

Lou Gehrig's Four-Ply Swat Punctures Cubs' Confidence

YANKS CAPTURE OPENER 12 TO 6

Grimm's Boys hit Oftener But Hurlers Unable To Locate Plate

By ALAN GOULD
YANKEE STADIUM, New York, Sept. 28.—(AP)—One resounding shot from the Yankee's heavy artillery, a home run by Lou Gehrig in the fourth inning, cracked the vaunted defense of the Chicago Cubs today, started the speedy downfall of Guy Bush and propelled the American league champions to a one-sided victory, 12 to 6, in the first game of the 1932 battle for baseball's world championship.

As if shaken by the recall of this booming clout which came with Babe Ruth on base and put the Yankees into the lead after a somewhat shaky beginning of their own, the national league pennant winners collapsed, afield and in the box.

Bush, the ace right-hander of the Cubs, lashed less than two more innings before an uncontrollable streak of wildness forced him from the box in the sixth. The ancient spitball veteran, Burleigh Grimes, returning unexpectedly to the combat, was totally unable to check the surge of the Yankees.

Cubs Hit Oftener
But at Wrong Times
Steady to an overwhelming lead by a combined output of eight Yankee runs in two weird innings, the sixth and seventh, Charles Rufus (Red) Ruffing, big right-handed star of the home cast, had comparatively little trouble holding the Cubs in check. The national league pitcher, on a few brisk rallies and, all told, collected ten hits off Ruffing compared with only eight Yankee blows off the combined delivery of Bush, Grimes and Bob Smith.

Delayed by a sudden downpour of rain at the start, the opening game produced an exhibition of baseball as disappointingly drab as were the weather conditions and the size of the crowd.

The combination of threatened postponement, after an all night and morning rain, and a poor advance sale produced one of the smallest turnouts in the history of the world series competition in the stadium, biggest of the country's baseball parks. Exactly 41,459 cash customers, many of them half drenched by the early rain, cheered the rush of the Yankees in their bid for a third world championship in six years.

The lid blew off when started out like a high ball game in the fourth. The Cubs had romped off to a two run lead in the first frame by combining three singles with a two base error by Ruth. Bush, working his curves effectively, retired the first nine Yankees to face him.

Bush's first sign of weakening was in the second inning, when he pitched the fourth. Sewell's infield out advanced the Kentuckian, then Ruth lashed a single through Manager Charley Grimm's legs and Lou Gehrig, with the count three and two, walloped a home run drive into the right field stands.

Rally Knocks Props From Under Chicago
These three tallies put the Yankees abruptly back into the lead, apparently knocking the spirit out of the Cubs in general and Bush in particular. The Cub star barely got through the fifth, as poor defense worked by English and Hartnett put him in a hole. He passed out of the picture with a balloon ascension in the sixth.

In this wild and woolly frame the Yankees scored five times on four bases on balls and two singles. Each of these blows, the first by Bill Dickey and the second by Earl Combs, came with the bases full, thereby accounting for four of the runs.

