



THE BIG GAME.

Observations on the Great Annual Athletic Conflict Between California and Stanford.

The great annual contest between the two big Pacific Coast universities has come and gone. Again Stanford wears the blue ribbon, which is true figuratively speaking only, as the California blue went down before the Stanford crimson. Along with several thousand other California supporters we yesterday journeyed down to Palo Alto. We went, we saw—and they licked. But this is no swan song. We got our money's worth—every cent of it, though the paucity of victory were sung by the other fellows. I might say that "we" means R. W. Kelsey and the writer, who have had the pleasure of attending such heart thrilling contests to gether off and on, jabbing each other in the ribs at critical moments, dancing the war dance together or consoling each other in defeat, for the past eight years, beginning in our Earlham school days.

It's hard for outsiders to realize just how big an event this is in the university life of California. It is the one big day, to which all California, to say nothing of the two universities, looks forward as deciding the athletic supremacy of the respective institutions. It has come to hold relatively, the same place on this coast which the annual Yale-Harvard game holds on the Atlantic. In comparison to this, all other games with other teams are mere bagatelles. No other victories can atone for defeat on this day. For weeks, the "big game" is the great theme of conversation and discussion in the university life directly concerned. With this idea in mind, the writer has thought that a few notes on Saturday's game would not be without some interest, even to those not particularly concerned in college athletics.

To indicate something as to the magnificence of the event and general interest shown it is sufficient to note that in order to get the crowds to the game from this vicinity, the Southern Pacific ran special excursion trains one right after another every fifteen minutes for three hours beginning about nine o'clock. We went early "to avoid the rush" and it seemed that the same thought had occurred to everybody else.

Our first stop, purely a happen-so one, was opposite the old county jail on the outskirts of San Francisco. It was a very brief one—but long enough for a crowd of varsity boys to rise to the occasion by giving "three cheers for Schmitz and Abe Ruef good men in the right place."

As I have stated before, there are a great number of Japanese students in the university here—bright, alert, gentlemanlike fellows. The quick way in which they adapt themselves to our "civilizing institutions" is well exemplified in the keen interest they early show in our athletics. Many of them went to see the game Saturday. One young fellow was seen figuring in a notebook studiously all the way down, oblivious to the distractions all about him. A curious passenger accosted him to see what he was doing. "Mathematics," was the laconic reply. "I am University of California student. Do you think will be good fight this game?"

All was life and enthusiasm on getting into Palo Alto where excursion trains were constantly being disgorged of ribboned and pennant flying students. The day was absolutely perfect

for such a gala event, and the kaleidoscope of prettily gowned co-eds, dashing, gaily decked college men and bright university colors shimmering in the bright sunlight, was a sight to renew the fountain of youth in any old has been. Scores and scores of vehicles of every description, drawn up at the depot, were quickly filled and were soon scurrying up the broad avenue to Stanford a mile away, hurrying back for more passengers. And all the while there was a continuous walking procession up the palm lined drive to the university buildings.

We had no sooner alighted from the train than we spied a familiar figure surveying with interest, from the point of vantage of a baggage truck, the scene about him. Those knowing Van Leavitt of old and knowing that he is in Palo Alto, would need but one guess as to the identity of the man on the truck. There was too much doing on this day for Van to be anywhere else than in the midst of the strenuous life, though now only a spectator where he used to be the star performer himself. He was not long in informing us that he had a five months old son down at the house, who, though a little young to appear at the game on this occasion, would, he thought, be mature enough to occupy a seat in the rooters' section at the big field meet in the spring. As the young man's name is Van, it is a safe proposition that he won't be satisfied to remain long on the bleachers either. I had visited Stanford three years ago and it impressed me rather less favorably now than it did then. And I hardly think that the marks of ruin wrought by the earthquake were responsible for the impression, though they are still very much in evidence. The flat, rather monotonous surroundings together with the general precise, cut and dried, made to order appearance of the university, do not compare favorably with the classic beauty of the University of California, set on the sloping hillside overlooking Golden Gate and beautified with regal oaks and picturesque canyons. As it was expressed to me, it shows the futility of man's efforts to compete with the Almighty in creating beauty, no matter how much filthy lucre may be spent in the attempt.

