

Pages from the scrapbook

One of the biggest football games in the history of Oregon football takes place tomorrow. Alumni and other Duck fans will be waddling to Corvallis to watch the big battle. In anticipation of the 104th Civil War game, we asked a few alumni to share their favorite memories of the University of Oregon with our readers. We hope you enjoy reading a little blast from the past. Go Ducks!

Exercising creativity

Ahh, those fond memories of pulverizing the rodents every late fall. Just like clockwork. If it's November, then it must be time to crush the Orange and Black Bozos from up north. I suppose I shouldn't tell you about the story that almost ran in the Nov. 16, 1984, fake Oregon State Barometer that the Emerald put out for the Civil War.

I was sports editor at the Emerald, and with the help of colleague Rob Collias, we took one of those Hollywood film stills from some pathetic B-movie and made an entertaining story for the Pumpkinheads to try to decipher. As you well know, most true Beavs only understand pictures, and the cartoons are always the most popular part of the paper.

If memory serves me right (I've had a few too many Civil War celebrations at Rennie's), we had a movie picture of these baffled Oregon State cowboys in their underwear, tied to a tree. With that visual image in mind, we wrote a caption for the photo, having Oregon State's legendary Great Pumpkin coach Tweedle-Dum Android (Dee Andros) tying his mortified players to the tree for some needed pre-game work with their present coach — Joe "Must Go" Avocado (Avezzano).

After we put this skewed Avezzano's Fable to bed, we couldn't wait to make the morning journey to MOO-U for delivery of the finished project. Unfortunately, my Sensitive Politically Correct Editor became horrified and pulled my story just before it hit the presses. But this is Civil War, I protested loudly afterward. What a shame. The story and picture would have been glorious.

To add injury to insult, I ended up getting a ticket from the Beaver Patrol while delivering the fake Barometers to Cowtown barn stalls (fraternities and sororities) that morning. I was cited for malicious littering by one of their wannabe campus cops. The Rodent Patrol found out I was from Eugene and that was it. Hang 'em high by his Duck bill! We were also falsely accused of stealing all the real Barometers (who would want those rags anyway?). This was unfounded because their paper was late arriving by their one and only still-running mode of student transportation — a John Deere tractor.

Afterward, I tried to get my extremely unfair and unjust penalty reduced but lost even more money when it went to their courts. Those judges just don't have any sense of humor when it comes to the superiority of the green and yellow intellect. And the moral of this Civil War story? A happy ending, of course, for the Ducks.

Oregon hammered those trick-or-treaters 31-6 in November 1984 on a frightful night in Corn-vallis. What makes the Civil War series even more memorable was that our coach, Rick Brooks, was a former Beaver.

Keep up the bumbling, Beavs. You may be popping off now, but you'll be Duck fodder on Saturday — as usual. Go Ducks! See you in Pasadena!

Brent De La Paz
class of '85

Lyrical tomfoolery

My sophomore year at Oregon (1978-79), I was sports supplement editor of the Emerald, and my good friend John Harris was sports editor. We went to Corvallis for the 1978 Civil War game, and the Ducks won handily (I believe 24-7). After the game, several Oregon players were chanting an extremely profane rendition of the Oregon State fight song. I persuaded John to include the profane lyrics in italics as the lead paragraph to his game story on Monday. We got in a lot of trouble over that with our editor. The University president apologized to Oregon State over the matter. I would do it again today. That's what student newspapers are all about. God knows I haven't been able to do anything like that in 20 years in the newspaper business.

Ken Sands
class of '81

In the band

While I attended the University some 20 years ago, the football program left much to be desired. My fondest recollections on campus were still during the fall as a member of the Oregon Marching and Basketball Bands. I am happy to announce that the Fighting Duck Alumni Band has done much to preserve these memories. (Side note: While I was a student, the football team never lost to the Beavers!)

