



Western football received a twin-tweaking over the week-end in the last big grid round-up of the year. UCLA'S valiant Bruins were hamstrung by Georgia's growling Bulldogs, 9 to 0, in the Rose Bowl grid gargantua at Pasadena while the West's club of no-stars were nipped ever so slightly by the East's star-studded corporation, 13 to 12, in the Shrine tussle at Kezar.

It just wasn't the West's year. But at that both western representatives put up a whale of a fight and prestige was boosted instead of suffering despite the scores.

Everyone figured, with the exception of those few intrepid guessers who would stick with the under-dog through thick and thin and wager their last shekel on an upset even if Ohio State played Kalamazoo Teachers, that UCLA would be swept right out of the Arroyo Seco gridiron saucer and onto the street by Georgia.

Messrs. Franklin Sinkwich and Charles Trippi, plus a bevy of other Bulldog pigskin prowlers, were just too much, august prognosticators said, for Bre'r Bruin to cope with. The youngster just didn't stand a Chinaman's chance to even make the rose festival headliner interesting.

Horrell Hears the Worst

Courageous Babe Horrell had heard with his tongue in his cheek the same sort of banter at the outset of the season. UCLA was no better than a lower division berth. And, dear readers, what did the insignificant, little Bruin do, but overturn the apple cart and walk off with championship honors, an atrocity unheard of in Westwood circles.

Identical situation presented itself in the R. B. brush New Year's day. And with the right amount of breaks another smashing upset might have been forthcoming. Now, mind you, we aren't endeavoring to steal any of the glory from those swash-buckling Georgia lads. They were the better team on the field that day. But still it was close, nothing bordering on the calamitous avalanche which all expected to see Bre'r Bruin be snowed under by.

It wasn't the headlined Mr. Sinkwich who scooped up most of the honors, though Fragile Frankie smashed over for the touchdown and also tossed a few of his famous short bullets. Rather, tripping Trippi, the lad with mercury in his heels, was the one who really kept the Uclans in a dither with his gallop-around-here-plunge-through-there tactics. Trippi was named by the sports writers in attendance, as the best man on the field.

Resembles Jurkovich

Sinkwich's case has a touch of "Jurkovichism" about it, if you get what we mean. Cursed with brittle bones in spite of his hulking frame, Fleet Frankie has been susceptible to small bumps and bruises which later developed into real hurts. Last year the Georgia All-American soared to fame with his glass jaw firmly engaged in a brace.

This year he was luckier. Until the latter part of the season his battered body remained intact under the repeated bombarding from enemy tacklers. Then, with Rose Bowl just out of ear-shot, Frankie's ankles started acting up. A week's rest was prescribed by Coach Wallace Butts in hopes that this would mend Frankie's ankles so that he could romp the greensward unhampered, in the Rose Bowl classic.

But Frankie's ankles were slow to mend. He played against UCLA, yes. But he played on shear nerve, for the love of the game, and because of the swarms of fans who scrambled into the Pasadena concrete arena just to see everybody's All-American, Frankie Sinkwich. One writer said Sinkwich limped on one ankle only because it out-hurt the other.

All Set for Big Year

California's Jurkovich was the same way. He bounded up from his prep days to California Berkeley with prophecies a long long. Jolting Jim could moan over a 100-yard course in 9.7. He was shifty, driving, and the sky was the limit as to what he would accomplish under the guidance of Stub Allison.

But those confounded injuries overhauled Jim, blighting his career. Last year, university officials had to ban him from the game because of the continual brain concussions he would receive. Most of Jurk's varsity grid minutes were spent, prone, on the velvet of the grid floor after a biff on the head.

This year, Jurk wasn't much better off. When he was intact, he was incomparable. But that happened, oh so seldom.

What's This? Hey Hobby!

From the ramblings of Bob Considine of INS fame we spy the following little notice which certainly is complimentary to the least if not down-right surprising. Brother Considine quotes basketball ratings, compiled by Dick Dunkel, national expert, which he describes as much like football ratings.

