

SPORTS

Tribune Olympic Scribe Besieged For Autograph Upon Arrival in Berlin

By Roy Craft

Mail Tribune Correspondent at Large

BERLIN, August 11.—Ah Banwell, the great autograph collector, should see me now!

Wherever your correspondent goes, I am besieged by small boys with autograph books. The harder I try to explain that my Olympic press badge does not indicate I am a great American hammer-thrower, the more enthusiastic they become.

The press and athletic badges are much alike, and as the only words I know in the German language are "groß" and "hier," I find my vocabulary rather limited in an emergency of this kind. I try to tell the lads by shrugs and gestures that they do not want my autograph, but my arm waving only serves to convince them that, whoever I am, I am a very great man indeed and very modest.

So I finally sign my name and everybody is happy. They won't find out their mistake until they try to trace one original Craft for a good used Dizzy Dean.

Medford's "Seeing Europe on a Shoestring" tour, consisting of your correspondent, the Little Woman, three bags, a typewriter and a pair of fallen arches, is now in Berlin. We are safely billeted in a German home and are finding our stay here altogether pleasant.

Saves Letter Writing.

We had promised our pals on The Mail Tribune to send an occasional article and I believe the last one was written from London. I won't know until I get home whether or not they're being run, but if they are, it saves a lot of letter-writing.

To make a short story long, we spent four days in London and then proceeded to Paris. The French capital is a picturesque and beautiful city, but the American tourist there receives the same sort of reception he encounters while strolling down the midway at Coney Island. He is accepted as a sucker rather than as a guest.

We spent eight very pleasant days there, however, and visited the usual points of interest. When I get home I will be glad to meet the boys back of the barn, by appointment, and tell them all about the Casino de Paris and the Sphinx Club, an obscure and description of which would fill several pages in this quiet family journal.

Everyone in Paris has his hand out for a tip, and when you leave the hotel lacks on an extra 15 per cent for service. This is supposed to eliminate the necessity for tipping, but the hired hands never see any of it. The service charge used to be 10 per cent, but a few weeks ago they upped it, on the theory that if 10 per cent is good, 15 per cent is better!

In England and France the train officials treat the customers with indifference, but in Germany the officials snap around like soldiers and the train conductor salutes each incoming traveler and wishes him a pleasant stay in Germany. It is true, of course, that Germany is dressed up for the Olympics and everybody has his orders to be courteous and considerate of the country's guests, but courtesy and alertness is not something that can be taken off and put on like a rain coat.

Living Not So High.

Thanks to "registered marks," which the tourist can purchase in foreign countries before reaching Germany, living expenses here are not as high as in Paris or London.

The people here impress the visitor with their physical energy and alertness. Whatever may be one's personal views in regard to Hitler's drastic social and political measures, one must admire the spirit which the Germans display in everything they do. This is my first visit here, and I do not know what the conditions were before the Nazi regime, but I am informed by Americans in a position to know that the morale of the people was in a low state before Hitler put everybody in uniform and started them goose-stepping back to their "new freedom."

In America many political leaders stand in dread of "regimentation," but apparently that sort of thing fits the Deutschland temperament just right. I have never seen so many uniforms and medals and it is a very poor citizen indeed who isn't privileged to dress up at least once a week and strut. Even the cops look like generals, and Chief of Police McCredie would wear all kinds of braid and carry a long sabre if he were in this country.

The rutch is using the Olympiad as its big opportunity for making friends and overcoming much of the objectionable publicity of the past few years. It is understood they will renew their anti-Semitic campaign and other stringent measures when the games are over, but for the moment Germany is the perfect host, with a unified and contented people extending the hand of welcome.

Gets Annie Oakleys. Your correspondent was lucky in establishing full-fledged press credentials, and is taking advantage of the remarkable treatment being accorded the reporters from all over the world. Twelve hundred of us were guests at a big banquet given by Dr. Herman Goebels, German minister of propaganda, the other evening. Announcements and speeches were made in three languages.