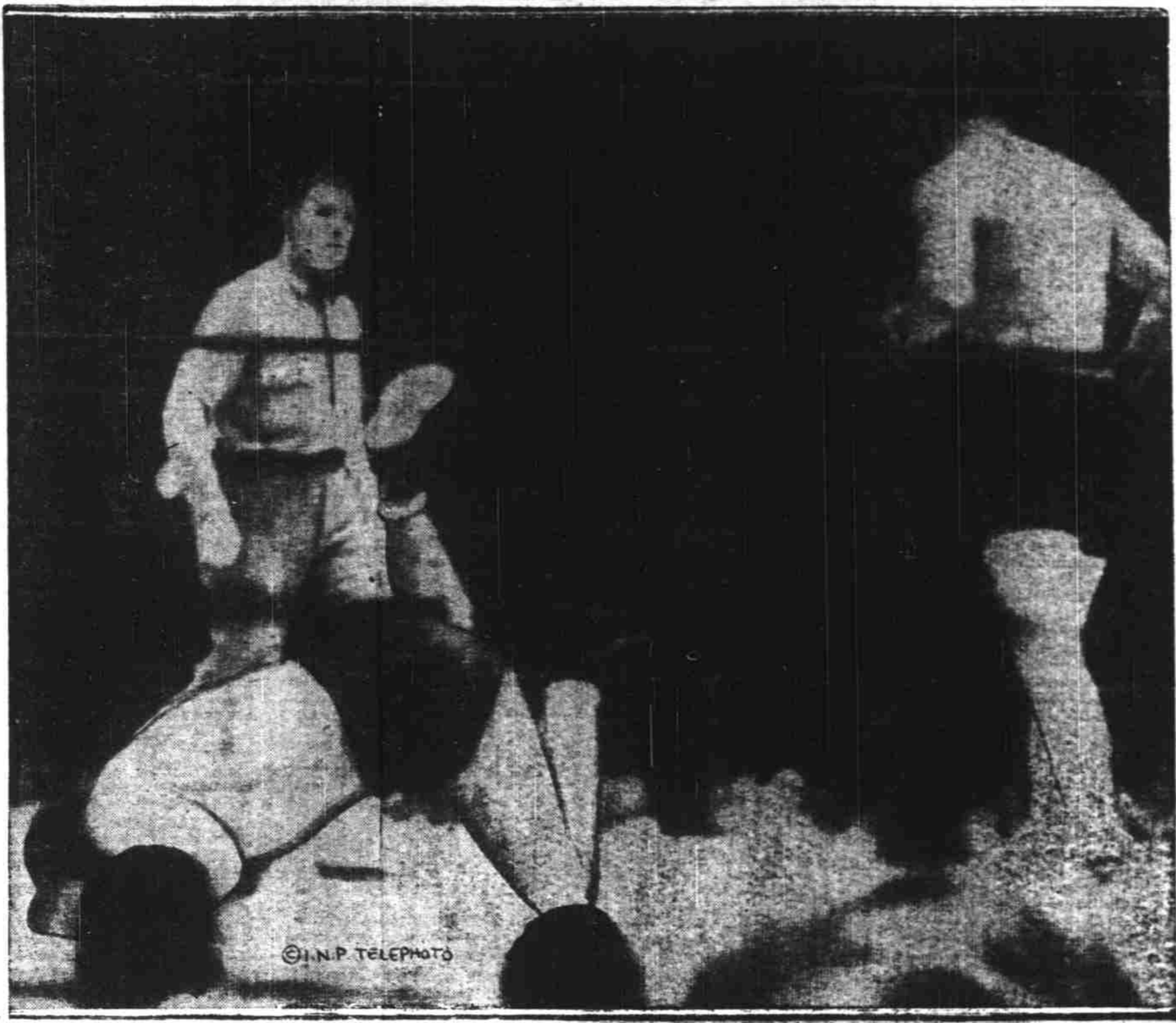
Bush passed Sewell, Ruth and Gehrig in succession to start the sixth and never was able to get out of trouble.

Three runs were in, the bases were still full and Ruffing was at bat. Grimes was called into action. The old spitballer retired Ruffing on a force play but Combs rapped him for a single through the infield that brought in Chapman and Crossett with the last two tallies. Grimes' control was almost as bad as Bush's in the seventh when the Yankees pushed over three more runs on a weird combination of baseball happenings. A pass to Ruth, singles by Gehrig and Lazzari, a wild pitch that hit Dickey in the leg and another that sailed over Hartnett's head contributed to this outburst.

Combs' Texas leaguer double in the eighth, followed by Sewell's single to left, manufactured the twelfth Yankee run, with Bob Smith in the box for the Cubs:

Chicago	AB	R	H	PO	EA
Herman, 2b	5	2	2	1	2
English, 3b	4	1	2	1	1
Cuyler, cf	4	1	2	0	0
Stephenson, 1b	5	1	2	0	0
Moore, cf	4	0	1	0	0
Grimm, 1b	3	0	0	0	0
Hartnett, c	5	1	2	4	0
Koenig, ss	4	1	1	4	0
Bush, p	1	0	0	0	2
Smith, p	1	0	0	0	1
Gudat	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	6	10	24	1
New York	AB	R	H	PO	EA
Coyler, cf	4	2	2	3	0
Sewell, 3b	4	1	2	1	0
Ruth, rf	3	1	1	1	0
Gehrig, 1b	4	3	2	7	1
Lazzari, 2b	4	1	1	2	0
Dickey, 1b	4	1	1	1	0
Chapman, lf	4	1	1	0	0
Crossett, cf	4	1	0	0	1
Ruffing, p	4	0	0	1	0
Totals	32	12	8	27	2

GOOD LITTLE MAN GOES BACK TO MIDDLEWEIGHT RANKS



Telephone shows the downfall of Mickey Walker, who tried, almost successfully, to prove that a good little man can hold his own with a good big man. Picture was taken just after that trip-hammer right to the temple with which Max Schmeling toppled Mickey in the eighth round. Note the unusual position Mickey assumed on the canvas. The fight occurred in New York City Monday night. Mickey got up and stayed the rest of that round, but Schmeling was awarded a technical knockout.

