

SPORTS ROUNDUP

By Hugh Fullerton

NEW YORK, Sept. 6 (AP)—Head-like Charlie Coe, the new amateur golf champion, has his own unique theory about the peculiarity of the game of golf. "You don't try to hit the ball with the club head; you actually use only about this much of the club head," said Charlie the other night, indicating a space about three-quarters of an inch wide. "If you turn the club just a trifle or don't hit right on the spot you get a bad shot—and you take a big, long backswing to do it. . . . If you ever stop to think about it, you're ruined. . . . Coe's success in doing all this was attested last year when Byron Nelson paused to watch him hit a shot and then remarked: "That's the way I try to look when I swing."

CHARLIE AND HIS RIVAL in Saturday's final, Rufus King, are what they'd call near neighbors in the southwest. Coe was raised in Ardmore, Okla., 90 miles from King's home town of Wichita Falls, Tex. As Henry Popson, pilot of the King family plane, remarked: "It's too far to go for a cake but not too far for a football game."

Charlie, dead-pained and dead serious about his game, professes great admiration for his former Oklahoma U. teammate, happy-go-lucky Andy Anderson. "He has the greatest philosophy toward life I ever saw," Coe once said. "The difference is that Andy is remembered as the last who had 19-9 on the first two holes of the 1949 amateur, then explained: "I didn't mind the 19 on the first, it was the nine on the second that ruined me."

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE Commissioner Bernie Moore recently received a birthday gift from Tom Carpenter, supervisor of fields and greens at Louisiana State, where Bernie used to coach. . . . It was just a package of dirt with this note enclosed: "Dear Coach, for 10 years you chewed the grass in front of the players' bench. Last season Gaynell Tinsley used the same section to stomp out cigars. During spring practice Norman Cooper fertilized the same spot with tobacco juice. As hard as I'd tried this summer, I can't get grass to grow there any more. We're going to spread the area with gravel so I'm sending you this as a souvenir."

RUSS MEERS, former Chicago Cub southpaw pitcher, is serving time up in an Albatross semi-pro league in Virginia and recently turned in a no-hitter. . . . Some sort of a record must have been set at the Texas high school coaching school this summer when basketball teams coached by Kentucky's Adolph Rupp and Hank Iba of Oklahoma A and M had to play two games because the gym couldn't hold the crowd. . . . Frankness note in Ted Mann's Duke football publicity: "Barring miracles, no championships are anticipated, but after three lean years the Blue Devils would not go around beating off a miracle if one did happen."

Soon A Pro? Gonzales Upends Schroeder

FOREST HILLS, N. Y., Sept. 6 (AP)—Richard (Pancho) Gonzales of Los Angeles still is the amateur tennis champion of the United States—but it is extremely doubtful that Pancho will remain an amateur very long.

At the moment, Pancho isn't talking. He's too happy over the amazing comeback he made in the finals of the national tournament yesterday to discuss his plans for the future.

Two sets down and facing what appeared to be certain defeat, the 21-year-old champion brought his game to a peak and overhauled Ted Schroeder of La Crescenta, Calif., 16-18, 2-6, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4.

The uphill triumph, achieved before a screaming throng of 13,000, probably will be worth a great many thousand dollars to Pancho in the years to come.

In the stands, watching his every move, were Jack Kramer and Bob Rigg, who have made it secret of the fact they want new blood for the professional tour they will undertake next year.

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Tennessee Only SE Eleven Employing Single Wing Attack

NEW YORK (NEA)— Another football season crowds into the baseball schedule, and we find out that:

Tennessee is the only team in the Southeastern conference which has stuck to the single wing, and there's just a chance that the Volunteers may be as rough as a cob all the way along the route.

The fact that all the others have gone to the split or plain T could work to the benefit of Bob Neyland's lads.

The others will spend the great bulk of their time building defenses against the modern T with man-in-motion.

Carl Snavely, another old single wing diehard, is again reputed to have the Southern Conference's top team at North Carolina. This despite the fact that the Tar Heels are without a letterman at tackle and only Bill Wardle earned a monogram at guard.

But don't feel sorry for the Tar Heels, who tackle Notre Dame in New York's big one, November 12. Old Mousetraper Snavely has a way of quickly plugging holes, and knows how to make them for Choo Choo Justice.

Ray Elliot of Illinois sees even further use of the platoon system because of a new rule permitting mass substitution at stipulated times without the loss of a timeout or penalty.

Coach Elliot visions wider and more diversified offensive play as the result of this rule, but points out that it will be harder to get individual specialists, such as kickers, on the field.

The rule reads, "when the ball changes hands, and the clock is running, there will be no restriction on the number of substitutes, but all of this must be accomplished and the players ready to go within the regulation 25 seconds after the referee has placed the ball down."

New rules provide a five-yard penalty for substitution at any time unless the ball is dead. Thus, if it's fourth down and time is in, a team must take a five-yard penalty to get a kicker in the game.

So it will be advisable to have one of the regular backs do the punting.

