

# An Irishman, to be Sure, Will Win in National

## EVANS ANALYZES METHODS OF MANAGERS OF FOUR CLUBS SEEKING PENNANT

BY BILLY EVANS  
A battle of the "Fighting Irish."

That's what the National league race has simmered down to as far as the managers are concerned.

For several years they have been telling us that the Irish race was dying out among the big league ball players. That may be true as to the players, but it doesn't hold good for the managers.

Just lamp these good old Celtic names of you have your doubts as to the ancestry of the four pilots who are now fighting it out to the bitter end in the National league.

John J. McGraw presides over the New York Giants. Joseph McCarthy has been doing the miracle stuff for the Chicago Cubs, Robert O'Farrell is guiding the destinies of the St. Louis Cardinals, while Owen Bush is in charge of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

McGraw, McCarthy, Bush and O'Farrell—there you have four names of which any real Irishman would be proud.

Since the opening of the season, these four managers have made the 1927 race in the National league one never to be forgotten. Yet it is an interesting fact that the tactics employed by the rival strategists differ materially.

John J. McGraw is the "master mind" type. The Giants play the McGraw system of baseball, very often to the style of each pitch. It has been stated and never denied that in most of the world series in which the Giants have engaged, as well as in many of the more important games during the season,



that McGraw from his position on the bench signalled for every ball pitched. The famous manager of the Giants dominates his team and he takes all responsibility for the manner in which every game is played. All he asks is that the individual players make an effort to carry out his orders. If they fail, no word of censure ever comes their way. McGraw has the courage of his convictions. He is willing to stand pat on his judgment.

Owen Bush of the Pirates is the boss of his ball club, but in a somewhat different manner. Bush mingles with his men far more than McGraw; he is, perhaps, a trifle more lenient, but when the pinch comes, he puts his foot down. The word of Bush is law. His benching

of so popular a player as Kiki Cuyler, for the best interests of the team, took plenty of courage. Bush is, like McGraw, aggressive, never gives up, and will make any number of shifts in his line-up at the slightest provocation, if he believes it will be helpful. Bush is a bundle of nerves, and whether on the coaching lines or bench, makes his nervousness apparent.

Joe McCarthy is a fighter like McGraw and Bush, but his method of handling his men is entirely different than either. He has the faculty of getting good results from players passed up by other managers. He somehow gives to his men a confidence that under other leaders many of them lack. On the whole, he may be

a trifle slower to act than either McGraw or Bush, but when he finally makes up his mind he can be a stern taskmaster. One need only refer to his asking of waivers on his star, Grover Cleveland Alexander, when that great pitcher didn't act as McCarthy hoped he would.

Bob O'Farrell is the silent man of the quartet. He doesn't do much talking, and is inclined to be more lenient than his other three rivals. He inspires in his men an admiration for him as manager that makes them want to give their best efforts without being constantly pressed to do so. Yes, sir! The 1927 race in the National league has become a battle of the "Fighting Irish." May the best man win.

### Tunney Picked as Winner of Fight

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champion should succeed in defending his championship. When the roar of the crowd answers the raising of the victor's hand, Gene Tunney should be that victor.

The popular support for Jack Dempsey, which still was increasing 24 hours before the battle, apparently is based upon sympathy, hysteria and suspicion, rather than on logic. It seems unreasonable to suppose that the Dempsey of today can defeat the man who battered him so terribly at Philadelphia, a champion who has climbed to the top by beating each opponent by just the necessary margin of victory.

With all his fine physical condition, Jack is far from being the "Manassa Mauler" of old. One cannot judge him best by what he has been doing in his training at the race track at Lincoln fields. The fight with Jack Sharkey is a more logical ground for judging Dempsey's capabilities and Gene Tunney is capable of whipping the man who stopped the big Lithuanian at Yankee stadium two months ago.

Remember how Jim Corbett beat the great John L. Sullivan.

As the fight progresses on Thursday night so will the champion's chances increase, until at the end, whenever that comes, it should be Tunney's hand which is raised.

Chicago and its visitors, caught in a flood-tide of hysteria over the affair, talked mostly of Jack Dempsey. It has been so for a week now.

The arrival of scores of trains from east, south and west bringing a better-balanced element among the nation's fight fans, has just begun to tip the scales back towards Tunney's favor.

