

The Sporting Page

GRAPPLERS STAGE WILD EXHIBITION IN BATTLE ROYAL

Over 1300 screaming grapple fans packed the Medford armory last night to witness the return of Mad Marine Bob Kenaston and see Les Wolfe, the Terrible Texan, get the trouncing of his life. They weren't disappointed in the first place—Kenaston returned in all his unholy glory. But Wolfe positively didn't receive the trouncing expected, although he did suffer several tough moments.

However, instead of being in on the hoped-for "kill" of the villain from Texas, local addicts were present for some of the most astounding action ever seen here, also some of the most sensational, and there was a minimum of disappointment when the one-hour program was ended.

Proceedings started with the battle royal, which reached an all-time high for blood-and-thunder action and rip-sporting excitement. Tough little Zibzy Zyzako was the first wrestler to be eliminated, falling prey to a booming dropkick from Sailor Dick Trout. Then the action really started. Marshall Carter singled out Wolfe and went to work. First he chased him around the ring with sonnenbergs, finally driving the Texan to cover outside the ring. Even then, Carter continued his personal feud, grabbing the Wolfe manie by the head and bouncing his neck on the ropes until the lanky ruffian was howling for mercy. Seeing his partner in crime in a bad way, Bob Kenaston pounded to the rescue, grabbing Carter from behind and hurling him across the arena.

Carter and Wagner proceeded to gang up on Kenaston by clamping on a devastating leg split. It was apparent that the Gold Hill gorilla was down and done plenty, but in the meantime, Wolfe had returned to action and, with Trout, made so much commotion that Referee Earl Yoskley was utterly unable to award anybody anything. For more than one full minute, all five grapplers and the ref were in one mad tangle of falling arms and legs, with Yoskley getting the worst of it. Suddenly, the entire mob pounced on Wolfe and he followed Zyzako into defeat.

With three cleanes left in there, Kenaston was in trouble at once. Wagner, Trout and Carter decided to wipe him away and it was done like this: Wagner grabbed his arms from outside the ring, held him wide open to a frontal attack, and Trout and Carter started exploding dropkicks at his unprotected torso. After about six apiece, Kenaston was ready to holler "when," and a moment later the three clambered aboard and the



AIDING ANGLERS, G. C. Leach (above), makes periodic trips about the nation to check on U. S. hatcheries needing stocking. His next visit will be to New England. The hatcheries provide stock for many fine fishing streams.

meanie was on his way to the dressing room.

Trout, Wagner and Carter battled it out for the main event spot, and the battle royal was done for when Carter blasted a dropkick that caught Trout square on the button. The entire thing lasted all of 10 minutes, and was the greatest exhibition of that type yet to be staged in the local house of horrible happenings.

Coming back for the opener, Les Wolfe made about work of Zyzako after his usual display of dirtiness de luxe. A rolling body scissors did the work.

Bob Kenaston applied a Chicago crab to Sailor Dick Trout to win the middle event in less than three minutes. Trout refused the match after Kenaston had first rammed his knee to the kidney, then hammered a double-up flat to the same spot. Referee Yoskley attempted to award Trout the match on a foul, but the sailor, although barely able to stand on his feet, insisted on facing the huge Kenaston. It was a fine gesture of pure nerve, but foolhardy, for Kenaston immediately powerbused his way past Trout's weakly flailing arms and clamped on the devastating Chicago crab.

Marshall Carter and Bobby Wagner raced through 31 minutes of sensation mat work in the main event, with Carter finally producing the payoff via thrilling body flips, after breaking a Boston crab. Both grapplers ran the gamut of clean and scientific maneuvers. Seldom does an audience get heated up over a pair of cleanies displaying their stuff, but it did last night. The two really put on a scene.

Scores Yesterday

(By the Associated Press.)

National.
New York 5-3, Boston 4-1.
Chicago 7, Cincinnati 4.
Philadelphia 11, Brooklyn 3.
Only games scheduled.

