

# Sooner Sports

By HAROLD KEITH

## Snorter Luster's First O. U. Team Disposes of the Aggies, But Has To Bow Before Those Magnificent Texas Longhorns

AS his number of the *Sooner Magazine* went to the printers the Sooner football team and its new coaching staff and new football system had defeated the Oklahoma Aggies 19 to 0 in the opener at Norman, spanked the freshmen 46 to 7, and then was defeated by a magnificent Texas team at Dallas, 7 to 40.

Both major games were attended by record throngs eager to see development of Coach Dewey "Snorter" Luster's new policy of deception, as embodied in the A formation and the single wing. The Aggie game at Norman drew 25,453 fans, a new attendance record by 900 fans for an Aggie-Sooner game. The Texas battle pulled 44,054 people, filling the Dallas Cotton Bowl to capacity and surpassing the previous attendance record for an Oklahoma-Texas game by more than 11,000 persons.

Seven games are left on the schedule, thus offering ample opportunity for the rich potentiality the coaches still feel the squad possesses and for some excellent football as soon as the Sooners begin to master their new offensive style. The remainder of the schedule:

\*Oct. 18 Kansas State at Manhattan.

Oct. 25 Santa Clara at Norman.

\*Nov. 1 Kansas at Norman (Dads' Day).

\*Nov. 8 Iowa State at Norman (Homecoming).

\*Nov. 15 Missouri at Columbia.

Nov. 22 Marquette at Norman.

\*Nov. 29 Nebraska at Lincoln.

\*Big Six conference games.

### Oklahoma 19, Oklahoma Aggies 0

The terrific south wind rendered this game more or less a travesty with each club's offense restricted to only two quarters of activity, instead of four. It was simply useless for either squad to try to make offensive headway against the south gale. All three touchdowns were made at the north goal with the wind behind the attacking team.

The battle aptly proved that Luster's Sooners are apt to explode at any time from any point of the field. "Any time we call one, we'll be trying for a touchdown, not just a first down," Luster had said before the battle, and the game bore him out.

Coach Jim Lookabaugh's Aggies brought to Norman the finest Aggie foot-

ball team in the eight years that have elapsed since the Lynn Waldorf era there. It doubled the first downs of the Sooners, 12 to 6, and in Jimmy Reynolds and Marvin "Up Stream" Salmon, a big junior college transfer from Arkansas, showed two tailbacks who put constant pressure on the Oklahoma team, five times driving to within a long step of a touchdown only to be hurled back on the goal by the fighting Sooner line coached by Lawrence "Jap" Haskell, new Sooner athletic director.

"I'm going to have to re-sod the ground inside our ten-yard line," Haskell declared grimly, after the battle, "We tore up all the grass on the north goal holding them for downs."

Ralph "Fats" Harris, Oklahoma's 245-pound senior guard who plays with his sleeves rolled up and looks not greatly unlike some brawny, happy blacksmith, won the coin flip and elected to give the Sooners the all important wind in the first and fourth quarters. Harris had another reason to be tremendously serious about this game. Dinah Shore, pretty blues singer on Eddie Cantor's radio show, was in Norman for the clash and agreed to reward the game captain of the victorious club with a kiss on the field of battle after the game.

The Sooners sped into a 6 to 0 lead. With nine minutes of play gone in the opening quarter, Jack Jacobs, scowling Creek tailback, faded back a step from the Aggie 49-yard line and spun a forward pass into End Dub Lamb's hands. Running his field as cleverly as a back, Lamb ran down the left sideline for a touchdown. However, the usually reliable Jack Haberlein dubbed the conversion kick woefully.

Then in the second and third quarters the Aggies had the wind and it was their time to show what they could do on the offensive. They showed plenty, chilling the Sooner crowd with their powerful running and dangerous forward passing. Striking with all the plays in their repertoire, the Farmers delivered five thrilling offensives inside the Sooner 10-yard line, reaching the Sooner four-yard line, once penetrating to the Sooner one-yard mark and twice advancing to within a scant half yard of the Sooner double stripe.

But each time the truculent Sooner line, led by the pudgy Harris who must have been still thinking of Dinah Shore and the kiss to the triumphant captain, bristled on the goal and helped by some sharp

line-backing by Jack Marsee and Marv Whited who hurled their bodies level as a lance to meet each Aggie charge, turned the threat and held for downs.

