

Oregon Hurlers Lead Team to Tenth Victory

By JANET O'DELL
Emerald Sports Writer

Oregon's pitching staff has done it again—to the tune of a 1-0 shutout followed by a 5-1 nightcap victory over the Willamette Bearcats Saturday at Howe Field.

Hurlers Dale Jansen and Arba Ager guided Don Kirsch's nine, which is rated eleventh in the AP poll, to their ninth and tenth consecutive wins in as many games.

FRIDAY, ROBBIE Snow racked

up his second straight shutout by throwing a three-hitter over visiting Pacific University. The righthander paced Oregon to its 5-0 victory by fanning 15 batters and retiring the last 19 to face him.

The Ducks host Linfield in two twin bills Monday and Tuesday, beginning at 1:30. Kirsch plans to start Don Doerr and Thatch McLeod on the mound. Both pitchers hold 1-0 records.

Jansen fired a three-hitter in

Saturday's opener, staving off a Bearcat second inning rally. Left-fielder Don Banderas preserved the shutout in the fourth frame with a spectacular catch at the fence, preventing Jiggs Burnett's potential home run.

THE WINNERS scored their run with two outs in the second after Eric Hardin smashed a triple into right center and came home on a passed ball.

Ager chalked up 17 strikeouts and allowed only two hits in recording his 5-1 win. The Ducks were working on a streak of 28 innings without allowing a run but had it broken up in the sixth by pinch-hitter Jan Lockman who slammed the first pitch over the centerfield fence.

Lockman's four-bagger knotted the score at 1-1, as Oregon drew first blood in the fourth. John Livingston walked, stole second and came in on Fred Pettengill's single.

OREGON CINCHED the win in its half of the sixth with Pettengill's pop bunt over the pitcher's head, opening the action. A double by Ed Vetter sent Pettengill to third, and both scored on H. D. Murphy's line drive single into center. Two outs later, Terry Leininger walked; a passed ball brought in Murphy and advanced Leininger who kept going to third on an error. He tallied on a single by Jeff Allen to end the scoring.

Soccer Team Bows In Opening Game

The University of Portland soccer team, champs of the Oregon league, spoiled Oregon's 1963 soccer debut Saturday with a 5-2 win over the Ducks. However, the score was hardly an indication of the play.

Except for two defensive lapses the Oregon squad, which was playing its first game as a team, played soccer on a par with the Pilots.

OREGON SCORED at six minutes when inside right Steve Perls volleyed a throw-in past the goalie. Portland struck back for two quick goals at 20 and 22 minutes. The Ducks settled down again and there was no more scoring until 21 minutes into the second half.

At that time, Oregon's outside left John Crimly fired a shot from 20 yards out. The ball hit the far goal post and rebounded over the line to tie the score.

Portland regained the lead four minutes later on a corner kick.

Portland will host the Ducks on April 20 in a return match.

TAD McCALL
SOPH. CLASS SENATOR

A Buck's Worth

By JOHN BUCHNER
Emerald Sports Editor

There will be a family reunion on Howe Field Monday afternoon.

THE RELATIVES are Uncle Roy Helser and Nephew Don Kirsch. However, family ties will be laid aside for a couple of days.

The reason—Uncle Roy is the head baseball coach of Linfield's Wildcats and Nephew Don handles the same chores for the Webfoots. The two teams will play both Monday and Tuesday.

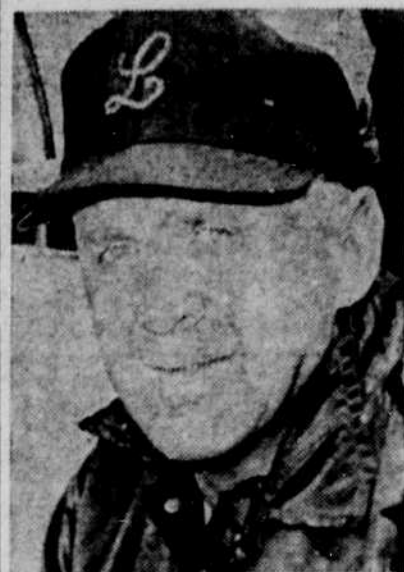
Kingpins of NWC

Helser's Wildcats, kingpins of the Northwest Conference, will be seeking to halt Oregon's ten game win streak.

LINFIELD INVADES with the distinction of being the only Pacific coast team to beat Oregon State's fifth ranked Beavers. In fact, they beat 'em twice in a row. Unfortunately for the 'Cats,

the Beavers returned the favor over the weekend.

The Linfielders, according to Kirsch, feature two fine hurlers in Tom Younker and Eddie Cecil. These two will probably not see action until Tuesday because they pitched Saturday at Corvallis.



ROY HELSER
Uncle Meets Nephew

MANY FANS will remember the Linfield coach as the fiery left-hander for the Portland Beavers back in the 1940's. Helser hurled nine years for the Bevs. Casey Stengel once said the only thing that kept Helser from going up to the majors was his age.