Each speaker would deliver his address in his own tongue, either German, French or English and a tripe-throat shorthand artist would get up and read his speech back in the other two languages. This took quite a little time, but there were many tall wine bottles for those gentlemen of the press who care for that sort of thing, and the time passed very quickly.

America's most famous sports writers were there—Paul Gallico, Henry McElmore, Grantland Rice, and the rest. The only one I missed seeing was Dick Applegate. Among those at the press tables was Eleanor Holm Jarrett, ex-Olympic swimmer, who is

WORK BEGINS ON NEW GRANDSTAND FOR SENIOR HIGH

Completion Expected September 19—Covered Unit to Seat 1250—Bleachers Give Additional Seats

Work started yesterday on the new grandstand at the senior high school athletic field near the end of South Ivy street, after the contract had been let Saturday to E. P. Power of this city. Power's bid of \$1597, accepted from among five, was not the lowest submitted but was chosen because his was the lowest among those who could meet the school bond requirements, according to school officials.

Power stated yesterday that work on the big stand will be rushed to completion by September 19, allowing ample time for finishing touches before the start of the football season early in October.

Plans, drawn by Architect Frank Clark, call for a covered unit 205 feet long, with well entrances from the rear, and seating 1250 persons. The well entrances will allow spectators to file to their seats without the necessity of entering at the end gates. The unit will have a band stand capable of accommodating 45 members, and an ample press box.

Original plans called for bleachers at each end, but when WPA withdrew patronage of the project this was considered unfeasible, and it has been decided to use portable bleachers, boosting the entire seating capacity to 2000. Eventually a comparable grandstand will be put in on the east side of the field, but for the present one, on the west side, will serve for the present.

Plans also call for lavatory and showers under the grandstand, but money is not now available for so ambitious an undertaking and completion of those units will have to await financing. Framework for those rooms will be put in, however, at the present time.

With two covered baseball grandstands now completed, the Medford school has one of the most complete athletic plants in the state, with new turf field coming along so rapidly that practice games with Clatsop being held upon it. The players are using soft-soled shoes instead of cleats, for daily waterings have left the base of the field soft.

MONTGOMERY PINS WOLFE; BOB CHICK SUBDUES MEANIE

Any minor riots failed to develop at the Armory wrestling matches last night, but wild action in two of the three matches sent the big crowd home feeling as though there had been a riot. Bob Montgomery, big rough-and-tumbler from Georgia, continued his winning streak by pinning Lee Wolfe, and Bobby Chick, taking to the violent end of the game like a kid does to bread and jam, eliminated Cherokee Ike at his own game. Joe Hubka, Bohemian Adonia from Nebraska, looking leaner and faster than when he left here a year ago, experienced little trouble in eliminating Walter Stratton in the opener.

The crowd had already started to leave the auditorium in the last match when Les Wolfe got his punishing figure-4 scissors on Montgomery for what would have been the deciding fall, after Montgomery had struggled to his feet only to fall back to the mat. As the crowd started to leave Montgomery again regained his feet and staggered to the corner of the ring, where Referee Ray Friable broke Wolfe's hold when the Georgian edged his head under the ropes. With Wolfe standing directly behind him, the southerner lashed backwards with both feet like a Brahmin heifer kicking a milk bucket, and knocked his elongated opponent spinning, diving aboard for a Boston crab that gave him the fall and the match.

Montgomery also took the opening tumble when he banged Wolfe's skull into the light of the ropes at a corner, leaving the Texan groggy and taking the fall with a press. In this round Wolfe abandoned his usual gentlemanly tactics and fired a few flits at Montgomery. The fall came in 11 minutes. Wolfe took the next with a bottom-up figure-4, his favorite grip, in nine minutes after much slugging on the part of Montgomery.

The stocky Chick handed Cherokee Ike one of the major surprises of his career in the middle event, after it had seemed the Indian was well on his way toward achieving super-meatie status. Ike started his slug-

Leaping to his feet the primitive aborigine, who admits he's only half Indian, informed Mr. Chick that he could lick him easily if no "lucky punches" were landed, to which Mr. Chick replied that some day he might have the chance, although Mr. Chick expressed the gravest doubts that Ike would get any farther than he had on the recent occasion.