Even then the determined Stillwaters had two touchdowns called back, one because End George Darrow ran two strides out of the field of play before turning to catch a pass, and again because an official ruled the ball dead just before Darrow chucked a lateral to a teammate who tripped prettily through the Sooners to the goal. Oklahoma got another break when the gun ending the first half mercifully exploded just after the Aggies had hit a long pass, Salmon to Younger, that gained 36 yards, Mattox of the Sooners tackling Younger on the Sooner one-yard line!

And so the fourth quarter started with the hard-pressed Sooners still leading 6 to 0, but finally being allied again with the powerful wind.

Luster's Sooners used that wind for all it was worth, punting with it deeply into the Aggie's home salients, and speeding with it under Aggie forward passes desperately flung into the breeze. The Sooners intercepted eight Aggie passes in the fourth quarter alone, two of them outside the field of play, believed some sort of a modern record.

Then with three minutes left to play, the Sooners cut loose.

From the Aggie 34-yard line, little Al Scanland, Aggie tailback, snapped a punt straight down the field to Orvie Mathews, Oklahoma's fast little safety with the homely grin and also Oklahoma's Big Six conference 100-yard champion in track. The ball was kicked so low and straight that Mathews fielded it five yards ahead of the sprinting Aggie ends. That was all the leeway Mathews needed. The Chickasha Boy Bolter cut for the right sideline, his stubby legs blurring beautifully as he outran eight Aggies. Then Mathews swerved around one blocked-out foe and headed straight for the goal. With Marv Whited, senior blocker, tying up the last Aggie tackler, Mathews had only to stride the last 15 yards, completing his 66-yard touchdown sprint looking back at his distanced foes while pandemonium in the Stadium was so great that it seemed the concrete edifice might fall about Mathews' ears.

Five plays after Haberlein kicked goal, Huel Hamm, rangy blond, Sooner sub going in for his first 1941 play, caught Joe "Junior" Golding, Eufaula sophomore, on

the goal line with a forward pass pegged so level it looked like it was shot out of a cannon, and when Golding deftly took the ball away from two Aggies and backed across the goal, the score was Sooners 19, Aggies 0, and nobody much cared when Haberlein, who had hit 13 of 14 tries for point last year, surprisingly missed his second of three in the first game of his senior season.

And when the tiny gun in the field judge's hand spat white smoke, signifying the end of the battle, big Harris, the be-whiskered sweaty Sooner game captain, made a beeline for Dinah Shore who was gamely waiting with a bevy of camera-men on the 20-yard line.

"Com'ere gal!" commanded the 245-pound Sooner fat boy, and diminutive Dinah smilingly complied while flash bulbs popped, and the defiant Aggies walked disgustedly off the field, wondering what it took to win a football game, anyhow.

### Oklahoma 7, Texas 40

Although Bible's all-senior team had been heralded all summer as certain to play some West Coast juggernaut in the Rose Bowl game, the Sooners looked upon Texas as just another football team and with two weeks to prepare for the game (the freshmen even used Texas plays in the Boomer-Sooner clash), worked themselves up into a perfect frenzy of determination.

Meanwhile, natural football laws were operating for the Steers and against the Sooners. Texas had the advantage of an established system that Coach Dana X. Bible's boys had played three years and could execute deceptively in their sleep. They had speed in practically every position. They had a decided bulge of experienced playing talent and in Backs Pete Layden and Jack Crain a double threat to go either straight or wide. They also got two helpful early breaks that may have changed the whole complexion of the ball game.

The Sooners, still without time to perfect the ball-hiding and split-second timing their A formation demands, weren't nearly far enough along offensively. Moreover, they went into the big Dallas battle keyed too terrifically, if that is possible. All coaches want their clubs fired up for a big game, but Oklahoma was so supremely determined to smash the Texas Rose Bowl build-up in a shower of crushed petals that her players looked as fevered as new converts about to hit the Glory trail. They had no relaxation whatever. And, amazingly enough, the Sooner juniors and seniors were more jittery than the sophomores.

The game began. Oklahoma purposely kicked off out of bounds. Scrimmaging from their 37-yard line, Texas flung Layden twice into the line and Crane once but the Sooners held and forced the first punt the Texas first team had had to deliver



*The historic bell-clapper from the loft of Old Central Hall in Stillwater remained the property of the Sooners for the eighth straight year September 27 when the Sooners defeated the Aggies in football, 19 to 0. Whitley Cox, '36ed, a Tulsa clothing store operator and former Sooner sprinter, is the clapper's custodian and after the game took it back to Tulsa with him for safe-keeping.*

all season. Layden kicked it and Orvie Mathews squirmed back with it 10 yards to the Sooner 31.

