

Oregon Emerald

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"IT CAN'T BE DONE"

Whatever happens at Corvallis today, Oregon will never be beaten. That sounds like a paradox, but it isn't.

The Aggies never have beaten an Oregon team, and they never will, so long as Oregon remains Oregon and O. A. C. remains O. A. C. True, they have drawn the long end of the score—three times, to be exact, in 20 years. And they may outpoint us today, although that supposition is open to doubt.

But no matter what the odds or what the score, no Oregon team has ever been outfought by an Aggie team, and it is safe to predict that none ever will. On the other hand, time after time an Oregon team, without a chance in the world, according to the "dope," has surmounted the impossible and won on superior gameness and fight.

Take the first smearing of the dope, which occurred way back in 1895. Oregon had lost the year before in the first game ever played between the two institutions. She came back the next fall and hung a score of 44 to 0 on the Aggies. Back in 1905 O. A. C. had perhaps the strongest team in her history, with Walker, Dolan, Root, Pilkington, and numerous stars of equal luminosity. The game was played in Eugene, and the betting was four and five to one against Oregon—and there was some betting in those days, too. But Oregon refused to lose, and Gordon Moores saved the day with one of his cross country runs.

Then there was the 1908 game. The Aggies took us down to Portland in the hope of trimming our light, inexperienced eleven with great gusto before the Rose City folks. Instead of which Coach Forbes' near-Freshman team played all around the Orange eleven, and Moulten's two field goals clinched the argument.

These are games which the old-timers love to play over by the fireside. But most of us who are here can remember the two Albany contests which have taken place since the two institutions made up and fell on each other's necks. Two years ago all the newspapers wrapped up the game and delivered it to the Aggies in advance, just as they are doing now, but old Fate, the original joker, changed the packages. Oregon won by only three points, but our score should have been larger. And last year Bezdek's team, blanked by 10 points until the final quarter, in a superb rally, tied the score and had things all its own way at the finish.

Today we meet Stewart's team in its own backyard. Apparently we are outclassed. Not content with seeing four regular players, two of them backfield stars, removed by injuries and sickness, the Doctor has sprung

his protests at the eleventh hour and two more players are stricken from the list.

And so the Aggies need no longer worry about Anse Cornell and Tick Malarkey and Tom Cornwall and Jake Rsiley and Lyle Bigbee and the rest. But what we claim is this: Take them all out, and still we have a team, for any 11 Oregon men can give the Aggies a finish fight.

And that's why we say they can't beat us.

John Parsons



WHO'S WHO AT OREGON

No. 5.

John Parsons

When "Doc" Read, in the first football rally of the year, said that in case of any possible defeats this year, Oregon would at least have someone to pray for her—Parsons—he beat us, the Who's Who column, to a most brilliant idea. In the journalistic vernacular, we were scooped.

To begin our biography, Johnnie has passed the larger part of his life in Alaska—Fairbanks, to be exact. He claims membership in the Loyal Order of the Arctic Brotherhood, of which "Doc" Cook and Peary, of Polar fame, are charter members, and he is a full-fledged "sour-dough" (apologies to Bob Service), having seen the ice come and go out of the Yukon.

Johnnie is a graduate of Washington High, Portland, although he put in time at Salem High and Lincoln High, Seattle. He managed to get by his high school profs for a touch-down—we mean diploma—and entered Oregon under the 1915 colors.

Johnnie's athletic prowess may be judged when it is known that he has won "O's" in football and track for two years running (we should say jumping when referring to track); has been a member of the mythical All-Northwest football team for two years; is captain of this year's football team; and a member of the Athletic Council.

Fight Is Subject Of Students Song

Oh, hark the bands a-playing,
See the flare. The horns all toot.
Gather round the bonfire, boys,
And ROOT, ROOT, ROOT.

The leader now is speaking.
"Come. We'll fight them hard as hell;
Fight on field and sidelines,
So YELL, YELL, YELL.

The men will scrap and struggle;
We must help in everything;
Jump and show your spirit,
And SING, SING, SING.

For now it's O. A. C., boys, now it's O. A. C.,
We never crab because we're beat, but fight the enemy,
Because the team's the best we have; they fight and fight,
For they are men of Oregon. "Bez" says, "Go hard, but right."
With three men out of sick beds and

After the game
feed the goat a
Peter Pan
MALTED
MILK

seven men laid out,
'Twas strange that ten to nothing was not indeed a rout.

Forget our past defeats, leave matters as they be,
For now it's O. A. C., boys, now it's O. A. C.

It's on to O. A. C., boys, it's on to O. A. C.

They claim they have our BILLY GOAT tied safely to a tree;
Because that we're the under dogs, with nothing else to do,

But grimly swallow the defeat which they will give us too,
So climb aboard the train, my boys, into the special cars,

With hearts that palpitate with fear, and nerves prepared for jars;
We'll watch them feed our little Goat on ciphers and pink tea,

It's on to O. A. C., boys, it's on to O. A. C.

We'll go to O. A. C., boys, we'll go to O. A. C.

A cheer from every throat, my boys, whose-ever it may be;

We'll cheer our little coach, my men, a cheer so loud and long
That all will have to listen among that motley throng.

And send him then into the game, to fight as bull-dogs do;

For they are men of Oregon; they're men as men should be.
We'll go to O. A. C., boys, we'll go to O. A. C.

Some good old "pep" and "ginger," Spirit unconfined,
Makes the Aggies know we wait,
Not BLIND, BLIND, BLIND.

We'll go upon the gridiron, Eager, full of mad delight,
Holding one word in our hearts:
It's FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT.

May two words come unto us
When the awful fray is done,
Let them be, O God of Hosts,
We've WON, WON, WON.

We're Strong For Oregon...

And we believe in the Oregon Spirit. The boys still have the "old fight," and if you are behind them today they will bring home the bacon.....

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