The beef lasted for some minutes, during the course of which discussion Chick stated that he was rather proud of his wrestling, rather than his ability to mix it with tough gentlemen who always wanted to punch him in the eye. "Down where I came from," he stated, "we learn to wrestle right. I learned to wrestle long before this alley-lighting you became popular." He admitted he was an alley fighter and not a wrestler, but that he could "lick hell out of a lot of—whom he thought they were wrestlers."

The party came to a close when Chick, departing, extended his hand and said "No hat feelings, anyway, even if I do hope you lose your next match." Mr. Ike assured him, in appropietic terms, that "hope" would be Chick's only recourse if Chick happened to be the opponent in that next fight.

We queried Ike as to whether he had lost any bigwigs when outboxed on the puma so heartily, but he denied it. Chick was there, which may have had something to do with the denial, for shortly after he'd left Ike started nursing an extremely swollen jaw, and speculatively moving his teeth around to see if any of them had become unmoored. "Noting us watching him, he looked a little sheepish and explained that he didn't want to admit Chick had hurt him, in Chick's presence.

Those boys have more fun. Random observations: If you're like us you often wonder how the ropes of a wrestling ring withstand the beating they get. We've found out. They're not ropes at all, but half-inch steel cable, running in a sheath of water hose and taped with cotton cloth—Joe Hubka, who is a Bohemian and not a Swede despite his looks, uses Hubka as a ring name. His real moniker is Joe Crowell, and he used to be a mechanic in the Ford garage at Dodge, Nebraska—John Miller, ex-big league fliker, now managing the Medford Baseball school, can still pitch four or five fast innings. More, if his legs didn't tire on him—Those who saw Lawson Little in the Portland golf tourney report that, rumors to the contrary, he is the best showman in the game.

HOW THEY STAND

National League		
	W.	L. Pct.
St. Louis	65	42 .607
Chicago	63	42 .600
New York	60	46 .568
Pittsburgh	52	51 .505
Cincinnati	51	53 .490
Boston	49	57 .462
Brooklyn	42	64 .396
Philadelphia	39	66 .371
American League		
	W.	L. Pct.
New York	71	35 .670
Cleveland	61	48 .560
Chicago	59	50 .541
Detroit	57	50 .533
Boston	55	53 .509
Washington	53	54 .495
St. Louis	38	69 .353
Philadelphia	35	70 .340

Coast League unchanged.

FANDOM AT RANDOM

By DICK APPLIGATE

Bobby Chick, thoughtfully nursing a dislocated thumb in the dressing rooms at the Armory last night, after knocking a three-bagger with Cherokee Ike serving as the baseball, was informed that his wallop was a "lucky punch." The informant, possibly prejudiced in favor of the Indian, was Cherokee Ike.

"If I'd just kicked you a couple more times in that second fall you wouldn't have got that lucky punch in," quoth Ike to Chick. "I thought you were grogier than you looked," he added accusingly.

Chick, nulling this information over, admitted that he might have been guilty of a little underhandedness in allowing Ike to deceive himself as to the condition he was in. "Sure, I was laying for you," Chick granted. "But you tried to lure me into a couple of traps yourself. You'd liked to have me walk into one of those haymakers you were hiding behind your foot when you were pretending you were groggy, wouldn't you? But I was too smart for you. I wouldn't bite. Some of us wrestlers are smart, and some of us are like you."

Pretty rough conversation, this, and Ike, whom we have an almost uncontrollable inclination to call Alkali Ike for reasons we can't fathom, got burned up about it plenty.

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NIPPONS NATATORS PROVE SENSATION IN OLYMPIC TANKS

Team Scores

BERLIN, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Unofficial team point scores in Olympic swimming competition (on 10-5-4-3-2-1 basis):
 Men's swimming: Japan, 25; United States, 22; Hungary, 14; Germany, 7; France, 3; Great Britain, 1.
 Women's swimming: Holland 17½; Germany, 11½; Japan, 10; Argentina, 5; Denmark, 4; United States, 1; Great Britain, 1.

