

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GAME

"Tell me when the fellows make a down," cried a junior co-ed at the game Saturday. She had never seen a football contest before. "I'm dying to get in on the live stuff," she exclaimed.

"Say, tell Bert Lombard to empty out the top of his hat. It's filled up again."

"Referee, that Aggie swam with the ball. Penalize him!" screamed an enthusiastic old man.

"One of those Aggie yell-leaders has taken off his orange sweater." "Nothing of the kind. He's faded. Can't you see from the score that the orange isn't a fast color?"

After the teams had taken their first plunges all around, a man noticed that there wasn't quite so much water on the field.

"Hey, referee," cried a lady-fan, "quit patting that O. A. C. fellow on the back. I'll bet you have some money on that team."

"Why do they always stand in that same pool, when they are giving the signals?"—from a visiting high school co-ed.

"Oh, they've got it warmed now and they hate to start on another."

"Say, miss," said a polite grad, "would you mind letting that umbrella trickle down somebody else's neck awhile. I'm afraid my spinal column will warp when it dries out."

"Girls! isn't that Aggie graceful?"—while the cadiets were maneuvering. "That man could get down on his knees, if necessary."

When the improvised cannon shot out the green confetti between halves, and Batley got burned, a co-ed discovered that it was intentional. "A perfect 'O' on his face. Does Batley know about it?"

He was an old man. He did not care for flowers. But in the tension of the submarine attack, he snatched a whole chrysanthemum garden off of a blooming matron on his left, and yelling, crammed it into his buttonhole.

"Look at Jack Dolph's knees!" cried a girl. "He's standing in water up to them."

"It says 'shrapnel' on that O. A. C. cart. They must have stopped at a baker shop on the way up."

"Pretzel is not spelled with an 'S,'" replied a man, after a long, slow pause.

"The pink on my hat is running!" cried a horrified woman.

"Turn it around and let it run back," called a comforting masculine voice.

Spirit Effervesces

strong. The band played and the step proceeded. A recess was called at eleven o'clock and the crowd adjourned until two. At two o'clock the crowd returned and steamed off steps with unabated vigor until 5 o'clock.

When the fun was at its height Coach Bezdek mounted the band platform and announced that the faculty sent their best wishes and hoped that the students enjoyed themselves.

"Dane all you can between now and 6 o'clock and then go home, eat your supper, and prepare your lessons for tomorrow. All the faculty wanted was a peaceful demonstration. You were peaceful."

The faculty and Coach Bezdek were given a rousing cheer and on went the dance.

Alumni Brave

anxious to have the day observed at this time every year, with the games alternating on the two campuses.

The Woman's league, which planned and financed the lunch in the men's gymnasium came out \$15 to the good. This will be turned over to the woman's memorial building fund. Together with the proceeds from the sale of tags for the Portland ice skating party on Friday night and the returns from the night itself, the fund will be raised to over \$5000 by the end of this week.

Over 400 couples attended the reception and dance at the armory. About \$135 was cleared, according to Emmett Rathbun, chairman of the dance committee.

"Jinx" Cry Papers

in their remarks—a biting hatred that seems impossible in newspapers that are supposed to support each state institution in like manner.

Fawcett the Same as Ever.

Roscoe Fawcett, sporting editor of the Oregonian, displayed the same characteristics that have been noticed so many times before in his columns. He was unable to understand, even after the game, how the team he had picked to beat Oregon by an overwhelming score could fall before our warriors, 9 to 0. The team about whose colors he has made the statement, "I could make a pun about Oregon's colors: Green and Yellow," defeated the mighty (by his own characterization) Aggies, and they did it in a manner never to be forgotten.

What could be the power of the Aggie line, if the Oregon line, as has been once stated, displayed the fierceness of some wild creature like the field mouse? If he

has not yet realized, I refer him to one of the Aggie ends, who stated after the game, "I never saw such a line. They were a bunch of devils and wild men."

The Journal appeared with a front page story headed, "Oregon's 'Luck,' Beats Mighty Aggies." And the story does not credit Oregon for its great victory over a great team. This fault rests with the sporting editor, Robert Cronin.

History Shows Only

tral ground. Almost the entire student bodies were on hand.

That day saw two new stars ascend to football fame and saw fight triumph over might and odds. The broken Oregon team went into that game and won. The only marvel was that the score was not three times as large. The two men who gained the greatest fame that Oregon could give that day were Carl Fenton, the guard who kicked the winning field goal, and Johnnie Parsons, Oregon's sophomore halfback. No greater ground gainer had ever been seen in the northwest than Parsons showed himself to be that day.

The next year Oregon had a veteran, powerful and victorious team. Again they went to Albany; this time to be fought to a standstill by the supposedly inferior Aggies. Oregon was overconfident and careless, and nearly lost the game. In the last few minutes of the final quarter the score stood 10 to 3 against Oregon. The O. A. C. rooters were jubilant. Night was falling and the teams were apparently just fighting hopelessly; waiting for the time to be called. Oregon was plugging the line with stolid and hopeless repetition. They were not gaining much. It was almost too dark to watch the game. Suddenly Quarter Anson Cornell, of Oregon, slipped out of the melee of the play and sped off around

the Aggies' unprotected end. The man who should have been there was green and had been drawn into the center of the line by the continuous attack on that spot. His eagerness lost the victory for his team. Cornell scored.

