



BEAVERS BREAK DAM, TOUCHDOWNS FLOOD DROWNING DUCKS . . .

. . . Boyd Clement, molasses-fingered Orange quarterback, scoops up one of the many aerals which filled the air Saturday, but doesn't get far. Sophomore Ray Blatchley applies the jui-jitsu tactics while Bob Davis (58) and Ed Moshofsky (43) hustle up from the right to render assistance.

(Courtesy Register-Guard)

Betas Annex Double Win

The Betas continued their title march yesterday afternoon in the intramural volleyball games when both their A and B league teams at the expense of Canard club when both ball clubs came through with wins in their respective leagues.

The A squad behind the murderous playing of Sidesinger and Moller eked by the strong Canard club, 15-12 and 16-14. Canard club, no slouch itself, made a battle of it all the way and carried the last game into an overtime period. The brilliant net play of Clubber Widen kept his team in the ball game all the way.

Previously the Beta "B" ball club had slugged out a 15-5 and 15-8 victory with Beard and Rathbun the main scoring aces. The game was very close with both squads playing a fine heads up ball game.

Both Canard club squads had been beaten before with the two defeats virtually eliminating them from further title consideration.

Sigma Nu knocked over the Deltas, 15-8 and 15-11, as Nowling and Lingle continually smashed points over the net time and time again spiking vain Delt rallies. At that the losers made the Snake men know they were in the ball game with all the Delt squad playing a steady game.

The Pi Kaps snapped a two game losing streak when they ran over the Galla hall sextet, (Please turn to page five)

"The 'Mourning' After" . . .

Beavers Pluck Duck Nude

COAST CONFERENCE STANDINGS				
	W	L	E	Pct.
WSC	5	1	0	.833
USC	3	1	1	.750
UCLA	4	1	0	.800
Stanford	5	2	0	.714
Oregon State	4	4	0	.500
Washington	3	3	1	.500
California	3	4	0	.429
Oregon	2	5	0	.286
Idaho	1	4	0	.200
Montana	0	5	0	.000

Terrific Touchdown Tempo Waxes Wallowing Webfoots

By BILL STRATTON

Oregon State may have been hot and the Oregons off, but nevertheless, a decisive score of 39 to 2 was the worst beating Oregon had ever been handed by their northern neighbors in the 49 years of competition, and one of the most embarrassing Oregon had been given this season. The only one that topped it was the 40 to 0 beating administered by Southern California's Trojans just a week before.

Analyzing the situation, there appears to be nothing good the Webfoots did all afternoon. They went all out to make OSC's homecoming a success, and most certainly did.

True, they weren't held scoreless, but a boner on the part of substitute back, Bob Libbee made it possible for the Ducks to walk off rain soaked Bell field with the feeling that they weren't "skunked." Instead of batting a pass down on the two yard line where he caught it, he tried to evade a host of Oregon tacklers, and was dumped in the end zone for a safety and Oregon's lone two points.

Oregon had one chance to score, and with the help of a penalty and the accommodation of Lon Stiner, the hapless Webfoots were held for downs.

Oregon had the ball on the Oregon State nine yard line and advanced to the five when Stiner sent in his first string to hold the Ducks in check, and they did. To help matters no little bit for Oregon, Tommy Roblin was sent to the showers and Oregon was penalized 15 yards. And the only Duck scoring threat was stopped cold.

Earlier in the game, Floyd "Scrappy" Rhea was booted from

Unhappy Day!

Oregon (2)	(39) OSC
Torchia.....LE	Zellick
Moshofsky.....LT	Wickett
Rhea.....LG	Zielaskowski
Bodner.....C	Gray
Culwell.....RG	Parker
Kufferman.....RT	Bain
Nowling.....RE	Proctor
Surles.....Q	Clement
Reynolds.....LH	Libbee
Lloyd.....RH	McInnis
Roblin.....F	Day
Oregon.....0 0 0 2	— 2
OSC.....6 14 13 6	— 39

the game for roughing it up beyond the likings of the officials.

