

## A Tout's Report

By LARRY LAU

"Baseball is indeed a wonderful game," I breathed, deftly dodging a wild pitch. "It is the ultimate in precision and control." I called the umpire a nasty name by way of evidencing my enthusiasm.

My new girl, Ophelia Obese, stretched her gaunt, seven foot frame out on the grass, picked her nose and belched contentedly. "I think he's cute," she said, pointing her warped finger at the chunky, out-housy figure of the coach, who obligingly flew into a made rage and kicked a hole in the water bucket. "So masculine," Ophelia sighed.

"College baseball," I remarked, passing her the bottle of benzerdine, "is not the ranking sport it should be. With the talent that is being displayed the attendance should be twenty times what it is . . . that is if the stands would hold two hundred people."

The umpire, whose name was Elmer Flabby, and the irate coach were trying to get Indian-deathlocks on each other; an excited freshman said, "Gosh!" and was severely reprimanded for disturbing a bridge game. I continued.

"Football packs the stadiums, basketball has the student body in a continuous uproar, while baseball receives no more attention than an afternoon lecture . . . wonder how come?"

My musings were lost, for Ophelia had betaken herself to the outraged figure who sat quivering on the bench plotting on how he could get the umpire drafted. The center and right fielders were engrossed in a game of cribbage while waiting for the pitcher to finish his wind-up. Four small boys were playing one-o-cat at third base while the short-stop, a diehard, was pounding his glove and pleaded for "a little more chatter here . . . whaddayasaaaay!"

On a beautiful spring day like this, I thought (turning up my collar to keep the water from running down my neck), a soul-stirring sight like this should produce veritable mob hysteria. I watched with interest while Ophelia lowered herself into the coach's lap and fondly rumbled his hair.

The pitcher finally threw the ball, striking the batter, who had dozed off, a ringing blow on the pate; he slumped to the ground. The short-stop rushed over and congratulated the pitcher, whose name was Delbert Heaves, on his superb control. The next batter, an exchange student from Abyssinia, stood atop the prostrate form of his team mate and, using

# Outstanding Passing, Running Highlight Intra-Squad Opener as Greens Win 19-6

Reynolds and Van Loo Spark Defeated Golds

By Bernie Hammerbeck

Tex Oliver's 1946 Lemon and Green grid squad made their opening bow to the public on Hayward Field last night in an intra-squad game as the Greens defeated the Golds in an aggregate score of 19-6.

Actually the evening's play was divided into three individual contests, two periods of 20 minutes duration and the last a 10-minute session. Scoring by periods found the Greens on top in the first 7-6 and again in the second when they rolled up a pair of touchdowns for a 12-0 score. The abbreviated final period was scoreless.

Outstanding performers of the evening were for the main part backfield aces. Flashy Bobby Reynolds displayed beautiful form in the Gold running attack and looked good while passing. Speedy Aubrey Van Loo also looked good for the Golds as he came up with several sparkling plays from his right half slot.

For the Greens, fast stepping Walt Donovan at fullback and Jimmy Newquist proved potent though accounting for only one score. Donovan's reverse around end for a score being the outstanding run of the evening.

Looking smooth for the Green was another combination including Bill Behrens at half and Glen Wilson at fullback. Behrens thrilled the crowd with his deadly aerial tosses as he connected for long against. Wilson proved pre-game predictions to be correct as he smashed through the line on several beautiful runs.

The Greens topped the Golds 7-6 in the opening period, thanks to halfback Jimmy Newquist's perfect try for point.

Right end Wayne Bartholemey blocked a Gold punt following an exchange of kicks early in the per-

the added height to great advantage, knocked a sharp single through the short-stop (who promptly burst into tears) out into right field where the ball accidentally upset the cribbage board.

I could stand no more. I walked firmly up to the coach, peeled Ophelia off him and asked, "Can I play too?"

"Say, whaddaya' think I am!" he roared, exalting me to a bitter blast of halitosis, "Get your own girl!" With that subtle reminder, he gave me a gentle push which sent me reeling out into the street.

Sometimes I wonder if I did go in for the wrong kind of sports.

Flashy Bobby Reynolds, University of Oregon backfield ace, displayed running and passing talents in Duck intra-squad action under the lights on Hayward field last night.

## Netmen Face Beavers Today

Oregon's Ducks, fresh from their victory Thursday over the Willamette Bearcats, will meet the Beavers of Oregon State for the opening of the Northern Division tennis conference.

The Ducks are traveling to Corvallis for the matches which will start at 1:30 p.m.

The Beavers, who also defeated the Bearcats in an easy match last Wednesday, are rated as having a strong team with Hugh Findlay playing the number one position.

In the only other matches of the Northern Division, Idaho is meeting Washington State.

iod and the Green took over on the Gold 42. A play failed and then Walt Donovan took a reverse from Newquist and skirted left end, racing 42 yards for the first touchdown of the evening. Then came Newquist's perfect placement.

The Gold touchdown followed a pass interception which Ray Blatchley returned to the Green 21. Three plays failed but on the fourth Gold's Bobby Reynolds tossed an aerial to Corky Van Loo who romped over for six points. The try for point failed when Reynolds fumbled and was downed trying to skirt the end.

The Green settled down to business in the second 20-minute contest, chalking up a pair of touchdowns while holding the Golds scoreless.

Tailback Bill Behrens was instrumental in scoring both touchdowns as he launched a pair of beautiful passes, one to George Bell and another to sticky fingered Art Milne, to set up both scores. Big Glen Wilson smashed through left guard for 18 yards and one score, while Behrens scored the other himself as he skirted right end.

The final period was scoreless with a Green drive as the game ended providing the only serious scoring threat.

Eskimo: Darling, I came a hundred miles through ice and snow with my dog team to tell you that I love you.

## SPARKED GOLD'S OFFENSIVE



fifth, Bend; distance—129' 2".

Discus (1 man): first, Ben DeVore, Klamath Falls; second, McCauley, Bend; third, Morse, Johnson, Springfield; fourth, Morse Milwaukie; fifth, Hauser, Salem. Distance—136' 1".

Javelin (1 man): first, Dick Barker, Springfield; second, Morse, Milwaukie; third, Stafford, Medford; fourth, Barlow, Salem; fifth, Miller, Grants Pass. Distance—149' 5 1/2" (new event).

880-yard relay (4 men at 220 yards): first, Grant (Dick Durham, Lewis Scott, Al Bullier, Jim Scott); second, Medford; third, Grants Pass; fourth, Klamath Falls; fifth, Roseburg. Time—1:35.2 (new event).

Distance medley relay (440, 880, 1/4-mile, 1 mile): first, Roseburg, (Ed Harvey, Art Backlund, Rick Chartier); second, Grant; third, Bend; fourth, Medford; fifth, Benson. Time—11:30.0 seconds (new distance).

Mile relay (4 men at 440 yards): first, Medford (Jerry Hunter, Jerry Lausman, Bill Werner, Lloyd Carr); second, Grant; third, Eugene; fourth, Salem; fifth, Bend. Time—3:36.7 seconds.

## MEDFORD

(Continued from page four)  
Pat Duff); second, Medford; third, Eugene; fourth, Klamath Falls;



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## NOTICE TO ALL STUDENTS

The Annual meeting of members of the University of Oregon Co-operative Store will be held in room 207 Chapman Hall on Thursday April 25, 1946 at 4:00 p.m.

The Agenda includes: Reading of the Manager's Annual report and the nomination of candidates for positions on the Board of Directors.

All students are eligible to attend and vote.

Joan Halsted, President