Oregon is rated as NUMBER ONE TEAM IN THE NA-

Gordon's Stars Bow To Furious UO Frosh

By MART POND

All but the benches were thrown at Joe Gordon's All-Stars Wednesday evening, by the Oregon freshman hoopsters as they walloped the Stars, 67-43, in a return match of the two teams on McArthur court. The game, as it progressed, became more and more a story of a bunch of youngsters with too much run and jump for a team that did not have the opportunity to see very much of the leather sphere through the course of the game.

Playing with a fervor not seen on the Frosh squad before last night's contest, the Ducklings succeeded nobly in tying the Gordonites into minute knots, with most of the large Oregon squad seeing some action.

Fast breaking on the part of the two freshman guards, Bob Cavall and John Miller, set the ball up for the opening-minute scores. Tall frosh Joe Coenberg dropped 10 large points through the hoop during the first half from his forward position, to lead both teams for individual during the initial half and make him second highest scorer for the evening, with 13 tallies.

Sandness, Taylor Star

With a definitely slow starting squad, the All-Stars tried desperately to get back in the running with long passes, which as a matter of conversation, clicked. Doc Taylor and Earl Sandness kept the Frosh backboard and basket more than luke warm for a few minutes before the close of the first half, with spinning hook shots and lay-in baskets. But diminutive "Dutch" Simmons continually outmaneuvered the Stars' defense and kept the Ducklings in the lead. At the end of the first half, the Oregons were out in front of their opponents, 35-28.

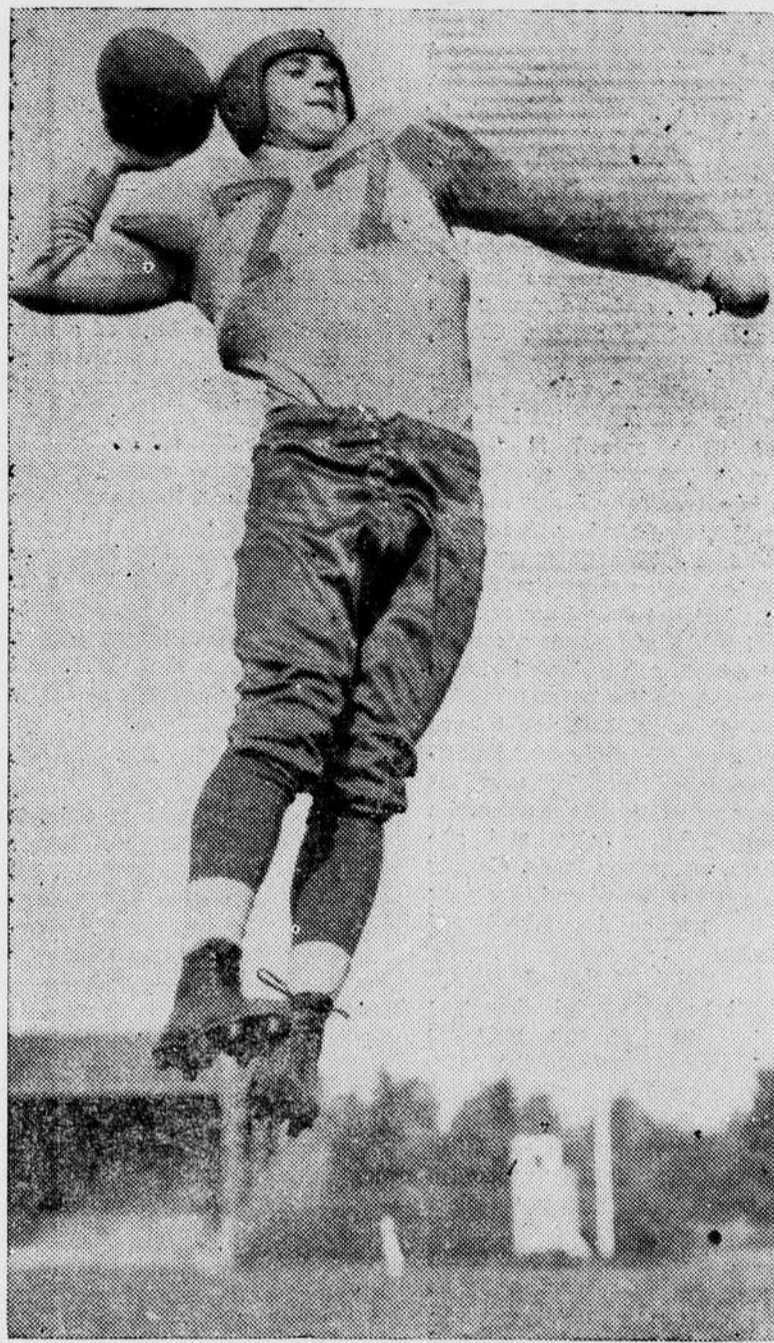
Back to a fresh start at the start of the second half the freshmen dropped all pretense of having their foe creep up on them any further, and a short sporster, John Miller, rallied a new Frosh team which took the floor at the start of the second period, by accounting for two quick points. Another speedster who continually developed Oregon scores, was Eugene's own Bob Hodgins who teamed with Joe Coenberg and Ken Hume under the Stars' backboard.