Northwestern was vicious enough to go to the Rose Bowl last trip, and Bob Voigts has no fewer than 35 members of that gay party back, 21 of them seniors. The Wildcats will field an all-letterman team.



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Browns, Bills Knot, 28-28

NEW YORK, Sept. 6 (AP)—The Cleveland Browns, who walloped the Buffalo Bills, 49-7, in the All-America football conference championship game last December, had to settle for a tie with the same club in their 1949 opener.

Rolling from behind with 21 points in the fourth period yesterday before 21,839 persons at Buffalo, the Browns barely managed to escape with a 28-28 deadlock. It was the only AAC game of the day.

Collins Recalled By N. Y. Yankees

NEW YORK, Sept. 6 (AP)— Joe Collins, all-star first baseman of the American association with the Kansas City Blues, was recalled today by the parent New York Yankees.

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HERALD AND NEWS COMICS

BLONDIE

RING

THERE'S THE PHONE, DAGWOOD—IT'S FOR YOU!

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S FOR ME WITHOUT EVEN ANSWERING IT?

I CAN TELL WHO IT'S FOR BY THE WAY IT RINGS!

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO MR. BUMSTEAD.

THIS IS MR. BUMSTEAD.

I WAS RIGHT, WASN'T I?

Bugs Bunny

C'MON, BUGS! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO PITCH T-T-TODAY!

I CAN'T GO TILL I UNLOAD THESE ORANGES FER GLUTZIE!

GLUTZIE GROTZKY!

YOU'LL B-BE LATE! YOU WON'T HAVE TIME TO WARM UP!

I KNOW, AN' MY FLIPPER'S GOTTA BE LIMBER IF WE'RE GONNA WIN!

I GOT A SUPER IDEA... BZZZ... BZZZ... BZZZ!

WATCH OUT FER TH' NEXT ONE... I'M GONNA TRY DUTZ GROTZKY A CURVE!

Alley Oop

TH' WAY THOSE SAUCERS HANG ON'S GOT ME WORRIED!

I'VE GOT A BIGGER WORRY THAN THAT!

IF WE HIT EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE AT TH'S SPEED, WE'LL FRY LIKE A COUPLE OF PORK CHOPS!

REBORN! ANY MAN-THAT?

HEH! OUR PRISONER SAYS IT'LL BE THREE PORK CHOPS!

EH? YOU SAVVY ME LINGO?

ALLEY OOP AND OSCAR BOOM REACHED THE MOON, TOOK A PRISONER FROM A WRECKED SPACE SHIP, AND LIT OUT FOR EARTH WITH A FLEET OF FLYING SAUCERS IN HOT PURSUIT.

Wash Tubbs

HELLO, OH-IT'S YOU EASY! WHY NO, GIG ISN'T HERE YET!

I'M AFRAID HE WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP THAT DATE WITH JAN TONIGHT, SARA. ONE O' THE ALCOHOLICS HE'S BEEN WORKING WITH JUST CALLED.

WE SOUNDED LIKE HE NEEDED GIG'S HELP PRETTY BAD, SO I'M TRYING TO LOCATE—OH, NEVER MIND, SARA, HERE'S GIG NOW!

THAT'S JUST 'L' THE KIND O' BREAK SARA'S BEEN WANTING! SHE DRESSED QUICKLY, AND...

OH, JAN, DEAR! I HAVE AN ENGAGEMENT FOR TONIGHT, AND MAY BE LATE GETTING IN. I'M WAITING FOR A CAB.

Boots and Her Buddies

NOW THEN! PUG, DON'T YOU FEEL RESTED AND ABLE TO TAKE ANYTHING AFTER SUCH A GRAND VACATION?

OB-OY! LET ME AT IT!

OF COURSE, THE FIRST THING TO CONSIDER IS THAT SCHOOL STARTS TOMORROW!

Y'KNOW, BOOTS—ALL OF A SUDDEN I FEEL TIRED AGAIN!

Freckles and His Friends

YOU AND YOUR BOY FRIEND HAVING TROUBLE?

YES! HE DOESN'T LET ME IN THIS BATHING SUIT AND HE'S GONE AWAY MAD!

THE IDEA O' A GUY GETTING MAD OVER A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT?

SIC HIM, MIMI!

NOW WHAT DO I DO?

Little Orphan Annie

YEAH, DOC—SHE'S DON'T FIVE—WAKE UP YESTERDAY AND HAD SOME BIRTH AND WENT RIGHT BACK TO SLEEP...

FINE—DID SHE TALK AT ALL?

OH, A LITTLE—THOUGHT IT HAD ALL BEEN A HORRIBLE DREAM...

HM—M—I KNOW—EXACTLY HOW IT MUST HAVE SEEMED TO HER—I, TOO, HAVE HAD DREAMS...

"DREAMS"! HA! YOU ALWAYS THINK O' BEAUTIFUL DREAMS—MAYBE THE REAL DREAMS CAN BE BEAUTIFUL—BUT I KNOW THE OTHER KIND—TOO WELL—

MAYBE THAT'S WHY YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH TO CURE HER, DOC.