

Cornell Returns; Slates Heavy Drills for Oregon Ducklings

By FRED BECKWITH

Head Coach Anse Cornell returned to the fold yesterday to put his frosh gridders through one of their stiffest workouts this season. Still cavorting around on a muddy turf, the first year men were conditioned with a series of wind sprints and extensive calisthenics.

The two and one-half hour drill was not confined to exercising the boys; no, my friends, not just that. Our Ducklings, who have one eye on their grade point average and the other eye on the approaching football game with the Oregon State Rooks Friday night at Hayward Field, were sent through a stiff review of plays and a heavy scrimmage.

Another Scrimmage

Coach Cornell announced that today's practice would be confined largely to another heavy scrimmage, the last one that the Ducklings will undergo before their return battle with the Rooks.

Skiles Hoffman, the hard luck kid that has been plagued with injuries all season, limbered up yesterday, but sustained new damage to an already "banged up" leg. It was nothing serious, however, and the halfback speedster hopes to see some action against the Rooks.

Incidentally, he was injured for the first frantically with the OSC freshmen this year, and consequently he would like to get a crack against the m'Friday night.

Thus far, Cornell has given three freshmen no new plays, and is concentrating strictly on fundamentals for a possible victory over the Corvallis youngsters.

Shifts Indicated

There were a few shifts in the first string lineup yesterday, but Cornell said that changes would continue today and possibly tomorrow, and he hesitated to name a starting lineup for the game Friday night.

The Ducklings will be concentrating their defensive work on stopping burly John Karamanos, Rook fullback, who made an impressive showing in the Rooks 6-2 win over the frosh earlier in the season.

The game Friday night marks the end of the freshmen's 1942 schedule.



ONE OF COUGARS' BEST . . .
 . . . Frank Akins, Washington State halfback, one reason why WSC currently tops coast loop.

Highland Cinches Coed Volleyball Championship

By MARY ALDERSON

Intramural volleyball championship yesterday afternoon as they edged out Susan Campbell, 24-23. Susie built up a 13-11 half-time advantage as Highland got off to a poor start.

Susie took an early 9-1 lead as Captain Helen Gilson and Dorothy Gustafson added four tallies, respectively, while Highland could only crash through with one point. The victors settled down and came within 3 points of the Susans as the first half ended.

The second period saw a switch to non-rotation play. Dorothy Gustafson's untouchable spikes to the sidelines were a vital factor in Susie's stand. Three times she placed the ball on the line, far away from anyone. Doris Craig, spearhead of Highland, attack, showed signs of tension, but settled down and showed Susie some of her famous smashes.

The game was hard fought, every point coming the hard way. Susie lost a tough one.

Other players deserving special mention were: Delsman, who came through with impossible shots when the point was supposedly lost; Crabb and Mensley of Susie; Captain Gertrude Kay and Audrey Holiday of Highland.

Lineups and points:

Highland — Craven 2, Kay,
 (Please turn to page six)



EX-DUCK BOSS TURNED SAILOR . . .

. . . Tex Oliver, last year's Oregon coach, is having a big year tutoring St. Mary's Pre-Flight Naval eleven.



Life just doesn't seem to hold much for anyone nowadays. Once people could laugh and smile without a care in the world. Today it is different. Times have changed.

It looks like Smilin' Jack will "never again", as he and Cindy, the incendiary bond fire, lie fathoms below the surface of the Atlantic in a battered Nazi sub, which is shipping water faster than a \$1.98 raincoat. Thousands are endangered as "Prune Face" makes his escape with a secret and deadly gas formula, leaving that indomitable sleuth, Dick Tracy, scratching his head in bewilderment. Lil Abner is about to be snatched from the lovely arms of Daisy Mae by a half-pint imposter in the annual Sadie Hawkins day marathon . . . and Oregon lost again.

Ducks Bumped Hard

Just when our darling Ducks appeared to have regained their footing in that amazing Uclan conquest, those pesky Trojans had to come along and dismantle the Oregon grid-iron chariot.

Leading this pack of SC vandals on the foray in which they plundered Oregon by some fantastic margin—40 points if the memory hasn't failed—was a minute-sized stripling who answered "Here" to the name of Michael McCardle. The darling of Mr. McCardle, who prefers the monicker "Mickey", was a well-known factor before "Honest Jawn" Warren & gang packed their valises, donned their parkas, and headed for the southland.

Mickey had slipped many a lethal "Mickey Finn" into the cups of Trojan opponents in previous games, namely touchdowns on the wings of his alusive footwork and accurate passing. The Ducks knew this. They readied their defense. But stopping Mickey McCardle and his upstart teammates on paper and on the greensward were two different things.

A little too much Troy speed on the cracker-dry L. A. Coliseum floor made for the Duck downfall, a crash that resounded in distinct contrast with the Webfoot performance of just a week previous.

Things Look Up

But lest we get too pessimistic at this point with everything, let's lift a leaf from the book of the philosopher. He's the kind of a guy who manages to salvage just a "little sunshine" from even the most depressing circumstances.

Smilin' Jack and his voluptuous blonde companion will somehow find a way back to solid ground in that leaky, old tub. Prune Face can't elude the wizardry of the master detective, Richard Tracy, forever. And we doubt very much if even Lil Abner won't dodge the snare which the wily wench laid for him . . . and Oregon's football season isn't over yet.

The big game's still on tap.

Oregon State hasn't been treading any path of roses this year either. They've taken just as many haymakers on their chin as Oregon has absorbed.

Big Game Counts

As any veteran sports follower will vouch, the big game's the thing. Win that one, and your football season is a real success, regardless of earlier fortunes or misfortunes.

Now, Oregon is notorious for coming through with flying banners in this traditional clash. Or else how come the Webfoots no whold a 24 to 14 edge in the 58-year-old series?

You can rest assured that when T. Roblin, B. Reynolds, and the remainder of Warren's contingent of grid gladiators trot onto the patched green of Bell field in Corvallis Saturday, that they will be focusing their optics on one thing—the Beaver scalp.

WSC Back on Top

Back up there again as the circuit's "big time operator" after a lengthy sojourn in the oblivion of third place are Babe Hollingberry's clawing Cougars. They hold a slim one-game margin over UCLA, displaced, thanks to Oregon.

One barrier remains for the Cougars to batter down before they can claim the R. Bowl garland—Washington. It's another one of those cross-state brawls in which tension is terrific, past performances outdated, and anything can occur.

The Cougars had a narrow squeak last Saturday when little Idaho, everyone's cousin, rose to tremendous heights before succumbing 7 to 0.