American.
Philadelphia 2-8, Boston 6-0.
Detroit 2, Cleveland 1.
New York-Washington (rain).
Only games scheduled.

LADY SHOWS MEN FOLK HOW TO SHOOT DEER
PENDLETON, Ore., Sept. 28.—(AP)—Mrs. R. C. Tetzlaff of Pendleton

35 TURNING OUT FOR GRID DRILL AT JUNIOR HIGH

With 35 players reporting for practice daily, Coach George Harrington of Medford Junior high school is rapidly rounding his squad into condition for its opening battle next Friday afternoon at Van Scoyoc field, against the Jacksonville high aggregation of Coach Bob Wood.

Starting his first year at the head of all junior high athletics, Harrington, himself a former Medford athlete and later a star on the Linfield college football and basketball teams, is well pleased with the way his eleven has been developing. Although having only one letterman with which to spark his green and inexperienced ball club, he states that the team will be "fast" and shows possibility of being better than that, Louie Thurman, end, is the lone returning letterman from last year's team.

Harrington's biggest job is sifting out the better ball players, teaching them fundamentals, and then placing them in positions he believes will be the most advantageous to both the boy and the team. His line averages about 145 pounds and the backfield about 135, he stated.

To date, the first string has been lining up with Thurman and Jacoby at the ends, Wells and Florey at the tackles, Grimes and Jones at the guards and Claude Jones center. In the back field, Harrington has been using Pitts at quarter, Lee Hayes and Ray Johnson halves, and Barker full.

On the second team but threatening to crack the varsity at any time are Lillie and Miller, ends; Moulton and Keoveny, tackles; Brown and Hansen, guards; and Rian, center. In the backfield are Campbell at quarter, Todd and Walls at the halfback positions, and Cannon at full.

HOW THEY STAND

(By the Associated Press.)

National.	W. L.	Pct.
New York	91	54 .628
Chicago	88	60 .595
St. Louis	80	68 .541
Pittsburgh	79	68 .537
Boston	75	73 .507
Brooklyn	61	87 .412
Philadelphia	59	88 .401
Cincinnati	56	91 .381

American.	W. L.	Pct.
New York	98	37 .576
Detroit	86	62 .581
Chicago	82	64 .563
Cleveland	78	69 .531
Boston	76	69 .524
Washington	70	74 .486
Philadelphia	49	95 .340
St. Louis	44	103 .299

has shown her marksmanship to her husband and a group of his men friends. Yesterday she accompanied her husband and four of his friends on a hunting expedition into Fly valley. They returned last night with one deer—a 180-pounder with three points.

It was Mrs. Tetzlaff's deer. The men were empty handed.

Sport Graphs

Billy Hulen Says:

Grid Officials Don't Wave Arms Merely in Fun

Now that this pigskin season is actually in full swing, how about leaving the roaring halfbacks and ripping linemen to their press clippings for a little while and taking a look at the officiating end of the business. Although we can't draw pictures on a typewriter, we'll attempt to explain and describe the going-on as the white-clad umpires, referees and head linemen wave their arms about in what, to some people probably seems like so much wasted motion. However, they don't wave their arms for fun.

Of course, the best-known motion, and one which even the most inexperienced spectator understands, or should anyway, is the vertical lifting of the arms straight to the sky. When you see a referee leap up and apparently grab for a handful of clouds, you know that a touchdown has been scored or a field goal produced. The same motion, only with the palms together overhead, denotes a safety, or two points. Also, the same motion embellished by a sifting of hands overhead means a time out.

Now for some of the deeper secrets used by officials to describe what is what and why. When you see an official stand out there with his hands nonchalantly resting on his hips, you can be certain that somebody has been off-side or there has been a violation of the kick-off formation. If an official stands with his hands

palms out, on his thighs, there has been some crawling, pushing or helping the runner, a very bad habit to get into. Most average fans believe the pushing signal is just what it looks like, the official standing with his arms horizontal to the ground and palms out, like he was shoving open a door. However, that motion denotes interference with a forward pass or a pass which touches an ineligible player, and positively doesn't mean a player has been guilty of pushing unless, of course, he has pushed the pass-receiver.

