Bobby Chick and Jimmy Lott Grapple Main Armory Event Tonight

MEAN SMOLINSKI MEETS STRELICH IN MIDDLE MATCH

Polish Palooka Back to Whet Hate of Mat Fans—Big Ole Olson and Jarbo Billed for Opening Setto

It's Jimmy Lott versus Bobby Chick in the main event of Promoter Mack Lillard's weekly grapple program at the Medford armory tonight, but it seems to be the middle brawl between Joe Smolinski, Polish Palooka, and big Steve Strelich of Hollywood that has the rail birds already talking to themselves.

Admitting that the Lott-Chick embroglio will undoubtedly prove of main event calibre, the local philberts are still looking toward that Smolinski-Strelich go to provide most of the fireworks. According to the past performances of Smolinski, they have something there.

Fans Hate Him

Smolinski, a guy with the disposition of a mad bulldog and who slightly resembles one, returns to the local arena after several months' absence. In Joe's last stay here, he made himself so thoroughly hated that many fans wondered whether he would ever be allowed to return. However, Mack Lillard, braving the wrath of the local boxing commish and plenty of customers who like their grappling on the up and up, went out and signed Smolinski, and here he is—or will be, tonight.

Although the Polish Palooka is one of the toughest customers to ever appear in southern Oregon, he is obviously up against another tough baby in Strelich, who does movie business on the side when he isn't whipping wrestlers with his highly-educated legs. In two appearances here, Strelich has proved he can take care of himself.

Chick's Farewell

Tonight will probably be Bobby Chick's final showing in Medford this year. The ex-light heavyweight champion figures on traveling east after his Klamath Falls appearance tomorrow evening. His opponent, Jimmy Lott, returns to Medford after over a year's absence, and reports are to the effect that the former University of Alabama flash is even better than he formerly was, which was good enough. Lott is inclined to turn villainous when the going gets torrid.

Opening the card will be Sailor Ole Olson and Big Jarbo, the two who staged a great match last week. Olson won that by turning dirty when Jarbo applied too much grappling pleasure.

SPOKANE PUCKSTERS ENJOY LEAGUE LEAD

SPOKANE, Nov. 15.—(AP)—A 1 to 0 victory last night over the Seattle Seahawks in a fast game gave the Spokane Clippers a first place berth in the Pacific coast hockey league race today.

The Clipers registered their second victory in as many starts when Connie King, center, scored a goal after 8 minutes and 0 seconds of the first period. Lou Holmes, Clipper wing, was credited with an assist.

In Farewell

Making his farewell Medford appearance of the year tonight at the Armory, Bobby Chick (above), master of the airplane spin, tangles with Jimmy Lott, former University of Alabama football star, in the main event. Chick is undefeated to date, and will bend all his efforts toward keeping that record clear.

DEAD SHOT HULEN WINS BIG TURKEY

Billy Hulen, Mail Tribune sports writer, won the prize turkey put up for the newspaper and radio men by the Medford Gun club at the club's first turkey shoot of the season, Sunday morning. Two other Tribune newsmen took second and third prizes, fat hens, for their performance.

Despite unfavorable weather a large number of shooters and spectators were on hand and no less than twenty turkeys besides many other prizes were won by the participants. In a special skeet event Ron DeVore won a fine turkey. Following is a list of turkey winners:

Harry Wilson, Ray Glascock, Bert Tilley, Roland Hubbard (2), Mrs. Harry Wilson, Clarence Eads (2), Tom Hodson, Lucien Smith, Dr. J. G. Goble, Grover Corum, Dr. C. W. Lemery, Ron DeVore, H. U. Mitchell, Jim Moore (2), E. E. Brayton, George Porter, Jack Porter.

Several more turkey shoots are planned for the holiday season, next one being scheduled for December 5.

BEARS, STANFORD CLASH SATURDAY FOR BIG STAKES

Traditional Enemies Neck and Neck Down Conference Stretch—Game Expected Bring Bowl Prize

By RUSSELL A. NEWLAND

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Far-western pigskin preview and review:

Forty-five years ago two college football teams, their players fingering mustaches and strutting in laced jackets, lined up on a San Francisco gridiron for a game. It opened the athletic rivalry between University of California and Stanford.