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS
Ted Wynne leaves his position in the steel mill at Bellport to work his way through college. He loves Barb Roth, daughter of wealth, and realizes he could never ask her to marry a mill hand. At New Dominion, Ted shows promise as a football player. Tom Stone, star player and one of Bellport's elite, is antagonistic towards him. Ted gives up football when it conflicts with his job. Barney Mack, the coach, offers him a position on the campus that will not interfere with his playing.

CHAPTER II
Barney looked at his watch; the interview was over; Ted hesitated. His heart was leaping but his mind was troubled.
"About what would I have to do, Mr. Mack?"
Barney was annoyed.
"You've got to work, you know. We're not giving education away just for football services."
"That's just it, Mr. Mack—"

"Say, young fellow," Barney interrupted, "you're getting the break of a lifetime. Take it or leave it; and make up your mind quick."
Ted saw opportunity slipping; they said that if Barney ever got down on a fellow he was washed up. It was time for plain talk.
"I appreciate what you've offered me, Mr. Mack, and I'm willing to work; but I want to make sure I have a job at regular student rates."
Barney's eyes opened wide. He twisted his cigar like a pinwheel.

"So that's it."
"Yes, sir; I gave up a lot when I quit work and came to college; I think a boy who helps a school make money from football is entitled to a free education; but the law of the colleges says it's boot-legging."
"Play things safe, don't you, Wynne?"
"I'll play the percentage, Mr. Mack."
"How did you happen to come here?" Barney asked.
Ted told his story. Barney punctuated it with quick questions, in the manner of a physician listening to a patient's symptoms.
"You count a good job to come to college and work in a grocery store, eh? Play safe on little things and take chances on big ones? Give up football to work in a store? Play the percentage. Handled men, have you? How old are you?"

"How much do you weigh?"
"One seventy-six."
"All right, Wynne. You move out here and I'll see that you get five hundred dollars off at regular student rates. Tomorrow you go to Chicago."
Line score:
Chicago.....200 000 220—6
New York.....000 305 31x—12
Runs batted in, Stephenson 3, Gehrig 2, Dickey 2, Chapman 2, Combs 2, Lazzari, Koenig, Herman, Sewell. Two base hits, Hartnett 2, Combs. Three base hits, Koenig. Home run, Gehrig. Sacrifice hits, Crossett. Stolen base, Cuyler. Double plays, Herman to Koenig to Grimes. Left on bases, Chicago 9; New York 3. Struck out, Bush 2 (Combs, Crossett); Smith 1 (Ruffing). Ruffing 9 (Cuyler 2, Moore, Grimm 2, Hartnett 2, English, Gudat). Hit by pitcher, by Grimes (Dickey). Bases on balls, Bush 5, Ruffing 6, Grimes 1. Hits off Bush 3, 8, 5 1/2 innings. Wild pitch, Grimes. Losing pitcher, Bush. Umpires, Klem and Magerkur. (National). Diannel and Van Graffan (American). Time of game, 2:39.

out for football again; but you switch to quarterback."
"Quarterback?"
"Yes. Study the system we use here. Be cocky. The quarterback is a leader here, Wynne. I don't give a damn whether they like you or not—make them respect you; be smarter in class; on the field; think ahead of the mob. You can do it, Wynne, you've got the right stuff."
"Thank you."
"And Wynne—most boys would say you were a fool saying what you did. Keep on being that kind of a fool, Wynne. You're right about football; there are things I don't approve of either; but it's too big now, and in the meantime we'll just go along with things as we find them."
Barney smiled; his face opened up until it became as round and jovial as that of the man in the moon; that was the smile the boys said made you forget every unpleasant thing he had ever said to you.

