

# Duck Tracks

By JIM TUCKER

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It seems to take a blocking back to do it, but at least the students at Oregon were able to see, if not watch in action, a few football players recently.

The three here to visit and to see a prospective blocking back were Caine, Deeks, and Mayther of the newly-formed Portland Rockets, members of the American professional football league.

With football in the past at Oregon it may be interesting to sports fans to learn a little of the Rockets' season thus far. They opened against the Seattle Bombers and were turned back by the Seattle club 21 to 13 in a hard-fought game.

Hoping to follow up this advantage, the highly-touted Los Angeles Mustangs invaded the Oregon metropolis to wreak damage, but a bunch of powerful and shifty players, headed by Jimmy Caine, turned back the southern invaders by a score of 30 to 7.

The league-leading Hollywood Rangers then encountered the Portland team and drove them for cover under a hail of scores, 56 to 22. Oddly enough, with Portland on the short end of the score, the most brilliant and spectacular event of this field scoring field day came when Caine returned a kickoff for 98 yards and six points.

Caine was again the star of the show last Sunday as the Rockets ran well to swamp the Oakland Hornets 39 to 0, with this speedboy scoring five of the six touchdowns for the Portland players.

Bill Mayther, former Oregon man, set the stage for one of Caine's touchdowns when he carried the ball to the Hornet's one-yard line, only to fumble with the ball going across the goal line

where it was regained by Caine for six points.

This win over the Hornets, giving the Rockets a won-lost record of two and two, moved them nearer the top rung of the league ladder.

## Nuf Sed

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a field goal in the wastepaper basket, and then from out the great zipper-mouthed mystic, the cryptic: "STILL" (followed by dashes).

### The Clincher

But it is in the last argument panel that the skillful woven web is finished and baited for the kill.

The scene is Joe's bar, or Harry's bar, or Irving's bar—or whoever happens to own the place. Four figures are drinking before breakfast—which is very hard on one's digestion—or it may be lunch. No clock is in evidence.

The man in the far background has a hat and a mustache and is wearing both. In addition to these sartorial details he is having a drink served him from out a bottle which is in the process of horizontal pouring from the horizontal position without seemingly being touched by human hand.

Next, and progressing toward the right, is a man in cap and bow tie, who has his head tilted back at a rakish angle and is enjoying a gargle of a straight shot with great gusto.

Ah-ha!

THEN comes our straight man, the lead-on guy. He is wearing a

hat, is bulby-eyed, with a nymph-like expression on his clean-shaven face. He is wearing a pin-stripe suit and is reading a blank newspaper held in his left hand while juggling a mug of hot rum (could be cold and whiskey for that matter) in his right. He drops his jaw (this is noticeable) and says: "I'M CERTAINLY GLAD THE COPS GOT THE BROW. HOW I HATED THAT MAN. HE WAS WICKED. EH, BUD?"

The "EH, BUD?" is directed at a thing farther to the right—ostensibly a man—a character in a black suit and white bow-tie with a face like a carefully-wrinkled rubber glove. The face is square, has black hair on top the precipice forehead. The hair, as the rest of the body, seems well-oiled, and the former (the hair) is parted in the middle. He is holding a glass of vodka or lemon juice, or something equally tending to acidity, in his left hand. His eyes wander off in opposite directions, dreamily as if in remembrance of grand times in the old white side-walled-gutter days.

His expression is contemplative. A cigaret titters on the brink of his lower lip. We wonder if his nose is a protrusion, an intrusion, or an indentation. His head is shaking violently but rhythmically as perhaps to bespeak that he is in the advanced stages of delirium tremens.

He is ominous. What he says is even more so.

"ER — OH — YES. . . . EXTREMELY SO! EXTREMELY SO!" he says.

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Don't fail to look tomorrow to find out who. I'll bet it'll be a loo-loo. Hope you're satisfied, kiddies. Speaking for ourselves? — WE CAN HARDLY WAIT.

## ASUO Head Greet Frosh

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need an unlimited number of members.

Miss Holliday invites freshmen who are having trouble getting into campus activities to come see her at her office in McArthur court any afternoon except Monday.

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