They called it "the big game" for no other reason than that it was the most important clash of an otherwise skimpy playing season.

Pigskin classics, many heavily steeped in tradition, have sprung up in the far west since that memorable day in 1892. To Californians and Stanfords, however, the yearly struggle always will remain as "the big game." It has long since moved to the campuses of the two institutions.

Real Title Race.

They meet next Saturday at Palo Alto. This season it will be the big game in fact as well as fancy. The quirks of a schedule filled with upsets brings the two teams down the home stretch in a real championship run.

It will either decide the coast conference title or knot it into a perfect deadlock. From the engagement will emerge the western Rose Bowl nominee for the New Year's day battle at Pasadena. The 1937 encounter is for big stakes, a slice of important money and a chance to further national prestige against the best available non-far western opponent January 1.

California's Bears, piecing together their most impressive season in many a year, round into the conference schedule finale winners of five games, undefeated and tied once.

Stanford In and Out

Stanford, ragged in earlier play, unpredictable performer from week to week and beaten in and out of the conference, checks in with four league victories, one loss and one tie.

Lucky to get a scoreless tie with Washington the week before California found its punch again last Saturday to whip Oregon, 26 to 0. Stanford, meanwhile, clung to the contender's role by crushing Washington State, 23 to 0, four points less than California chalked up against the same team six weeks ago.

Facts and figures point to a California victory over its oldest collegiate rival. The Bears, on their record, rightfully rank as favorites. Stanford could provide the greatest upset of the year by winning.

Washington and Oregon meet at Seattle and Oregon State and Washington State come together at Corvallis in other conference games Saturday. Other important contests pit the University of California at Los Angeles Bruins against Southern Methodist, at Los Angeles and Montana against Idaho at Moscow.

Coast conference standings:

	W.	L.	T.	Pts	Op. Pts.
California	5	0	1	124	26
Stanford	4	1	1	61	27
Oregon State	2	1	3	45	46
Washington	2	2	2	50	26
Oregon	2	4	0	44	112
So. California	1	3	2	58	60
Wash State	1	3	2	16	67
U. C. L. A.	1	4	1	54	88

BOWLING

City league bowling action at the Smokehouse yesterday saw Provost of Ashland and Piche each take two points and Economy win from the Standards, 3-1. Scores follow:

Piche				
Hohlweg	142	147	173	462
Al Piche	156	133	168	457
Newland	153	117	170	440
Sims	148	138	139	415
Stewart	181	169	142	492
Totals	780	704	792	2266
Provost				
Fortmiller	137	117	162	416
O'Connell	118	129	146	393
Sherman	96	117	143	356
Erwin	140	185	160	485
Handicap	84	84	84	252
Totals	671	757	818	2244
Economy				
Overmeyer	167	152	208	527
Green	88	208	124	420
Carley	133	161	115	409
McCormick	159	134	148	452
Davies	206	203	170	579
Handicap	16	16	16	48
Totals	769	874	792	2505
Standard				
Marshall	115	121	183	419
Denchler	204	187	126	517
Reitsma	152	130	150	432
Clark	183	139	106	428
Walsh	148	158	151	457
Totals	802	735	716	2253

Weather.

Northern California: Generally cloudy tonight and Tuesday, becoming unsettled north, probably with rain extreme north portion; moderate temperature; moderate southerly wind off coast.

Oregon: Rain west and rain or snow east portion tonight and Tuesday; little change in temperature; increasing southerly wind off coast.

Sport Graphs

Billy Hulen Says:

Tigers Started With Discovery Fowler Stoppable

What was the turning point in that Medford-Ashland Armistice day football battle, the one most important occurrence or combination of occurrences that changed the Black Tornado from just another ball team into a raging unit that swept all before it?

Billy Hulen.

We had our own private ideas but, desiring to get a little collaboration on the matter, several "downtown quarterbacks" were queried, as was Coach Bill Bowerman. Strangely, we seemed to be correct. That is, our so-called mind seemed to run along the same channels as did the city's "grandstand experts" and even Medford's head mentor.

