

DUCK TRACKS

By SAM FIDMAN
Emerald Sports Editor

Now that everybody has won an award of some sort for the first fifty years of this century, the athletic camera can face the next fifty with confidence that the best is yet to come. Or is it. During the first half the United States managed to lay off the Lifebuoy long enough to climb into a pair of bloody world wars. Both of these were designed as wars to end wars, but somehow, like Old Man River — international politics keeps right on rolling along.

About all that the last major skirmish accomplished — other than depriving the nation of the best young men she could send in as cannon fodder—was to knock a host of once big name athletic schools down to where the only hot article in their sports agenda is the peanuts at spine-tingling penny-ante matches.

On the Pacific Coast, there hasn't been too much havoc wrought—we can still remember when the whole show was between Stanford and USC. It has been a long, long time since the pale Palo Alto Injuns rang the bell at the top of the PCC heap.

It was in 1940 when the Clark Shaughnessy madel "T" chugged through an undefeated season,

The Snow Got Deep

and on Jan. 1, 1941, added the finishing touches by detassling the Nebraska Cornhuskers, 21-13 in a well-remembered Rose Bowl game.

It was in that game that Nebraska was the goat of one of the most ironic series of plays in the history of the Pasedena annual Rose classic. The cleverness of Frankie Albert and the power of Norm Standlee combined with the wizardry of the T-formation couldn't crack the Cornhusker forward wall when they had four downs inside the one yard line.

The Midlanders took over on downs and immediately sent big Vike Francis into his own end zone to punt out on first down. The Vike got off a respectable 40-yard boot, but Pete Kmetovich swallowed up the hoghide, reversed his field, and galloped into the end zone without so much as a grimy finger touching him.

Back in the hinterlands, Nebraskans, who had just finished clearing two feet of snow off their walks, went out and shoveled the snow back onto the walks again. The Better Business Bureau shrewdly ignored the unruly incident.

All That Glitters—Gophers

Like Stanford, Nebraska has never recovered its once sturdy set of gridiron legs—and as the coaches come and go, some 'Husker fans have even considered switching their affections to the Chicago Cubs.

How about those great old Pittsburgh outfits that used to roar out of the Dneiperpetrovsk of the United States; and the Big Red from the beautiful Cornell campus at Ithaca, N.Y., both of which seem to be on the road back—but neither of which has yet regained a full measure of lost glory.

Then there used to be Fordham, Tennessee, and Boston College—great football teams year in and year out—all kaput. Even Minnesota, once the most dreaded land power next to a battalion of Sherman Tanks, has been content with pretzels and beer while Michigan, Ohio State and Illinois drank imported vodka from the sacred cup of the Big Ten champion.

Texas A&M and Georgetown went with the wind of wartime depletions, and as yet remain among the obscure—as does the once lusty Golden Hurricane of Tulsa.

The Year 2000

If sports continue uninterrupted during the next fifty years—the world will see a four minute mile—and Cornelius Warmerdam will be just the first of many who soared over the cross-bar at fifteen feet. The Babe's big sixty will be sure to have a number of close shaves—if the Pirates' Ralph Kiner doesn't shatter it in this decade—and Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hit streak should be eclipsed by a later clipper.

But—chances are that sports will not only be interrupted during the next half century—between now and 2000—but they might well be destroyed—. The human race won't be so set on physical fitness as on physical survival.

The world of sports serves as a good indicator—as long as that world remains intact; as long as there are Olympic games and international ski meets, the "other world" will be okay.



Father and Son Attend College In New Switch

A family named Tillotson has come up with a new switch on the many brother and sister combinations now attending Oregon. Kenneth E. Tillotson and Lee R. Tillotson, father and son, both pursuing studies here.

The Tillotsons are possibly the first father-son combo ever to appear on the campus.

There are also other firsts in the Tillotson family.

Tillotson, the father, was mentioned in the first issue of the Emerald, published September, 1909—the first year he attended the University.

He later continued his studies at the South Dakota School of Mines and the University of Nevada, emerging with a degree in mining-engineering. Now returned to campus life, he is taking graduate courses in economic geology and rocks and minerals.

Tillotson, the son, will be the first student ever to receive a degree in interior design, when he graduates from the art school in June. A married veteran, the junior Tillotson lives in Susan Campbell Hall. He is head of one of the first student families to live in University housing.

The Tillotson clan includes three other sons, two of whom are still in the service.

Yell Duke Appointed

Bob Brown, freshman in liberal arts, was recently named yell duke on the rally squad by Yell King Jim Crismon.

Brown was formerly yell king at Grant High School in Portland.

Prop Club to Hear Kleinsorge Tonight

Dr. P. L. Kleinsorge, professor of economics, will speak to members of the University Propeller Club, foreign trade organization, tonight at 7 in Gerlinger Hall.

Dr. Kleinsorge will discuss maritime labor problems.

The Propeller Club is a student "port" of the International Propeller Club, organization of shipping men. The club is sponsored by the Portland "port" of the organization.

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