Then the Sooners tried three plays but were stopped too and on fourth down, Jacobs, Oklahoma's senior tailback who led the nation's major college punters last season, dropped back to kick. The crowd settled down. So far, the two teams looked well-matched. Like "pro" wrestlers, they were simply feeling each other out, fencing carefully for an opening.

And then Jacobs, the Indian boy, who is usually cool as spring water, fumbled a perfect center pass, and without time to kick, snatched up the ball and tried to run with it! Naturally, Texas piled him up on his own 27-yard line and amid a buzz of surprise and consternation from the huge crowd, the ball went over to the Steers.

Texas tried two futile plays, each of which Oklahoma smashed. Deep in the Sooner secondary Jacobs, whose unfortunate fumble had given the Texans the ball, licked the fingers on each of his hands, his most characteristic mannerism, and poised himself tensely for the next play. Too tensely, the action was to tragically prove.

It was a forward pass and Layden, fading back a bit behind his white-jerseyed blocking shield, held the ball cocked in his throwing hand and waited, waited, waited. The receiver was Crain, and as the little Texas Jackrabbit cut to the left

sideline and then back down the middle towards Jacobs, Sooner followers weren't particularly alarmed because Jacobs, fast as Crain and much taller, was the finest pass defense man on the Oklahoma squad. Surely, he would take care of Crain easily.

But the Indian, still tight as a drum, committed the most glaring error a pass defender can make. He let Crain get behind him. Layden pegged powerfully, the yellow ball spiraling 40 yards, and Crain caught it in the end zone for a touchdown! The little Texas receiver was so far behind Jacobs when he gloved it, that when the throw fell short Crain had to dive almost back into the field of play to grab it above his shoe tops, a circus catch. But he held on to it, kicked the goal, and Texas, which had brilliantly cashed an opening break to land the battle's first punch, led 7 to 0.

The Sooners surged back strongly. Jacobs fielded McKay's long kickoff on his goal line, ran savagely, shredding tacklers right and left and returning the kick clear up to the Oklahoma 41-yard line. After two short bucks, Jacobs faded back two steps, braked himself with his right heel, swung his whippy right arm and hit End Dub Lamb right in the heart of the wide open Texas defense with a forward pass, Lamb running clear down to the Texas 32 only to let the ball squirt out of his mitts as he was tackled, Texas recovering!

That was break No. 2 coming right when the Sooners themselves were knocking at the door of the Texas goal, and it hurt.

While the Sooners were still brooding over it and figuring the fates must be viciously aligned against them, the Steers launched their beautifully deceptive attack and with the low-running Layden leaping through openings behind the trapped Sooner guards and Crain scattering off the flanks, they marched 74 yards to a second touchdown and when the swaggering little Crain hit his conversion, Texas led 14 to 0 and the Sooners were sure enough looking down the gun barrel.

Then Bible pulled the Texas first team and Luster countered by yanking the excited Sooner starters and sending in his second team.

Those coltish Sooner seconds went to town. Far cooler than the junior-senior Sooner starting eleven, the Sooner seconds kicked the Texas team all over the field, showing the big crowd of 44,054 what the A formation can do when it is run right.

Starting from the Oklahoma 33, Junior Golding circled right end on a hidden ball reverse and ran 21 yards before the startled Texas secondary located the ball and dropped him. The play was called back because Oklahoma was offside, whereupon the Sooner sophomores put it on again, Golding hiding the ball and running like he was greased when Texas

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finally discovered it. This time his dash measured 26 yards and with one more helping block, he might have got clear away—down the right sideline. Then Eddie Davis hit Pat Shanks with a 13-yard forward pass and with Shanks wriggling up to the Texas 30-yard mark, the alarmed Bible sent his first team back into the game and withdrew the out-classed Steer seconds.

But that great Steer varsity held no terrors for the youthful Sooner second team, the kids who will comprise Luster's top eleven in 1942 and 1943. Shanks fooled them by slipping around the flanks for six yards. Then he hit Jack Steele in the flat with a pass that should have made a first down and perhaps a touchdown, only to have the ball ricochet off Steele's fingers.

Then Luster pulled the seconds and sent the Sooner starters back in to try a forward pass on fourth down, but Texas blocked it and the drive was ended.