It is therefore unanimously agreed that the Tigers found themselves when they found out they could stop big Steve Fowler, Ashland's battering, thirple-threat fullback. Steve, a truly fine football player, had been built to the skies as almost unstoppable. When the Tornado, especially the linemen, discovered that Fowler could be halted, that was all that was necessary. Immediately afterwards, the Tigers started to roll. They were confident of their own power at last, where before they had been rather doubtful.

Exact moment that confidence was born was in the second quarter, with the Grizzlies parked on the Tiger 3-yard line with four downs left to ram it over. Ashland had scored early in the first period as Fowler ran and passed his way down the field, living up to his build-up. With a 7-0 lead, Ashland again started a touchdown drive, with Fowler providing the spark. Following a 15-yard penalty on the Tigers for roughing the passer, the Ashland fullback tossed a forward pass to Charlie Warren on the Medford 3-yard stripe, and there Ashland was again. There is no doubt in our mind regarding the aftermath had the Grizzlies battered over that score. It would have been 13 or may-be 14-0, and we don't believe Medford could have come back from behind that advantage.

However, the Ashlands didn't score. Fowler hit the center of the line and was stopped cold. Fowler tried again at Medford's right tackle, saw no hole, and attempted to skirt the end. Montieth slashed through to drop him for a one-yard loss. Twice more Steve took the pigskin and tried sharp passes, the last of which Red Root batted down in the end zone, and Medford took the ball on downs on their own 20. That was the turning point. From then on, the Tigers were the ball club they had potentially but not actually been all year.

In preparing for the Grants Pass game next Friday night at Grants Pass, the Tigers will spend plenty of time handling the ball, Bowerman says. It seems the Tornado is affected with a bad case of fumblitis during the early stage of games, the coach pointed out, and because of that the backs and ends will get heavy workouts in polishing reverse plays and hocus-pocus behind the line of scrimmage.

It was Jack Hill fumbling in the first quarter that set the Grizzlies up for their touchdown, and in all other battles this season, the Tigers have been exceptionally butter-fingered in the opening minutes. Bowerman said that Medford might start kicking-off from now on instead of receiving unless the team learns how to hang onto the apple.

Jerry Jerome, Dick Green and several other local football philberts have called our attention to a glaring mistake we made the other day in this pillar, and we are more than glad to make the correction. (Being that it was so obvious we couldn't lay it onto a typographical error.) Anyway, we retract the statement that Jimmy Phelan, University of Washington football coach, came from Northwestern University to Seattle. He was hired from Purdue, where he had just won a Big Ten title.

I. Pickem really went to the village with his master football prognostications over the week-end. Out of 12 shots at the nation's major squabbles, Pickem swatted 9 right on the old kisser, missed a measly two, and saw one end in a tie. Adding that Medford-Ashland Armistice day encounter to the average (yes, Pickem picked Medford to win), the figures to date are as follows:

Picked	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
96	54	38	14	.558

Pickem's ace prognostication was calling Yale to beat Princeton by four touchdowns, which it did. Others named correctly were Oregon-California, Stanford-WSC, Washington-UCLA, Idaho-Gonzaga, Minnesota-Northwestern, Alabama-Georgia Tech, Army-Notre Dame, USC and Oregon State tied instead of the Beavers copping, and Pitt failed to be upset by Nebraska and Duke was upset by North Carolina, which Pickem didn't pick.

Admirers Mob Montague In Wild Golf Exhibition

By GAYLE TALBOT

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Having observed with expert eye the formal debut of John Montague in big league golf, it is possible to reveal for the first time several glaring weaknesses in the game of the big muscle man from California.

In the first place, Montague is prone to alice badly off the tee if, at the time of his swing, some admirer at his elbow hollers: "Whack it Monty, old boy!"

His approach shots, while sound in some respects, are inclined to wander off the line if there are over 3000 persons between him and the flag, all of them shouting: "Down in front before I bust you one!"

His putting, too, is nothing to rave about when he can't see the hole, and he is inclined to quit like a dog and concede a hole when his ball gets stolen off the green. The latter hazard, of course, is somewhat unusual and possibly should not be put down as a congenital Montague weakness until it has happened a few more times.

All this new data on golf's "mystery man," was dug up during an hilarious three hours yesterday at Fresh Meadow Country club, whose directors now, no doubt, know better than ever again to throw thir manicured pasture open to the general public at a dollar a throw. Its members for the next few months are going to be putting out of high-heel prints. Two months hence they will be digging discarded picnic baskets out of sand traps.

