

# IN THE REALM OF SPORT

## MISSION REDS BREAK SEALS' HOLD ON FLAG

Both Teams Have Won 24 and Lost 13 Second Half.

(By the Associated Press) Baseball with an old time tang was exhibited at Recreation park at San Francisco yesterday, when the Mission Reds spanked the San Francisco Seals and tied the latter for the Pacific coast league leadership. Both teams have won 24 and lost 13 during the second half of the split season. Hollywood, in third place, lost to Los Angeles.

The score of the Seals-Missions game was 6 to 4. The Seals tapped out a couple of homers for the Missions while Cavener knocked out one for the Seals. Gusie Suh, coast league home run king, popped out his 32 homer of the season. Poor base running on the part of the Reds accounted in a large measure for their loss of the game. Clyde Barfoot's brilliant mound work and Walter Berger's opportune hitting gave Los Angeles a 2 to 1 victory in the series opener against the Stars in Los Angeles. Barfoot outpitched Shellenback, veteran spit-baller, in a 9-inning duel.

The Oaks defeated the Seattle Redskins at Emeryville across the bay 7 to 5. Pete Daglia was on the mound for the Oaks, but he staggered through the nine innings, allowing 11 hits. The Indians saw the tying run die on base when Louie Alamada lined a long one to centerfield, which Schino bagged. Elbert Fisch, young Indian southpaw, started against Daglia, and was charged with the defeat. Sacramento took the first game of the series from Portland 4 to 1 in the California capital. Mahaffey for Portland and Bryan for the Senators pitched good ball but the latter weakened toward the last. Backed started in his fielding role for the Senators.

## FIGHTS OF LAST NIGHT

(By the Associated Press) Feoria, Ill.—Jerry "Tufty" Griffith, Sioux City, Ia., knocked out Jack Murphy, Boston, (1.); Frankie Grandatta, Spokane, Wash., knocked out Allen Watson Indianapolis, (3.). New York—Sergeant Sammy Baker, Mitchell Field, N. Y., and Baby Joe Gans, California, drew (10).

## RESULTS OF YESTERDAY'S BALL GAMES

RESULTS—N. A. S. P. A. (By the Associated Press) R. H. E. Portland 1 11 1 Sacramento 4 10 1 Batteries: Mahaffey and Woodall; Bryan and Koehler.

R. H. E. San Francisco 6 11 1 Missions 7 11 1 Batteries: Davis and Reed; Cole and Baldwin.

R. H. E. Los Angeles 3 6 0 Hollywood 2 5 1 Batteries: Barfoot and Sandberg; Shellenback and Bessler.

R. H. E. Seattle 5 11 2 Oakland 7 13 6 Batteries: Fisch and Borreani; Daglia and Lombardi.

## TENNIS FINALS BEING PLAYED ON THURSDAY

Two more matches are yet to be played off in the tennis tournament sponsored by the Klamath Falls Tennis club.

Tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock Lee Carter and Harold Robertson will play off, the winner of the meet to play C. Richmond for the silver trophy offered.

The game between Carter and Robertson promises plenty of action since both are recognized as players of unusual ability.

Smile for today: As lonesome as the sound of a hen cackle on a Sunday morning.

## LEGAL NOTICES

BIDS WANTED Sealed bids will be received by School Dist. No. 1 of Klamath County, Oregon, for the erection of the Joseph Conger school, in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of H. R. Perrin, Rooms 211-212, Hopka Bldg., Klamath Falls, Oregon, not later than 4 o'clock P. M. August 26, 1929.

Plans and specifications may be obtained at the office of H. R. Perrin and a deposit of \$15 will be required if plans are taken from the office.

All bids must be accompanied certified check for 10% of amount bid, or bidders bond for 10% of amount bid. The Board reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids.

SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 1, Klamath County, Oregon, Ida B. Momyer, Clerk, Room 208 Hopka Bldg. (Aug 7 to 26 inc.)

## Soap Making Not Lost Art In Woodland District

Wandering Scribe Recites Tale of Discovering New Brand of Cleanser Which Transforms Landscape.

By ZEKKE SQUEKE DORRIS, CALIF., Aug. 6. (Special)—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, the aviator, and Wilbur Huston, 16, of Seattle, chosen to succeed Edison, as the nation's brightest boy, are not the only ones who have achieved modesty.