The Dempsey supporters talk just as Jack's supporters always have talked, and they are loud talkers. A majority are unreasonable in their appraisal of the

### Postmaster



Postmaster William H. Nicholson of Ben Lomond, Calif., is the oldest in service in California, and fifth in similar rank in the United States. In summer he works hard to take care of 6000 resort visitors, but in winter he serves a population of 400. He has served as vice-president of the California-Nevada League of Postmasters for 13 years, and in 25 years has missed only one convention.

ex-champion and disparaging in their estimates of Tunney.

Betting Heavy  
So deeply in sympathy with Dempsey's attempt to regain his crown is this majority that men and women are betting thousands of dollars.

Perhaps, even, as was hinted confidentially by one of the champion's most intimate friends at Lake Villa, Gene will surprise every one by meeting Jack's attack as savagely as it is launched and slugging with Dempsey, blow for blow.

More likely that that is the possibility that one or more of Dempsey's crushing blows will break through the champion's

### Second A.E.F. Is Free With Kicks

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mixed up when they try to tell which division fought there. "Still in Line"

Then there is the question of standing in line. They used to stand in line for food at meal time; now they are standing in line for doughnuts and to obtain steamship and battle field tickets and to get into the convention halls.

Hundreds are complaining about hotel accommodations. The harassed housing committee explains that the rooms were reserved a year ago when the franc was low in value, and that now the Legionnaires are paying more for uncomfortable rooms in hotels on the edges of the city than the boulevard palaces are asking.

Merely Normal  
But all that is just a reminder that the A. E. F. is getting back to normal and is fighting the battle of Paris as thoroughly as it fought in the World War, when the boys complained about the food and joked about death.

The A. E. F. is enjoying itself hugely.

There was much enthusiasm on the way to Verdun today when Legionnaires bounced a communist onto a station platform from the train.

Dozens of Legionnaires have tried vainly to break the beer-drinking record established in August, 1926, by a Boston student—18.5 seconds to ease down a huge five pint glass full of beer.

defense find a vital spot and send Tunney down to sudden defeat. It does not seem logical, however, that such a fine defensive fighter as Gene will permit himself to be caught and crushed by the Dempsey of today.

He: "I'm going to kiss you every time a star falls."  
She (10 minutes later): "You must be counting the lightning bugs."

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### HOLLYWOOD DRAWS BATTERED PUGS

The Tougher They Look the Better Chance They Have for Plenty Work in the Movies



Young man, there are great opportunities ahead for you in the fight racket. A busted head, scalloped lips, cauliflower ears? Tst-tst-tst. That's too bad. But just a minute. Even if you're a ham in the fight racket, just a common or garden variety of palooka, you still have a chance of copping Lady Fortune's mitt.

It seems that several casting directors in Hollywood, tiring of the collared or shiek type of movie heroes, looked around for something more masculine in American facial scenery. Then it was that battered maps were at a premium. A general exodus of cauliflowerers, which did not, strangely, affect the Gotham produce market, began Pacific coast-ward.

Page of the type of Gunboat Smith, Jack Renault, Tom Kennedy, George Godfrey, Frankie Burns, Kid Broad—men who, because of the inroads of time or re-occurring defeats, found their earning power lessening, answered the call. Hollywood became their mecca. Did the idea get over? Well, now—Jack Renault is making more under the Kleigh today than he ever did under the same

lights stretched over an honest-to-goodness ring canvas. Gunboat Smith was all washed up when the movie money hit him a welcome poke in the pocketbook. The same goes for Godfrey, Burns, Broad, Kennedy, Jack and Joe Herrick, Jimmy Kilgannon and the other second-raters.

Upstairs comedy with a strong flavor of melodrama, blended with a touch of pathos and a keen sense of human psychology, these are the ingredients that Eddie Cantor has used in the creation of "Special Delivery," his second starring vehicle for Paramount, which opens at the Pine Tree theatre today. Punter than the stage play was his screen version of "Kid Boots" but funnier still is his "Special Delivery" with its romance and experience of a rookie postman. Cantor is just naturally funny anyhow. Give him such a role as Eddie, the letter carrier, and then let him work out his own ideas, and he is a riot. The interesting thing about him, though, is the fact that you