The simple facts are that Montague and a comely partner, Mrs. Sylva Annenberg, tried to play an 18-hole exhibition match against the world's foremost "Babes"—Ruth and Didrikson. They managed to do eight and a fraction holes without being killed, and they were lucky, at that.

The two Babes won, semi-officially, two-up. The 10,000 spectators, unhampered by any gallery police, carried off the real honors when they finally converged on the ninth green and pocketed the balls.

Montague, a stolid man, came out of it comparatively calm. He hadn't shot any golf to speak of, but neither had he been seriously hurt. Babe Ruth, the sleeves of his white shirt torn and tattered, reach the clubhouse brandishing a niblick defiantly and yelling: "Well, I still got one stick, anyhow." They found his caddie later, bruised but safe.

There simply wasn't enough room to accommodate the mob. Practically every shot hit somebody before it finally subsided, and the putting was a sort of family circle, the nearest spectators leaning overf to watch the ball drop.

Pheasants Released.

PORTLAND, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Lew Wallace, state game commission, released 700 Chinese pheasants in eastern Multnomah county Saturday.

Newsmen Riddle Clouds In Clay Pigeon Premiere

Three ace shots of the Mail Tribune news staff blushingly charged today that the Medford Gun club gave them blank shells to fire in yesterday's special newspaper and radio contest on the club's traps. Their dignity was greatly wounded, even if the clay pigeons were not.

The special event was put down in the club's annals by Ed Pease, secretary, as the greatest exhibition of blank firing in the club's glorious history.

The scribes won a turkey and two chickens but that was only because there were three awards and only the same number of competitors. Radio and other newspaper contestants failed to show up. The prizes turned out to be actual gifts, presented out of the goodness of the club's generous heart as a mark of appreciation of the scribes' reporting of trap shooting events.

The Mail Tribune's ace shots were slightly out of form and hit very little save a stray airplane flying low and a few banks of clouds flying high.

The club provided guns, ammunition and clay pigeons. The pigeons were mostly unnecessary, it turned out.

The club also provided coaches. The Mail Tribune ace shots, who shielded their true identities today behind designations of Mr. A, Mr. B and Mr. C, were extremely well coached.

Mr. A, who was anchor man, was coached by former Mayors George W. Porter and O. O. Alenderfer; Mr. B by Ed Lamport and Mr. C by Jerry Jerome. The coaching was pretty good.

Each contestant was given one shell for a practice shot but that didn't help matters much. Then each was given ten shells for actual competition. The scribes thought some of them must have been blanks. They asked for another ten but the club management thought enough ammunition and clay discs had already been wasted.

The coaches were extremely helpful in telling the shooters where the shots were going. Most of the time they were going too high or too low or too wide. Anyone could see that.

As the coaches coached, T ("Dan") Daniels, club president chief instigator of the special paper event, stood behind the lines to keep score. It was quite chore keeping track of the pigeons. It was much simpler count the hits.

Well, the hits totaled nine. Mr. B, coached by Ed Lamport, hit four pigeons; Mr. C, cached by Jerry Jerome, hit three, and Mr. A, coached by the two former mayors, hit two. Mr. A thought he had too many coaches.

The cheering section was marvelous. It was so noisy that at times the boy in the trap house could not hear the shooters' order "Pull." So at times the ace shots were shooting only at the air with no clay pigeons in it. That didn't make much difference either.

"Two hits out of ten shots the first time out is remarkable," said Mr. Porter to Mr. A in consolation.

"Well, what about Mr. B and his four hits?" asked Mr. A, not to be consoled.

"That is colossal," replied Mr. Porter, not to be stumped for an answer.

As the scribes scurried back to town Mr. Daniels told them to be sure to come to the gun club's annual dinner. Apparently he thought they could do better with cooked birds.

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Now he is leaving his store. He is going to dinner and the theater. Then he will go to the club. He is doing himself well on your money. The article you bought? Too bad. A blind bargain.

But the scene changes. The dark man is gone. You are reading the advertisements in this paper. You know the honest prices, the quality brands. You are finding *where* to buy. You are getting your money's worth . . . and more. You have discovered that advertisements are your true prophets of profit!