A FEW days ago the writer interviewed a woodland scientist who had the goodness to inform us that if we mentioned his name or game in the news columns or made any startling remarks about him in any way, he would lead up his shotgun with clothes pins and come to town and blow us clear over into the tail end of the closed fishing season.

THEREFORE, IF the customers will take a little pains and look carefully through today's issue they will notice five or six places where the professor's name has been left out of the personal mentions.

THE EVENTS happened while we were hobnobbing around getting the ranch history of the prominent hen men on Woodpecker creek. This is not the real name of the country but it serves very well.

SEEING A healthy smoke corkscrewing gently upward from among southern Oregon's fine stands of virgin pine, we went over to see who lived there.

FINDING AN old cabin with the door slightly ajar we gave a brisk \$10.00 knock and the portal flew farther open. Since there was no living being around we stepped in and took a mid-season inventory.

HERE WAS a nice worm that had never bothered the cabbage plants any, while over in a corner were a few pots and pans which might indicate that the proprietor had been sugaring off, providing he had the maple trees to match the outfit. In their absence, one could surmise something else.

JUST THEN we looked through the door and some of the underbrush started to walk and we beheld approaching one of the shaggiest beards that is growing anywhere outside of Russia.

DETECTING LEGS, finally we surmised that the owner of the domicile was getting home. He was dressed rather quickly. On his head was a slouch hat. His shirt was of the old red flannel type.

IN THE crook of his arm he carried a useless wrapping in the shape of a heavy fleece-lined shotgun, entirely too warm for hot weather.

THINKING THE homesteader would appreciate a pleasant welcome to his otherwise cheerless fireside, we called out joshily:

"Good morning, mister. Can you tell us a shortcut over to today's meeting of the Woodpecker Creek Ladies' Aid society, of which organization we are a paid-up member?"

THIS OPENING should have assured most anybody with black whiskers of our peaceful, innocent intentions, but not so our host pro tem. The top of his beard parted and continued to flap up and down while he called us three dashes, one hyphen and two question marks, besides enough blanks to indicate that he had once peddled horse blankets for a living.

DURING HIS impressive lecture, the bolshevik fingered the trigger of his shotgun rather nervously, and remembering that a stomachful of birdshot taken without cream or sugar is not a good diet for a pious scribe of despicable tendencies, we waited until the genial landlord was catching his breath, when we said:

"BUT, MY gentle sir, I only saw where you are making a little soap and it revived childhood memories to such an extent that I just had to come over and get a whiff or two just for old time's sake."

OVER THIS sally, the set of whiskers broke into a harsh, cackling laugh, and much to my relief he changed his tone and said:

"I RECKON I'm not the only one in the soft soap business. I took you first for a prohibition agent. But I guess your all right." After this he hooked arms and stepped inside.

THEN WE got along better and were soon stumbling over a few jars and other equipment not especially designed to make wash day a time of joy, when the host turned and asked:

"EVER TASTE soap before it has turned into soap?"

"ONCE OR twice," we replied. HE NEXT proffered a jug and we took a modest dose, but the landlord insisted that it required more than that to fit a man to attend a meeting of the ladies' aid society. So we repeated the portion.

SOON THINGS began to grow dark, a couple of tomatoes started to purring in each ear and I felt a strong inclination to let the house lean up against me, to steady itself.

THE NEXT thing the writer knew he was sitting in the car and there was a loving note stuck in the steering wheel where we could easily read it. The missive ran:

"MISTER, DON'T venture this way again or I will blow seven shades of beeswax out of you. And listen, not a word to anybody. The soap maker."

SO WE hope the indulgent readers will overlook and forgive us if the items from Woodpecker creek are left out of the paper again this week.

Thanks, ZEKKE.

A traveler leaving France spends his French money or exchanges it for currency he can use in the next land. Yet men ready for the last long journey cling to money good nowhere but here.

HERALD CLASSIFIED ADS BRING RESULTS

## Cubs on March Today, Seek Conquest of East

(By WILLIAM J. CHIPMAN) (Associated Press Sports Writer)

Sped by the prayers of a million Chicago fans, the Cubs are on the march today seeking a final conquest of the east.

