



Add another chapter in the success book of the University of Oregon's No. 1 baseball alumnus, Joseph Gordon. Last season was Joe's biggest and best, and plaudits from the baseball scribes are still being dished up post-humously to the "Flash."

Latest bouquet presented to Joe, came this week in the form of selection to the second base spot on the Sporting News' 18th annual all-star team, which is based on a concensus of opinion of 260 writers. Not only was Joe ranked as the best second sacker in the business, but his point total of 255 was unexcelled. Mort Cooper, a plus-twenty game winner of the World Champ St. Louis Cards, came in second with 250, while "Terrible Ted" Williams, the Bosox long distance hitting star, finished up third in the balloting with 247.

Leading up to this all-star appointment, Joe was named last fall as the American league's most valuable player, an honor which stands alone itself.

Acid Ending to Season

These awards came despite the rather sour ending which was written into the Gordon baseball tale of 1942. After a brilliant season in which he clicked the horsehide to the tune of a .321 batting mark, drove in more runs than any other Yank, and in general was the spark which drove New York to the circuit crown, Gordon ran afoul of some ill luck in the World Series.

In the throes of the kind of slump which turns every good intention into a faux pas, Joe found his bat taped to his shoulder and a bad hop on most of the infield bounders. After the Cards had pulled their history-making comeback to wash the Yanks out of the series, batting averages were computed. The "Flash" had forlornly beaten the air with his war club for an average which was woefully little over .100.

However, a player's performances in say 154 games — the average season length — is much more indicative of his ability than the showing he makes in an abbreviated five-game series. And that's what was taken into consideration.

The "Flash," now aided by a new honor-capturing cohort, Johnny Pesky, great Boston shortstop, has done more to bring fame to this state than any sportster in a coon's age.

Yanks Have Lost a Barrel of Men

While we're on the subject of the Yankees, news from their New York stamping grounds of future success to match that of the past is anything but reassuring. Like every other ball club, the draft and service commissions have taken a ruthless toll from Yankee manpower. If these ravages continue, the once mighty Yankee machine—the Bronx Bombers, Murderer's Row, etc.—which was the last word in hitting power from 1936 to 1940, will be just a mere skeleton of its former self.

When Jolting Joe DiMaggio, touted as one of the classiest outfielders in the history of the game, enlisted in the armed forces, the very core of Yank punch and power was gouged out. It was the great DiMag, more than any other single individual, who set the blistering pace over the six-year stretch when the Bronx Bomber dynasty was at its zenith. During this period he clubbed well over .300 and topped the junior circuit in batting two years, 1938 with .380, and 1940 with .352.

Rip out such a vital cog in a mechanism and what happens? No substitute can ever replace the original, and you can't expect things to function as well as before.

DiMag Isn't Only One to Depart

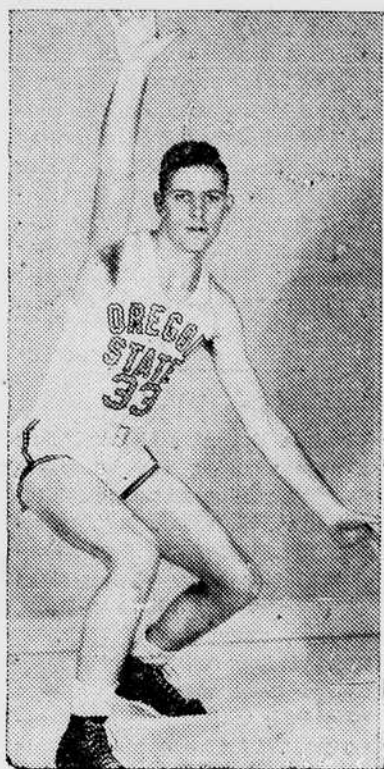
Not only did the great San Francisco Italian, who exemplified hitting power, speed, and fielding perfection, quit Yankee ranks, but several others, important in their own way, left. A glance at this list—Red Ruffing, Phil Rizzuto, Tommy Henrich, Buddy Hassett—leaves the old Yank fan with a pained feeling in the pit of his stomach and an impassionate yearning to get down the old scrapbook and thumb through the pages—dreaming of scintillating exploits in the Yankees' hey-day.