We wended our way early toward the ball field to get the full benefit of the preliminaries and see the big crowd gather, one side of the stadium being occupied by the Stanford contingent and the other by the California supporters. The central sections of each side were reserved for the rooters, of whom there must have been over 2000. The Stanford rooters wore red jerseys and hats and yelled through red megaphones with which also they kept time to the music of their band. Soon enough of them put on white capes over their shoulders to make the letters "L. S. J. U." stand out in the bank of red.

The California rooters all wore blue and gold hats. Half wore blue jackets and half gold, seated so as to make alternating banks of the two colors. The noise which such a bunch of stout lunged collegians let loose can be imagined. In fact there were all kinds of features. Big California balloons were sent up trailing immense university pennants. The Stanford rooters turned loose a pigeon with red ribbons attached which flew around over the "S" team as if it were trained for that very stunt. Whang! boom! A tuft of white smoke on

the turf in front of us, a thing that looked like a section of terra-cotta sewer pipe, and the quick intelligence flashed to us that it was a fireworks mortar. Ten thousand faces were upturned. A faint pop, and hundreds of feet above the field something broke apart and streamed a huge umbrella-shaped white flower dripping down and down until it evaporated. The last bits dropped on the lawn, and each emitted a curious curling little feather of deep yellow smoke and died.

At 2:16 somebody set off a charge of dynamite under the Stanford rooting section, and it blew up into a wild flurry of red with millions of fragments rising like a cloud and settling gradually. It was not really dynamite. The Stanford rooters had caught a glimpse of their team dashing from the training house. Five thousand spectators jumped as though the electric current tapped all the benches. Red confetti was spilled and strewn in the air from wide-throated red megaphones. More than 400 little red balloons were suddenly liberated.

A minute later California went up in the air, fought imaginary opponents with uppercuts and right and left swings. Its team was dashing out of the other side of the clubhouse and taking to the short grass like hungry cattle let into a good pasture. Yellow tiger striped arms and calves, and dark blue backgrounds for jerseys and stockings, with bared knees and white sprinting trousers, made the California uniform.

The game was one of the most thrilling I have ever witnessed. While Stanford seemed to have a little the best of it most of the time, California made such heroic rallies at critical times that until within a few minutes of the end of the last half she was a dangerous rival. To show how easily the tide may turn in Rugby—Stanford had made five points in the first half and was pushing the California men so hard that we were all but praying that time might be called before she run up a bigger score. In almost a twinkling the tide turned, California scored twice in quick succession, the half ending, California 8, Stanford 5, and five or six thousand California supporters turned the scene into a bedlam.

In the second half Stanford soon began scoring. To show the intensity of the feeling of the players—after the score was 10 to 8, favor of Stanford, the California fullback Butler, failed to tackle a Stanford runner who had got through with the ball and who thus scored, again apparently cinching the game for the wearers of the red. Butler was heartbroken and leaned against the goal post with his face in his arms, overcome with grief for the time. But again California rallied and ran the score up to 13 to 11. At this stage of the game, California secured a difficult try for a goal kick, which if successful would net three points, putting the blue and gold one point to the good. The ball started well, but the breeze caught it and turned it out of its course sufficiently to just miss the goal. With that California lost heart and in the few minutes left Stanford run the score up to 21 to 11.

