

# Fem Fancies Famous Football Fetish As Fearsome Ferocious and Flat Flop

By Fannie

Honestly, you chicks should have seen the football game Saturday night at the Stadium. It was just too thrilling! All the cars started out together, but everyone passed us—that is, all except one white car with black letters on it and clear full of the sweetest boys!

Oh yeah, the game. Well, all our boys came out and everyone yelled, but I guess they had the wrong cue, because they went back again and the Portland boys came out, but they weren't putty like our boys because they all had black eyes. I asked the boys in front of me how they got them and they said the coach got mad at the players. That was mean, wasn't it? I think our coach is much nicer. I wonder if he is any relation, to the tooth paste? Well, anyway then they told the names of our players and everyone yelled, and it was loudest for

Lee Pangle because that Violet B. yelled too.

Well anyhow, the first inning began and one side kicked the ball and a boy caught it and everyone jumped on him. I guess that's what you call downs, isn't it? Four downs to a player and then he goes out of the game. I almost passed out but not from the game. It's a pity such ducky boys have to smoke such odious cigars. One was a guy named Miller and another MacIntosch—Wilbur MacIntosch. I think that Wilbur just fits his type of manliness—don't you?

Well, anyway, the boys kept playing and got dirtier and dirtier—especially Johnny Taylor—he looked so big and filthy and romantic!! Bob Meresse yelled louder than anyone else and I was surely surprised that such a big voice could come out of such a little fellow. He kept yelling —“Get mad, Harding!” and there wasn't even anything for him to get mad about, but I think Johnny is horribly attractive though I just can't meet him!

Once that Wiles boy got knocked down and he just got up again and went a little farther with the ball. (Not more than ten yards at the most) and everyone yelled “Don't fudge, Jimmy!” and the umpire made him put it back, and I don't think that was right because he didn't push or crowd at all like the rest of the brutes.

Well, anyhow, we got a touchdown and everyone got so excited! Oh yes, I think they got some too, because they yelled and whistled three times—I don't know who won—but I do know it didn't look the way it did in chapel and I was disappointed; not even a big apple! Or maybe this was a revised method of doing it.

Well 'bye now. See you at the next game.

# Deep Diggings

What goes on here . . . specifically it is hard to be natural in a specific way, but trying to be specific specifically is entirely out of the question here at Pacific . . . while the earth turns Juntunen still keeps her fickle nature apparent by going to lunch with Phillips in order to make a date with Harding . . . as Laura Mae Anderson sees quite a bit of George after a year of loneliness . . . and Riske . . . while Gilman finds solace in his home-town girl friend Boxer must have developed the rabies because he hasn't been seen this year . . . yet . . . say, doesn't the paint on the Library change the color of the building? . . . which gob of fog held up a group of football fans Saturday night? . . . Professor Abel and Dean Morgan take in the various attractions in and around Forest Grove. . . when Jimmy can't shake Julia for a rook . . . there are quite a few cute frosh babies here this year. . . something should be done about that . . . since the white Cadillac made its appearance the owners go into the cab business in order to keep sufficient funds on tap to have gas money . . . and then Marge drops in on Osbourne Thursday nite . . . while Dick Scott and Marybelle Adams are an inseparable pair gosh . . . Meresse assumes responsibility for his drum majores . . . Pangle and whozit are getting along swellelegantly . . . rooks work industriously cleaning up the senior bench so another coat of green paint can be applied in a short time. . . chapel time finds a full house . . . wonder how it will look six months from now? . . . Dr. Jones could stand a shave . . . what's your opinion? . . . good . . . somebody loan him a razor . . . who is this Harlan jane anyway . . . won't do any harm to get acquainted and . . . signing out is definitely a thing of the past at Herrick. . . Anybody know anything about the European situation? . . . just read the daily paper if you don't . . . and in conclusion of this ding phod it is hoped that no quotable quotes have been left out, but hopes such as that only go glimmering, since every student considers his being worthy of a 'dig'. Seldom would one of these characters accept the 'dig' in public, but to have it in the official college paper . . . oh boy, that's something. . . .

Undoubtedly the student mass can readily see that in order to mention even a sixth of that group would require considerable space which is not available in this free advertising column. But if you really believe that you should have your name in the column don't hesitate to drop a note to the caretaker of this script in the Index box.

# Collegiate Makeup Exposed by Prof.

When it comes to describing the college man of 1938, so many and varied are the paragraphic portrayals that he is at once a mastermind and a doft, a play-boy and a great student. None has so brilliantly painted the picture as Kent State University's Dean R. E. Manchester, who sets the man-of-the-campus on his pedestal in the following manner:

“The college man is a living paradox. Most people cannot understand him and those who do, come to their conclusions by indirect proof. He talks of the future but worships the past. He is liberal in his conversation but conservative in his action. He is radical in his opinions on politics, but elects stand-patters to the class offices. He demands freedom of thinking but defends with all his strength the traditions of his institution. He takes wild stands on religious theories yet attends college and universities that are created and maintained by orthodox creeds. He

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