Sandness Hits 3

The highlights of the All-Stars was undoubtedly centered in a tall red head, Earl Sandness, who refused to watch his newly acquired basketball proteges (Oregon Frosh) steal every bit of action that was to be had. The tall mentor even went as far as to drop the ball through the basket-three times in a row before the freshmen could take command. Then his teammate Doc Taylor hit the helpmate with a Taylor, whereupon Mr. Miller and colleagues took advantage of poor passes that went acue for the Stars and continued in their race for a scoring record.

Coordination in combination that just couldn't seem to go wrong, the Freshmen under the direction of high scorer, Dick Crockett, who scored 13 for the evening as an alternate for Dean Sempert at center, widened the gap between the two squads, because of more miscues on the part of their rivals. The score was running in but one direction toward the finishing minutes of the contest, until the Gordon

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"TERRIBLE THOMAS" . . .

. . . Roblin, Oregon's great halfback for three years, bowed out of collegiate football, playing a bang-up game against the East in the Shrine struggle Friday.

28 Varsity Players Listed For Letters, 38 Freshmen

Varsity football growlers, some 28 in number, were granted letter awards for the 1942 season, it was announced by Athletic Manager Anse Cornell, upon the recommendation of Coach John Warren.

Most of the 28 were listed on the traveling squad for the year. A minimum of 60 minutes was required of the varsity players for the block "O" award.

Thirty-eight freshmen were listed for numeral awards by Coach Cornell a number much larger than usual. Requisites of a freshman award is participation in either of the Oregon State rook games.

The varsity letter-winners: Three-year awards, Dick Ashcom, Steve Bodner, Val Culwell, Bob Davis, Roy Dyer, Ed Moshofsky, Floyd Rhea, Tommy Roblin. Two-year awards, Chuck Elliott, Cliff Giffin, Merritt Kufferman, Russ Nowling, Ken Oliphant, Jim Shephard, Len Surles, Tom Terry. First-year awards, Bill Bartles, Ray Blatchley, Dick Brown, Bill Davis, Scotty Deeds, George Dugan, Roy Erickson, Harold Lloyd, Bill Mayther, Bob Reynolds, Henry Steers, Pete Torchia.

The Frosh numeral winners: Dick Cooper, Harold Wheeler, John Munro, Vernal Abelsen, Don Stanton, Donald Martin, Joe Olson, Bill Bodner, Bill Murphy, William Hanna, Bill Culbertson. (Please turn to page eight)



HOPES DIE . . .

. . . Babe Hollingbery, coach of the West's Shrine team, saw his boys drop a tight 13 to 12 game to the East New Year's.

TION!!!! Yes, Oregon. Oregon of Eugene. Arranger Dunkel divulges our Webfoots rank first with 73.6; while Southern California places as runner-up with 73.4; Duquesne with 73.2, Indiana, 72.8. What do the decimal quotations mean? Considine didn't know, so we won't even enter a guess.