In two swings along the Atlantic seaboard this year, the Bruins have won 11 games and lost nine; a continuation of that pace through the 16 engagements of the impending invasion would send the young men of Joseph McCarthy back to the west late this month all but assured of their pennant.

Despite a 5 to 4 defeat by Brooklyn before a record mid-week crowd of 55,000 at Wrigley field yesterday, the Bruins are eastward bound with their lead of seven and one-half games intact. The Pirates also lost—

to the Giants by 3 to 3—and must face the clan McGraw in another game today.

Chicago burned with baseball enthusiasm yesterday as it had at no other time since the dim and distant days of Tinker and Evers and Chance. Wave after wave of pennant-hungry fans swept through turnstiles, filled vast stands and poured out upon the field. For the first time in the history of William Wrigley's enlarged plant, amazed club officials had to slam the gates shut at a mid-week game, with 55,000 yelling madmen (and madwomen) inside and perhaps 25,000 more milling about in the streets outside.

Even with the loss of this farewell home game, the Cubs quit Wrigley field with a record of 14 victories and only two defeats in their stand against the east. Their grand total for the season against the east to date is 41 victories and 16 defeats.

Bill Walker performed upon the mound against the Pirates and pulled out of a mean hole in the ninth to preserve the slender lead giant hits and Pittsburgh errors had given him in the eighth. With the bases filled by three singles and two men out, he forced Pie Traynor to roll weakly to the infield for the final out.

Jess Petty went the route for

the Buccaneers, and permitted the Giants to bunch their hits where they would do the greatest damage. Paul Waner, who has been in a batting and fielding slump, was benched to give him a chance to rest up a bit.

Rain interfered with the Cardinal-Brave game at St. Louis and the Phils and the Reds were not scheduled.

While Chicago was cheering its Cubs, American league contenders elsewhere, in effect, marking time. The Athletics bowed to the Browns by 8 to 3 in the first game of a double-header. But came back strong to win the second by 11 to 3 behind Eddie Rommel's knuckle ball, which was working. The Senators trimmed the Yanks by 13 to 9 in the opener, but Freddy Heilmach pitched a three-hit shut-out in the nightcap, winning for the champions by 8 to 0.

This left the Athletic margin stationary at 11½ games with

the Yankees on deck at Shibe park for a double-header today and a single clash tomorrow.

Cleveland nosed out Detroit by 6 to 5, and entered into a tie with the Browns for third place. The Sox, White and Red, were not scheduled.

STAGG READY FOR FOOTBALL. CHICAGO, Aug. 7. (AP)—Here is the first football year of the season.

Within six weeks the boys will be in their moleskins, and Amos Alonzo Stagg, the "grand old man of the midway," will be ready for them.

Stagg, dean of America's grid-iron coaches, is in training, like his players, for the opening of the practice season, September 15. He will be 67 years old, August 16, but he is playing his usual game of tennis daily with his son, Paul, junior champion of Illinois, to get into condition to direct his squad.

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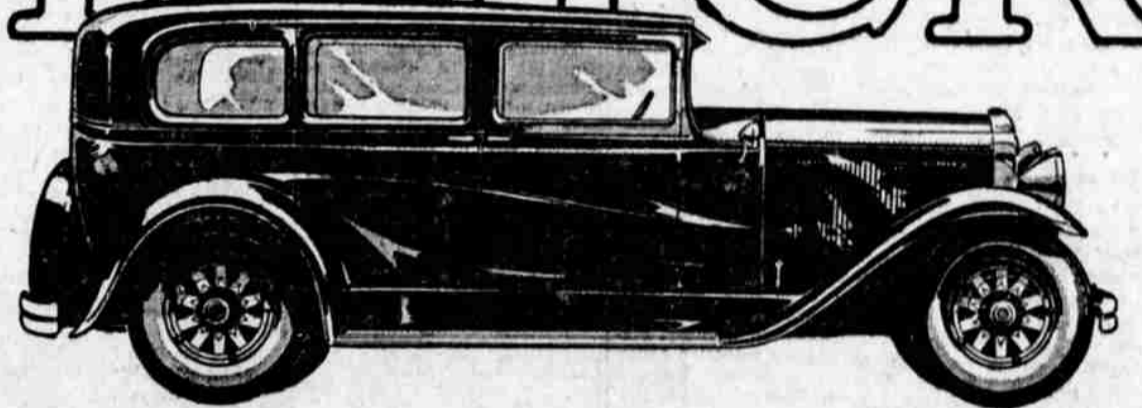
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# THE New BUICK



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Longer—lower and more luxurious, these new bodies reveal entirely new harmony of color and grace of line. They are replete with extra features of utility, luxury and convenience, including new Non-Glare Windshield for safe night driving—new and richer upholstery—new fittings and appointments of princely luxury.

