

PROF. FOOTBALL IS FACING EPOCH

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—(United News)—Professional football is very much on trial in the east. Bob Folwell, the former coach of navy elevens, and now mentor of the local professional team known as the Giants, is one who is enthusiastic over the future of this sporting innovation.

"It's here, and here to stay," Folwell predicted, "with college graduates taking all the tickets for the big games in the east. The football loving public is deprived of an opportunity to see the game played by the country's leading stars."

"The element of hero worship, which is inherent in every lover of football, also comes into play. Professional football provides an opportunity for spectators to see the stars of yesterday once in action."

To those who have always regarded football as essentially a college sport, there is something a bit incongruous in the very idea of its being played by professionals. The fact remains, however, that 19 out of every 11 men on professional teams of the east are former college stars.

Some times the leading lights of the season are the most brilliant "pros" of the next, but this is not always the case. Walter Koppisch, who was an almost unanimous choice for all-America, when he starred for Columbia in 1924, brought his own team of professionals to New York on Tuesday and failed completely to show anything in the way of individual brilliancy. In fact, Koppisch played so dully that it was found necessary to explain afterwards that the former blue and white hero had a sore ankle.

The Giants defeated Maryland's Buffalo Bluffs 7 to 0, although the local team had played in what is termed a grueling contest against the Cleveland Bulldogs, last year's national football league champions, only two days before.

Folwell, on his Giants, has a number of former stars, enough to please an assortment of hero worshippers. The football played by these professionals is well up to the average college variety. An apparent effort is made to keep the game "clean."

Last Sunday one of the Giants' linemen deliberately slugged an opponent, not once, but several times, the offense being visible from the upper stands, if not to the officials. Players on the Cleveland team remonstrated with the offending Giant. They were under obvious restraint, as open fistfights would have given the game a "black eye."

One laughable feature of professional football in New York is the effort to instill "collegiate spirit" into the spectators. Printed slips with "locomotive" cheers—"spell it

out, now, all together for the dear old Giants."

Songs extolling the local professionals, etc., are furnished the spectators and hired cheer leaders in white duck pants exhort the stands to vocal efforts which usually are inaudible at the distance of an outside penalty.

GRANTS PASS TO PLAY HERE NOV. 7

Interest in the Klamath Falls-Grants Pass game, which will be held on the local gridiron on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, is running high, not only among the students of the high school but among the business men as well, who are anxious to see the Klamath boys give Grants Pass a repeated trouncing that occurred earlier in the season on the foreign field.

Among the classes of high school a contest is running in order to see which class will have the largest percentage of attendance at the football game. The class who hold the winning number will be given the concessions at the Armistice Day game when Alturas Journeys to Klamath Falls to meet the Klamath Buckaroos.

All men are in fine fettle, according to Coach French and the team is better than teams usually run during the last of the season. The Grants Pass game will end Klamath's league schedule which has been heavy this year. The Armistice Day game, although not counting on league scores is causing interest through the community, due to the largest attendance which is expected on the holiday.

If Klamath brings out the laurel wreath tomorrow she will have won second place in the southern Oregon league, the first time in her history that she has ever been placed as high.

HARVARD OFF TO HAUNTS OF TIGER

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—(United News)—Enroute to Princeton to bait the Tiger in the fall, Harvard's football squad spent Thursday night in New York. Still ringing in the player's ears were echoes of an enthusiastic send-off at Cambridge, where it seemed as if the entire university had turned out to give the team a farewell cheer.

Hopeless as Harvard's quest may appear to some, Coach Bob Iser and Capt. Cheek were fairly sputtering with enthusiasm over what they will do to Princeton on Saturday. The crimson head coach hasn't decided yet upon the eleven men who will start the game, but hinted

that the speedy 200-pound Miller would be at half back, with Bradford, the alert wingman at end. These two positions still remain to be decided definitely, Fisher said.

Although the squad was given a passing send-off, the subject of betting on the outcome of Saturday's game was strictly taboo in Cambridge, where all but the most fanatical anticipate a Princeton victory.

The Harvard team had a short drill at soldier's field before leaving, and will have another Friday in Palmer stadium.

For one thing, Fisher has every one of his first string men in condition, which helps a lot. He can make any shifts in the line-up he chooses, without regard for injuries.

The crimson mentor promised that a fighting team would meet Princeton Saturday.

Sports Done Brown

Consider the case of the members of the Pittsburg Pirates—baseball champions of the world and adjoining precincts, including Locoruo.

The young and blushing members of the victorious National League club have a wonderful winter ahead of them.

Some \$5,000 extra apiece, as result of the big series, to blow in in various ways during the long winter days and cool nights.

