

THE ORANGE LOST.

By Single Point, but Twice Crossed  
Multnomah's Goal—Big Excursion.

Defeated, but covered with glory, vanquished, but showered with plaudits, beaten but wearing laurels no college team in the Northwest, has worn before, is the record the OAC football team made in a great game with the Multnomah team in Portland Monday. It was by the mere trick of a goal kick, the deft swing of the famous Chester Murphy's right leg that the clubmen were able to claim victory over the Aggies, and even this precious victory was only snatched from an apparently inevitable defeat after the Portlanders had summoned ball players from all over the Coast to save them from the fierce rushes of the redoubtable college boys. Until the last few minutes of the game the college boys were winners. Within five minutes and ten seconds after the kickoff the grand stand was wild with the plaudits of OAC rooters because of the fact that the sturdy Aggies, without giving the Portlanders a chance to once handle the pigskin, had forced them over their goal line for a touchdown and a score of five points. In another 40 seconds of play, the Aggies went over the Multnomah goal line for a second touchdown in one of the most spectacular plays ever seen on any field, having in less than six minutes of actual play rolled up a score of more points against Multnomah than was ever scored against her on her own field by any team, club or college. This performance they followed up by taking the ball on their own 25 yard line and by the same whirlwind play that had served them so well so far in the game, they marched without a break down the field 65 yards to Multnomah's 25 yard line where they were penalized 15 yards on a bad decision and lost the ball at a time when they were going at a five yard clip for a third touchdown.

By this time Multnomah's supporters around the sidelines were paralyzed, and the managers and players frenzied with the situation. They had thought no college team could score on their giants. In the morning, when an OAC man had said to a certain opponent of the Orange, "We are going to score on them today," he rejoined, "Well; you brought your gall along with you." When the half closed, with the score 10 to 0 in favor of the Aggies, Multnomah realized that she was up against the hardest proposition she had ever struck. But it is the reputation of the clubmen to win, and there is a measureless resource with which to do it. That it could not be done with the original lineup everybody knew. The second half played with the same Multnomah warriors against the powerful Aggies meant a Multnomah defeat of 20 to 0. So, there began a scramble for new men. Hurry calls were sent for the best material within the resources of the club. When the giants came on for the second half there were new faces and new forms everywhere. Pratt, a great California player was at tackle. Stott, a famous quarter this year on the Stanford team was at end. Loneragan, coach of the Columbia University team and a famous Notre Dame warrior, was at half. The whole back field was new with the exception of Chester Murphy. With all of this and other recruiting, the supporters were still afraid of the handful of collegians, and the supporters set up a yell of, "We want McMillan; we want McMillan." That fierce old warrior who had led Multnomah to so many victories, was in the grand stand. Four clubmen hauled him out of his comfortable seat against his will, and led him bodily to the club house and made him don a suit. Back they brought him to go in at fullback, where he played through the rest of the game.

The result of all this was that the Aggies were simply stopped in their career of victory. A bunch of eleven boys, splendid as they are, couldn't play the whole Pacific Coast, and the football chieftains of three or four generations. Sheer force of numbers and constant recruiting from an inexhaustible supply spent them to a degree that broke down their magnificent offense. The big men rolled on them, and wallowed over them in the sawdust arena, with a rising tide of strength, that taxed the endurance of the Aggies to the uttermost. Still, they fought against the overwhelming odds with a tiger play that held the Multnomah men down in the long second half

to two touchdowns, making the game a tie so far as crossing goal lines was concerned, and leaving the final turn of victory to the issue of a goal kick.

The game is characterized by experts as one of the greatest ever played on Multnomah field. Chester Murphy, the star in many a gridiron contest, is reported to have said afterward, that it was the hardest game that he ever played in. A well known sporting editor said: "It is the best game seen on Multnomah field in years. Another sporting editor said, "OAC is the strongest college team that played in the Northwest this year."

The Oregonian says: "The former students sent against the clubmen an eleven that was, by all odds, the best and fastest that the club has met this year."

George McMillan, the veteran coach and former captain of the Multnomah team said: "It was one of the hardest, cleanest and best football games ever played on Multnomah field. It took just 24 plays for OAC to cross Multnomah's goal, a feat never before accomplished against the club team."

The game won for the Aggie players such a repete as they never gained before. That they managed to score at all against the clubmen was a surprise to experts. When they repeated the performance and actually played rings all around them throughout the first half it was a revelation, and when in the face of overwhelming odds they played the giants to a standstill throughout the game they made their performance for the day so spectacular that the 3,000 spectators who saw the game, Multnomah supporters and all, showered them with plaudits and admiration. Though a defeat, still it was a victory for the Orange.

Two hundred and twenty nine people journeyed from Corvallis to see the game. The special train pulled out with four coaches well filled and another was added at Forest Grove. Orange colors adorned the cars and locomotive and added color to the attire of the passengers. In Portland hundreds of OAC students and alumni had gathered to see the game, so that when the excursion train arrived orange colors and orange enthusiasm was everywhere. At the game before the play began it looked like there was more enthusiasm for OAC than for the clubmen, half a dozen times over, and by the end of the game, by their brilliant performances the Aggie boys had the good will and admiration of everybody, hundreds of Portland people shouting for them as full lunged as the best OAC supporters.

The game was replete with brilliant features. Until the very last moment the spectators hung breathless on every play. The spectacular touchdown by the Aggies on a kickoff in the first half and a few seconds of play showed what might happen in a twinkling. It made the lookerson know that until time was called, the game was anybody's.

In that play Murphy caught OAC's kickoff on the Multnomah ten yard line and started to run in. Almost at the same moment a figure in a yellow and blue jersey struck him like a catapult. It was a terrible tackle, so fierce that the ball dropped. Three more figures in the orange and blue sweaters were by this time on the spot. How they had got thtre through the phalanx of Multnomah men, nobody knows. How they could have passed the giants, nobody has yet guessed, but they were there and one of them got the ball. It was Abraham. The others piled at once on Murphy, while Abe shot away for a touchdown. It was all done so quickly and so brilliantly that it was over before onlookers knew what was taking place. Then pandemonium broke loose. The galleries were a shrieking, screaming mass of excited and delighted people. The play was a wholepippin orchard because of the matchless work of the four OAC gladiators in getting at the right spot at the right time. Kenneth Cooper was one of them, and it is said to have been he that made the tackle that dislodged the ball from Murphy's grasp. Another was Abraham, but the other two are still unknown. In the play Cooper sustained a sprained ankle, and shortly afterward, after having played one of the most brilliant ends ever seen on any team, was forced to leave the field.

Once, Dow Walker nearly repeated the performance that made him famous in the Eugene game. He bolted through the Multnomah line and piled up a play. His fierce onslaught upset the man with the ball, and he dropped it. Walker was on it like lightning, and in a twinkling was away. One lone man was between him and an open field, and after a six or seven yard run, the big center was stopped. It was only by a scratch that

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