

# The CHEMAWA AMERICAN

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## ATHLETIC NOTES

Slashing and dashing its way to a 12 to 0 victory over the Bachelors' Athletic Club of Portland on Thanksgiving Day our team not only won a splendid victory, but made a fitting close to a successful season as well. It has been a trying and eventful season, one that would test the metal of any eleven. Our team stood the test.

Thompson led his warriors into the fray on Thanksgiving Day in a fashion that spelled victory from the start. Though the first half ended 0 to 0 the continual pounding of the big fullback, Bill Johnson, Lawrence Pratt, Francis Ross and Charles DePoe, as his running mates, was sure to bear results. These fellows hammered away and early in the third quarter carried the ball to the Bachelors' 30-yard line, where Atkins hurled a pretty pass to Raymond Haldane, who was downed on the five-yard line. On the next play Thompson plowed through the line for the first score. He failed in his attempt to convert the kick.

Three times in the last period these boys, aided by the fine work of the linemen, carried the ball within the Bachelors' one-yard line. Thompson drove over guard, or off tackle, or hurled passes to the backs or ends, and Bill Johnson or Lawrence Pratt flashed as quick as lightning through the line, all for consistent gains and with such force and accuracy that the Bachelors' were unable to check their march until the ball all but rested across their goal line. Here on two occasions fumbles occurred and on another the Bachelors stiffened their defense and held for downs. Though the team did not score on these occasions, yet they were beautiful marches and some fine football was displayed in attaining their objective. Long runs, forward passes, fine tackling, fumbles, and all things spectacular figured in these powerful drives to the goal. The most spectacular play, however, came in the last minutes of the game. Thompson's pass to Pratt was muffed and caught by an opponent who fumbled it like a hot potato and was in turn grabbed by another Bachelor only to fight and fumble it until "Freak" DePoe, our long end, stuck out his long arms, hauled it in, tucked it away and was off across the goal line for the final score. The try for point was blocked.

Our line held the Bachelors' at their mercy throughout the game. In the first period the clubmen found their line attack stopped and resorted to passes and completed a few, but intercepted ones turned them back to running plays, while our linemen confined their running to mostly across the field. For Reginald DePoe, Raymond Haldane and Jack Abraham, ends;

Peter Rassmussen and Paul Ketah, tackles; Roy and Joe Peratrovich, guards, and Sedan Thomas, center, so completely stopped their offense that the Bachelors were never within scoring distance although they put drive and power into every attempt, but our forward wall managed to stave off all but a scattered few drives.

An hour or so before the game it poured down rain in the good old Oregon style, which left the field almost flooded. Soon after the twenty-two men charged up and down the field a few times there was mud and water plenty deep all over the field. In spite of that condition the game was exciting. Fumbles were frequent, but this was offset by the wild scramble each time to recover. On three different occasions the ball went in and out of possession of four men before being held.

An intensely interesting inter-class football schedule has just been brought to a close. The freshmen and sophomore teams ending their regular schedule in a tie played the final game last week. The play-off created much interest on the campus and a large crowd turned out to see the two teams battle for field supremacy. When the two teams took the field they were ready and 'rarin' to go. Never have two teams prepared more earnestly for a grid battle than did these. They practiced religiously away into the night that they might be better prepared to do battle in a more intelligent way for their "grand old class." The sophs were set on retaining their title as champions, while the freshmen were bent on doing the dethroning act. Both came mighty near accomplishing what they set out to do for the game ended in a 6 to 6 score.

Early in the second half the fighting freshmen forced the sophomores back and made them attempt a punt back of their own goal line. "Fat" Bruce for the freshmen tore through the line like a wild bull, blocked the punt, and dropped on the ball for the first and what looked like the only score of the game. Eldred George's attempted try for point failed only by inches. It certainly looked like a freshmen victory, for with only a matter of a minute or so to play and the sophs again with their backs against the wall, Lee Wilson, who has engineered his team into the finals, ran back to throw a pass, shook off two tacklers and sent the ball flying to George Meachem, who ran almost 80 yards for a touchdown. The try for point failed and thus the game ended a tie and these two teams are to share the championship glory together.

Mrs. Brickell enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner which she shared with many relatives and friends. Quite a number of her guests were from Portland, and her daughter, Miss Virginia, was present, having arrived from U. of O. at Eugene.

Thanksgiving dinner for the students this year was truly a veritable feast. Supt. McGregor took great interest in the event and everything moved off without a jarring note anywhere. Following a Chemawa custom of many years standing all of the employes were present and assisted in some way with the dinner. The orchestra played during the entire dinner and this helped to make the occasion memorable. It was truly a sight calculated to excite the appetite to look over the large dining hall and see such a feast in progress.