Seats of honor at fancy feeds arranged by organizations and individuals.

Inconstant demand to lead grand marches at dances.

Chances to get free hats and whatnots by simply posing in them and letting the advertising man do the rest.

A hundred dollar present from Judge Landis and his advisory board for the serenity with which they awaited Landis' decision on the rain fine day the seventh game was postponed.

Daily anticipation of fatter contracts from the Pittsburg owners, who probably have found more time to answer their phones of late weeks.

And—we hate to mention this—the idle pleasure of reading a couple of hundred mash notes received before and during the world's series and tucked into the suit case until the Washington Senators were taught their places.

Truly an enviable set. But on the other hand—We can't help taking a Pollyanna view for the benefit of the aforesaid Senators and the hapless ones who bet on them.

We can see a man drawing little pleasure out of a winter that he knows is to end with a diligent effort on the part of the players of just seven major league teams to sock you on the baseball-bearer and leave you gasping by the side of the pennant highway. Knowing, the while, that if you come out best in the battle royal the pick of eight other big league clubs is waiting to start in where the others left off.

Every insurance man within 18 miles of the house of every member of that Pittsburg team has got said member down on his list of "prospects," and after the name is in the notation, "What's he going to do with the world's series check?"

The grocers and butchers, sort of dazed with the knowledge all summer that they were sending foods to the home of potential notables, will awake at last to the fact that the bills are overdue, and start collecting.

A lot of insurance, low-towing friends will bob up vinting this, that and the other favor, or simply to bask in the limelight of the "I knew him whoagres."

And when baseball news starts buzzing in the spring they will be forced to read varying opinions of the chances of the team, ranging from hopeful views to the belief, expressed by some hard losers, that the team'll be lucky to finish in the league.

Likewise will the discussion wax fat as to which member of the team is the weakest link in the chain that pulled the water-logged National league out of the baseball pond.

And they'll carry with them into history the unenviable reputation of being the team that beat Walter Johnson. No one ever adored an idol crusher.

Maybe this'll cheer up all those on the outside.

In Early Part of Myrtle Foster, who friends in Klamath whom she often visits early part of the year from her home ranch at Mt. Ladd.

Here from Mrs. Turpin of Klamath, from out of town at banquet at the Red night.



Winters Gigantic Quitting Business Hour Sale of Specials for Saturday

This, we believe, is the most sensational selling event ever held in Klamath. We have gone through the entire stock and reduced every article to cost and less. We are not planning on profit, we are sacrificing this magnificent stock at a fraction of its worth. Buying now is buying less than factory prices. From the extraordinary bargains quoted below the store will be crowded. Plan to be here. Extra sales people will be here to serve you. Christmas is just around the corner! So buy now! A small deposit will hold until wanted. Merchandise listed below to be sold at prices quoted only during hours designated. Be here on the hour for the special you want.

8:30 to 9:30



Holmes & Edwards Tea Spoons
6 to Customer
10c Each

9:30 to 10:30



Sterling Silver Pie Server
1 to Each Customer
\$1.00

10:30 to 11:30



3 Piece Carving Set
Saturday Special
\$4.95
1 to Each Customer

11:30 to 12:30




Cigarette Cases
Saturday Special
\$1.75
1 to Each Customer

12:30 to 1:30



24-inch Indestructible Pearls, Fancy Stone Clasp
Saturday Special
\$1.95

1:30 to 2:30



Silver Salt and Pepper Shakers (Hammered)
Set of 6
\$1.95
1 to Each Customer

2:30 to 3:30



Sterling Silver Thimbles
15c
1 to Each Customer

3:30 to 4:30



Silver Bon Bon Dishes
Saturday Special
45c
1 to Each Customer

4:30 to 5:30



Silver Table Mats
Saturday Special
45c
1 to Each Customer

Anticipate Your Wants and Buy Now For Xmas.

H. J. Winters
Jeweler
Klamath Falls, Ore.

A Small Deposit Will Hold Any Article 'till Xmas.



A Modern Roman Road

REACHING into her distant corners were the Roman Empire's military roads, built that the couriers or armies of Caesar might have highways that were dependable.

Through the industrial heart of America—from New York to Chicago—a highway for the voice has just been dedicated to service, likewise designed to afford dependability to its travellers. This is the world's longest telephone cable which, buried beneath the streets of crowded

cities, and elsewhere held aloft on heavy poles, now offers communication facilities that are practically free from the hazards of storms and other dangers.

In affording rapid and dependable transit to thoughts voiced every minute between great cities, it serves a large territory both alone and as part of a national wire system that is being further extended through cables in response to the people's need.



The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy - One System - Universal Service