Only two experienced outfielders can be assured the New Yorkers to abet the sinking Yank cause. Charlie Keller, once nicknamed "King Kong" because of behemoth slugging but lately extremely pacifistic when it comes to hitting, and Roy Weatherly, acquired via the trade channels from Cleveland, are the only vets Manager Joe McCarthy can count on.

With the Yanks' ranks so shot, the burden of sparking the fading New York nine through next season seems to loom larger and larger on the horizon for Mr. Joe Gordon, tops in second basemen.

Clarence (Hec) Edmundson, Washington's antique gum chewing, bow-tie wearing, speed stressing coach, goes into his 32nd year of hoop directing for the Huskies!

Gameless Frosh Continue Spirited Workouts Despite Absence of Tilts From Hoop Slate



BEAVERS' LOSS . . .

. . . Don Hall, tall and talented forward, will be sadly missed by Slat's Gill, Oregon State coach. Hall is now in the service.

Rook '5' One Sure Opponent

By MART POND

As the senior division of the northern basketball conference slides into its second series of games matching Oregon with Washington State, the lonesome Oregon Ducklings face the realism of not being able to match their talents with some unknown foe without having in their immediate possession, one or two priority permits from the local ration board.

One thing is very certain however, and that is that these fellows playing Frosh ball this season, have something to look forward to next year. For some of the outstanding prospects on this year's varsity squad played some casaba with the junior quintet last year.

Roy Seeborg for one, was one of the first "five" on the Frosh team and more than once, teamed with Sammy Crowell to bring in a victory for Coach "Honest" John Warren and aggregation. Active also on this year's varsity are Bob Newland and Al Popick. Of the two, Bob plays on the first team, and then Al comes in to relieve him at various intervals.

Plenty Action Foreseen.

The Frosh squad isn't going to remain dormant for the rest of the season, according to reports which have been circulating from the physical education department this past week, for it's a sure guess that the athletic directors aren't going to let the Frosh turn into Dusty Ducklings. So a schedule is being planned for the near future.

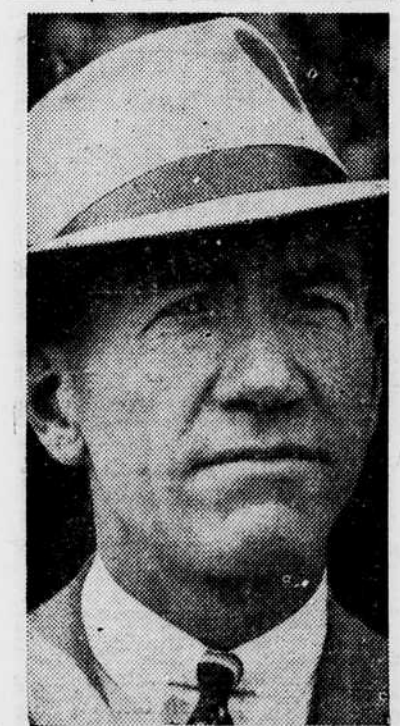
In all probability, it will include the famous feud with the Oregon State Rooks, and perhaps a few tilts with University and Eugene high schools.

Also there are some touted teams representing some fine talent here in Lane county, who might find room to schedule the Yearlings. For the present though, it's turned out to be all work and no play for the freshmen.

