

for substantial gains. Much credit must also be given them for the use of the new game, for their work with the forward pass and the onside kick was the best shown in the Northwest this year.

After losing this big game the ardor of the Varsity supporters was naturally somewhat dampened, but the famous Oregon spirit which never says die was still deep in every loyal student's heart and all went to Portland to give our beloved eleven the best support of which they were capable. Meanwhile, hardworking Coach Forbes was rounding the men into shape for the biggest contest of the year. His Yale tactics were just commencing to show results. As at Yale, all early season and minor games are made subservient to the Yale-Harvard contest which is the climax of the year's work, so were all of Oregon's efforts directed toward the battle with O. A. C., which is just such a climax to Oregon football as the Yale-Harvard game is to the effete East. Details of this game are unnecessary. All of the wonderful plays by "Oregon's fighting freshman crew," as it was styled by a Multnomah man, are yet clear in our minds and will be for many years to come.

Everyone remarked on the brilliant team work of the Oregon men and one man was heard to state "that the team work was so fine that it made every player an individual star." Captain Moullen with his two place kicks was of course the leading figure in the Oregon ranks, but the punting of Clarke, the breaking up of plays by Pinkham, the fierce tackling of Dodson and the running in of punts by Latourette, all worked together in getting the ball near enough to the goal posts for the kicks to be attempted. No wonder the Oregon students took possession of the city of Portland for a brief time after this victory, for their team, composed of four old men and seven freshmen, had practically annihilated the Corvallis team, which contained seven veterans of their last year's Pacific Coast championship team. Some say that the cry of "Oregon!!! There!!!—Corvallis!!! Not there!!!" resounded through the Portland streets far into the night, but of course I would not pose as an authority for that statement.

The last game of the season, that with Multnomah, can very appropriately be called "The Grand Finale." This was the heaviest team the Oregon players were called upon to face during the year. "It was a case of brains, aided by luck, triumphing over brawn," was the way one sporting writer put it, but I would say rather that