

Duck Tracks

By JOHNNIE KAHANANUI

Granting the dismal foreboding of that ancient adage, "A house divided cannot stand," and with all due reverence to the prognosticating astuteness of colleague Lee Flatberg, "this column" hereby disputes his suggestion that Oregon State will prance amidst rose petals and inhale the aroma of those luscious flowers comes January 1. True, his reason—that the Beavers have survived the more rugged portion of their schedule—is hardly assailable, except for one thing: OSC still has Oregon on its schedule.

However, aside from that, among the few teeth and other things dropped during the Stanford-Oregon State game last Saturday were these enlightening words: "Oregon State doesn't have half the team Oregon has!" And the critic was Pete Kmetovic, ace Cardinal halfback. Of course, Kmetovic may still have been smarting from the belly-full of knees picked up early in the fray, an item that shelved him for the remainder of the game, but our friend and sports eater-upper, Chuck Mallory, who contends he was on the spot, will readily vouch for Kmetovic's sincerity.

Indian Coach Clark Shaughnessy's speed merchant, in analyzing the play of both Oregon and Oregon State, claimed that in the wild Webfoot-Cardinal battle under a sweltering Palo Alto sun September 27, the breaks—those unpredictable toads that hop to the Fates' slightest whimsies, quirks that can turn sour the heady wine of victory contemplation—were evenly distributed. However, whereas Oregon failed to capitalize on its portion, Stanford did. Net result: Stanford won, 19 to 15.

OSC Had All the Breaks

However, in the Stanford upset last Saturday, the Oregon Staters were better at blowing kisses to the Fates than were the Indians, for they galloped off with "all the breaks" (so growled Kmetovic), and incidentally, the game too, 10 to 0.

And how does this jumble untangle? Well, it may alleviate the guilt of any Webfoot fan who may feel obliged to place the Ducks ahead of our Beaver neighbors whenever words are spilled over the Rose Bowl.

The following observation by Brother Mallory may make your correspondent turn meekly around and chew up some of the superlatives he's unfurled over the heroic spark of Stanford's Model T, Frankie Albert, but here goes. Mallory will swear on a stack of Bibles as deep as the stuff running off this typewriter that Albert was besieged by a bad case of nerves when Kmetovic staggered out of the game. And Mallory was in a position to know, for everytime the Beavers' "Black Beetle" was wheeled out on the field to squirt water into the Orangemen's faces, Mallory dashed off the Stanford bench to douse the Redmen . . . the "job" was simply a means to see the game . . . he and Kmetovic are good friends . . . knew each other down San Jose way, so . . . Aw hell, this school is lousy with politicians—nearly everyone should know how that stuff works.

Flavelle Scores Again

Got a letter the other day from Robin Flavelle, one half of last year's Duck Tracks. Oregonians remember Flavelle's rallying against secret football practices and flaunting his opinions in the 1940-41 edition of this column.

The ex-Emerald Co-Editor of Sports cavorts about New Jersey, awaiting his opportunity to work toward being an air corps flying instructor. He "misses Oregon very much . . . even Tex Oliver."

Joe Gordon Tops

Flipping over to the second page, one reads: "I saw the second world series game and threw a hex into my Yankees so they wouldn't win four straight. They should have run off with that game, but (Spurgeon) Chandler (Yankee hurler) tired himself out trying to stretch from first to third on a single. He was tossed out and couldn't recover in time to pitch effectively in the following inning—otherwise he did well.

"(Joe) Gordon (Yank second-sacker) got one for one and three 'Annie Oaklies' in that game. He takes my vote as the best infielder in the majors and the best I've seen in fifteen years as a major league baseball spectator.

"His error in that game was made on a screaming ball that took a treacherously high bounce off the dirt striking him on the chest and nearly knocking him sprawling. A bad throw to first pulled Sturm off the bag.

"I picked Stanford over Oregon, and then hoped I was wrong."

Ducks Gun for Bears

Tex Oliver Spends Last Precious Days Drilling Webfoot's Ground, Aerial Attack; Cal Injury Laden

An injury-riddled, twice-beaten University of California Golden Bear shuffles onto Portland's Multnomah civic stadium Saturday in hopes of proving in one short afternoon that he is still in the Pacific Coast conference.

To open the season California mopped up a bunch of lads from St. Mary's, 31 to 0. About this time the experts put the finger on the Bears as probable national champs. Then came a bunch from Santa Clara that evidently hadn't read the sports notices of Allison's men—they won 13 to 0. Washington State came along next to topple more castles in the air by a score of 13 to 6.

Now Oregon comes along after losing to Stanford and taking the count of both Idaho and Southern California. What will develop can either put Oregon in the first division and drop Cal from all Rose Bowl consideration or else drop the Ducks to the lower deck and elevate the Bears to the first division.

Bears Injury Laden

California's injuries thus far in the season haven't helped Stub Allison's cause any. First, the major casualty, was Joltin' Jim Jurkovich, one of the finest halfbacks in the nation, who is out for the season. First line right guard Armand Swisher was lost until late in the season because of an injury to his arm.