BERLIN, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Paced by Dick Degener, of Detroit, the United States scored its second successive clean sweep in the Olympic springboard diving championship today but saw its 800-meter relay swimming combination soundly thrashed by the Japanese.

Hideo Maehata, another Japanese ace, romped off with the women's 200-meter breast stroke crown. Degener nosed out his teammate, Marshall Wayne, of Miami, Fla., for the title with 162.27 points. Wayne was second with 159.66. Al Greeno of Chicago, took third place with 146.29.

Otherwise the Americans were forced to yield the spotlight to the land of the rising sun, although Jack Medina and Ralph Flanagan qualified for the 400 meter free style finals and Alice Bridges and Edith Mordridge Segal successfully passed their initial tests in the women's 100 meter backstroke event. The 1932 champion, Eleanor Holm Jarrett, who lost her place on the team for drinking and late hours, looked on in the role of spectator.

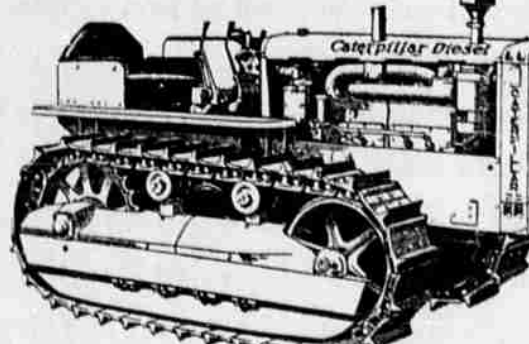
Japan's relay combination beat the United States by 15 meters in the 800-meter relay final. The Japanese were clocked in eight minutes, 51.5 seconds, shaving 4.6 seconds off the new world and Olympic standard they had set up in the trials yesterday.

Miss Maehata was given a terrific struggle by Martha Chappenger, of Germany in the 200 meter breast stroke final but won by one foot in 3:03.6, well above the new Olympic standard of 3:01.9 she set in the trials.

Scores Yesterday

National League
 At Brooklyn, 6; New York, 5.
 At Philadelphia, 7; Boston, 9.
 At St. Louis, 7; Chicago, 3.
 Only games scheduled.
 American League
 At New York, 4; Washington, 11.
 Only game scheduled.
 Coast League
 No games scheduled.

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blindly across the arena. He received such a hearty crack on the chin that the only man who didn't blink was the pistol-shot report was the deaf gentleman who lives three blocks south of the Bear Creek packing house. The Indian arched a beautiful parabola onto the flat of his back, where he remained oblivious of his surroundings while Chick took the fall. When he finally did emerge from the coma Ike leaped to his feet and squared away for some more going, only to discover with blank amazement that his enemy had flown. His virile offerings to thrash the two seconds or anyone else in the house were vastly amusing to the crowd.

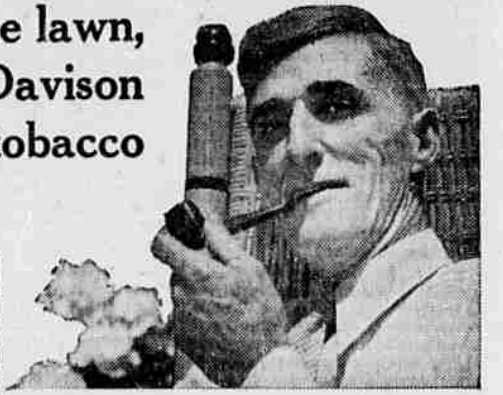
Walter Stratton, under-slung weight lifter, was obviously out of his class against Joe Hubka in the opener. He did fairly well in the first round getting out of a leg scissors into a Boston crab, and breaking Hubka's arm bar twice with his abnormal strength, but superior size and speed cut him down in the following canto as the ex-Nebraska footballer Sonnenberged him and then put his shoulders to the mat with a somewhat bottoms-up, the first time such a pin fall had been seen here. Stratton was unable to continue.

Parole officials of Arkansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona and Texas will hold the first southwest-

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