

Meanies Enjoy Big Evening On Armory Ma

Pelicans to Open League Play Friday

Rapidly progressing Klamath high schoolers go against Grants Pass club in first of three annual conference engagements.

After suffering its second consecutive setback, the Klamath high school grid machine embarks this week on its third enterprise, with new confidence and a great show of promise.

It's a strange situation—perhaps an unprecedented one—when a football club, by launching its season as unambiguously as have the Pelicans, can continue to increase its faith in itself and improve, rather than forfeit, its measure of public support. That, however, is just what the local footballers appear to be doing.

The reason—at any rate, one of the reasons—is that, in defeat, the Pelicans are a rapidly progressing outfit. Although this department cannot speak from first-hand, eye-witness knowledge, the gang which lost Friday night to The Dalles, 7-6, can authoritatively be graded as at least twice as effective as the team which was humbled, 12-9, by Dunsmuir the previous week.

The Dalles is conceded to be one of the more powerful eleven currently functioning in the state high school circuit. The week before last Klamath Falls it squashed McMinnville, 32-0, and last Friday McMinnville held Eugene, which always offers a strong representation and has twice defeated Klamath in the last two years, to a 7-7 tie.

Besides, The Dalles was playing on its home field, had the advantage of an additional early season game and, with Coach Berry Hodges again at the helm, was certainly not, like Klamath, a team starting out from scratch under a new system of play.

And yet the Pelicans outgained the Tribesmen in total yardage and only failed to convert point after touchdown kept them from the tie score which would have represented the well known "moral victory." That is why the hopes of Pelicans and Pelican supporters are skyrocketing.

Among other conclusions which may be drawn from The Dalles game are that the Pelicans are going to find themselves badly handicapped from here on out unless they develop ability to add the extra point at least occasionally and that Coach Snoddy Gustafson wasn't fooling when he stressed the importance of a turf field to his method of play.

The Dalles, like Dunsmuir, is past history now, however, and this week Gustafson and his lads are concentrating on getting somewhere in Southern Oregon conference competition. The conference schedule was inaugurated last Friday by Ashland and Grants Pass, and Klamath swings into its league opener this Friday when it tackles Grants Pass in the Climate city.

Winning the conference championship, or, failing short of that, winding up as high in the standings as possible, is, of course, the first order of business every season, not only for Klamath but for all the schools in the loop. No matter what the reputation of other teams that may be played or weak the caliber of conference talent, victory over "outsiders" is never quite the triumph for the member schools as it is success in their own league.

And for the three other clubs, Ashland, Grants Pass and Klamath Falls, winning the conference championship has always meant having to beat Medford. The Tigers have invariably been the stepping stone and usually the stumbling block. From all appearances, it will be so again this year.

Klamath's 1937 conference schedule is lumped, to say the least—Grants Pass in Grants Pass this weekend, then in rapid succession, Ashland and Medford on Modoc field. Before the end of October the Pelicans will know just how they stand or fall in Southern Oregon competition.

Grants Pass looks like the league's weak sister. Although

technically defending champions—a Medford forfeit kicked them upstairs last fall—the Cavenmen have failed to wear the crown with true regal dignity so far this fall.

In two starts to date they have failed to score, losing a 6-0 decision to North Bend and then dropping a 12-0 verdict to Ashland in a mud pie affair on the Lithian field last Friday.

Grants Pass beat Klamath Falls here last season in what constituted the uttermost ebb of Pelican football fortunes, but since that time the valley school has suffered seriously from the demise of Pruitt, all-conference fullback; Pitchett, the passer-grabber end; ponderous Tackle Art Winterout, and several other stars.

A nucleus remains, however, around which to build a new eleven, and before the season ends—even possibly by this Friday—the Cavenmen may develop into another hard-to-handle gang of footballers.

Ashland, smallest of the four conference schools, this year has the veteran talent necessary to produce results, and there is hardly any question that the Grizzlies will give the Pelicans some of their most uncomfortable moments of the season when the two teams clash here next week.

Captain of the Ashland aggregation is Roland "Dutch" Schiedereiter, all-conference center who delights in busting up enemy offensive's for big losses, and in the backfield are Fowler, Warren and Carter, a trio of the runningest, pass-tossingst guys now operating in these parts.