Topping the list of able football players who will report for duty against Oregon are the Reinhard brothers, Bill and Bob. Bill takes up where Jurkovich left off and is reputedly almost the equal of his predecessor, Bob, who was all-American tackle last season, has turned out to be a one-man gang thus far this year and is one of the largest blocks of granite that the Webfoots have yet had to contend with.

Practice in the Webfoot camp this week has been stressing both the ground and aerial attack. Scout Manny Vezie has warned the Ducks that the California line is tough, and against USC the Oregon's ground attack was rather on the weak side.

Sophomore Cliff Giffen, right tackle, has been shining in practice and according to Coach Oliver has been one of the stars of this week's scrimmage. Oliver also praised the work of Jimmy Newquist, and Bob Koch.

Oregon's Man--Mecham Runs, Punts, Passes--Boy

By TOM MAYES

He will receive the ball from the center, appraise it carefully, stitch by stitch, read the printing on the cover, then let go with a flip that will make any coach say "Heavenly!" and kick the bench over. It's the same old story, printed and reprinted, told and repeated all over the nation for the past few days, but still there are those thousands who know him simply as Halfback Curtis Mecham, University of Oregon.

They say he made three scoring passes against the Trojans, gave a terrific exhibition of punting, and returned an interception 53 yards—but that can't be all of Mecham. So we had a talk with him last night, at least we were permitted to.

He hadn't changed a bit since his first interview following the Washington game a year ago last night. He just sat there, momentarily meditating on one game or another, nervously running his fingers through that bleached, tangled mop of hair of his and gave a meek, annoying smile now and then as if he were hoping to God we weren't going to write anything nasty about him. But he did talk—and here's a few things we'll remember of Curt Mecham long after the Southern California game is dust. . . .

First, Mecham is no 20th century Apollo. He is big, six feet looking up, but he is lithe for a football player at 187 pounds. Like most of his contemporaries he plays football seriously and prefers tersely executed intricate plays to the wide-open gambling runs used so lavishly in southern leagues.

He passes and punts with his left-side limbs. His averages? He seldom reads his own statistics. He isn't the fastest man on the

team, perhaps, but we've never, never seen him make a mistake.

One certainty: he is the clearest back on the coast—far greater than Stanford's Kmetovic. (Frankie Albert can hardly be considered here, as blocking and scrimmage runs definitely aren't in his line.)

Mecham isn't cocky; and it will take more than high-strung football heroism to bring his feet off the ground. Inwardly, but not outwardly self-confident, he never tells a reporter anything he is afraid he shouldn't say—not football gossip, to be sure.

He blandly admits he'd rather play under Oliver and Oregon colors than anything else in the world.

He scored Oregon's last touchdown over OSC last year after he had been held out for three quarters—which may have cost him scoring honors in that game—but he didn't grumble in the dressing room afterwards.

He took Shaughnessy's "T" without any lemon. It was Albert who topped the headlines, but Mecham still had time to grin about that—after he had surpassed Albert's ground average. (He still thinks Frankie is the grandest guy on the coast.

And he doesn't care for admiring coeds—as you see, he's married!

Eligibility, Injuries Hit Frosh On Eve Of Civil War Tilt

Coach John Warren lost two players yesterday on the eve of the opening game with Oregon State by injuries and ineligibility. Jake Prince, diminutive first string guard, was lost to the team for the remainder of the season late Tuesday when he suffered a broken jaw.

Prince was listed as one of the starting guards for the game tomorrow night in Portland. He will probably be replaced by Vic Atyeh, an all-city guard from Portland.

One of Warren's reserve fullbacks, it is reported, was declared ineligible because of academic difficulties.

The squad worked on offensive formations again yesterday in an effort to repair the weak spots in the attack.

Rooks Big

Reports from Oregon State indicate that the Rooks will outweigh the Frosh. The line is reported to average 225 pounds per man and the backfield about 190 pounds.

Coach Warren expects to take 38 men to Portland for the game. The traveling squad follows.

Ends: Bob Aiken, George Phillips, George Dugan, Laird Hyde, Don Smith, Marshall Pattison, Pete Torchia, Frank Lopaz, and John McGowan.

Tackles: Ray Blatchly, Richard Corbett, Dan Dinges, Jean Dutton, Earl Imboden, Bill Stewart, and Horace Abono.

Guards: Vic Atyeh, Marty Feldman, Harold Lloyd, Bill Mayther, Grover Hofstetter.


Centers: Johnny Daniels, Bob Pendergrass, Jack Morton.

Quarterbacks: Don Brown, Bob Doneily, Don Piaz, Clark Stokes.

Halfbacks: Stan Boyd, Johnny Garrison, Walt Hennessy, Bob Morrison, Bob Reynolds, Jack Willis, Leroy Erickson.

Fullbacks: Bud Cote, Bob Davis, and Lyman Glasgow.

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