Hottest Bat

According to Don Fair in the Oregonian, the hottest bat on the Linfield club belongs to sophomore Bob Raffalo, who towers anywhere from 5-4 to 5-6. "He's the shortest cleanup batter hitter I've ever used," according to Helser. Also on the Linfield roster is an ex-Oregon baseballer. He is Jim Sandsness, who played for the Frosh several years ago.

Linfield, after a 14-1 league record last season, was embarrassed by Portland State in a district championship series that decided the western entry in the national small college tournament.

PSC WENT on to finish second in the national tournament finals.

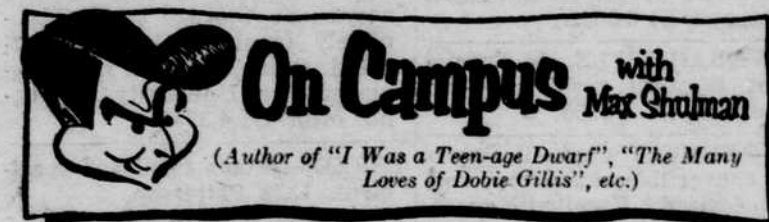
The 'Cats are anxious to redeem themselves in the eyes of national small college baseball critics. And with a twin-bill victory over Oregon State, the small college crew could be well on their way to higher things.

Even though the Ducks will be favored, the Wildcats would like nothing better than to add a "Duck" feather to their pre-league list of victims.

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AMONG MY KINFOLK

My favorite cousin, Mandolin Glebe, a sweet, unspoiled country boy, has just started college. Today I got a letter from him which I will reprint here because I know Mandolin's problems are so much like your own. Mandolin writes:

Dear Mandolin (he thinks my name is Mandolin too),

I see by the college paper that you are writing a column for Marlboro Cigarettes. I think Marlboros are jim-dandy cigarettes with real nice tobacco and a ginger-peachy filter, and I want to tell you why I don't smoke them.

It all started the very first day I arrived at college. I was walking across the campus, swinging my paper valise and singing traditional airs like *Blue Tail Fly* and *Death and Transfiguration*, when all of a sudden I ran into this here collegiate-looking fellow with a monogram on his breast pocket. He asked me was I a freshman. I said yes. He asked me did I want to be a BMOG and the envy of all the in crowd. I said yes. He said the only way to make these keen things happen was to join a fraternity. Fortunately he happened to have a pledge card with him, so he pricked my thumb and I signed. He didn't tell me the name of the fraternity or where it is located, but I suppose I'll find out when I go active.



She carried me to a chic French restaurant

Meanwhile this fellow comes around every week to collect the dues, which are \$100, plus a \$10 fine for missing the weekly meeting, plus a \$5 assessment to buy a headstone for Spot, the late, beloved beagle who was the fraternity mascot.

I have never regretted joining the fraternity, because it is my dearest wish to be a BMOG and the envy of all the in crowd, but you can see that it is not cheap. It wouldn't be so bad if I slept at the frat house, but you must agree that I can't sleep at the house if I don't know where the house is.

I have rented a room which is not only grotesquely expensive, but it is not at all the kind of room I was looking for. I wanted someplace reasonably priced, clean, comfortable, and within easy walking distance of classes, the shopping district, and San Francisco and New York. What I found was a bedroom in the home of a local costermonger which is dingy, expensive, and uncomfortable—and I don't even get to use the bed till 7 a.m. when my landlord goes out to mong his costers.

Well anyhow, I got settled and the next thing I did, naturally, was to look for a girl. And I found her. Harriet, her name is, a beautiful creature standing just under seven feet high and weighing 385 pounds. I first spied her leaning against the statue of the Founder, dozing lightly. I talked to her for several hours without effect. Only when I mentioned dinner did she stir. Her milky little eyes opened, she raised a brawny arm, seized my nape, and carried me to a chic French restaurant called *Le Clipjoint* where she consumed, according to my calculations, her own weight in chateaubriand.

After dinner she lapsed into a torpor from which I could not rouse her, no matter how I tried. I banged my glass with a fork, I pinched her great pendulous jowls, I rubbed the legs of my corduroy pants together. But nothing worked, and finally I slung her over my shoulder and carried her to the girls dorm, slipping several discs in the process.

Fortunately, medical care for students is provided free at the college infirmary. All I had to pay for were a few extras, like X-rays, anaesthesia, forceps, hemostats, scalpels, catgut, linen, towels, amortization, and nurses. They would not, however, let me keep the nurses.

So, dear cousin, it is lack of funds, not lack of enthusiasm, that is keeping me from Marlboro Cigarettes—dear, good Marlboros with their fine blend of choice tobaccos and their pure white Selectrate filter and their soft pack and their flip top box.

Well, I must close now. My pencil is wore out and I can't afford another. Keep 'em flying.

Yr. cousin Mandolin Glebe

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