The gloom which settled down over the California crowd can hardly be imagined. Real grief, the kind that brings tears of disappointment, was manifest here and there where feelings could not be controlled. The Stanford cohorts took possession of the field in a frantic, riotous serpen-

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY OF THE SEASON Rare Bargains in Shoes

Men's \$3.50 and \$4.00 Shoes, now \$2.48

Boy's and Children's Shoes we will sell at any old Price

CAPS--25c values now 18c, 50c values now 39c

HATS--\$3.00 values now \$1.68, \$2.50 values \$1.18, \$2.00 values 99c

MEN'S SUITS at 25 per cent. off of regular price

Entire Line of Boy's and Children's Suits will be from 25 to 33 per cent. cheaper

Good ALL WOOL BLANKETS at 15 per cent. discount

OUR GOODS are ALL A1 in quality and our low PRICES are the TERROR equal to the TIMES. We GUARANTEE Satisfaction. Call and be convinced of what we say and are offering

HODSON BROS. CLOTHIERS and FURNISHERS

We are Bidding for Your Gold and will Swap Even Up With You

time, while the blue and gold visitors streamed out of the stadium towards town and you would have thought they were on the way home from a funeral. I saw one middle aged lady with tears both in her voice and eyes and I gathered from remarks I heard her drop that her son was one of the defeated athletes. Just about that time a cheerful individual yelled out to everybody in general and no one in particular—"Oh, come, cheer up! It's not so bad. Cherries will soon be ripe again. Just watch me smile."

The only satisfaction I could gather from the defeat was that exactly one third of the winning team was made up of Portland boys, who have developed a queer taste for Stanford and who form the nucleus of all her athletic teams. Cheat among these was "Kenny" Fenton who is rated by the sport critics as the equal of any living half back. Indeed, one writer claims that without Fenton, Stanford would have lost to California Saturday. But Stanford had Fenton, and, what's worse still has him, and there seems no room for further argument.

W. C. W.

Berkeley, California.
November 10, '07.

Serious Accident.

The Washington County News gives the following account of an accident which occurred near Gaston:

While driving a cow and leading a horse across a bridge near his place in Yamhill county, J. R. Ballard, formerly of this place, suffered a broken leg and barely escaped with his life. The two animals were going along very amicably when all of a sudden something entered the head of the cow and she whirled around with a lunge. As she whirled the horse whirled too, slipped and fell. And as the horse fell to the bridge he struck Mr. Ballard's left leg, breaking the bone above the ankle. The horse in his desperate attempt to get on his feet swung off of the bridge upon the ground fifteen feet below and was instantly killed. There was no railing to the bridge and the horse all but knocked Mr. Ballard off which would have meant death to him. Mr. Ballard walked home on his broken leg and while still pretty sore was getting along nicely when seen by Joe Lenneville who visited him Sunday.

Found!

New rocking chair on road leading from Newberg north toward Chehalem mountain. For information call at Graphic office and pay for this notice.

Wright & White

Will sell you a Fanning Mill that cleans grain and small seeds and gives satisfaction—THE CLIPPER

And a stove that will bake your bread—THE LORAIN RANGE

We carry a full line of FEED and SEEDS and sell as cheap as the cheapest

Goods Delivered Free
Both Phones

East First St.

W. P. HEACOCK & SON.

Proprietors of

Newberg Sash & Door
Factory.

Doors, Windows, and
Turned Work
Made to Order.

**Newberg
Artificial
Stone Co.**

General Contractors and
Builders.

Manufacturers of
Hollow Concrete Building Stone,
Door and Window Sills, Copings,
Steps, Fireplace Stone,
Sidewalk Blocks, Porch Columns,
Ornamental Work of all Kinds.

Office on Sheridan Street
(Opposite Commercial Hotel.)

Telephones.

When you are getting a phone it will be to your interest and satisfaction to get one of a high grade. The Stromberg-Carlson is a high grade standard phone, and has been approved and adopted by the Newberg Mutual Telephone Co., after trying and using several cheaper and different makes of phones. For sale by S. J. MADSON, Mutual phone 18-3

Silverware

Received yesterday from one of the largest silver factories in the East, one of the most complete lines of silv'ware ever shown to Newberg people.

PLEASE CALL AND LET US SHOW IT TO YOU.

MILLS NEWBERG JEWELER

Next to Postoffice.
Bell phone store 385, residence 389

Septic Tanks!

I am prepared to put in septic tanks after the latest approved methods. ENOS ELLIS.