Ted walked down the path with his head somewhere near the golden dome that topped the administration building.
Barney Mack had picked him out; and they said that when Barney started to work on a fellow he was as good as made. Barney seldom made mistakes in picking his men.
What a world.
His mother and Barney Mack believed in him.
The next afternoon Ted went in to call signals for Stone's backfield.
"Still following me around," Stone commented.
"Ordering you around," Ted corrected.
Life was opening up beautifully; if Barb would show some sign of interest it would be perfect.
But Barb hadn't come to the station to see him off; she had written one scraggly note, fearfully composed.
He loved even her imperfections.
Ted liked living on the campus; rushing with the mob to the dining hall three times each day; wearing sweaters, corduroys and heavy shoes; chucking a book under an arm and hurrying off to class in a building two hundred yards away; dropping in on other boys in their rooms—boys from California to Boston; and the thing he liked about it most was that you couldn't look at a boy and tell who he was or what he had; democracy was a fact at New Dominion; regular fellows who lived in the expensive halls were almost apologetic.

At New Dominion a fellow got by on what he could do; not who he was. At home in Bellport Ted was a level below Stone socially—he always had the feeling that he was crashing an upper flight at Barb's parties. At New Dominion Ted was Stone's equal. He liked that; liked everything about his new life but the loneliness which grew more poignant each day; at night, when the excitement of the football season had ended and Christmas vacation was drawing near, he got to dreaming about home; and waking to the rude shock of the morning bell.
Sometimes it seemed that Bellport, his mother, the mill, Barb, were all part of a dream.

Before coming to college Ted had wondered if, after two years of work, he could pick up and keep pace with the others who went on from high school; he seemed to be doing it in class—particularly in philosophy which fitted that void in his mind; gave him the answer, or provided the

means to an answer, of what it was all about. He studied psychology and logic with a dictionary at hand; applied his experience in the mill to economics; battled with the irregular verbs of Spanish, and relaxed on English and history.
When quarterly exams came he reviewed doggedly; punished his eyes; walked around the lake with a note-book, quizzing himself.
When they came he was ready; dressed in his best clothes, like a bridegroom; calmly he wrote his answers.
Stone had prepared elaborate notes; others had their favorite examination stunts; a flowing flannel shirt which could carry notes-book easily; information neatly typed on toilet paper which could be wound about a forefinger; dates pasted on the inside of a watch—hasty glances at the paper of the chap in the next chair; whispered queries from the twisted side of ventriloquistic mouths.
Furtive looks. Bootlegging knowledge.
When the marks were posted a few days later the name of Ted Wynne was near the top in everything but Spanish—and at the top in philosophy. He felt respect for that. Barney met him on the campus.
"That's the way to knock them over," he said, "don't give a damn whether they like you—make them respect you."
Ted sent his marks home to his mother.
And a startling deduction blazed across his mind: College was very much an accident of birth; many of the sons of millionaires should be driving ice wagons; many boys he knew in the mill and shops and mines at home were of far better material for leadership.
Ted realized he had always looked up to the ruling class as such; had ascribed to them quality per se being among them, competing with them, had changed his slant.
It was always the individual rather than the class.
Home.
Ted did a dance in the empty B.&O. station, chilly and forbidding as a tomb at 5 in the morning; lugged his bag down the long flight of rickety wooden stairs.
Whom would he see first?
The dark shadows of the cavernous street caressed him; the slimy fog was perfume.
His town? Just a burg to others; but home to him. The face of the town bum thrilled him.
"Have a cup of coffee, Pumeley."
"Sure."
The waiter at the all-night restaurant was mopping the floor; he was a new waiter—George had probably been caught tapping the till at last. Pumeley added ham and eggs to the coffee while Ted chatted about people and the town. Men hurried in with dinner baskets in their arms, hands buried in pockets, caps pulled over ears; bought stogies, cigarettes or chewing tobacco for the long day's pull and went back to the street, heads hunched in cow collars.
Going to the mill like condemned figures in the gloom; but he knew they considered themselves important entities—each a lord to his family, a peer of his fellows. It was better that way; somebody had to do the mule work and conceit was an armor against what might be painful thought. A life only took so long, after all; and contentment was the big thing.
Big Red, night sergeant at the police station, was hungry for information—inside stuff—about Barney Mack and New Dominion. Big Red had been a football play-

or himself. Ted talked awhile about Barney and then Big Red dropped him at home in the police patrol—distinguished citizens received such attention in Bellport.
(To Be Continued)