Jeannette Crahan Hodapp
class of '82

Sweet revenge

The most exciting Civil War game I recall was the 1972 win against Oregon State, 30-3, at Parker Stadium in Corvallis. It almost turned into a real war. The year before, Oregon lost at home to Oregon State in a heartbreaker, 30-29, and coach Jerry Frei resigned. So Duck fans packed into Parker Stadium in 1972 for some payback.

I was shooting photos for the Emerald and I could feel the tension and animosity in the stadium. Duck fans were sick of that god-awful cannon that Oregon State always fired off with every score and they had no respect for Beaver coach Dee Andros, whom they derisively called "The Great Pumpkin." The Ducks, under coach Dick Enright, ran up the score, and Duck fans went wild at halftime, swarming over one of the Parker Stadium goal posts and tearing it down.

As the game turned into a rout, Oregon State fans angered by the halftime insult began to gather near the remaining goal post to defend it, and I could see a battle was likely. When the final gun sounded, a melee ensued. Delirious Duck fans surged toward the remaining goal post and were met on the field by mad Beaver backers. That end of the field turned into a huge brawl under the lights. I had not come equipped to photograph "night action," so I did my best to stay out of the way of swinging fists and protect my cameras and lenses. The goal post swayed, but did not come down.

Phil Waldstein
class of '76



Fond childhood remembrances

I have so many wonderful memories of the University, it is difficult to choose one. But as I sit here on this beautiful November afternoon, looking at the orange, red and yellow leaves in the west hills of Portland, I am drawn back to similar Saturday mornings of my childhood when my father and I would drive to Eugene to watch Duck football games. I was perhaps no more than 7 years old, but I remember driving up to the campus "Co-Op" (now the University Bookstore) to look at the Duck T-shirts and assorted memorabilia. We would then drive to Bob's Drive-in for a 19-cent burger ("It's not a burger, it's a Bob's!") and a milkshake before we headed to Autzen Stadium. The walk up the ramp at Autzen was always special, as I knew I would soon see Dan Fouts, Bobby Moore and those green shirts and yellow pants when I reached the top of the stadium. There were far more losses than wins then, but my dad and I loved watching the Ducks. Now, with visions of Rose Bowls in my head, I'm looking forward to taking my 6- and 2-year-old boys to Eugene for their first Duck game next year.

Jeff Nudelman
class of '83

Expectations satisfied ... almost

For some (now inexplicable) reason, during my final days at the University, I couldn't wait to graduate and hit the working world. I realize only now how great we had it as students ... three day weekends (I was in the business school and never had classes on Fridays); nap-time opportunities every afternoon; being able to get anywhere I needed via my bicycle, including home from the bars; watching "90210" and believing it was quality TV. I remember walking from our apartment at Park Grove to campus through brilliant leaves that were falling from the trees; I remember mug night at Guido's and breakfast at the Glenwood. I remember friends that I made for a lifetime and an education that I've done well by. The University gave me almost everything I wanted while I was there — except for a Rose Bowl trip. Let's make it this year!

Jenifer (Crowe) Schaerer
class of '94

Words of wisdom

Being in college is like being in a time machine. You start at one time and place and end up in a completely different one. And perhaps more than at any other time, you control the destination. Kinda scary when you think what happens to most folks with a learner's permit. I've traveled a lot since my days in Duckdom and I've learned a little wisdom I'd like to share.

Do go to graduate school within two years of graduation, but plan it now. If grad school is out, at least learn a second language. Have kids sooner rather than later. Get married later rather than sooner. (Yeah, I know.) Don't expect too much from your job, but expect a lot from yourself. Travel — now and later. Figure out what part of the world you want to live in and don't let work take you elsewhere. And don't get hung up on that one page resumé thing; most folks can't write two coherent pages, so you'll be well ahead in a couple of ways. OK, that's it. Good luck, and write when you get work.

Tracy Simpson
class of '79

Correction

On page 5 on Thursday's Emerald, the 30-17 prediction of a Duck football win Saturday should have been attributed to receiver Marshaun Tucker. The Emerald regrets the error.