

in the belly of the Oregon State beavers

By JOHN HEALY
Of the Emerald

The phone rang. I grabbed it before the first ring had ended.

"It's all set," Steve said.
"Meet us at the Springfield News in half an hour."

This was going to be the the first shot fired in this year's Civil War — that perennial "last chance" for the Ducks or Beavers to pick up their first win of the season.

It was just sort of an opening salvo, kind of a red flare over enemy lines. Well, not even that.

More like a knife in the back. With two twists for good measure.

But at least we — the Oregon Daily Emerald staff — could finally begin gearing up for the final offensive.

We made it over the McKenzie River by 6:30 a.m., three guys in a white VW Rabbit with 10,000 four-page look-a-like copies of the Oregon State Daily "Baremeter" — and two steak knives.

The steak knives? Well, depending on who you asked, they were for self defense, cutting apart the bundles of Baremeters or carving any available hereford.

We rolled into Corvallis at 7:15 a.m. like the point of an armored division, all hardened troopers, the sun in the other guys' eyes and a predetermined

route of attack.

This was going to be easy, we figured, even if it was just the three of us against 16,000 of them, because we had something they didn't.

10,000 fake Baremeters and a head start.

We sort of eased into the first drop zone, eyes bulging and palms dripping. It was maybe 7:20 a.m. and only a few Beavers were busting to class, so we guessed it was time to make our move.

It was, for the three of us, the final offensive.

A bundle of Baremeters under each arm, we piled out of the command car and headed for our planned drop zones. I hit maybe three, maybe four front doors, tossing a couple hundred Baremeters at each.

We kept hitting dorm after dorm, then we fanned through the classroom buildings, stacking Baremeters in doorways, on porches, next to doors with signs like "Seed Germination Greenhouse" and "Advanced Horticulture."

We cruised down the main drag, blitzed the Memorial Union's entrances, and sort of slid by the Gespapo-looking information booths manned by security guards.

Then it was time for the really heavy stuff — a full-blown assault on the



"real" Baremeter drop-boxes. They only have four or five of them — for 16,000 students, mind you — and they're the same sickly orange color as the Oregon State Beaver uniforms. I mean, you could turn off all the lights in the world and still see the damn things.

After we gave the Gestapo-lady in the booth a hand-delivered thank-you

note (a Baremeter), we waltzed through the fraternities and sororities, then headed for the Memorial Union for the final assault.

We caught (it was thick enough to put a hook in) a cup of coffee in the main cafeteria, settled back and waited for the entertainment to start.

A ROTC guy sat down at the next table. He put his jelly donut on *our* Baremeter, got himself comfortable, then picked up the paper — and his jelly donut — and glanced at the front page. Staring at him was a headline — "ROTC, religion combine." The kicker headline — "Guns for Nuns."

The burr-head about died. Well, we finally rolled off the OSU campus around 10 a.m., hungry for breakfast. We headed for the "Big O," a favorite Beaver hangout.

After dropping a stack of Baremeters next to the cash register — surreptitiously, mind you — this Beaver Backer, dressed like a rich alumni, picked up one. His eyes and the front page headline met at about the same time. He gave the headline a once-over, then a twice-over, then muttered, "It's about time."

He dropped the paper down on the counter and strode out.

The paper's banner head leered at no one in particular.
"Pres. McVicar asked to resign."



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