Orange Team Pointing For Indian Squad
OREGON STATE COLLEGE, Corvallis, Sept. 28.—Closed practice sessions are in order at the Oregon State college football camp for their opening conference tilt against Stanford university in Multnomah stadium in Portland, at 2:00 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The Orange freshman squad has been fully equipped with sets of Stanford plays so that they may give the varsity valuable combat in scrimmage several nights this week.
Orange coaches are leaving no stones unturned while grooming their charges for one of the most important games on the Oregon State schedule this season. The success of the Orange season hinges almost entirely upon the showing of the Orangemen against Stanford. Paul Schissler, Orange mentor, and his forces are pointing for the Indians and tell everyone in no uncertain words that this is the year to take Stanford.
Should the Orangemen dump the Indians they would draw a capacity crowd at Los Angeles, the following weekend when they meet Southern California.

Oregon State has never defeated Stanford since the teams first met in 1919. Scores of past games are: In 1919, Stanford won 14 to 6 at Corvallis; in 1921, 14 to 7 at Palo Alto; in 1922, 6 to 0 at Corvallis; in 1925, 26 to 0 at Palo Alto; in 1927, 20 to 6 at Portland; in 1929, 40 to 7 at Palo Alto; in 1930, 13 to 7 at Palo Alto; and in 1931, 25 to 7 at Palo Alto.

INDEPENDENCE IS FACING ALBANY 11
INDEPENDENCE, Sept. 28.—Football outlook for Independence high school is dull this year. The entire football eleven, which last year was so victorious, graduated last June. Only one letterman remains in school, and he is not eligible because of age. Most of the second string are in school, but there are no large boys among them.
The first game to be played will be Friday, with Albany at Albany. The tentative lineup to start the game will be: right end, Mahlin DeCoster; left end, Chester Lenhard; right tackle, Henry Quiring; right guard, Glen Hardman; left guard, Carl Murphy; center, Magnus Syverson; backfield, Tom McLaughlin; Warren Newton, Ed Dunckel, Jim McEldowney, and Lyle Krans.
The following is the schedule which has been drawn up:
Sept. 30—Albany at Albany.
Oct. 7—Lebanon at Lebanon.
Oct. 21—Toledo at Independence.
Oct. 28—Sheridan at Independence.
Nov. 4—Amity at Amity.
Nov. 11—Dallas at Dallas.

More than 10 million pounds of cotton fabric remnants are exported annually from the United States.

H. S. WILL FACE ALUMNI FRIDAY
Huntington Finding Plenty Of Good Material but It's Mostly Green
Some progress toward manufacturing a backfield that will function, is confessed by Coach Hollis Huntington of the Salem high football squad as he makes final preparations for the opening contest against the alumni Friday afternoon on Olinger field.
However, no matter what combination he uses, Huntington fears that his backfield will be weak. It either will be too light or, if some of the heavier candidates are sent in, it will be too slow.
One pair of halfbacks showing considerable promise as running mates for Johnny Perrine, letterman quarterback, and Captain Lee Weisser, fullback, consists of Wauseka Hauser and Knight.
Young Hauser is the son of Emil Hauser of Chemawa who, under the Indian name Wauseka which his son bears, was an all-American gridder at Carlisle. The younger Hauser seems to have inherited some of the family "fight" though he is rather small.
Coons and Engle are at present the most promising end candidates. Fronk, a transfer from McMinnville, and Sam Earle may get the call as starting tackles Friday. Fisher and Don Cannon may be the guards and Halvorsen is leading the field of center candidates, at least while Brownell is laid up with an injury. Martin, one of the few lettermen, also is on the shelf at present.
Huntington declares that he has a wealth of promising material, but many of the best potential football players lack experience and will not be of much use to him this year. He is hoping the squad will not dwindle as it has in the past, so that these promising boys may get the experience which will help toward building a strong team next year.

