGHT HIGH SCHOOL GRID

ASHLAND, Sept. 27.—(Sp.)—Rapidly receiving generous and widespread endorsement from local citizens is a move now on foot to install a modern lighting system at the Ashland high school football field.

The subject has only been in the air since Wednesday, but already the word has been spread around town and was one of the chief topics of conversation Thursday.

No particular group or individual is sponsoring the project, which seems to be of spontaneous origin and which may result in a cooperative community enterprise.

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FANDOM AT RANDOM

By Dick Applegate

Grants Pass High school, seldom considered in the southern Oregon conference as a potential winner, is going to have an exceptionally good team this year. The best way to judge that is by the fact that Coach Loren Tuttle is beginning to send out doleful reports of how bad his team is this year. Last week they pushed the Weed eleven out of the way, 33-6, but they pooh-pooh this victory as a setup, and say that Weed defeated Weed, rather than Grants Pass having much to say about it.

Here's a comment by Leslie Shaw in yesterday's Grants Pass Courier: "Coach Loren Tuttle's 30-man football machine, declared without reserve to be the best in the state, went through its last fighting scrimmage Wednesday night, and with some polish on passing and field drill it will be ready to invade Bulldog territory at North Bend Saturday."

"He has the best team in the state, right enough, but it takes all the good qualities of his half-hundred men to make it. Tuttle said mournfully Wednesday night after watching the heavy-footed Cavemen stumble through well planned plays: 'I know there is lots of good football in them, because I'll be hanged if I can get them to let it out.'"

Grants Pass shouldn't be discounted in the league race. Eventually they're going to have a championship team up there. It's inevitable. And when they do, it would be too bad if they sneaked up on the blind side of Medford and walloped them before the locals knew what was happening. It's no disgrace to be beaten by a good team but there is no point in being beaten because of the underestimating of an opponent.

How about this wrestling business. If you're a wrestling fan at all, you've noticed it. One fighter winds up as though he planned on killing the other grappler like a pole cat. He comes down on the back of the other's neck with a blow designed apparently to knock almost all of the foam off a glass of beer, and the opponent sails through the air and lands on the canvas as though he'd been smacked with a ball bat.

We once called Les Wolfe on that, pointing out to him that most fans were past the slap-stick age, were not so easily fooled, and regarded such obvious theatrics with little tolerance. Wolfe made us see the situation with a little more light. Here's the wrestler's viewpoint in the matter. Wolfe admitted the allegation that some of the blows wouldn't even disturb the beer foam, but added: "We haven't any way of knowing that. When the other guy hits, the idea is to get out of the way. If you hold your neck stiff and take it, that punch would generally break all the beer glasses from here to the California line. But if you're going with it, it lands a lot easier."

Being a former baseball player, he put it this way: "You know what happens when a batter swings at a pitched ball and meets it square. There is a terrific crack, and away goes the old apple. What do you think would happen if the batter were facing the other way, and trying to knock the ball the same way the pitcher was throwing it?"

That puts the things very neatly. If you stand still you get hurt. If you flop with the punch you don't. We'd be inclined to do the dive act, and to the devil with what the fans think.

Our stomach turns just like yours does, though, when one man slaps the other playfully in the ribs, and the wounded glares howls like a wounded stag. After all, we ARE past the slap-stick age, and like to be regarded as past it.

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SHOELESS LINKSMAN SURPRISES DENVER

DENVER.—(P)—Male golfers, unclad from the waist up, are no uncommon sight on Denver fairways. Nor are feminine players in shorts entirely rare.

But the starter at the Berkeley municipal links believes he's encountered a new idea along that line.

A man who said he was a visitor from the east asked if the starter minded if he played in his stocking feet—explained his feet bothered him and that the grass might help them. Assured there was no objection from the city of Denver, the shoeless tourist played 18 holes with evident enjoyment.

COWBOY STORY AUTHOR DIES AT ADVANCED AGE

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Sept. 27.—(P)—Andy Adams, author of stories of cowboy life, died here today at the age of 76. He had been in failing health for some time.

His "Log of a Cowboy," published in 1903, was the best known of the ten books he wrote.

ROLAND WARREN IS SURVIVOR IN BATTLE ROYAL

It took 13 and a half minutes for Roland Warren of Klamath Falls and Floyd Wolfgang of Medford, in the battle of the middleweights at the Armory last night, to worry Russ Riley, Toy Aho and Curly Woods out of the ring so they could continue their maneuvers unopposed, with Warren getting the nod eight minutes later.

At the bell, all five of them, perhaps unfamiliar with the proper technique, stood around in great embarrassment, wondering what to do. Not quite certain yet, but willing to try anything once, Curly Woods of Medford saddled himself around Wolfgang's neck, and the party started.