And just before the half ended, Texas scored again against the Sooner first team. It was a 71-yard gain. Layden wormed through the line for 15 yards and just as he was falling on his new gray sateen pants after a stiffish Sooner tackle, Pistol Pete pushed a lateral up into the arms of Malcolm Kutner, fleet Steer end, and Kutner raced 59 additional yards to the goal. Again Crain punched the conversion kick between the posts and now the astounding Texas margin had grown to 21 to 0 to damage the Sooner morale still more.

After that, the game was reminiscent of the Chicago Bears' stunning 74 to 0 defeat of the champion Washington Redskins one week after Washington had beaten Chicago, 7 to 3. Everything Oklahoma tried boomeranged. Everything Texas tried worked.

True, Oklahoma cashed a Texas fumble on the Texas 20-yard line with a touchdown forward pass, Hamm to Golding in the end zone with Jack "Straight Line" Haberlein kicking goal, but the relaxed Texans got it back and more to spare when R. L. Harkins, Layden's sub, twice forward passed teasing floaters into the arms of Texas receivers who had stolen behind the drugged Oklahoma pass defense and had only to trot across the goal.

After that, Luster began to use his third teamers, sending in a total of 39 players—six more men than three full teams—and Texas counted a sixth touchdown on them just before the game ended.

In spite of the unexpected scope of the Texas victory, Oklahoma made progress towards the 1942 meeting of the clubs. Of the 39 Sooner players Luster used, 30 will return next fall to play in the Dallas game. Meanwhile Texas loses her corking all-senior first team, and also most of her second team by graduation. Oklaho-

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will direct all her energies in '42 towards wiping out the sting of this year's defeat.

The game eloquently illustrated the time and patience and infinite labor that goes into the establishment of a successful football dynasty. Bible is easily one of the nation's ten top-flight coaches. He has a wonderful set-up at Austin for attraction of crack high school players and he can use junior college players the first year they lug their grips to the Texas campus. Yet it has taken him five long years to develop the formidable Texas machine of 1941.

During his five-year stay at Austin, Bible's Texans have won 19 games while losing 20, an average of .487. That means that Bible still hasn't won half his games. In 1938 and 1939 his Texas teams lost ten games in a row and once were drubbed 42 to 6 by Arkansas, yet their morale wasn't broken and they eventually mastered the Bible system that produced the great Texas team that defeated Oklahoma so convincingly at Dallas.

Bible's complete record as the Texas coach follows:

YEAR	W	L	T	PTS.	OPP. PTS.
1937	2	6	1	60	103
1938	1	8	0	54	162
1939	5	4	0	106	125
1940	8	2	0	146	77
1941	3	0	0	108	6
totals	19	20	1	474	473

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## Riding the Sooner Range

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

JOSEPH T. KENDRICK, JR., '40, Managua, D. M., Nicaragua.

L. CLIF JOSEPH, '27ba, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

JAMES ROY MAXEY, '32ms, Ploesti (Telejan) Roumania.

MRS. ALICE MARCH YEATON, '32fa, Moscow, Russia.

A. H. RICHARDS, '24geol, Mendoza, Argentina.

JAMES GEORGE STEPHENS, '34eng, Peru.

HARVEY E. LOOMIS, '16ba, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

CHARLES A. LONG, '05bs, Brazil.

JAMES A. JONES, '30 ma, Colombia.

DR. VIRGIL F. DOUGHERTY, '20ba, '24med, Nasir, Sudan.

WOODROW HUDDLESTON, '39eng, Barcelona, Venezuela.

WILLIAM E. BEATY, JR., '37bus, Caripito, Venezuela.

EARL T. WARREN, '36ba, '38law, Caracas, Venezuela.

HAROLD L. PATTERSON, '23eng, Maracaibo, Venezuela.

CAPT. CLIFF C. HINES, '34, Fort Stotsenburg, Philippine Islands.

DANIEL S. BOMSON, '35bs, Glasgow, Scotland.

And now since we have taken you on a world tour and you have still not moved from your comfortably inclined reading chair, may we remind you that Houston is calling and the big annual Longhorn get-togethers are about ready to be staged. So Jack Baer, '40, the boy orator of the Athletic Department who is really a Walter Winchell in explaining football plays as they appear in motion on the screen, will, in a few minutes, join your hired hand. And if the air lines from Oklahoma City via Fort Worth, Dallas and on to Houston and return remain *open*, together we will do our best to take care of the annual Houston rally—open and close the annual breakfast at Dallas—and, indeed, skin the Texas Longhorns (if we have our way) as together we do a little prospecting while Riding the Sooner Range.