

## THAT TRACK MEET WAS JUST AWFULLY CUTE

It Was First College Girl Ever Saw; But Say.

I went to my first track meet yesterday, and I can't remember when I had such a good time. The Oregon boys won too, 84 to 38 I think someone said the score was, and I was awfully glad of that, because you are such keen entertainers. But my, I never dreamed that I would be asked to describe the meet, especially for your college paper.

The very first thing when I got there yesterday, some man named Angell, that didn't look at all like an angel, was objecting to some rule knocking down those saw-horses they called hurdles. I didn't suppose they had any rules for a track meet, but just lined up and ran when someone said go; I see now that they are needed to define such technical terms as "nosed out at the finish," "hit it up the back stretch," "sprint the upper turn," and about a thousand more.

That Mr. Bergman, of O. A. C., won in the 100-yard dash. He didn't beat Mr. Kay but just a little bit, and I don't see why, when a race is so close, they can't decide in favor of a jolly, good-natured little fellow like Mr. Kay, instead of giving it to a man that sneers like Mr. Bergman did.

The high saw-horses came next and Mr. Hawkins, the dandiest looking fix-en haired man I have ever seen, won them so gracefully that I wanted to clap for him lots longer than everybody else cheered when they announced that he broke a Northwest record by running them in 15 2-5. Mr. Bergman broke some of the hurdles in that race. The mile run was awfully interesting too. Mr. McClure and Mr. Riddell fought it out all the way down the stretch—did I use that technical term right? Anyway Mr. McClure nosed out the victory.

The quarter mile run was just fine. Nellie Smith said she almost fell in love with that Mr. Johns that won, because he ran so gracefully. He tied a college record, too. I wonder if he is a good dancer? That Mr. Latourrette that won the low hurdles ran about the cutest of anybody, though. He took awfully short steps, but he twinkled along so fast you could hardly see his legs. He beat that cranky looking Mr. Bergman, too. That race that was just as long as the low hurdles was a fine one, too—220-dash, I think they called it. Jolly little Mr. Kay won that, and oh, a new man that I never saw before, a perfectly handsome man, took second. I almost wished he had won, but everybody congratulated him on being such a good sportsman for going slower towards the end, that I know he must have been doing something grand and noble. I have an awfully hard time with my heart because I could almost fall in love with—both of them too.

In that half mile run one of the Agricultural fellows kept running on a bias in front of an "O" runner to keep him from passing, and everybody screamed "foul" at the top of their voices. There doesn't seem to be any rule about that, though, because the men with the badges marked "Official" didn't pay any attention to it.

Mr. Williams, the Oregon man that won the pole vault,—running a ways, then climbing up a pole and dropping over a bar, you know—was just remarkable. I think he is the slimmest man I ever saw, but the way he climbed up that pole showed that he had as much agility as a monkey. He must be an awfully brave man, too. Just think of falling twelve feet every time, even if it is in a well spaded little garden. He broke another Northwest record, by "clearing the bar" at 12 feet and 2-10 of an inch, but I don't see why they have to be so exact about it.

MILDRED BAGLEY



## TENNIS TOURNAMENT ON

The women of the University who play tennis are keenly interested in the matches that are being played off for the championship and for the silver cup that Dr. Stuart is offering.

Mildred Bagley and Frances Ober-teuffer, who were at the head of the list last year, will have a number of hard matches to play before the cup is awarded.

A large number of underclassmen are entered for the beginners' tournament, where competition is even keener.

The high jump interested me. I think Mr. Johnson must be a Swede, on account of his name and because he always does Swedish exercises before he jumps.

The far jump didn't look so interesting to me, because I have tried it myself, but I liked that dark man who won, and the adorable Mr. Hawkins did splendidly in that, too.

I couldn't understand those things they called the field events very well, because they had them at the same time the running was being done, and besides they were a long way from where I sat. They were rather peculiar, anyway. First they all tried to see who could throw an awfully heavy ball from a funny little ring. When they got tired of that, they put a wire on it and swung it around their heads and threw it that way. Finally, they went away and got a round thing to throw from the same funny little ring. Mr. Kellogg, a great big man that seemed to have an awfully happy disposition, appeared to be the hero out there.

The relay race was the last thing, and it was about the best of all. Everyone of the Oregon men ran just dandy. Mr. Kay ran first and won from his enemy, then he shook hands with Mr. Elliot, who ran away off from his competitor, then after they had gone through the formality of shaking hands again, Mr. Johns got a long ways ahead of his Agricultural student, and Mr. McDaniel finished so quick that he was almost to the gymnasium before the O. A. C. runner got to where the string was. Anyway, the Northwest record was smashed in this race, too.

Oregon won lots more times than anybody else did.

O. A. C. 6; Oregon 3.

O. A. C. won again from Oregon this afternoon, Rieben pitching against Henkel. Errors lost for Oregon.

Oliver Huston took sick after the California meet and remained over several days.



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