Unlike the recent heavyweight battle royal, where the action started like a rocket and continued in a wild melee for only three minutes until only two were left, the middleweights made a dog-fight of it, with all five on the floor in one spot, looking more like the annual snake migration out of Klamath Falls than anything else.

When one man would get a good choke hold on another, or perhaps with his teeth buried cleverly in another's jugular vein, some interloper would pull the top man off and try to throw him into the city reservoir two miles away. The fight was going along merrily, all five in a tangle, when reports were received from Russ Riley, somewhere on the bottom of the heap. Some think he bit his own leg, and couldn't stand the pain.

Referee Frisbie, his attention thus singled out, and quite sure someone must be down, ordered Riley from the ring, and from then on the fans could get a better idea of what went on. Curly Woods singled out Roland Warren, Warren being engaged with Aho at the time, and cracked him a resounding one in the mug with his right, kicking him lustily as he clipped the canvas. Warren didn't fall in too gracefully with this sort of horse play, and rising from the boards he seized the local lad by his curly locks, and measuring him as would Gus the Tailor, whacked him one on the button that hurt everyone for five rows back. Woods spent the next few minutes gazing soulfully over the brink into the water bucket under the ring before the humane society gathered him in and took him to the dressing room.

Somewhere along here, Aho was sitting on Warren, it would be hard to say just how. With only three left in the ring, Wolfgang became helpful, and aided Aho in staggering to his feet, with Warren in front of him, nicely trussed and dressed for market. Then retreating across the ring, he lined up for a locomotive rush into the Warren midriff. He'd spent too much time whistling for the crossing, however, and Warren was waiting, and twisted out of the way. They tried it again, with Wolfgang coming off the ropes across the ring straight at him. Or so he thought. Warren picked up his feet. Wolfgang clipped Aho's pins neatly out from under him, leaving Rolle in the ring, but knocking the other two ungracefully outside.

Here's where Wolfgang looked smart. He stayed outside, shaking his noggin until Aho had climbed back in. As he came up to the ring, Warren flopped him over the ropes with a flying mare or something, and pinned him with a body press, with Wolfgang arriving belatedly and sitting on both their backs.

After a five minute rest, Wolfgang and Warren finished up their business and went home. In true meane style, Warren got extremely rough in the last canto, and tried to pry the local pride's arm loose, possibly for use as a weapon in fighting his way through the crowd. The fight was extremely funny, but not nearly so fast or bloodcurdling as the recent heavyweight go.

In the opening bout, Joe Hubka



Washington State College thinks Levi McCormack, full blooded Nez Perce Indian, may come closest of his race to the feats of the great Jim Thorpe. Fastest man on the Cougar squad and a sophomore backfield candidate, McCormack also plays basketball, baseball and even the violin well. (Associated Press Photo)

exhibited great lethargy in letting "Marine" Kennaston worry him about the ring, to take two out of three falls. Hubka got the first with a body press, following a Sonnenberg, and in the next seemed to lose interest in the proceedings, and let Kennaston take him with some sort of freak hold that looked more like chiropractic than wrestling. A few judicious kicks here and there helped the situation that Kennaston was the tough victor.

In the final fall, Kennaston rolled up like an armadillo, with arms locked around his legs. Hubka surveyed the situation for some time, before deciding to try to crack him open, like a sea-gull does clams. This worked after a few jolts, and the "Marine" retired hastily outside the ring, ostensibly to tie his shoe lace. Jolts loose in the bumping. After the usual battering in the ribs, Hubka seemed to forget who he was, and let the Marine tie him up with another of those strange looking holds. Hubka signaled that he was down, Frisbie patted Kennaston's back, and the match should have been over, except that the Gold Hill star wouldn't let go. After pulling his hair for some time, Frisbie awarded the match to Hubka on a foul, and the fans howled their approval.

Grants Pass Lad Gets First Deer

GRANTS PASS, Sept. 27.—(Sp.)—Bobby Boyce, 14-year-old son of V. Boyce, returned with his father from the Lakeview country Thursday with his first deer. Although the buck is a small one, weighing about 115 pounds, young Boyce is mighty proud of his deer.

Lakeview country is still too dry to do much successful hunting, Boyce said. However, in some sections deer are plentiful and hunters are getting the limit.

Paul Carries His Lunch
HOLLYWOOD (AP)—Because studio lunch rooms are so noisy, Paul Cavanaugh always carries his lunch-sacks with him. He thinks the bustle takes his mind off his work.

