



CHEMAWA LOSES TO O. S. C. ROOKS

Forty-four to 0 marks the trouncing our team was handed by the Oregon state rooks at Corvallis last Friday evening under the arc lights. Except for a single quarter, the second, our team played a much better defensive game than the score would lead one to believe. In that wild session a couple of rooks grabbed a punt and circled our left end three times and each one ended up in a dash across the goal line and not a single run was under the fifty-yard mark. In neither instance did they go unmolested for there were eleven desperate tacklers on their trail, but those boys burned up the ground too rapidly. In the first, third and fourth quarters they were not so slippery and our team forced the rooks to extend themselves to score.

Our boys came home with a great deal more than the short end of the score and a few minor bruises and injuries. It was the first taste of real football for all but a handful, and they were initiated in no mild fashion. The first rush left unsuspecting players scattered all over the field. There are things too numerous to mention about football that seem to come only through actually playing the game and on Friday our footballers learned the most important fundamental of all, that a half-hearted attempt to execute an assignment will never do. To win one must extend himself to the limit.

Albert Miller, left end; William Jones, left tackle; Fred Sandberg, center; Roy Meachem, fullback; Warren Wilder, right half; Wallace Hosie, left half, and Charles Motschman stood out in some department of the game. The first four mentioned were especially effective on the defense and Roy Meachem figured in both. Though there were but few holes opened for him he still drove his way through and only once was he held for no gain. Charles Motschman got his kicks off quickly but in most cases too low, and they were returned too far.

On either Friday or Saturday afternoon of this week we expect to play the Willamette University Reserves here. Since the rook game all candidates have been hard at work perfecting plays and getting the habit of "driving in" and we hope to see a big change in our attack in this game.

Last week the freshmen and sophomore football teams rolled back the curtain in the first game of the season for the inter-class championship. For four full quarters they battled up and down the field in a game that was not wanting for thrills and when the final whistle blew the ball was almost in the dead center of the field and the score 0 to 0.

Peter McClusky, fullback for the sophomores, and Elmer Kalama, halfback for the freshmen, were the chief ball carriers of the game. Both registered several nice runs, but then they were checked later by two charging lines that smothered their attempts when they reached the scoring zone.

Members of our first team, coach, manage and officiate the class teams and games and are doing a good clean job of it all.

"CHIEF" BENDER AT CARLISLE

After an absence of 27 years "Chief" Bender, accompanied by his wife, returned to Carlisle where he had been a student at the famous Indian school and where he began his notable career. His home-coming was in every sense a triumph and of such a nature that it should have warmed the heart of this splendid man and athlete. We have not space to tell the whole story, but are pleased to reprint a brief talk made in honor of "Chief" Bender by State Senator Leon C. Prince, as follows:

Every town, great or small, shines in the reflected glory of celebrated persons or events associated with its history. Carlisle boasts the prison of Major Andre, the birthplace of General Armstrong, the ancestral home of James G. Blaine, the burial ground of Molly Pitcher and the school house of Chief Bender.

There is an ancient feud between his people and ours. But if the white man conquered the red man with the rifle-ball, the red man has conquered the white man with the baseball. Chief Bender holds priority of place in sport as other world figures hold it in science, industry, and art. There is only one Edison, only one Henry Ford, only one Douglas Fairbanks, only one Chief Bender.

Carlisle has expanded and improved since the Chief dwelt among us. Through the interest and sustained efforts of the community athletic association it has a team that keeps pace with the times.

"In days of old when knights were bold" it was the amiable custom to present the keys of the city to distinguished guests in token of hospitality. We have no keys because we have no gates; we have no gates because we have no walls; but we assure Chief Bender and the gracious lady who adorns his name and who shares his merited popularity, of our affectionate pride in his notable achievements, and we extend to both our heartfelt welcome to the old home town.

ESCORTS

Oct. 12—McBride	- - -	Mrs. Hauser
		Mr. Ross
Winona	- - -	Miss French
		Miss White
Hawley	- - -	Miss Earlougher
		Mr. Austin

A GUEST FROM THE NORTH

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members among other groups for the promotion of music. They are devout members of the mission church, carrying on much of the services in their own languages.

Warmed by the Japanese current, which produces a climate "warmer than Portland in the winter and cooler in the summer," according to Mrs. Minthorn, Metlakatla has decided advantages. Her Tshimpian inhabitants live a carefree life that's a happy mixture of the good of their old and the strength of the new.

Mrs. Minthorn will start the journey to the mission Wednesday. She has been away a month and wishes to return.