Despite the touchdown, the game had yet to be won. The score was 10 to 9. Oregon must kick the goal or lose. Again it was Carl Fenton who added the winning point. Oregon was saved from defeat.

Last year Oregon met the Aggies in their own back yard. Five of the lemon-yellow regulars were not in their places on the team. Injuries, misfortunes and the mumps had depleted the ranks. They seemed a beaten team before the whistle blew. There were large odds for the Aggies. All through that game the teams fought nearly even, with the slight edge in favor of O. A. C. With but a few minutes left in the last half and an adverse score of 3 to 0, Oregon's offense seemed to strengthen. A long pass to Wiest netted 40 yards. The ball was on the sideline where it joined the Aggies' 35-yard line. A substitute trotted out, reported, and replaced a halfback. A play or two ran the ball to the middle of the field. It was directly in front of the

goal posts. Signals were called and the substitute dropped back for a place kick. The line held and the ball rose. The Oregon stands set up a moan and hid their heads—the Orange started a cry of glee—the kick was too low. But then a shout arose. Oregon looked up. The referee was waving his arms. The kick had gone true. The score was tied. A few minutes of defensive play by the weary Oregon team and they fought off the onslaughts of the frantic Aggie backs in their last wild attempt to score. Then the great game was over.

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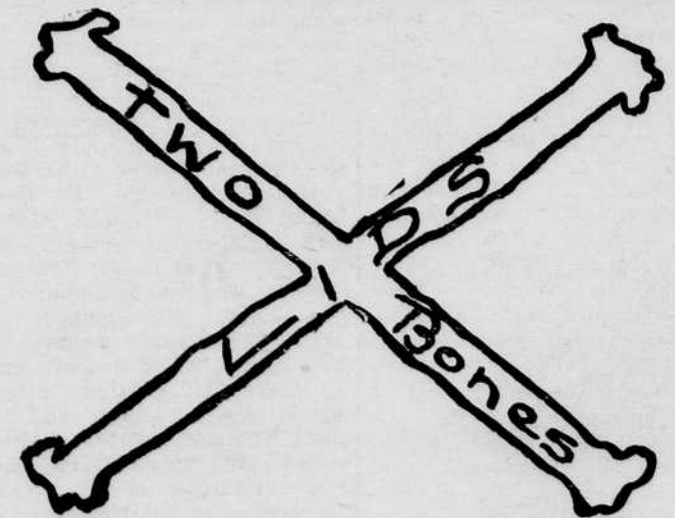
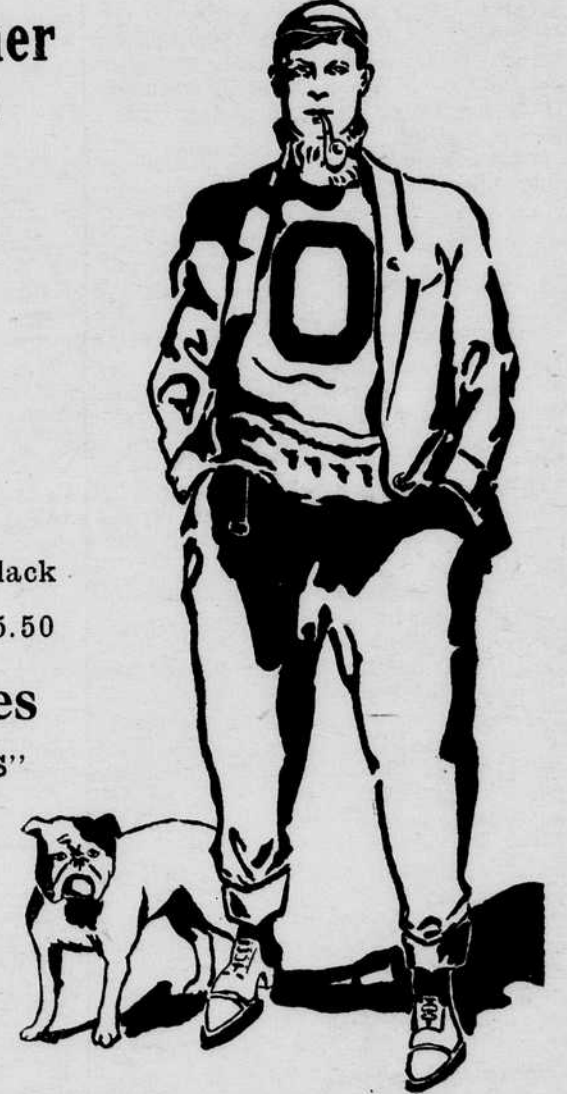
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