

DUCK TRACKS

By PETE CORNACCHIA
Emerald Sports Editor

One of the Emerald columnists we respect suggested recently that instead of wearing white shirts between the 35-yard lines at home football games, change this to more appropriate black shirts and shrouds.

That's a champion idea. We're not certain of the reason for which that columnist would

make the change, but we could throw in a few more suggestions to further the idea. Let our band forget Over the Waves, Mighty Oregon, On Wisconsin, St. Louis Blues March, and the other stirring tunes of which they have been rendering their versions in practice during the week. Let the people of fife and drum concentrate on Rock of Ages, In the Garden, and that sort of thing.

Let the girls who call themselves Rally Queens throw away their pompoms and whatever else they shake in front of the rooting section. Let them instead carry beautiful lilies and roses.



Joe Ruetz

Caission's Yet

The rally squad had a fine thing when they used the ambulance for their entrance at the Montana game. It was a prime idea—as far as it went. This little gem, however, wouldn't fit in with our proposed show. Instead of the too-late ambulance, get hold of a real black hearse. Clad in real black suits, the rally squad would file slowly behind the hearse rolling along the track.

The Weyerhaeuser people would be requested to brew up their stinkiest stench and this odor would mix with the soft strains of organ music to float out over the trailers and beyond.

For whom would this rite be? Would it be for an Oregon football team that has been soundly beaten in three of four games? Would it be for a team beaten by Idaho for the first time in a quarter century? Would it be for a bunch of boys who've shown more spirit and fight than was displayed by our Cotton Bowl team of two years ago?

Why not play Crossing the Bar for the horde of dead littering the stands, stands which once echoed the thundering feet and howling voices of students now long departed? Play for the row upon row of silent figures piled higher than that heap surrounding Achilles and Hector when they met. Then, instead of heeding that never-failing call to report to Sacred Heart hospital, Dr. Talbot could solemnly pronounce the arrival of death.

Cheering vs. Smearing

Now there are many good people who look upon a loud cheering section as an absolutely unnecessary evil. They believe that a good team needs no cheering to increase its performance. Maybe they're right. We have no basis with which to measure the effects of cheering upon this year's eleven, for there certainly has been no cheering by which to measure.

When St. Mary's arrives in Eugene this weekend, they will be bringing a coach who is looked upon by Gael followers as a Moses. The man chosen to lead Moraga football to the promised land is one Joseph H. Ruetz.

Three decades ago St. Mary's chose to cast its football destiny with a young graduate of Notre Dame. Selection of Slip Madigan proved providential as he succeeded in elevating the Gaels from gridiron obscurity to national prominence.

Almost 30 years have elapsed and now St. Mary's once again turns to a Notre Dame graduate to escort her to the football pinnacle from which she once reigned.

Because of Madigan, Ruetz (pronounced Ritz) is no stranger to the Moraga campus, for it was Madigan who introduced one to the other. With a bachelor of science degree, cum laude, in one pocket and an all-American certificate in another, the four-year Notre Dame pre-medical honor student arrived on the Gael horizon to serve as assistant coach in the autumn of 1938.

Appointed Head Coach

This past March, Ruetz was appointed head coach of what are this year dubbed the Galloping Snails.

At Notre Dame (1934-38) Ruetz played three years as a guard and one as a quarterback under Elmer Layden. Three brothers succeeded Joe at Notre Dame but none played football.

He served under Madigan in 1938 and 1939, and under Red Strader in 1940 and 1941. With the outbreak of war, Ruetz joined the navy in 1942 and eventually was assigned to the Naval Pre-Flight School at St. Mary's as an athletic instructor. He later went overseas as a Marine Corps fighter pilot.

Weather Chills Geology Plans

Bad weather chilled geology students' plans to take a 14-mile hike to Collier Glacier last Sunday.

The hike has been cancelled for this year because of snow, according to Lloyd W. Staples, professor of geology. However, other trips will be held during fall term, he said.

A half-day trip to the foothills east of Eugene will probably be held the last week of October, Jack Gair, professor of geology said. He will probably lead the excursion. A similar trip is planned for sometime in November.

When a couple of teen agers are talking, why doesn't the operator just tell us the line is dizzy.

235 Free X-Rays Given Thursday

Approximately 235 persons were given free chest X-rays Thursday noon by the Oregon chest X-ray unit, the Student Health Service reported. The mobile unit was stationed by the infirmary.

These included a large number of new and old students, faculty members, and townspeople.

The mobile unit was in Goshen Friday; Glenwood, today; and Tuesday; and Springfield, Wednesday through Oct. 27. Students desiring the free X-ray service may obtain cards from the Health Service and report to the unit in one of the above locations.

A chest X-ray is a University requirement, and students may not graduate until they have had one.

Native Dance, Songs Presented Friday Night

Victoria Perez, foreign student from Guatamala now living at Alpha Xi Delta, gave a native dance of her homeland in full costume for the Cosmopolitan club Friday night.

Marie Potel, French student, and Wah Chun, Hawaii, each sang native songs. Chun accompanied himself on a ukelele. Alice Garrigus played the piano for the group.

It wouldn't be so bad to be buried up to your ears-if it were in watermelon.

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