It is generally rumored that Coach Forrest "Skeet" O'Connell holds the 1937 Pelicans in low esteem, and confidently expects to wipe out last year's 25-0 defeat.

The Ashlanders started slowly, losing to Weed, then nicked Yreka, and last Friday eliminated their efforts to date with the 12-0 victory over Grants Pass. The Grants Pass win was made all the more impressive by the facts that only twice during the game did the Cavenmen advance beyond the Ashland 50-yard line, and that the Lithians showed their flashy offensive could function even under the most adverse weather conditions.

Medford, despite a 14-13 defeat by Hood River Friday night in its first regular game of the season, still remains the league bugaboo.

Coach Bill Bowerman's Tigers, like Coach Gustafson's Pelicans, was a team which, though defeated, outran and generally out-performed its opponent. Only a desperate last-minute passing attack which, for once, clicked, and Captain Bobby Bethman's uncanny ability to boot the ball between the up-rights saved Hood River from going under.

Otherwise, the Bearpickers monopolized the game. They led by a huge margin in yardage from scrimmage, first downs and length of punts and in the first half, pounded all over the field for nine first downs while Hood River was being held to a meager 29 yards.

On passes and pass defense, however, the Tigers were pitifully weak. Under stress, Hood River completed the phenomenal total of 19 out of its 19 flips for 125 yards, while Medford failed to connect on any one of the six tosses it attempted.

Bowerman may be expected to iron out the pass defense difficulty before another week passes, but the Medfords may have to struggle through the season without an impressive aerial attack.

With fellows named Ellinget, Hill and Grow lunging the ball the way they did against Hood River, they should be able to do just that thing very comfortably indeed.

SEATTLE, Oct. 5 (AP)—Coach Jimmy Phelan warned his defending champion Washington Huskies today not to underestimate the Oregon State college eleven which plays here next Saturday, despite the Grange-men's loss to California last week. Phelan told his warriors the yardstick to be as far superior as the 24-6 score might indicate, and he pointed out three of California's touchdowns were the result of Beaver fumbles. The Huskies came through their 7-0 victory over USC with Fullback Al Cruser's broken finger the major casualty.

CARTER LOSES TO BELCASTRO

Les Wolfe Mauls Vlemens But Is Disqualified; Pogi Wins

It was a joyous occasion for the meanies last night down at the corner of Main and Spring streets, the spot where rascals and rascals' fans hang out come Tuesday evenings.

Two of the three desperados who took a hand in the night's endeavors were outright victors while the third, although he lost on a foul, had the heartless satisfaction of seeing his opponent carried from the ring.

Pete Belcastro, the evening's top-ranking public enemy, took a stipulated verdict over Marshall Carter by virtue of winning the first fall and the third.

His initial success followed 34 minutes of wrestling, during most of which Carter, who was constantly on the offensive, held the upper hand. Toward the end of the session, however, Pete seized Carter's left arm in a hammerlock, then grabbed the other flipper and came up with a surfboard.

After the Missourian had writhed for a spell, the referee awarded Belcastro the fall. The referee was Frankie Murdock of Oklahoma, and a swell job he did on his assignment, too, in spite of a constant roar of criticism from the big crowd, which constituted itself as a thousand or more self-deputized ring-side arbiters.

Carter required only three minutes and 25 seconds to even the score. A series of flying tackles turned the trick, but although they put Pete down, they failed to damage him much, and the Italian was on his feet again immediately, protesting Murdock's decision.

Belcastro clipped three seconds from Carter's second-fall time in taking the third and deciding tumble. The brief period was filled with sensational action, mostly stimulated by Carter's relentless attack, and toward the end the Missourian once again appeared to have Belcastro on the go, this time with dropkicks.

His ultimate kick, however, failed to connect, and simultaneously Belcastro let go with a pedal punch of his own, the lunge catching Carter squarely on the chin.

Moderate Disrepair That ended it, and both performers trooped off to their dressing rooms in a moderate state of disrepair. Carter with a badly skinned elbow and Belcastro with a bloody nose.

Frankie Clemens, the Oklahoma Indian, may have been a better wrestler than Les Wolfe of Texas at the time of a legendary gymnasium episode which formed the basis of their alleged feud, but he hardly stacked up with his erstwhile tutor last night, even if he did win the match.

Clemens had one brief moment of glory. That was in the third round, when he trapped Wolfe in three successive "Indian paralyzers," the last of which won a fall, left the Texan groggy and gave him a stiff neck for the balance of the evening.