The Beavers scored at will. There seemed nothing the Ducks could do to stop the rampaging Staters. OSC played more like the team that went to the Rose Bowl and upset Duke than a second rate team of 1942. They were hot, and the Oregons were off—definitely off.

Injuries hardly make a valid excuse for the loss. Most of the Webfoots were in shape to stop the Beavers—at least hold them to a smaller score.

Oregon players missed blocks and tackles galore. Many was (Please turn to page five)

'BARO' BORROWS B-BALLERS, WIN

They told us it was the Barometer hoop team, but that was hard for even our twisted minds to believe. We thought we had run upon a practice of last year's Oregon State varsity, northern division champs.

The scene: Men's gym, Corvallis. The occasion: Emerald-Barometer basket ball game. The participants: For the "Baro bull sheet" everyone in particular. Results: Baro 46, Emerald 30 (according to the messy and eligible "hen scratches" by the Corvallis sports accountant).

Yep! "Writing" and playing for the Baro were two old cronies from last year, Messrs Sam Dement and Jack Mulder. That was good for a starter. All they needed now was "Slats" Gill, John Mandic, Louie Beck and Don Durdan to complete matters.

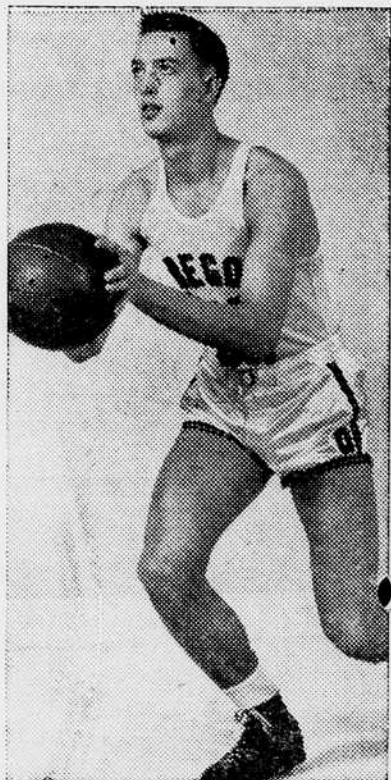
And before you could mutter "We-wuz-robbed" twice who should pop out from behind covering but the "Slatted One," engaged in tutoring some OSC youngsters in the rudiments of b-ball in a gym class. Chummy, wasn't it?

We understand that "Jarrin' John" Mandic, he of the ape-like features and actions, just couldn't possibly make it as he was all set for the big football game that afternoon. "I'm so sorry, especially since you boys came all the way from Eugene," "Jarrin' John" whimpered as he dunked a crumplet into a "spot" of tea and looked longingly to the south.

Beck Dozes

Little Louie Beck, another member of the 1941 Beaver varsity, couldn't be reached. He had attended a rousing Roy Rodgers rip-snorter the night before and had evidently fallen asleep in the process.

Fifth musketeer from last year's club, Don Durdan, voted most popular man in Eugene recently, had since graduated and was now hoeing turnips in the



"SCRIBE" MULDER . . . his baskets helped.

field of his father's hacienda in Eureka.

As far as the game went, it didn't go far enough! The Emerald quart was a symphony of finesse, speed, and beauty. All they lacked were a couple of varsity regulars. How about it, Hobby, for the next game?

University of Minnesota students called into service before earning their degrees are given individual certificates,

Prophets Hit 2-For-3

Its activities for the 1942 season almost concluded, that little band of the Emerald sports staff's peerless pigskin prognosticators, settled back in their favorite Morris chairs, and watched two of their three advance pickings come through.

It was ironical that the home team, old Or-ee-gawn had to yield to a cavalcade of Corvallis touchdowns by the final count of 39 to 2, but other favorites, UCLA and Stanford came through as expected to net us a two out of three average.

Off the Record

Yes, Homer, it is true that we predicted an Emerald sports staff victory over the Barometer sports staff in a basketball game. That was before we knew that the Oregon State varsity was going to rally to the Barometer cause. So rule that one out.

The season average to date is .667, or two-thirds of 21 games picked, which is 14.

Mediocrity knows nothing higher than itself, but talent instantly recognizes genius.