In addition, this new Buick embodies other wonder-

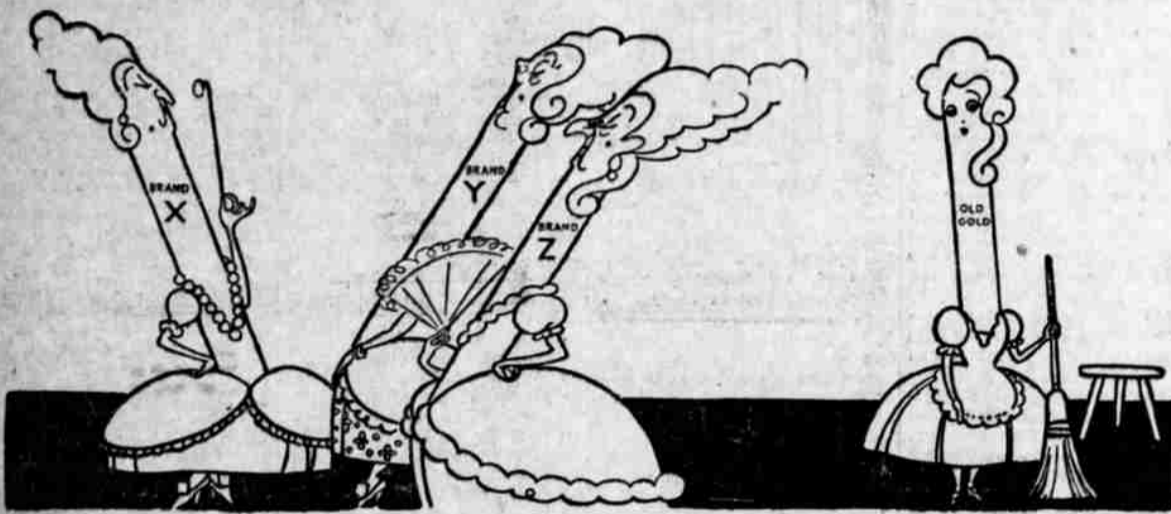
ful new elements of value—a new and mighty valve-in-head engine—new Controlled Servo Enclosed Brakes—four new double-acting Lovejoy Doudraulic Shock Absorbers, new longer rear springs, new frictionless steering gear and new Steering Shock Eliminator.

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# BUICK GARAGE

WHEN BETTER AUTO MOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



## Cinderella and the Three proud cigarette brands

### A Modern Fable

Once upon a time a Mighty Prince set forth to find a perfect cigarette. Being very wise, he netted down his search to the four National favorites . . . that quartette of popular sister brands known as the "20 for 15¢" family.

The three elder cigarette brands rushed forward to meet the Prince with all the proud pomp in the world . . . each vying with the other in urging her charms upon him.

"Smoke me!" said the eldest, "I am the class of the field."

"Smoke me!" said the second, "for I am beyond compare."

"Smoke me!" said the third, "all the world acknowledges me to be the best."

Then, from the background, the youngest brand . . . the Cinderella of the family . . . quietly spoke up. "If you please, Sire," she suggested, "why not smoke all four of

us . . . and compare us fairly and impartially, letting your taste decide which one of us you like best?"

"Why, that's a common sense idea!" exclaimed His Highness. Whereupon he covered the names of all four brands with paper masks; lit them and smoked them reflectively, with all brand prejudice removed.

One cigarette seemed to capture his fancy, far and beyond the others. "I don't know which cigarette this is," he declared, "but, unquestionably, it is the cigarette for me."

Whereupon he removed the mask and found it to be . . . Well, Cinderella is the "storybook" name but in America today that winning brand is known as OLD GOLD.

MORAL: It is easy to make big claims, but you can't smoke claims. The only sound way to discover the cigarette you like best is to let your taste decide.



SMOOTHER AND BETTER . . . "not a cough in a carload"

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