Foul Crumpled Clemens Previously Wolfe had felled Clemens with his patented figure four scissors late in the first round, then punished the Cherokee lad with head scissors all during the tumble-less second period.

Wolfe was disqualified and the match was awarded to Clemens midway in the fourth stanza when the ornery Texan, attempting to escape the punishment being dealt him in one corner of the ring, brought his knee up into Clemens' groin. The foul blow crumpled Clemens like a dynamited brick chimney.

The fastest part of the program, while it lasted, was the opener staged by Bobby Wagner of New Hampshire and Gorilla Pogi of Buenos Aires.

Unfortunately Wagner, who tore into Pogi tooth and nail from the opening bell, either wore himself out in a fruitless attempt to penetrate Pogi's rhinoceros hide or became discouraged when his best efforts failed to faze the armor-plated Argentinian. At any rate Wagner lost two straight falls, in 5:43 of the second round and 2:58 of the third.

Proud Papa DiMag Arrives In New York to See Series

A score of cameras clicked as the old fisherman posed with his two sons.

After the practice, Joe took his father to what he thought was the swankiest Italian restaurant in town. But papa refused to eat.

"I darned near forgot," said Joe. "Pop won't eat restaurant food of any kind. Won't even eat the good stuff I have in my restaurant back home. He'll come in but he won't eat. He doesn't like hotels either. I wanted to put him up in style but he looked up one of his old pals where he's staying and eating home cooked food."

Papa DiMaggio, who last saw New York in 1926 when he came over from Palermo, Sicily, retired from fishing five years ago. Since then his life has been baseball. Being papa to three good ball players scattered all over the United States is an exciting life. Papa DiMaggio admitted.

"I get ready for the afternoon with a nap and some good spaghetti," he said. "Then I get all the early afternoon papers and read until the Seals and my boy Dominic begin to play. By the time they play a couple innings, it's time to get the later editions of the papers which tell me what Giuseppe and Vincent have done. I can tell in one look if Joe got a home run. 'DiMaggio' name is pretty big in the box score."

"One day I was so proud, Giuseppe hit two home runs, Vincent got one and Dominic hit a double and two singles. Each one of my boys won a ball game, and I was proud."

In the other match Charley Hyde's Painters came out with wins over the Balaiger V-8s in two out of three games.

Other high games were: Lashua 214 and 194, Heater 193 and 210, Reider 215, Hight 212 and 191, Haley 214 and 201, Peterson 190 and 191, Jackson 190 and Durrant 184, 182 and 191.

Team	W	L	Pts
Horton	163	131	128 362
Griffin	192	135	126 361
Grannis	111	169	116 396
Lyon	159	181	152 483
Peterson	152	190	190 523
Handicap	29	29	99 287
TOTAL	727	965	812 2444

Team	W	L	Pts
Lewis	148	184	137 469
Spivey	145	143	157 445
Martin	158	150	144 452
Stout	157	180	165 502
Sweeney	133	165	181 495
Handicap	30	99	99 279
TOTAL	851	912	874 2627

Team	W	L	Pts
Reider	149	176	218 543
Westin	117	169	151 428
Reed	152	152	197 411
Choyne	192	158	176 526
Haight	184	213	151 588
Handicap	47	47	47 141
TOTAL	841	906	890 2627

Team	W	L	Pts
Durrant	184	182	181 557
Cheyne	130	158	147 555
Jackson	199	156	147 503
Booth	142	184	159 476
Haley	184	214	201 569
Handicap	70	70	70 219
TOTAL	890	964	826 2774

Team	W	L	Pts
Lashua	194	214	165 573
Wakeman	155	145	126 424
Arnold	148	175	144 467
Cochran	150	123	112 415
Thome	123	123	123 352
Handicap	61	61	61 182
TOTAL	831	843	783 2457

Team	W	L	Pts
Ashworth	138	132	168 459
Heater	210	147	192 550
Stadlin	146	147	178 467
Lattig	210	171	208 538
Balaiger	182	173	179 525
Handicap	39	39	39 117
TOTAL	924	836	956 2716

Team	W	L	Pts
Hyde's Painters	138	132	168 459
Stadlin	146	147	178 467
Lattig	210	171	208 538
Balaiger	182	173	179 525
Handicap	39	39	39 117
TOTAL	924	836	956 2716

The Antler Garage and the Netted Gem bowling teams made clean sweeps of their matches Monday night on the Bowlers Garden alleys.