When a player has been guilty of holding, the word is flashed to the grandstand and press box by the official grabbing one wrist like he was going to tear it off. A player illegally in motion is noted by the official slapping his arm across his chest and horizontal to the ground. When you witness a referee or umpire salute you, he means that some ball player has staged unnecessary roughness. And finally, when you see an official swing his arms cross across his body, it means that a penalty has been assessed, or a play is incomplete, a goal has been missed, or a play is to be replayed.

Any doubt as to how Prink Callison's flaming sophomores were going to come through in their first taste of varsity competition of the Pacific coast conference variety was certainly dispelled last Friday night. Although getting bumped by UCLA, 26-13, under the lights at Los Angeles, the Webfoots displayed more offensive dynamite in that one and first game than they did all last year.

And, it was that untried and inexperienced sophomore backfield that accounted for both touchdowns and more important still, to Medford addicts anyway, it was their own Bob Smith who set off all the fireworks. The great former Tiger smashed across one six-pointer and heaved a pass to Jay Graybeal for the other. Which is about all you could expect from any one guy in any 90 minutes of football game. For that matter, Bob didn't even play the entire game, either.

We would modestly like to go on record now as predicting that, before the college careers of Bob Smith and

Jay Graybeal have terminated, both will have made All-Coast first team selections. Also, that two years from now, maybe next season, Oregon will win the conference championship.

Next week-end will be a large one for Medford football fans. Friday night, Coach Bill Bowerman's Black Tornado inaugurates night football here by tangling with a strong Hood River high school aggregation at the stadium. A complete sellout is expected. Reserved seats may be obtained at either the high school or the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce. A telephone call will do the trick, and fans are warned to grab them early.

Saturday afternoon, Oregon plays Stanford at Eugene and the attendance will be increased by hundreds, yes hundreds, of southern Oregon fans, most of which will come from Medford. Plenty of local citizens are planning to make the jaunt for a sender at Smith and Prink Callison and his Webfoots, and anyone desiring to travel by special pullman is asked to get in touch with Gain Robinson at the Valley Fuel company office next to the chamber of commerce. Special rates have been made.

ARCHERS HIT CLAIM OF HUMANE OFFICIAL

PORTLAND, Sept. 28.—(AP)—Plans of Harry Daniel, Oregon humane society president, to investigate the Canyon creek bow and arrow preserve with a camera and show an arrow-wounded deer brought down charges of "silly, asinine outbursts of ignorance" today from archers. Daniel would like to see the hunting ground closed, but Bowman asserted his camera would be aimed at no wounded animals.

BOBBY JONES SENDS CARSON GOLF CLUBS

PORTLAND, Sept. 28.—(AP)—Mayor Joseph Carson was Portland's proudest golfer today. He boasted a set of irons, the gift of famed Bob Jones. While watching the national amateur golf championship here last month, Jones played a round with Carson. He wrote the mayor he enjoyed the game so much he wanted to express his appreciation and hoped thereby the mayor would shave a few strokes off his game.

PICKARD FAVORED IN BELMONT TOURNAMENT

BELMONT, Mass., Sept. 28.—(AP)—Henry Picard's par-smashing parade through the \$12,000 Belmont open match play tournament put him in the role of favorite today against his Pennsylvania golfing neighbor, Byron Nelson, in a 36-hole final.

The Hershey, Pa., pro, who qualified for the final with a 7 and 6

victory over Ralph Guldahl, national open champion, was 22 strokes under par for the 122 holes he has played against four rivals.

Nelson, from Reading, Pa., advanced to the final by turning back Lighthouse Harry Cooper of Chicago, 5 and 4, registering 14 under par for 137 holes of match play.

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