STANFORD GRIDDETS ARE ON WAY NORTH
STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Calif., Sept. 28.—(AP)—Thirty one men comprise the Stanford football squad selected today by Coach Glen "Pop" Warner for the trip to Portland for Saturday's opening conference contest against Oregon State.
Accompanied by the coaching and managerial staffs, the team leaves here today, enroute on the Cascade limited for an overnight trip.
Those chosen were the following: ends—Tod, Colvin, Domb, Packard, Monsval, tackles—Grey, LaBorde, Gribben, Palamoutain, Holwerda, Prelnak; guards—Corbus, Kite, Johnston, O'Connor, Targhetta; centers—Bates, Albertson, Blanchard; quarterbacks—Campbell, Walker, Allen; left halfbacks—Sim, Magenta, Van Dellen; right halfbacks—Cohen, Afflebaugh, Lambert; fullbacks—Hillman, Baker, Anderson.
Warner and his assistants selected the squad after watching dummy scrimmage and signal drill today. A light workout tomorrow finishes the preparation for the contest.

Seven Games on Grid Schedule Of Scio School
SCIO, Sept. 27.—The football schedule for the Scio high school has been nearly completed. Only November 24 open. Games with Harrisburg and Junction City on Oct. 21, Parrish, Salem, Oct. 28, Brownsville, Scio, Nov. 11 (tentative) Harrisburg, Scio, Oct. 7, Gervais, Scio, Oct. 14, Shedd, Bheed, Oct. 21, Parrish, Salem, Oct. 28, Brownsville, Scio, Nov. 11 (tentative) Harrisburg, Scio, Nov. 18 (tentative) Junction City.

Offense Shot by Injuries, Bearcats Will Fight Hard To Stop Normal's Attack
"Hold 'em Bearcats!" That will be the refrain heard from the Willamette rooting section Friday night when Oregon Normal sends its veteran crew onto Sweetland field at 8:30 for "holding 'em" is just about Willamette's only hope.
Comparative scores last year and a comparison of returning players, as well as the Monmouth team's showing against University of Nevada last weekend, indicate that the teachers are stronger than Willamette; but the Bearcats' defense as demonstrated against Oregon State, suggests an outside chance that Larry Wolfe's men might possibly be stopped.
Since that is the only hypothesis on which "Spec" Keene can figure on avoiding a defeat—through a scoreless tie—he will probably instruct his quarterback to "play it safe" at all times in the hope of avoiding giving the teachers a break that would lead to a score.
But that's a difficult proposition, because among the three Bearcat backfield regulars who haven't donned a suit this week, are the two men who have been doing the kicking; Erickson and Frantz. It's a hard task to play safe without a kicker. The assignment will probably fall to Fred Paul, whose booting is reliable though his spirals do not carry as far as Erickson's.
Keene and his assistants have put in some time this week working behind locked gates, on defensive plays which may be used effectively later in the season; but without Erickson to carry the ball and Jones and Frantz to clear the road for him, there is little prospect that they will make any headway Friday night.
However, plenty of spirit is being exhibited in the Bearcat camp and the Wolves, though they may be victorious, are likely to find themselves engaged in some kind of a battle when they invade Sweetland field for the first time in the present college generation.

Canby Cock is Grand Champ In Big Show
A single comb Rhode Island Red cockerel owned by J. B. Gettett of Canby, carried off grand championship of the poultry show in which 2200 birds were entered. This bird also took first in the American class, and LeRoy Lawrence, of Eugene, took second on a barred rock cockerel. Leggett took first on best five males, and Lawrence, second.
Grand champion Rhode Island Red was a single comb Malcom Duncan of Bandon.
First and second in the Asiatic class were taken by Dr. H. K. Stockwell, of Salem, on Light Brahma cock and hen, respectively. First in the English class went to an Australorps cockerel exhibited by Charles E. Winters, of Bandon, and second to Stockwell's speckled Sussex cock.
In the Mediterranean class, first went to Fred John, of Tacoma, on a Brown Leghorn, and second to O. R. Winters of Dundee on a Black Minorca pullet.
Ed Shearer, of Estacada, in charge of the poultry department, reports 115 entries. Judges were William Coates Seattle, Jim Nichols, Tacoma, B. F. Kenney, Eugene, Charles Brewster, Portland, and Leonard Welsenborn, Portland.