The Garagemen downed the Pelican City five three straight, while the Potato Kings duplicated the feat against the Kirkpatrick and Reider team.

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GIANTS, YANKS AWAIT OPENER

Both Clubs Confident of Series Win; Hubbell, Gomez Paired.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5 (AP)—The Giants and the Yankees, both fit and both confident they hold a fistful of aces, hold their final workouts early this afternoon, and at 1:30 p. m. (EST) tomorrow they smack into each other in the second straight "subway series."

Two more substantial, commonplace ball clubs probably never met in a world series since the annual fall follies were inaugurated in 1903. Neither appears to be unduly excited nor awed, but, just the same, the series promises to be hard-fought and exciting every foot of the way.

The battle lines are definitely drawn, pending a last-minute change by Manager Bill Terry of the Giants or Joe McCarthy of the Yankees. Carl Hubbell, the Oklahoma farmer, will try to win his third straight opener for the Giants, and Vernon (El Goofy) Gomez, another leftist, will tell for the Yanks.

They are perhaps the leading southpaws in the game, and the prospect of a thrilling duel between them has led optimistic club officials to hope to break the world series attendance record of 66,659 set at the stadium a year ago. Indications today, however, were that the opening day attendance would not be much more than 50,000.

The Yanks' lineup is settled for the series with the same array that swamped the American league under a deluge of baseballs, except that hard-hitting George Selkirk has recovered from a mid-season hurt just in time to take over his right field post. He, with Joe DiMaggio, Lou Gehrig and Bill Dickey, comprise the backbone of the Yankees' devastating attack.

The Giants, who are the weaker outfit, and the referee compelled to consider every possible angle in their struggle for runs, will do considerable shifting about. Against Gomez tomorrow they will have Big Hank Leiber, right-handed power hitter, playing center field and batting clean-up. When Red Ruffing, a right-hander, takes the hill for the Yanks in the second round, Lou Chiozza will be in the middle pasture for the Giants with Jimmy Rippie batting fourth.

Terry, who has so far recovered from his influenza that he took a few cuts at the plate in yesterday's practice, has delegated the veteran Gus Mancuso to catch both Hubbell in tomorrow's game and Slim Melton in the second game. Harry Danning is slated to catch Hal Schumacher in the third.

All of which indicates the essential difference between the two New York teams. The Yanks are set to slug it out on their customary lines. The Giants are going to play it "cute" and fight for a run at a time, placing their trust in Hubbell, Melton and Schumacher to curb the enemy.

The key man of the series, with all due respect to Hubbell, is very likely to be Melton, the tall, hungry-looking mountaineer known to his teammates as "Mickey Mouse." If Melton, a 29-game winner in his first season, throttles the Yankee bats-

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BUDGE WINS OVER RIGGS

Oakland Redhead Is World's Best Amateur Tennis Player.

BERKELEY, Calif., Oct. 5 (AP)—Donald Budge is still the greatest amateur tennis player in the world. The lanky Oakland, Calif., head turned back a stirring lounge by young Robert Hays Los Angeles yesterday to win his men's singles crown in the Pacific coast championships. The scores were 4-6, 6-3, 6-4.

Riggs, who previously Germany's Baron Gottfried "Gunny" in the semi-finals, desperately to conquer him their sixth meeting but he ended under exhaustive rallying clever placements.

Budge wore 1937 Riggs a ground after the 19-year-old first set. He merely his energetic opponent wear self out by chasing return over the court.

Riggs ranks second among American amateurs the difference between a complete master.

Budge laid paired with Helen Wills Moody, former international star, to win the doubles crown with a fought 6-2, 4-6, 6-3 through Kay Stammers of England, Gerald Stratford, San Francisco.

Anita Litana of Chile, crowned United States champion, won the singles final by easily defeating Margaret Lumb of England, 6-2.

Irish, Illinois to Play Ag

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., Oct. 5 (AP)—Thirty-nine years after they and only meeting on the iron, Illinois and Notre football teams will meet in a football stadium Saturday before a crowd which may total 50,000 and veterans of that first Irish battle will be glad to honor.

Notre Dame won the game, 5 to 0, October 1, 1887.

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