

# Hobson Brews Point Potion For Boiler '5'

Howard Hobson, guiding light of Oregon's basketball fortunes, will turn "barkeep" for a night Saturday. He will attempt to mix up a "boilermaker," ingredients: one souped-up offense and one "cool-'em-down" defense, capable of setting an opponent on his heels, when he throws his hoop unit against the Portland Boilermakers on the Igloo hardwood.

Following a division in the Bruno Studio-Vancouver Rambler series last week, the Duck strategian has been drilling his casaba corps with determination.

Tuesday night another intra-squad, freshman-varsity practice scuffle was staged. Reports wafting down from McArthur indicate that the senior group began to produce the kind of playing results which Hobson was trying to extract.

#### Subs Show

Maybe the cause of this rejuvenated spirit can be attributed to the manner in which the second-stringers are pressing the so-called "regulars." Three sophomore youngsters, Sammy Crowell, Al Popick, and Roy Seeborg, have been hounding the heels of the first-stringers in no uncertain fashion.

One regular who has been particularly impressive is the lithe, blond, quick-as-a-cat junior, Bob Newland. A leading exponent of the two-handed "snap" shot, Bountiful Bob plunked in 16 counters against Vancouver.

Who the "quintuplets," the opening Oregon five, will be when the Boilermakers crash McArthur pavilion is a matter of conjecture. Most observers look for Hobby to be partial to the following fivesome, Bob Wren and Ralph Fuhrman, forwards; Warren Taylor, center; and Captain Don Kirsch and Newland, guards.

#### Wintermute Back

Fronting the pack of Boilermaker scoring wolves, will be the former Duck All-American string bean center, Urgel (Slim) Wintermute. Cloud-scraping Slim, "Mr. 6 feet 8," figured prominently in the NCAA title which Oregon lifted in 1939.

In the background, but almost equally potent in their own height bracket are three Oregon Staters from past years, Roy Pflugrad, Merle Krueger and Jay Hollingsworth. Jack Stafford, one-time Ohio State flash, fills out the Portland hoop array.

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"Eenie, meenie, minie, mo . . . catch a nigger by the toe . . . Think we're crazy? Maybe so.

But how else, dear reader, can you select the outfit to represent these old Pacific slopes come Rose Bowl day before a yowling throng of 96,000 hysterical grid addicts on the lush emerald velvet of the Pasadena football arena against the "hotter-than-a-firecracker" Georgia touchdown corporation?

Up to last Saturday, Washington State, with its record almost unsullied, appeared to hold four aces, assuring the crafty Cougars the pile of R. Bowl chips which were heaping fastastically high in the center of the table. Then lo, Washington's rowdy Huskies stormed into the PCC "gambling den," and swept onto the floor with a surprising scoreless stalemate in Seattle, the chips which the over-anxious Cougar was already starting to pocket.

#### It's a Mess Again!

That one stroke on the part of the inconsiderate Huskies completely threw the up-till-then orderly conference race into another muddled bedlam. Now we're back where we started, with still no western representative to step forward boldly, but with knees a-quaking, and then "put up his dukes" against the feared forces of Frankie Sinkwich, Inc. from Athens, "Gaw-jah!"

The Pacific coast from the foggy, clammy northern boundaries of Washington to the humid, sun-scorched southern boundaries of California, rocks with fervor and unrest. Each local representative is trying his best to finagle his pet eleven into the arms of Lady Bountiful at her Pasadena hostel.

From the sprawling metropolis of Los Angeles comes the heun cry to choose either UCLA or Southern California, depending on which one can out-maim the other December 12.

#### Just One UCLA Reversal

This logic holds water pretty well.

Baby Bruin has pedalled along the conference avenue in his "QT-kiddie car," dodging the traffic with the unerringness of a New York newsboy. Only once has a big truck bashed Baby Bruin from behind. That truck, incidentally, was chock-full of Oregon grid laddies, and was driven by T. Roblin and B. Reynolds.

Since then Baby Bruin's kiddie car has been pasted together. "Poppa" Horrell saw to that. And it's been churning on down the avenue with the axle only bent a bit. The kiddie car since then ran well enough to elude the mountainous Washington express-cart which had they crashed, certainly would have smashed it for keeps.

Across the expanse of buildings, traffic, and thoroughfares from the Bruin's Westwood hangout, pastures the wooden horse of Troy. This Southern Cal warhorse has seen better days, definitely. He has been kicked in the ribs by Tufane 27 to 13, flogged with a cruel, black buggy-whip by Ohio State 28 to 12, and had his tail tied in knots and then unceremoniously clipped off by Stanford 14 to 6. On top of all this Jockey Jeff Cravath's despondent nag threw a shoe against Washington and finished in a dead (scoreless) heat.

#### Tulane, Ohio State Games Forgotten

Now strain out the Tulane and Ohio State fiascos, you sports mongers, and you have the runnings of the creaky Troy horse in the conference race—where wins and losses actually count. To the post five times hobbled Barry's plug. Three times was the flowered horseshoe, which is the token of a winner, draped about the Troyhorse neck. As mentioned above, once it was a "photo-finish," no winner, and the other time he failed to place.

As the L. A. cross-town rivals bicker back and forth, you attempt to just loll back in your favorite easy chair and wait till the December 12 meeting. That should decide things, you contend. But you better not mention that above a whisper around any cluster of WSC fans. They still savagely maintain that the Cougars' record sheet is the most pleasing to the eye with five triumphs, one loss, one tie.

#### Stanford Puts in Her Two-Bits

And while we're hopelessly trying to size up the situation with head-spinning accusations and counter-accusations completely bewildering us, there emanates a hoarse but vociferous "Hold it!" from an Indian tepee along the mighty blue waters of San Francisco Bay.

Those white hot Redmen, drunk with "Kick-a-poo" victory joy juice, have lately been on one of the bloodiest warpath frolics in years. They have lifted scalplocks from the startled heads of Idaho, USC, Washington, OSC, California, and last Saturday, the previously untouched St. Marys Pre-Flighters.

## Sailor Suit for John? Warren After Navy Post

Oregon's ravaged football coaching staff, still not on its feet after a severe mauling this spring, may be hit again and hit hard. A news release with a Seattle dateline indicated that John Warren, varsity head grid mentor, had put in application for a commission in the naval aviation athletic program Tuesday.

This is identical to the commission which Gerald A. (Tex) Oliver and Vaughn Corley, 1941 assistant, received, are at present stationed at St. Mary's naval pre-flight school at Moraga, California.

A Warren exodus would throw the Oregon football coaching situation once again into a turmoil. The portly Oregon chief was elevated to the top tutoring slot this fall from his ranking as freshman coach by the rapid-fire chain of events which took both Oliver and Corley from the Eugene campus.

If Warren leaves, his successor? You make a guess.

Ice skating is part of the PE program for girls at Texas Christian university.

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## Bowl a Game



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# U BOWL