The movies are a new and welcome life preserver that heretofore the boys had never counted on. The racket is: Go out, pull on a pair of mitts, try your shot at your division. If you flop, go drag your battered ears and your busted nose to this city. The uglier you are—the more dough you'll make.

always find yourself laughing with and not at him. That is essentially Cantor. No matter how funny he is, he always enlists your sympathy for the character he portrays. From the very moment that you first see him as the mis-fit clerk you can't help feeling a bit sorry for him while at the same time you can't help laughing at the situations and predicaments he gets into; and he gets into plenty. "Special Delivery" is a picture that you will want to see. It is Cantor at his best and if he follows through in his future pictures along the lines established in this one the screen has found a new type of comedy and a new type of comedian. All modern facilities in the alleviation of human suffering have been installed at the Klamath Valley hospital.

### At the Hotels

WILLARD—F. A. Morton, E. F. West, San Francisco; W. Tipping, Seattle; J. M. Hart, Salem; H. M. Jongs, Portland; C. Stowell Smith, San Francisco; Sam Kerr, Portland; John B. Neigant, McMinnville; C. Herb White, Fry & Co., Portland; Charles Beckwith, Portland; Thomas H. Schenck, Concord; B. F. Lewis, G. K. Harry, C. E. Johnson, Shell Oil; M. D. Harkaway and wife, Yakima, Wash.; Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Howard, Portland; A. Herold, Sacramento; J. Rean Black and family, Palo Alto, Calif.; J. M. Farnell, Sacramento; R. S. Thompson, D. Dennehy, San Francisco; M. E. Smoad, C. H. Albert, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Clark, Mrs. P. Druhl, Berkeley; C. V. Meyers, C. M. Sims, Medford; Paul Smith, Shasta Springs; W. A. Patton, Coachella, Calif.; G. E. Gray, J. V. Stanton, Shell Co.; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Tompkins, Santa Monica, Calif.; C. O. Ousdahl, Seattle; A. Ausdahl, Seattle; Harry Lewis, General Clear; L. W. Lowery, Eugene; F. E. Price, Corvallis; C. C. Cleveland, Seattle; C. A. Kelly, Redding, Calif.; J. Weine, Portland.

ARCADE—M. Peterson, Lakeview; James Price, Ontario, Cal.; George Hanner, Grants Pass; Jas. E. Black and wife, Eugene; Bill Harry B. Stone, Medford; JPack Steven and wife, Ashland; Joseph H. Keenan and wife, Los Angeles; Louis, Dorris; Art T. Hays, Chiloquin; A. B. Hathaway and wife, Portland; Charles A. Brown, Roseburg; T. E. Finn, San Francisco; Mrs. J. A. Whalen and G. E. Edlund, R. E. Hamilton, Portland; C. E. London, N. H. Bogue, San Francisco; Niles Searis and wife, Berkeley; D. Driscoll, Southern Pacific; Bill Bassos, Hill, Calif.; Spils Buzap, Vallejo, Calif.; H. A. Morley, Dunsmuir; F. C. Pollard San Francisco; R. E. B. Lucas and family, Chico, Calif.; L. E. Fleming and wife, Ashland; Don E. Hughes, Medford; Roy Quick and wife, Earl Quick and wife, Fort Klamath; Charles Cottingham, Chicago; Eddie Nayer, Seattle; Harry Harrison, Oakland.

## Get Your Dollar's Worth

GRANDMOTHER reads the latest market prices—"Lands sakes alive!" she exclaims, "why when I was young we didn't have to pay half so much." Yes, in "the good old days" milk sold at five cents a quart, potatoes at forty cents a bushel, sugar twenty-five pounds for a dollar, and so on. And, in "the good old days" a laborer was paid a dollar or possibly a dollar and a quarter. But who wants to go back to "the good old days"? Not you—not me.

PRICES are higher now, but wages are higher too. You pay more, but the goods you buy are of better material, they are better made, they last longer. Even foodstuffs are better. Inspection and extra care insure their quality.

THE DOLLAR can still buy a dollar's worth. Read the advertising in the newspapers and you will find they will help your dollars go a long way. Advertising tells you where you can get full value for your money. The young housewife of today shops even more intelligently than "grandma," for the advertisements are her guides, they make her a competent judge of values.

Merchandise must be good or it couldn't be advertised. Read the advertisements and get your dollar's worth.