VARE AND WILSON LEADING IN GOLF
PEABODY, Mass., Sept. 28.—(AP)—An international battle for the women's national golf championship appeared in the offing today when Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare and Enid Wilson, the British champion, led the parade of favorites into the third round of the title match play.
Mrs. Vare, who has held the national title five times in the last 10 years and was a 1931 finalist, overwhelmed Mrs. C. S. Eddis of Toronto, runnerup in last week's Canadian title event, by 7 and 5. Miss Wilson slugged her way to an 8 and 7 verdict over Grace English.
Maureen Orcutt of Haworth, N. J., stayed in the running by defeating Mrs. Leo V. Federman of Lakeville, N. Y., by 2 and 1.
Ada MacKenzie of Toronto, another seasoned campaigner, shot the best golf to overwhelm Jean Armstrong of Winnetka, Ill., by six and five.
The Canadian star went out in 39, one over par, and had a four hole lead at the turn. She played 17 strokes to reach the regulation figures for first four holes on the inward nine to end the match abruptly.
In the same upper half of the draw Peggy Watrous of Buffalo, trounced Mrs. C. F. Eaton, Jr., Wellesley, by four and three.
Fully 75 per cent of all radio sets sold in New Zealand have been found by the commerce department to be of American make.

Ducks Need Only Two For Championship Now; Beat Suds While Stars Losing
PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 28.—(AP)—Portland advanced another game toward its first championship in several years, defeating Seattle, 9 to 5, while Hollywood dropped four full games behind by losing to Los Angeles. With only five games to play, Portland needs but two mathematically to clinch the pennant.
Until the fifth inning the game was all going to the Indians, Kallio allowed but one hit and no runs in four innings, while his team mates were collecting one in the third and two in the fifth.
Two home runs in the last half of the fifth inning, however, shot the Ducks out in front and from then on they weren't headed. After Muller's error had led in a run, Mike Higgins hoisted one over the left field bleacher with the bases full. On almost the next pitched ball Johnson rapped out another homer.
Seattle launched a ninth inning comeback that loaded the bases, but the Ducks stopped them with but one tally.
Seattle.....5 15 4
Portland.....9 9 1
Kallio, L. Nelson and Cox, Bortarini; Zahniser and Fitzpatrick.

Missions Win Again
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 28.—(AP)—The Missions defeated San Francisco 3 to 1 today, pounding Simon, Seal pitcher, for eight hits.
Ricci, Mission catcher, doubled with two on in the second to give the Reds the lead. The Missions made their other tally in the fifth. Missions.....3 8 3
San Francisco.....1 5 1
Johnson and Ricci; Simon and Wahlgren.

OAKLAND, Calif., Sept. 28.—
(AP)—Night game: Sacramento.....7 7 1
Oakland.....5 11 4
Nishida, Vinci and Wirtz; Lee, Hong, Sallinen and Raimondo.

CURT COMMENTS
No surprises in that first world series game, except possibly the thoroughness with which the Yanks' murderers' row lived up to expectations.
It did look as though the Cubs, despite their asserted confidence that a great fighting spirit would carry them to victory, were a little overawed. We suspected Guy Bush was bearing down too hard, causing him to blow. You'll admit it's a tough spot for a pitcher, after working his head off to do something about Babe Ruth, to see Lou Gehrig prancing up there next.
Ruffing didn't seem to be so hot, a good deal of the time. But you have to take into consideration that the Yank hurlers have had runs to back them up all year, and perhaps figure their best bet is to coast when they can, and be just reasonable effective.
Getting back to things nearer home and concerning which we can claim to know something—football fans will be able to keep amused this weekend. Fans here in Salem can go out Friday afternoon and see Salem high play the alumni, move over to Sweetland field that night and watch the dog-fight between the Bearcat and the Wolf, and for Saturday, flip a coin or something and decide whether to go to Portland and watch Stanford and the Staters, or head in the other direction and see what Santa Clara does to Oregon, or vice versa.

IF the alumni get out enough men, they ought to knock over Salem high school because Huntington's men aren't well organized yet. We figure Oregon Normal has an edge over Willamette but may not be a whole touchdown better, which would leave the outcome up to the breaks.
Opinion among Salem fans who saw Oregon State whittle Willamette down to beatable size last Saturday night, is pretty much divided on the question of what the Orangemen may be able to do. That game in Portland, anyway, will show something about what the Californians can do, when divorced from their helpful climate. It's been several years since a California team played in Oregon.
Some of those who saw Oregon overpower Pacific are dubious about the Weffelt. One "scout" said Oregon had to show everything to lick the Bearcats and that Pacific's backfield looked much more impressive.
We can't see how Oregon can be so weak, but it probably does lack organization, up to date, and we can readily see how Santa Clara might win.