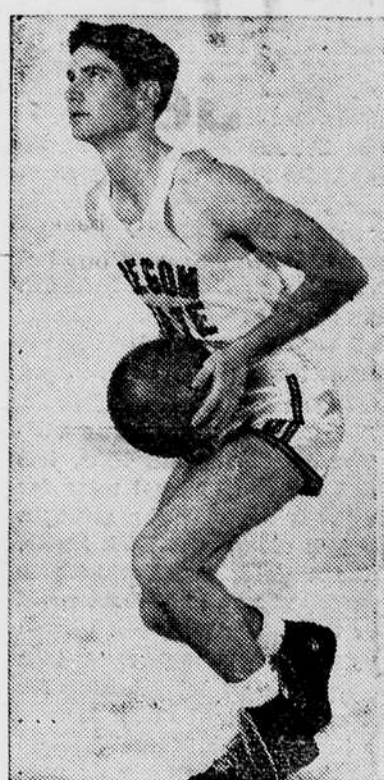
INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL SCHEDULE
(Monday, January 18)

4:00 court 40—Delta Tau Delta (B) vs. Sigma hall (B)

4:40 court 40—Phi Gamma Delta (A) vs. Beta Theta Pi (A)



TRANSFERRED . . .
. . . to Washington, D. C. "Tex" Oliver, former Oregon grid coach, plans special training preparing for active service.



PRE-FLIGHTER . . .

. . . Paul Valenti, ace guard of last year's OSC champs, now does basketball duty for St. Mary's Naval Pre-light.

H. Luisetti's 232 Points Should Last

Angelo (Hank) Luisetti, Stanford's brilliant All-American forward who many authorities deem the greatest basketball player of all time, need lose little sleep at night worrying about his scoring record being eclipsed.

In the first place Hank saw to it that the challenger must put on a superhuman drive to even threaten his record of 232 points, marked up in 12 games. That's an average of over 19 points per game which is plunking them in at a pretty fast clip for just 40 minutes of action.

The second reason why Mr. Luisetti's phenomenal mark looks as far away as the clouds, is that in accordance with traveling cut down, a duration-long enactment, southern division officials have sliced the schedule from 12 to 8 games. Anyone gunning for Luisetti's record would have to chalk up some 29 points in every game—almost a human impossibility.

During Luisetti's undergraduate years at Stanford, he paced the scorers every year, and by a sizable margin, too. As a sophomore the great star netted 172 points for a 14.3 game average. In his junior year he stepped up the tempo and canned no less than 208 markers for the 12 games. The all-time high came his senior—the astronomically large 232.

The closest any challenger ever got to that Luisetti - manufactured mark was Lee Guttero, USC's rubber-legged center, who made 186. In 1939 Ralph Vaughn, another Trojan hoopster, got 180.

Since then tops has been 148, by little Jackie Robinson, UCLA's all-around colored athlete, who did it in 1940.

To help meet the war demand for trained physicists, the University of Texas has created a new degree, Bachelor of Science in Physics.

Coed Hoopers Open Monday

By MARY ALDERSON

Girls' intramural basketball season opens Monday, January 18, as the Thetas match wares with the Alpha Chi Omega sextet in Gerlinger gymnasium and the Sigma Kappas play the Susie six in the outdoor gymnasium.

Nothing is known as to the strength of the Alpha Chi Omega, or Thetas so no predictions can be made. With Pat Carson laying them in for the Sigma Kappa, Susie's always strong casaba sextet should find plenty of opposition to make it anybody's game.

Alyson Hales, head of basketball, has announced the league play will end February 18, with the league winners playing off for the title. The cup will be awarded at the annual WAA banquet. Miss Hales urges all teams to report for play on time. Nineteen teams are competing for the title.

The league competition has been set up by basketball officials as follows:

- I
- 1. Highland Hoopsters
- 2. Hendricks
- 3. A D Pi
- 4. D. G.
- 5. Tri-Delt
- II
- 1. Orides
- 2. Hilyard
- 3. Theta
- 4. A. Chi O.
- III
- 1. Chi O
- 2. University
- 3. Pi Phi
- 4. Alpha Gam
- 5. A O Pi
- IV
- 1. Sigma Kappa
- 2. Susan Campbell
- 3. Kappas
- 4. Gamma Phi
- 5. Highland Flingers

Rudolph Kogan, 20, pre-medical student at University of Minnesota and a native of Russia, recently overcame nationality barriers and was inducted into the army after a 12-month struggle to get in.