GILINSKY KEY MAN IN SONS PLAN FOR SATURDAY'S CLASH

Anne Cornell's Northwest conference Pacific university Badgers and the SONS of Southern Oregon Normal, under the first year direction of Jean Eberhart, will face off Saturday afternoon at Ashland in the first college football game to be brought to southern Oregon this year.

And upon the slim shoulders of a former Medford high flash—Max Gillinsky—will rest the success or failure of a SONS attack that will see a new man in every position.

With a squad wiped clean of veterans, Eberhart has built his almost entire attack around the fleet-footed Gillinsky, and in the former Medfordite's ability to get into the open rests the answer to the question—have the SONS any scoring ability.

Because of the inexperience of his entire team and the lack of sufficient weight to develop any great power, Eberhart has thrown caution to the four winds and will depend almost entirely upon a wide open, passing and lateral passing show to register first downs and touchdowns.

And the boy who can make that attack click, or cause it to fail miserably, is Max Gillinsky. Practically every play is designed to spring the racehorse into the clear, where once he finds himself, he acts like a scared jackrabbit.

While Gillinsky will be the key man in the SONS attack, slicing off the tackles, receiving passes, both forward and lateral, and in general sparking the light backfield, another speed burner halfback will be depended upon to furnish his share of the fireworks.

He is Virgil Horne, a southpaw from Cottage Grove. Almost as fast as Gillinsky, he is a deadly passer and once past the line of scrimmage, can himself go places with despatch.

The SONS and Pacific have met three times before, SONS winning twice by scores of 19-0 and Pacific winning last year, 7-0.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 27.—(AP)—The great fall drama of football hit Portland the hardest in history last night when 24,900 persons paid to see the annual schedule draw which lined Washington high up for a crushing 32 to 0 victory over Commerce high.

The bands from the eight Portland high schools were there in uniform and the players from every school were dressed ready for action. The stadium was crowded to the limit at mid-field and hardly any of the seats even at the ends were bare. It was one of the noisiest crowds ever assembled in Portland.

As each team dashed onto the field in sparkling new uniforms, tremendous ovations rolled from the school's rooting section, and the remainder of the crowd re-echoed the pandemonium.

Washington high was too big and powerful for the Commerce boys.

16 COAST TEAMS OPEN GRID WAR NEXT SATURDAY

Oregon and Gonzaga Meet in Night Game—Staters Face Willamette—Bay Region to See Close Battle

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 27.—(AP)—Sixteen untied western eleven's will leave the green pastures of practice scrimmage and swing into a whirlwind of competition tomorrow.

Four schools will start their coast conference race. At Los Angeles Coach Howard Jones' Southern California Trojans will take on the University of Montana, while at Seattle the University of Idaho starts the season with a stiff game against the Washington Huskies.

In the San Francisco Bay region, where the greatest exhibition of strength appears to be centered, Santa Clara and the University of San Francisco are pitted together in a contest so evenly matched it might have been scheduled for mid-season.

After experimenting with various backfield combinations for the past two weeks, Coach "Stub" Allison will send his California first two squads against the Cal Aggies and Whittier college in a doubleheader at Berkeley. "Stub" has three separate backfields.

The Stanford Indians, last year's conference champions, will battle San Jose State in a lop-sided affair that may be dismissed as a show for the home folks.

Little Gonzaga of Spokane will meet University of Oregon in a night game at Portland, and at Corvallis, Willamette faces Oregon State college. The Washington State Cougars will brush up their offense in a game with the College of Puget Sound at Pullman.

Sunday afternoon the St. Mary's college Gaels face "Brick" Mitchell's University of Nevada Wolfpack.

STENOGS CRUSHED BY WASHINGTON

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KILL MOST DEER IN KLAMATH LAKE

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 27.—(AP)—Oregon's venison seekers have been most successful this week in Klamath and Lake counties, a state game commission bulletin said today.

In Columbia county hunting was good, although underbrush caused difficulty in places. Hood River, Curry, Douglas and Josephine counties all returned favorable reports.

The Ochoco national forest area is crowded with more hunters this year than for several seasons. Best hunting has been in the eastern part.

Weather conditions have been dry, requiring extreme caution to prevent fires.

Propose Benefits For Peanut Oil
RALEIGH, N. C. (AP)—A proposal to divert a part of the peanut crop into oil production, with AAA benefits being paid for such diversion, has been recommended here by an advisory committee of peanut growers.

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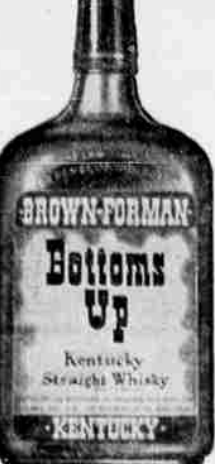
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